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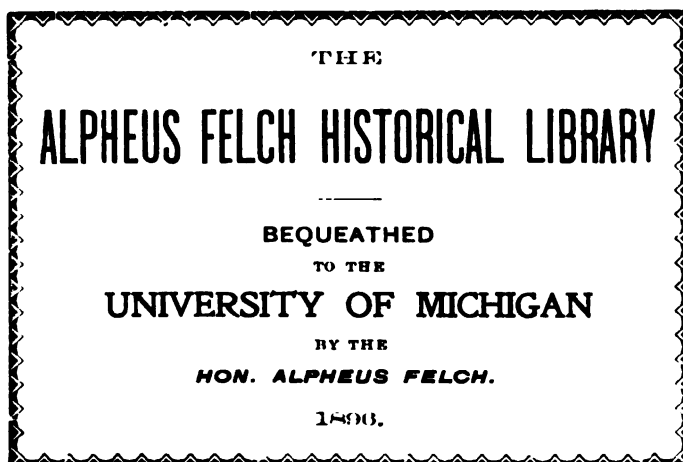
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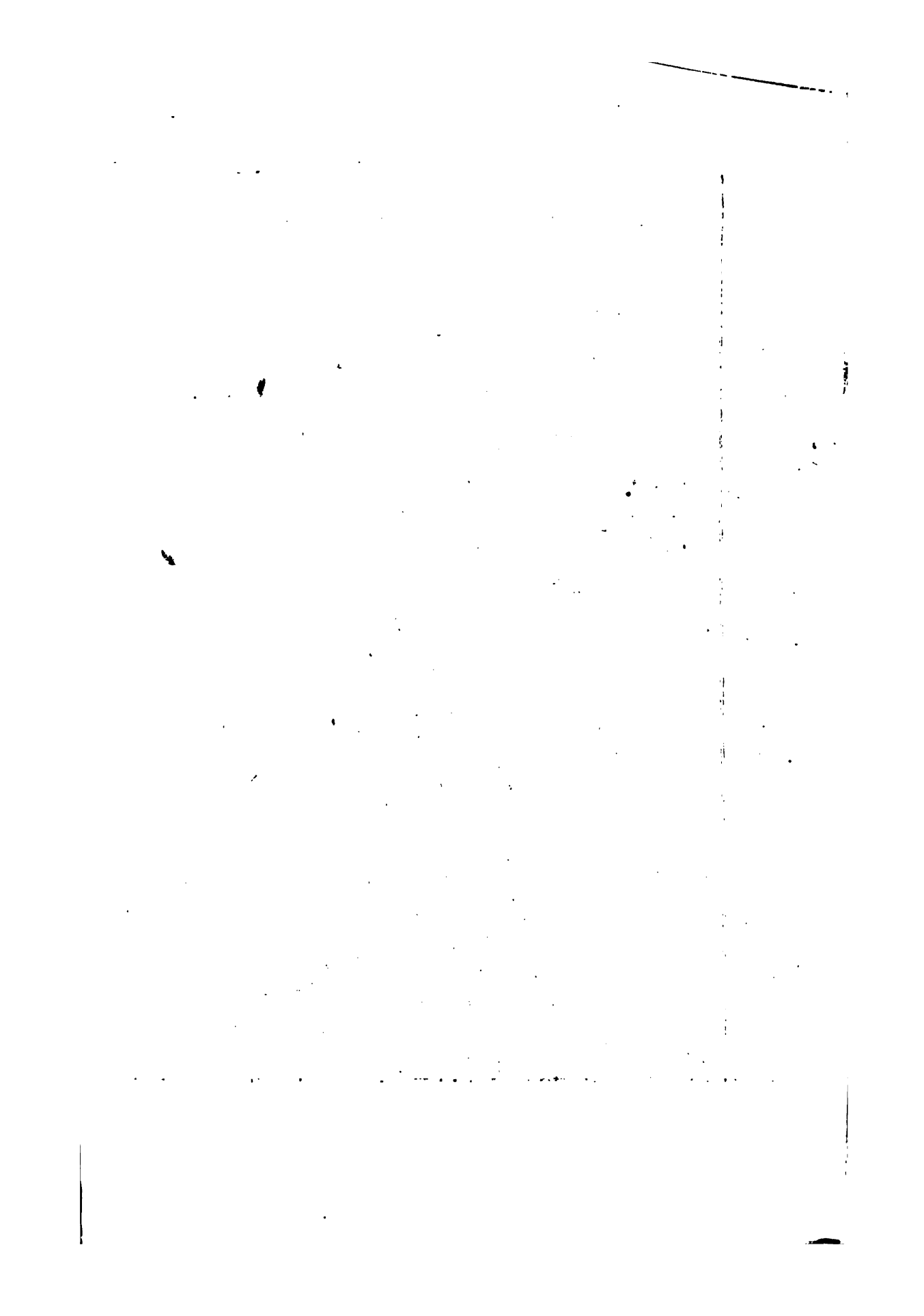
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CONGRESS OF VIENNA.





LOUIS AGASSIZ. PAINTED BY J. H. BROWN. 1850.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

THE
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OF

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Of all human laws, those which regulate the international relations of states are unquestionably the most important and sacred. Upon them hang the fates of millions of human beings, the security of weak states, and the peace and prosperity of a large portion of the civilized world. And as it is often inexpedient or impossible to compel the observance of a treaty on a strong power which violates it, it is evident that treaties would lose all their value, and become mere temporary arrangements, liable to be altered at any moment by the caprice or interest of one of the contracting parties, unless any unauthorized violation of them is regarded as a political crime, drawing down upon the offender the loud reprobation of all civilized nations, and all the other consequences which, in private society, are made the penalty of a breach of faith. This principle, though seldom requiring to be put in practice in the case of ordinary treaties, which are made for the mutual advantage of the contracting parties, without any reference to the general interests of the rest of Europe, and are therefore seldom violated, is of the highest importance when applied to a European treaty like that of Vienna. Such a treaty offers no direct advantages to powerful states; on the contrary, by defining their limits and their relations with the other powers of Europe, it rather places obstacles in the way of their ambition, and forbids them to extend their power in any direction but that of internal development. The temptations to break such a treaty are therefore many and frequent. And yet it is of the highest importance to the peace of the world that a European treaty should be preserved in the most scrupulous manner; for, not to mention the dangerous precedent afforded by an unpunished violation of it, such violation, however insignificant in itself, may directly produce the most unfortunate results. The object of all European treaties has been to adjust the mutual relations of the various states of Europe according to that much-maligned and little-understood principle called "the balance of power." It is not our intention to enter into a controversy here with

the enthusiastic theorists who have pointed out, with more or less truth, the faults and shortcomings of the political system which is based on this principle. It is sufficient for our present purpose to know that the system exists, that the principle is generally recognized, and that it has an excellent object—the preservation of the peace of Europe. The principle of the balance of power, although certainly not taking a very high view of the moral character of the states of Europe, is an eminently practical one. It proceeds on the assumption that every powerful state, unless prevented, will do its best to increase its territory by invading neighboring states which are less powerful; and accordingly it teaches that every effort should be made by the community of European nations to preserve such a balance among themselves as to make it practically impossible for a strong power to attack a weaker neighbor, except by setting in motion other powers which would attack him in turn, and thus render nugatory his plans of conquest. To set up this kind of political machine is the object of a European treaty, and it is obvious that any derangement, however slight, of any portion of it, must put the whole system out of gear. Of course, if the balance were a perfect one, any such derangement would be impossible. But European treaties have, if any thing, rather more than their average share of the imperfections of all human enactments; and, moreover, the complicated interests with which they have to deal must render any thing more than a tolerably practical approximation to a perfect political balance an impossibility. That such an approximation, however, may very successfully carry out the required object, is proved by the fact, that for nearly three hundred years since the first recognition of the principle of the balance of power by the nations of Europe in the fifteenth century, no considerable increase of territory to any state took place.

We have thought it necessary to make the above remarks in order to show the real importance and meaning of so extensive and little known a branch of the public law of Europe as the Treaty of Vienna. The general opinion about this treaty seems to be that it is now obsolete, Napoleon III. having given it its death-blow when he emancipated Italy. This notion is very far from being a correct

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It was in November, 1814, that the famous Committee of the Eight Powers* met at Vienna, under the presidency of Prince Metternich, to draw up a treaty which was to be henceforth the written law of Europe. The necessity of such a treaty was most pressing, and the moment seemed propitious. In the lawless grasp of Napoleon, Europe had become a conglomeration of states without fixed boundaries or acknowledged rights to political existence. The old landmarks were swept away; the balance of power was destroyed; strong states had become weak, and weak ones strong. The armies of Russia were in occupation of Poland; those of Austria, of all Italy except Naples; those of England and Sweden, of Holland and Belgium; those of Prussia, of Saxony; those of Wurtemberg and Baden, of the Rhine provinces; and those of England and Portugal, of part of Spain. At length the hand which had wrought all this evil was believed to have been effectually paralyzed, and the sooner the normal state of things was restored the better. Such was the train of ideas which led to the formation of the Congress of Vienna. But while strongly impressed with the necessity of restoring Europe as much as possible to the condition in which it was before the wars of Napoleon, the members of the Congress could not leave out of consideration the great change which had been working in the minds of the whole civilized world in the interval. The principle that governments were made for nations, not nations for governments—that great principle which the terrible Revolution of 1789 had stamped in letters of blood on the page of history—was recognized, though partially and unwillingly, by the reactionist framers of the Treaty of Vienna; and in that treaty for the first time appeared the word “nationality,” a word which has since conveyed ideas of

such dreadful import to the despotisms of Europe. With these objects and sentiments the members of the committee set themselves to their task. The questions before them were numerous and important, and were treated in the following order: Poland, Saxony, Belgium and Holland, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland.

Poland has ever been the great stumbling block of the diplomacy of Europe. Ever since the first great blow was dealt against the faith of treaties and the sacredness of the principle of the balance of power by her partition, Poland has risen up before assembled Europe, whenever any question of international law was being discussed, like a remorse and a mockery. Her independent existence as an important element of the balance of power, her rights as sanctioned by treaties both general and particular, have all been destroyed and trodden under foot, amid the silent indifference of Europe. She remains a sad monument of the narrow-minded selfishness of governments, and a warning to small states of the slender guarantees for their security afforded them by the boasted sacredness of European engagements. Nor has the crime of the partition been unaccompanied by a terrible retribution. For a century Poland has been a standing discredit to the established governments of Europe. At intervals of from fifteen to twenty years she has risen against her oppressors, and her cry for freedom has waked a responsive echo in the hearts of enslaved populations. Even Prince Talleyrand, who took the most active part in bringing about the Restoration, and was its representative at the Congress, acknowledged, in a note addressed by him to the plenipotentiaries, the partition of Poland to have been “the prelude, in part perhaps the cause, and even to a certain extent the excuse, of the disorders to which Europe had been a prey;” and that the established dynasties of Europe still regard the results of the partition of Poland with dread for their own safety, is proved by the fact that the present insurrection has given rise to a diplomatic intervention on their part, which would certainly not have been offered had a breach of treaty alone been in question. It was with this nation, formidable by its very helplessness and disorganization, that the Congress had to deal. At that time Poland was almost entirely in the possession of Russia, which occupied the Lithu-

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FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1864.

From the Westminster Review.

THE CONGRESS AND TREATY OF VIENNA.*

THE present condition of Europe is such as may well inspire all true friends of peace with feelings of the most lively alarm. An aggressive state of immense power, looking about for a pretext to increase its possessions; another aggressive state, crippled, but still presenting a defiant front to the menaces of an alliance enfeebled by mutual distrust; nationalities eagerly watching for an opportunity to shake off the hated yoke of effete despotisms; and, in the midst of all these highly combustible elements, a steady blaze of insurrection which may at any moment kindle them into a general conflagration; such are the signs, every where presenting themselves, of a coming tempest on the

continent of Europe, which it is the interest of every one to avert, and which it may not even yet be too late to conjure away. The origin of the disorders which have produced these alarming symptoms is neither very obscure nor perhaps very difficult of access. In a constitutional country, an internal derangement of this kind would probably be attributed either to the badness of the laws or to their not being respected by the people. The European malady of which we speak may be traced in a great measure to both of these causes. The bad law is the Treaty of Vienna; and it has been violated with impunity over and over again. A knowledge of the history of this treaty, the objects it was intended to fulfil, the circumstances of its frequent violation, and the duties it imposes upon us, is therefore in-

* THE TREATY OF VIENNA: POLAND. *Les Traités de 1815.* Paris: 1859.

dispensable to a correct understanding of the crisis; and this knowledge it is the object of the present article to supply, in the clearest and most condensed possible form.

Of all human laws, those which regulate the international relations of states are unquestionably the most important and sacred. Upon them hang the fates of millions of human beings, the security of weak states, and the peace and prosperity of a large portion of the civilized world. And as it is often inexpedient or impossible to compel the observance of a treaty on a strong power which violates it, it is evident that treaties would lose all their value, and become mere temporary arrangements, liable to be altered at any moment by the caprice or interest of one of the contracting parties, unless any unauthorized violation of them is regarded as a political crime, drawing down upon the offender the loud reprobation of all civilized nations, and all the other consequences which, in private society, are made the penalty of a breach of faith. This principle, though seldom requiring to be put in practice in the case of ordinary treaties, which are made for the mutual advantage of the contracting parties, without any reference to the general interests of the rest of Europe, and are therefore seldom violated, is of the highest importance when applied to a European treaty like that of Vienna. Such a treaty offers no direct advantages to powerful states; on the contrary, by defining their limits and their relations with the other powers of Europe, it rather places obstacles in the way of their ambition, and forbids them to extend their power in any direction but that of internal development. The temptations to break such a treaty are therefore many and frequent. And yet it is of the highest importance to the peace of the world that a European treaty should be preserved in the most scrupulous manner; for, not to mention the dangerous precedent afforded by an unpunished violation of it, such violation, however insignificant in itself, may directly produce the most unfortunate results. The object of all European treaties has been to adjust the mutual relations of the various states of Europe according to that much-maligned and little-understood principle called "the balance of power." It is not our intention to enter into a controversy here with

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Poland has ever been the great stumbling block of the diplomacy of Europe. Ever since the first great blow was dealt against the faith of treaties and the sacredness of the principle of the balance of power by her partition, Poland has risen up before assembled Europe, whenever any question of international law was being discussed, like a remorse and a mockery. Her independent existence as an important element of the balance of power, her rights as sanctioned by treaties both general and particular, have all been destroyed and trodden under foot, amid the silent indifference of Europe. She remains a sad monument of the narrow-minded selfishness of governments, and a warning to small states of the slender guarantees for their security afforded them by the boasted sacredness of European engagements. Nor has the crime of the partition been unaccompanied by a terrible retribution. For a century Poland has been a standing discredit to the established governments of Europe. At intervals of from fifteen to twenty years she has risen against her oppressors, and her cry for freedom has waked a responsive echo in the hearts of enslaved populations. Even Prince Talleyrand, who took the most active part in bringing about the Restoration, and was its representative at the Congress, acknowledged, in a note addressed by him to the plenipotentiaries, the partition of Poland to have been “the prelude, in part perhaps the cause, and even to a certain extent the excuse, of the disorders to which Europe had been a prey;” and that the established dynasties of Europe still regard the results of the partition of Poland with dread for their own safety, is proved by the fact that the present insurrection has given rise to a diplomatic intervention on their part, which would certainly not have been offered had a breach of treaty alone been in question. It was with this nation, formidable by its very helplessness and disorganization, that the Congress had to deal. At that time Poland was almost entirely in the possession of Russia, which occupied the Lithu-

* Austria, England, France, Prussia, Russia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden.

anian and Ruthenian provinces, the Grand Duchy of Warsaw created by Napoleon, and the towns of Kalisz, Cracow, Zamosc, and Thorn. The Russian emperor, Alexander I., whose mind presented a curious, but by no means unusual, combination of worldly astuteness with chivalric sentiment, had proposed to the Congress that the whole of that portion of Poland which was in the possession of his troops should be united into a constitutional kingdom under his scepter. To repair the partition, and to replace the Poles in their ancient condition as a free and independent nation, had been secret dreams of his youth, which he delighted to communicate to confidential friends; and the Congress found him still eager to adhere to the plans he had formed when he first met the exiled Czartoryskis at the court of his grandmother Catherine. But all the other powers, even including Prussia, which was then, as now, the submissive vassal of the Czar, entertained serious objections to the proposal. Lord Castlereagh, the British plenipotentiary, took the principal part in representing these objections to the emperor. He pointed out that the proposal for the "forced annexation of nearly the entire of so important and populous a territory as the Duchy of Warsaw, containing about four millions of people, upon a principle of conquest, to the empire of Russia, so largely increased of late by her conquest of Finland, by her acquisitions in Moldavia, and by her recent extension on the side of Persia, her advance from the Niemen into the very heart of Germany, her possession of all the fortresses of the Duchy, and thereby totally exposing to her attack the capitals of Austria and Prussia, without any line of defense or frontier," had "necessarily created great alarm and consternation in the courts of Austria and Prussia, and diffused general apprehension throughout the European states." Quoting the article of the Treaty of Kalisz, concluded between Russia and Prussia on the 28th of February, 1813, which provides for "the dissolution of the Duchy of Warsaw, and the partition of the provinces which constitute it between Austria, Prussia, and Russia," and the subsequent treaty of the 9th of September of the same year between Austria and Prussia, in which they bound themselves to procure "an amicable arrangement between the three courts of Austria, of

Prussia, and of Russia, as to the future destiny of the Duchy of Warsaw," he argued that the measure in question was "not only against the tenor, but even more against the spirit, of those treaties." Finally, he disposed of the plea, advanced by the emperor, of his moral duties toward the Poles, by the following pithy and somewhat aggressive sentences:

"If moral duty requires that the situation of the Poles should be ameliorated by so decisive a change as the revival of their monarchy, let it be undertaken upon the broad and liberal principle of rendering them again really independent as a nation, instead of making two thirds of them a more formidable military instrument in the hands of a single power. Such a measure of liberality would be applauded by all Europe, and would not be opposed, but, on the contrary, would be cheerfully acquiesced in both by Austria and Prussia. It would be a measure, it is true, of sacrifice, in the ordinary calculation of states, on the part of Russia; but if his imperial majesty is not prepared for such sacrifice to moral duty on the part of his own empire, he has no moral right to make such experiments at the expense of his allies and neighbors."

This curious diplomatic document displays the straightforwardness and practical good sense which are the common characteristics of English diplomatists. As an impartial treatment of the mere question of material balance of power, it is almost unexceptionable. But, regarding the subject from a higher point of view, we can only marvel at the short-sightedness and moral obliquity of the great Tory minister. At every step he invokes the principle of the balance of power, and the sacred obligations of treaties; he quotes against Alexander his own words: "Henceforth treaties shall be no longer truces, but be observed with that scrupulous faith, that sacred inviolability, on which depend the consideration, the force, and the preservation of empires;" and yet he uses all his efforts to maintain the partition of Poland, that greatest violation of the principle of the balance of power and of the sacredness of treaties known in history; he appeals to treaties by which that gross violation of all law and right was effected, and he suggests the restoration of the independence of Poland, not as the redemption of a great crime, not as the only possible guarantee for restoring and preserving the balance of power, but as a mere rhetorical expedi-

ent to clench his arguments against the proposal of Alexander to undo the work of the partition.

Alexander was deeply indignant at the opposition which was offered to his favorite project. In due course of time an answer was returned to the British memorandum, in which the prevalent tone was that of sharp criticism both of the statements and the arguments of Lord Castlereagh. At the same time a personal correspondence took place between the Russian emperor and the British plenipotentiary. The letters of Lord Castlereagh were blunt and dictatorial; those of Alexander haughtily indignant. It soon became evident that no good result could follow from such a mode of carrying on the negotiations. The controversy, which began by a discussion, ended in a quarrel. Lord Castlereagh openly imputed aggressive intentions to the Czar, and Alexander closed the correspondence with a curt note couched in terms of ill-concealed rage and mortification.

The Austrian plenipotentiary now stepped into the arena. In concert with Lord Castlereagh and his imperial master, Prince Metternich had addressed a memorandum to the Prussian representative, urging him to join him in laying three alternatives for the settlement of the Polish question before the Czar. The following are the three plans alluded to, as described in the Austrian memorandum:

"1st. Animated with the most liberal principles, and those most in conformity with the establishment of a system of equilibrium in Europe, and *opposed since 1772 to all the plans for the partition of Poland*, Austria is ready to consent to the *reestablishment of that kingdom so as to be free and independent from all foreign influence on the scale of its dimensions before the first partition*: reserving to the neighboring powers the regulation of their respective frontiers on the principle of a mutual convenience.

"2d. Admitting the little probability of such a project being even taken into consideration by the court of Russia, Austria would equally agree to the *reestablishment of a free and independent Poland in its dimensions of the year 1791*, with the reservation specified in the first proposition. In this case Austria would be prepared to recognize the increases of territory Russia and Prussia might think fit to reserve to themselves out of this new kingdom, and which should not be incompatible with its existence as an independent body politic.

"3d. In the supposition that the emperor will regard this second proposition as equally inadmissible, Austria is ready to recognize the extension of the Russian frontier to the right bank of the Vistula, it being understood that the course of this river is to remain free and to be open for the common use of the inhabitants on its banks. Russia would keep on the left bank of the Vistula the town of Warsaw with a *rayon*, and give up to Prussia the town of Thorn on the right bank of the river."

These propositions Prince Metternich submitted to the Czar, supporting them by the same arguments as had already been brought forward by Lord Castlereagh. The rage of Alexander now knew no bounds. Indeed, his fury was so uncontrollable that, for the only time in his life, he broke through the caution with which he always surrounded himself in his dealings with the Western powers. Throwing off the mask of European civilization and liberalism which he wore with such ease as to deceive the acuteest of Western statesmen, he exclaimed, with all the unprincipled savagery of an oriental despot: "I have two hundred thousand men in the Duchy of Warsaw: drive me out of it who can. You are always talking to me of principles. Your law of nations is nothing to me. What do I care, think you, for your parchments and your treaties? There is one thing which for me is above every thing, and that is my word. Your law is a mere matter of European convention." But this was only a transient outburst of passion. Alexander's mind was too acute and subtle not to perceive and prompt him to use to the fullest extent all the advantages of his position. Although he had relatively expended infinitely less of blood and treasure than the other great European powers in the terrible and desolating war which had just terminated, it was unquestionably to him that was due the main credit of having brought that war to a conclusion. At once the liberator and the strongest power of Europe, he could impose both on her sense of gratitude and on her fears; and he was not the man to neglect these great advantages. Moreover, in his frequent conversations with the plenipotentiaries, he had arrived at the conclusion that none of them would offer any serious opposition to his plans. All of them concurred in the advisability of reestablishing an independent Poland in her limits of 1772; but such reestablishment

lishment was evidently held up as a menace rather than as a project that could be seriously entertained. We have already quoted the language held by Lord Castlereagh on the subject. Prince Talleyrand, who came forward as the apostle of legitimacy, was ready to sacrifice Poland to Saxony, whose king was the relative of Louis XVIII., and which it was known Alexander had offered to Prussia as the price of her subservience to his designs. But he strongly declared himself in favor of an independent Poland. "In Paris," said Alexander to him one day when he found him violently opposing his Polish propositions, "you appeared to me entirely favorable to the reestablishment of Poland." "Certainly, Sire," was the reply; "I would have seen with real joy, as all other Frenchmen would, the reestablishment of Poland—but of the real Poland. As for the Poland now in question, it interests us but little." And a month later the French plenipotentiary was even more explicit. "If your majesty," said he, "wishes to reestablish Poland in a complete state of independence, we are ready to support you." Still, while admitting that, were there any hope of such a solution of the Polish question, it would have been "the first, the greatest, the most eminently European," he declared that there being no such hope, "the question of Saxony had become the most important of all"—a pitiful anti-climax, characteristic of that Restoration which inherited all the narrow-minded dynastic prejudices of the old *régime*, without its chivalrous ambition or its high-minded generosity. The language held by Austria was perhaps the most decisive and energetic. We have already quoted the remarkable dispatch addressed by Prince Metternich to the Prussian plenipotentiary, in which, after declaring that Austria had always opposed herself to the partition of Poland, he added that she was prepared to make the necessary sacrifices to secure the restoration of that country. In his conversations with Alexander the Austrian statesman was even more precise. When the emperor used his favorite argument of the necessity for restoring Poland to her rights, the acute diplomatist retorted that Austria, which was in possession of a large share of Polish territory, would be as ready as Russia to effect a restoration which could cost so little to the power that achieved it. Alexander

was deeply offended at this remark, and declared that Prince Metternich was the only Austrian who would have dared to address him in such a tone. But in the Prussian plenipotentiary he found a far more submissive and credulous hearer. It was no secret that, as has been already remarked, the territory of the King of Saxony, the last ally of Napoleon, was the payment intended by Alexander for Prussia* in return for her submission; and Prince Hardenberg naturally declined the Austrian and British proposals. He did more: actuated either by wonderful credulity or by the most profound dissimulation, he endeavored to justify his refusal by showing that the proposal of Russia rather tended to the diminution than the aggrandizement of that power. Describing the conversation he had with Alexander on the subject, he represents the emperor as complaining of the obstinacy with which his plans are resisted, notwithstanding the great services he had rendered to Europe, and the increase of territory he had obtained for several of its states.

"His majesty added," he continues, "that thinking he had a right to ask for a similar increase for himself, he yet confined himself to a measure which secured the peace of Europe, by at length tranquillizing a discontented and agitated nation, and by placing it under the direction of a cabinet which would know how to restrain it; that his allies, far from regarding it as dangerous, should, on the contrary, support and favor it, the more so because by drawing closer the bonds of the alliance of Chaumont, the emperor was ready to give them all imaginable guarantees, and particularly for their portions of ancient Poland; *that he would add to the new kingdom all the Russian provinces that were formerly Polish; that he*

* The following remarks were addressed to Prince Hardenberg by Lord Castlereagh on this subject, in his note of the 11th of October, 1814: "I have no hesitation in entertaining the principle of the proposed arrangement, if it shall be necessary to place Prussia in the station she should occupy for the interest of Europe; but if this incorporation (of Saxony) should be attempted as a means of compensating Prussia for unjust and dangerous encroachments on the part of Russia, and as an arrangement to reconcile her, uncovered in point of frontier, to submit to an obvious relation of military dependence on that great power, in this latter alternative, which I should, for the honor and interest of all, and of none more than Prussia herself, deeply deplore, I do not feel myself justified in giving your highness the smallest expectation that Great Britain could, in the face of Europe, be a party to such an arrangement."

would give it a constitution which would separate it from Russia, and withdraw all the Russian troops, without exception, to behind the limits of this new kingdom; that, finally, the object of dispute, which was necessary, in the general opinion, for the end he proposed to himself, was too inconsiderable to justify the allies in attaching so much importance to it, and refusing it to him."

If we are to believe Prince Hardenberg, he was overcome by this specious reasoning.

"The more I think of it," he writes, "the more I am of opinion that we on our side ought to yield on the political question, for in it I see much more profit than danger for the peace of Europe in general, and the neighbors of Russia in particular. I see the strength and power of the latter rather weakened than increased by this new kingdom of Poland under the scepter of the same sovereign. *Russia, properly so called, loses some very considerable and fertile provinces. Joined to the Duchy of Warsaw these provinces will have a constitution quite different and much more liberal than that of the empire.* The Poles will enjoy privileges which the Russians have not. Soon the spirit of the two nations will be entirely in opposition, their jealousies will prevent unity, embarrassments of all kinds will arise, and an Emperor of Russia who is at the same time King of Poland, will be less redoubtable than a sovereign of the Russian empire who includes in the latter as a province the greater part of Poland which no one attempts to reclaim from him. I do not in the least fear that the subjects of Austria and Prussia who were formerly Poles will give rise to disturbances by their constant endeavors to join their fellow-countrymen. A wise and paternal administration will easily obviate all apprehensions of this kind."

This strange specimen of sound reasoning on utterly fallacious premises made no impression on the other representatives of the great powers at the Congress. Finding that the attitude of Russia and Prussia daily grew more threatening, England, France, and Austria, by a secret treaty signed on the third of January, 1815, entered into a defensive alliance "in consequence of the pretensions which have been latterly put forward," by which they bound themselves each to bring, if necessary, one hundred and fifty thousand men into the field.

This energetic proceeding brought Russia to her senses. Alexander abated some of his pretensions, and an arrangement was agreed to, by which a portion of the Duchy of Warsaw was divided between

Austria and Prussia, the remaining portion (except Cracow, which was to be a free city) receiving a constitution, and being united to the Russian crown as the "kingdom of Poland." As for the Polish provinces, they were to receive national institutions, and the Czar would reserve to himself the power to carry out the project to which he had always remained faithful, of uniting them to the kingdom at the first favorable opportunity. This point, the grant of national institutions to the Poles, both of the kingdom and the provinces, had been strongly insisted upon by Prince Metternich and Lord Castlereagh. The former, in a dispatch to Prince Hardenberg, dated the 10th of December, 1814, had used the following remarkable words: "The emperor not having found in your highness's verbal note any thing relating to the constitutional question of Poland, nor to that of the reünion of the ancient Ruthenian Polish provinces to the new acquisitions of Russia, his imperial majesty directs me to call the attention of the Prussian cabinet to an object so essential. *The demands which we have the right to make in this respect to Russia result from the engagements which the Emperor Alexander has spontaneously, and of his own accord, taken towards us, in order to compensate us in a degree for his pretensions to territorial acquisitions.* It seems impossible not to mention this condition in the course of our ulterior negotiations, by connecting the promises of the emperor on this subject with the guarantees we have the right to claim for our possessions formerly Polish." Lord Castlereagh, in his circular to the plenipotentiaries dated the 12th of January, 1815, used language no less strong: "In cordial concurrence"—such are his words—"with the general sentiments which he has had the satisfaction to observe the respective cabinets entertain on this subject," he "ardently desires that the illustrious monarchs to whom the destinies of the Polish nation are confided may be induced, before they depart from Vienna, to take an engagement with each other to treat as Poles, under whatever form of political institution they may think fit to govern them, the portions of that nation that may be placed under their respective sovereignties." This recommendation was adopted by the three powers. Russia declared her intention of "reüniting a por-

tion of the Polish nation to her empire by constitutional bonds." Austria "shared the liberal views of the Emperor Alexander in favor of the national institutions which his imperial majesty had determined to give the Poles;" and Prussia informed Lord Castlereagh "that the principles developed in his note on the manner of administering the Polish provinces placed under the dominion of the different powers are entirely in conformity with the sentiments of his majesty."

While thus giving their sanction to a new partition of Poland the British and Austrian plenipotentiaries lamented the necessity which prevented them from carrying out their wish of restoring that unhappy country to its ancient independence. Lord Castlereagh, probably under the pressure of popular opinion in England, had it placed upon record that "the desire of his court to see an independent power, more or less considerable in extent, established in Poland under a distinct dynasty, and as an intermediate state between the three great monarchies, has uniformly been avowed;" and Prince Metternich declared that, "the course of action which had been followed by the emperor in the important negotiations which have just settled the destiny of the Duchy of Warsaw, can not have left the powers any doubts that not only would the reestablishment of an independent Poland, restored to a National Polish Government, have completely satisfied the views of his imperial majesty, but that he would not even have regretted the greatest sacrifices in order to arrive at the salutary restoration of that ancient order of things."

These regretful words, barren and humiliating as they are, at least show a consciousness on the part of the plenipotentiaries that they were about to give, for the first time in the history of the world, to a great European wrong the sanction of a great European treaty. Hitherto the only Poland that had been recognized by the public law of Europe was the independent state of 1772; the Congress, from alleged motives of necessity, had determined to recognize, in the new law, a Poland of the same extent, indeed, as the other, but without its independence; a Polish nation with national institutions, but subject to the rule of Russia, Austria, and Prussia.

Although the principles upon which

the Polish negotiations were to be carried on were thus finally settled, the negotiations themselves were not yet terminated. Strong in their alliance, the three powers opposed to Russia would probably have pressed and obtained "the reünion of the ancient Ruthenian Polish provinces" to the new constitutional Polish kingdom, an object already declared to be "essential" by Austria, had not an event occurred which disordered all their plans. Napoleon returned from Elba; and the short but bloody struggle which ensued, by still further diminishing the powers of the Allies, increased the general desire for peace. Alexander's proposal to restrict the grant of a constitution, at least for the present, to the Polish kingdom, was adopted without any further opposition; and the future condition of Poland was provided for by the treaty which was to be henceforth the public law of Europe.

These provisions were contained in the first fourteen articles of the treaty. The first and most important of these articles relates to the new kingdom of Poland, and the Poles of the remainder of the old state of 1772 which were to be divided between Russia, Austria, and Prussia. It is as follows:

"The Duchy of Warsaw, with the exception of the provinces and districts which are otherwise disposed of by the following articles, is united to the Russian empire, to which it shall be irrevocably attached by its constitution, and be possessed by his majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, his heirs and successors in perpetuity. His imperial majesty reserves to himself to give to this state, enjoying a distinct administration, the *interior extension* which he shall judge proper. He shall assume with his other titles that of Czar, King of Poland, agreeably to the form established for the titles attached to his other possessions.

"*The Poles, who are respective subjects of Russia, Austria, and Prussia*, shall obtain a representation and national institutions, regulated according to the degree of political consideration that each of the governments to which they belong shall judge expedient and proper to grant them."

Read by the light of the negotiations above described, nothing can be clearer than this language. Of the inhabitants of the territory which was Poland before it was partitioned, those belonging to the "kingdom" are to form a separate state, with a distinct administration, and attached to the crown of Russia by a constitu-

tion; the remainder are to have a representation and national institutions, the form of which it is open to the governments to which they belong to decide upon.

The next article gives the Duchy of Posen to Prussia, and defines, on the side of Prussia as well as of Russia, the limits within which the Polish inhabitants are to have a "representation and national institutions."

Arts. III., IV., and V. define the territory of Austrian Poland.

Arts. VI. to X. relate to Cracow. By Art. VI.: "the town of Cracow, with its territory, is declared to be for ever a free, independent, and strictly neutral city, under the protection of Austria, Russia, and Prussia;" and by Art. IX.: "the courts of Russia, Austria, and Prussia engage to respect, and to cause to be always respected, the neutrality of the free town of Cracow and its territory. No armed force shall be introduced upon any pretence whatever."

Arts. XI., XII., and XIII. relate to political trials, etc. The fourteenth article is important, as giving an additional proof of the intention of the treaty to guarantee the nationality of the whole of Poland. It quotes and confirms the articles in treaties between Russia and Austria, and Russia and Prussia, establishing free navigation and trade "in all parts of ancient Poland (as it existed before the year 1772)." Finally, as if to remove all possible doubt as to the principles by which the Congress was actuated in its settlement of Poland, the third article of the treaty between Russia and Prussia, which by article one hundred and eighteen of the general treaty, is to be considered "part of the general enactments of the Congress, and is to have the same weight and value as if it had been inserted word for word in the general treaty," says:

"The Poles, subjects respectively of the high contracting parties, shall obtain institutions which shall insure the preservation of their nationality, in such form as each of the governments to which they belong may think it useful and proper to grant them."

We have gone somewhat at length into the history of these stipulations, both because the question to which they refer was the most difficult and important that came under the consideration of the Congress, and because of the menacing aspect under

which it now presents itself to the statesmen of Europe. After carefully examining the different phases of the negotiations and the treaty provisions in which they resulted, it is, we conceive, impossible for any unprejudiced mind to entertain the shadow of a doubt that it was the evident intention of the treaty to preserve, by giving a constitution to the kingdom, and national institutions to the remainder of ancient Poland, the nationality of the Poles, as some compensation to Western Europe for the loss of their independence.

It has already been remarked that it was at the Congress of Vienna that the diplomacy of Europe for the first time took cognizance of a nationality—the nationality of Poland. But this cognizance was in a manner forced upon them, and there can be no doubt that the Vienna plenipotentiaries, with their old-world notions of dynastic rights and national duties, would have gladly moved in their old grooves in the Polish question had it been possible. This nation of indomitable heroes, without a sovereign or even a government—this land of reckless patriots, sacrificing every thing rather than submit to a foreign yoke—amazed and perplexed them. It was too substantial and powerful a reality to be disregarded, and it at the same time presented a state of things so entirely unique and without precedent, that it was not without considerable hesitation that the retrograde statesmen composing the Congress ventured on a road which was to them entirely new. Traces of this unfamiliarity with the real requirements of a nation are abundant in the negotiations, and are even to be found in the treaty, which, whenever a constitution or national institutions are alluded to, becomes vague and uses general terms, as if, although the plenipotentiaries were quite clear as to their intentions, they were not quite so clear as to the proper way in which those intentions should be carried out. But in the Saxon question they returned to well-known ground, and, the weight of the unknown and the incomprehensible being now off their heads, they seemed to experience a sort of zest in repeating to satiety the old worn-out theories of the rights of kings, and in blindly ignoring the noble principles of liberty and civilization which the advanced spirits of Europe had reverently gathered from the blood and filth of the Revolution. The leader in this race of retrogression

was the champion of "legitimacy," Prince Talleyrand, who, as the representative of the country that had inflicted those very injuries on Europe which the Congress was then occupied in remedying, was looking for a cause whose defense might restore to France her ancient influence. This cause he thought he had found in that of the King of Saxony. In the great rising of Germany against Napoleon, this prince had sided with the latter, and was consequently a prisoner at Berlin; his territory having meanwhile been occupied by the Prussian troops, and claimed as a conquest by the Prussian government. There was no dearth of good reasons which might be alleged in opposition to this claim. Preëminent among them was that of Lord Castlereagh already quoted—the fact of Saxony being the price agreed to be paid by Russia for the vassalage of Prussia. A more personal but equally strong objection was that taken by Austria, based on the position of Saxony, which, if given up to Prussia, would lay open Austria's left flank to the attack of that rival power. But such reasons as these were not in the game of the apostle of that species of "order" which, fifteen years later, one of his successors in the French ministry cynically described as reigning in Warsaw. Like the renegade who strives to prove the sincerity of his belief in the new doctrine he has adopted, by exceeding its greatest bigots in the fervency of his zeal and the assiduity of his devotion, Prince Talleyrand represented the France of the Revolution and of Napoleon as the preserver of traditional monarchies and the protector of antiquated rights. For him Saxony was not a question of balance of power—still less of nationality—but of monarchical property. "Never," he wrote, "will the King of France sanction the entire cession of Saxony to Prussia and the disappearance of that royal line; for confiscation being banished from the code of enlightened nations, can not in the nineteenth century be admitted into the public law of Europe." Is it to be wondered at that the government which could openly advocate such pitiful principles as this, was, ere fifteen years had elapsed, overthrown by the noble nation that five-and-twenty years before had raised the standard of universal freedom? The French note, though not apparently having much weight with the Congress, reactionist as it was, yet added

another opponent to the projects of Russia and Prussia. A compromise was the result; Prussia obtained a small part of Saxony, and the remainder was restored to its former sovereign.

In the Saxon question, the nationality of the inhabitants having played but a small part, the work of the Congress was on the whole successful. But when the state of Holland and Belgium came under consideration, the principle which the plenipotentiaries had adopted of willfully ignoring the dispositions of the people, led them into a grave error, which has since fortunately righted itself. The Dutch and the Belgians, two strongly-marked nationalities differing essentially in manners, customs, and religion, were forced into a monstrous union under the sovereignty of the House of Orange, a union which, it must have been evident to any one who had studied the character and history of the two nations, could not long subsist. But in the short-sighted view of the Congress it presented every advantage. Manufacturing Belgium would provide seafaring Holland with exports; the United Kingdom of the Low Countries would be an important military state as an element of the balance of power; and, more than all, England and France were under a sort of promise to give the House of Orange a considerable extension of territory. Perhaps, too, the Congress thought, like those match-makers on a smaller scale whom in many points they resembled, that the *mariage de convenance* would, in due course of time, become a *mariage d'amour*. Their objections to the erection of Belgium into a separate state are amusing and characteristic. With that contempt for all originality of idea or attempt to keep pace with the time which is the most striking feature of these negotiations, they go back to the middle ages, when Belgium was a group of free cities, constantly at war with each other and devastated by internal rebellions, and ask themselves whether it would be right to revive such a Belgium as that?—a question about as pertinent as one which was recently put by a journal claiming the supremacy over the press of this country, when it asked whether it would be advisable to revive the Poland of a hundred years ago?

The negotiations on the subject of Germany presented fewer difficulties than any of those, which had gone before. The principal object to be attained was so to

organize Germany as to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of such an event as the alliance of France in 1805 with most of the small German states against Austria and Prussia. All the German states were accordingly united into a confederation, whose capital, Frankfort, was made a free city under provisions very similar to those relating to Cracow. The affairs of this confederation are to be transacted by a diet, under the presidency of Austria, in which each of the larger states, and each group consisting of a certain number of smaller states, is entitled to a vote. The internal organization of the confederation was left to be settled by itself in an "assembly" at which the various states have each a certain number of votes according to their size. All modifications of such organization are also to be discussed and settled by an "assembly." In this arrangement England, by her connection with Hanover, and Russia, by her influence with the petty German princes, took a prominent part.

In the Italian question the plenipotentiaries again found a stumbling-block over which they leaped with thoughtless indifference. Austria was mistress of nearly the whole of Northern Italy; the Pope had returned to occupy his dominions in the center; and in the South, Murat, who had contracted an alliance with England and Austria against Napoleon, and had in return been guaranteed the sovereignty of Naples by those two powers, was established with his army. Differences of nationality having been entirely set aside by the Congress as a question unworthy of consideration, the great difficulty was Naples. England and Austria, though bound by treaty to secure Murat in his possessions, entertained great objections to such a step as dangerous to the peace of Europe. Prince Talleyrand, still harping on his idea of restoring the old dynasties, declared Murat an usurper on the throne of the House of Bourbon, and refused to communicate with his representative at Vienna. Murat, angry and terrified, immediately poured his troops into the Pontifical Marches, intending to invade France. This simplified matters: England and Austria declared themselves no longer bound by their treaty, and Naples, with Sicily, were delivered over to the House of Bourbon. As for Austria, she retained all her possessions in Italy but Piedmont and Genoa, which, with

Sardinia, were given to the House of Savoy; and Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and Placentia were distributed among petty princes, dependent, some upon Austria, some upon the House of Bourbon.

A question of high importance—the state of Switzerland—next came under the deliberations of the Congress. This nation had for many years been a prey to internal dissensions, and its strong position between Germany, France, and Italy rendered its condition one of European interest. The Emperor Alexander, who made his influence strongly felt in almost every matter treated by the Congress, in the Swiss question showed even more than his usual activity, and even went so far as severely to reprimand the deputies of some of the cantons for their disunion. At length, after much hot discussion, the Swiss deputies came to an agreement with the plenipotentiaries at Vienna. A confederation of twenty-two cantons was established, and their relative strength and influence so constituted as to secure the preponderance to the party which adhered to the old customs and form of government.

We have now described the principal provisions of the great public law which was solemnly ratified by Europe in 1815. We have seen that in many respects this law was quite inadequate to the wants of the time; that the principles on which it is based are such as would be disavowed by the most retrograde monarchy of the present day; and that some of its stipulations were even practically incapable of fulfilment. It had, in a word, more than the usual number of imperfections to which all human laws are liable. Like them, it has in the course of years undergone many alterations; arrangements which had become obsolete have been remodeled, and others which unexpected circumstances had rendered inexpedient were by universal consent recognized as null and void. But the original framework still remains; and where it has not been modified by the agreement of all the powers, the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna are as binding on them, and are as much the law of Europe now, as they were in 1815.

It will not be without instruction to trace the conduct pursued by Europe in the circumstances which led to the various modifications of its written law. The first of these modifications was produced

by the Belgian revolution of 1830. The King of the Netherlands appealed to the powers who signed the Treaty of Vienna for aid, basing his application on the precedents of 1821 and 1823, when Russia, Prussia, Austria, and France interfered to put down popular revolution in Piedmont, Naples, and Spain. But both England and the France of Louis Philippe refused to adopt the doctrines of the Holy Alliance; and France even went so far as to declare that if the Prussians intervened, her troops would enter Belgium. A conference was then determined upon, which was attended by the representatives of the great powers. In the protocol opening the Conference, dated the 20th of December, 1830, its object was declared to be "the stopping of bloodshed by an entire cessation of hostilities on both sides;" and with this view an armistice was proposed and the mediation of the powers offered. The armistice was refused by the King of the Netherlands, and accepted by the Belgians.

The belligerent rights of the Belgians were then recognized, and the negotiations continued until the following January, when the King of the Netherlands yielded, and expressed his concurrence in the final protocol of the Conference, which contained this important declaration:

"Official communications have convinced the five courts that the means originally destined to maintain the union of Belgium and Holland are neither calculated to reestablish it temporarily, nor to preserve it, and that henceforth, instead of uniting the affections and happiness of two peoples, they would only raise up passions and hatreds between them, and produce war with all its disorders as the result of their concussion."

This remarkable departure from the principles of the Treaty of Vienna is then explained by the following sound and but too seldom observed political axiom: "Each nation has its particular rights; but Europe has also its right, the right to preserve social order."

The most inattentive reader can not fail to remark how strikingly the above words apply to the question which is now most agitating Europe. If we substitute the words "Poland" for "Belgium," and "Russia" for "Holland," we shall have a perfectly accurate description of the present state of the Polish question, and the duties it imposes upon the great powers.

The dignified and successful policy which the powers pursued on this occasion also conveys a lesson which it may be well to remember at the present crisis. In a few months Belgium as effectually obtained her independence by the determined attitude shown by the powers in her favor, and above all by their recognizing her belligerent rights, as if they had poured their troops into the country and declared war against the King of the Netherlands. Had this policy of justice and right been consistently adhered to by the powers in the many other questions since raised by the partial and inefficient arrangements of the Treaty of Vienna, we should not now have to deplore the existence of dangers which threaten the peace of Europe, and which, unless we return to a strict observance of the law, must break over our heads in a general war, of which no one can foretell the issue.

How different to this policy was the course pursued in the next great modification of the Treaty of Vienna! The partial liberation of the Austrian provinces of Italy was effected, not by the moral coöperation of Europe but by the hand of a great aggressive power which saw a prospect of territorial aggrandizement in an enterprise professedly undertaken for the enfranchisement of an oppressed nationality. The result was lame and unsatisfactory; the liberation of Italy from a foreign yoke was not half completed, and France, for doing the work of Europe, exacted as her reward two provinces which belonged by every national and European right to Sardinia. Thus was the incomplete restoration of one portion of a nation to its rights purchased by the violation of the rights of another portion, because in a question of European interest all Europe did not take part. But the question to which we would more immediately refer is one which has not yet received even a partial solution, and which has once more brought us face to face with the Treaty of Vienna—that of Poland.

The Polish question is indeed a striking example of the effects of a breach of international right silently concurred in by all the powers of Europe. For nearly a hundred years it has been the standing difficulty of statesmen, the terror of sovereigns, and the hope of all the enemies of peace. Before it was first raised by the partition, there had been no sensible alteration of territory in Europe for three centuries:

since that time not one century has yet passed, and Europe has not once been free for fifteen years together from convulsions, more or less directly traceable to the partition, which have changed her very face and disturbed her international organization. With an almost inconceivable blindness, the protectors of the "order" of 1815, instead of closing up the hideous wound that exposed the European body politic weak and defenseless to the attack of its Muscovite enemy, left open the sore to spread the seeds of chronic disease by corrupting the universal feeling of right and belief in the principles of civilization. And when the partitioning powers, in defiance of the express stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna, not only neglected to apply to the evil they had committed the weak and inefficient remedies which they were solemnly bound to use, but did their best to turn them into poisons, Europe, as if under a heavy retribution whose weight she felt powerless to shake off, remained passive and silent in presence of an ever-recurring and aggravated wrong. How infinitely stronger was the case of the Poles, goaded into revolution by the flagrant violation of all their rights and the barbarous tyranny of the monster who was their viceroy, than that of the dissatisfied, but neither insulted nor persecuted Belgians in 1830—and how miserably inefficient were the feeble remonstrances of France and England in the former case, as compared with the firm yet peaceful attitude of all the powers in the latter! Our government alone seemed to have some consciousness of its duty, and protested with irresistible logic both against Russia's repeated violations of the Treaty of Vienna and her monstrous doctrine that the revolution which was the consequence of those violations relieved her from her obligations to Europe under the treaty. But these isolated protests were of no avail. Prussia, still basely sacrificing her independence to the alliance of Russia, established a cordon of troops on her frontier; and Austria, who secretly favored the Poles, was deterred from openly pronouncing in their favor by the evident hesitation of France and England. Blocked in by enemies who surrounded her on every side, and shut out from every kind of support, Poland fell, once more a victim to the fears and the political blindness of Europe. But her misfortunes, far from crushing her, inspired her with a

new life. Without the constitution and the national institutions guaranteed to her by the Treaty of Vienna, oppressed and insulted by the Russianizing policy of the Czars and the Germanization of their allies, she still kept alive the flame of nationality, and eagerly watched for an opportunity to strike another blow for her independence. The opportunity was not long in coming. The absorption of Cracow by Austria—a violation of international right which was perfectly consistent with the conduct pursued by the partitioning powers towards Poland since 1772, but which now for the first time roused the indignation of Europe—was the prelude to a European revolution in which the Poles of Prussia and Austria took part. Again they failed; but this time they had no claim, as insurgents, on the aid of Europe, as they were quite unable to oppose any thing like effectual resistance to the governments against which they had risen, and Russian Poland lay paralyzed beneath the iron arm of Nicholas. In the present insurrection the case is far different. It has now lasted as long as that of 1830, and is daily increasing in strength. It is the united work of all classes of the population; it embraces the whole of ancient Poland; in a word, it exhibits all the signs of a national rising. An opportunity is now offered to Europe not only to "prevent bloodshed" and to "preserve social order," as in the case of Belgium, but to vindicate the sacredness of treaties and restore the balance of power. Those who object that the restoration of Poland would not achieve the last of these objects because it would give France an ally in the north, seem to forget that there is but one alternative. The choice is between an alliance of France with a free constitutional Poland or with a despotic and aggressive Russia. Already does rumor speak of the latter as impending over the head of liberal Europe. And after all, if Europe will adhere to the duties traced out for her by her own written law, where is the danger of this Franco-Polish alliance? A Poland freed by Napoleon may indeed be tied by links of gratitude to his policy; but a Poland re-uscitating under the protection of united Europe will have no motive for joining herself in a monstrous union with an aggressor and a despot. Nor does she claim or desire any thing more than this protection. Her national government repudiates

all foreign intervention; it asks only for a recognition by Europe of the same belligerent rights as those she has hitherto extended to every insurgent nation; to the Greeks in 1826, to the Belgians in 1830, and to the Confederate States of America since the beginning of the present civil war. And if we look at the fact that before the Treaty of Vienna the position of Poland in the international law of Europe was that of an independent nation, and that the arrangements of the treaty which altered that position have been completely destroyed and have proved impracticable, we can not but acknowledge that it is the duty of Europe to reconsider the position she made for Poland in 1815, and to settle its future fate in such a manner as to prevent its being a source of constant disturbance in consequence of the misgovernment and bad faith of the three powers who by the treaty were made its sovereigns. For it can not be too often repeated that the right of Europe to interfere is not confined to the Congress kingdom. The articles of the treaty we have already quoted show clearly that the administration of the Polish provinces divided among the three powers was as much a matter of European arrangement as that of the kingdom, and that the only right enjoyed by the partitioning powers over their Polish possessions is derived from the Treaty of Vienna. This right one at least of the powers in question has forfeited by her persistent non-fulfilment of the conditions attached to it. The conduct of Russia with regard to the Polish articles of the Treaty of Vienna presents the grossest and most indefensible instance of that offense against the society of nations whose necessary punishment we alluded to at the beginning of this article. "It has been," said our veteran statesman and diplomatist in his place in Parliament in 1861, "the greatest violation of a treaty that has ever taken place in the history of the world." Unless, therefore, treaties are henceforward to be mere declarations of an intention to confer certain benefits during pleasure, this violation for nearly half a century of the greatest of European treaties with impunity must be put a stop to. There can be no more dignified and effectual means of doing this than the declaration by Europe of her withdrawal of the rights she gave to Russia over Poland in 1815. Such a course could not de-

prive Europe of her right to interfere in Poland; on the contrary, it would make that right only the stronger, for it would make it dependent, not on the title-deed of the treaty of Poland of 1815, but on that of the lawfully independent Poland of 1772. Further, it would be both the reason and the explanation of the recognition of the Poles as belligerents, who will then be entitled to fight, not for their restricted rights under the treaty, but for their full rights as a lawfully independent nation. The objections which have been urged against this recognition are easily shown to be futile. It has been said that, unless an insurgent country is sufficiently strong to have reasonable hopes of success, its recognition as a belligerent would be useless and even mischievous; that the Poles have no regular army, and do not occupy any towns; and that therefore they can have no claim to such a recognition. The principle is, no doubt, a sound one; but it will be difficult to support the inference which is drawn from it.

The true measure of the strength of an insurrection obviously consists in the difficulties it has overcome and the advance it has made towards success. In 1830 Poland had one of the finest regular armies in Europe, and was in full possession of all her towns; yet she failed, after an insurrection which lasted only nine months—a period during which the present rising has steadily increased in force and extent. And if we look at the strength which the Confederates of America have put forward during their insurrection, which nevertheless was considered sufficiently great to justify their recognition by Europe as belligerents, we shall find that their efforts have been as nothing compared with those of the Poles. The Confederates, rich, free, and prosperous, began the struggle with their own disciplined armies and on their own ground for a disputed question of federal rights; the Poles, ground down by a despotism without parallel, impoverished by excessive taxation, and watched by the most elaborate system of espionage in the world, rose against their oppressors, unarmed and surrounded by enemies, for the holy cause of independence and freedom. The Confederates are defending themselves against an invader from without; the Poles are making desperate efforts to expel the oppressor within. And on which side has been the balance of

success? The vast armies of the South, fighting for a point of law, are yielding; the half-starved and ill-armed insurgents, fighting for their homes and all that is most dear to them, are disputing, step by step, every inch of their country with the enemy, defeating his troops, counterchecking his maneuvers, and superseding his government by their own. By their strength, therefore, at least as much as by the justice of their cause and the barbarity of their opponents, and as a logical consequence of Russia's rejection of the propositions of the powers,* have the Poles a right to claim from Europe recognition as belligerents. Nor would this recognition be a mere barren advantage to the insurgents. Besides opening to them all the markets of Europe for the purchase of materials of war, it would, combined with the declaration of their right to in-

* The rumored grant of a constitution to Russia and Poland was so glaringly improbable that none but those who were totally ignorant of the real state of those countries gave it any credit. It has already been denied by the official organs of the Russian government.

dependence, cause an open breach between Russia and the powers making the declaration. From the consequences of such a breach England and France would have nothing to fear; and the effect of this decisive step on their part would be to give Austria an opportunity of practically proving her liberal professions by making Galicia an independent state, and thereby obtaining that influence in Germany and over her own motley territories which she covets so much. It would practically throw back Russia into Asia, and thus put an end to those dangerous schemes of Pan Slavism which threaten the disruption of Austria and Turkey, and the consequent enslavement of Eastern and Central Europe. It would dissipate the dangers of a European war by establishing a principle of common and peaceful action against Russia. Finally, it would introduce the reign of peace and order in Europe, by showing the determination of the powers to prove that right is stronger than might, and that neither the integrity of nations nor the faith of treaties shall in future be violated with impunity.

From Fraser's Magazine.

NATURAL-HISTORY PHENOMENA OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM KING.

ONE remarkable feature of the Atlantic, which we, dwelling on its eastern side, are too apt to overlook, must in the first place be carefully considered. Few portions of the earth's surface are so favorably situated in regard to climate as the British Isles, considering their high northern position. Referring, as an illustration, to the West of Ireland—especially its northern half—we have Mediterranean and Spanish plants spontaneously vegetating in nearly the same latitude as Belle Isle, adjacent to Labrador, where no other than an Arctic flora is indigenous. Over two months or more in winter, the sea of that region—for two hundred miles into the Atlantic, and as far south as the parallel of Cape Free in Newfoundland—

is one vast sheet of ice. Even the harbor of St. John's, which is still more to the south, is in some years, as 1831, entirely frozen up as late as June. The "summer" was unusually late last year, the ice having remained in Conception Bay, a little north of St. John's, until the 21st of August!

This severe climate is due to a powerful stream of intensely cold water which runs out of Davis' Strait, and down the coast of Labrador. It affects the Atlantic, on the east coast of Newfoundland, to such an extent that in Trinity Bay, during summer, the water is so "bitterly cold" as to be unsuited for general bathing.

How different is the climate on this

side of the Atlantic! There is not a harbor from Cape Clear to the Bloody Foreland in Ireland, or to Cape Wrath in Scotland, which can not be entered in the depth of winter: while throughout the whole distance there would be little chance of seeing a fragment of ice, except what may have been drifted out of rivers after a thaw. Similar favorable conditions of temperature prevail along the coast of Norway, as far up as the North Cape.

The genial climate of the British Isles, and the west coast of Norway, is due to a wide-spread current of warm water which flows out of the Gulf of Mexico. This great sea, which is almost land-locked, has been compared to a huge caldron: it is continuously supplied with a vast volume of water flowing from the equator, along the coast of South America, and through the Carribean Sea. While in this course the water has the average temperature of 80° ; but after passing into the confined area of the Gulf of Mexico, it becomes further heated until its temperature is raised to 88° —the highest point known for water of the ocean.

This warm water, however, does not extend downwards to the bed of the sea; for a cold stratum, of about 39° (which is $10\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ above the freezing point of sea-water) occurs at a depth of six hundred fathoms off Havana. Deep-water fishing in the West Indian Seas is carried on in two hundred fathoms—a depth inhabited by the *Mesoprion profundus*, and other delicate-tasted breakfast fish: on hauling in the deep-water lines, the pieces of iron which the fishermen attach to them feel to the hand as cold as ice. There is every reason for believing, as will afterwards be shown, that the abysses of the Atlantic on the Irish coasts, owing to the low temperature of the water, are tenanted by shells, and other creatures, peculiar to comparatively shallow depths in Arctic Seas.

It is by virtue of its elevated temperature, and consequent low specific gravity, that the warm water of the Gulf of Mexico keeps at the surface. Bearing this fact in mind, and remembering that a current of cold water is constantly running out of Davis' Strait, along the coasts of Labrador, Newfoundland, and the United States, it will be understood how an interchange of position takes place between the two

streams—the warmer overlying the colder wherever they come in contact.

The warm water rushes out of the great Mexican caldron through the Strait of Florida (having a temperature— 82° —equaling that of the hot springs of Matlock, and whose width is one hundred miles) with a velocity of from three to five miles an hour. Thence it passes through the Straits of the Bahamas, and right on to the Banks of Newfoundland, spreading itself over the western half of the North Atlantic, which is thereby heated in winter considerably above the temperature it would otherwise have.

Arrived at the banks of Newfoundland, the Gulf Stream, as it is called, is suddenly deflected to the east; and becoming divided, one portion makes a bend southward in the direction of the Azores, and finally merges into the great equatorial current; while the other portion runs N. E. or N.N.E., until it impinges against the western shores of the British Isles, where it has the effect of charging the air with moisture, and rendering their winters considerably milder than those of the eastern coasts.

The Gulf Stream in its course across the Atlantic brings with it West Indian seeds, (*Mimosa scandens*, *Dolichos urens*, etc.) and doubtless portions of trees, throwing them on the coasts of Devonshire, the West of Ireland, the Hebrides, and the Orkney Isles. It contributes to give to Ireland its perpetual verdure, and to make Bute the Isle of Wight of Scotland. A native of the Green Isle might fancy there was something holy in his fatherland on learning that a bottle was thrown overboard by an American captain off Cape Horn, in 1837, which, after floating about the Atlantic for some years, was at last picked up in a haven on his own shores.

The water of the Atlantic on the south and south-west coasts of Ireland is not only warmed by the Gulf Stream, but its temperature appears to be increased by another stream, known as Rennell's Current, which flows due north from Spain along the shores of France, and on to our southern coasts. Hence it happens that the water off Kerry, and somewhat further north, is, in June and July, warmer than that of any other part of the Atlantic on the same parallel—the surface temperature ranging from

54° to 61°, or on the average 57½°. On the Newfoundland coasts, about three degrees of latitude further south, the temperature ranges between 42° and 52°, averaging 45° in the same months.

The influence of the Gulf Stream extends much further north than Cape Wrath in Scotland. Slowly continuing its western course, this great genializer of our climate passes the Orkneys and the Shetlands: in the former the pools are said not to be frozen in winter. Next, it sweeps along the coast of Norway to Hammerfest (71° N. lat.)—the northernmost town in the world—where, as we learn from Lord Dufferin's *Letters from High Latitudes*, the water on a July day, in 1856, was actually 52°—exactly the same temperature which he had registered at Stornaway, in Scotland, in the previous month. Lord Dufferin was enabled, by sailing along the "tail of the Gulf Stream," to reach English Bay in Spitzbergen, situated in north latitude 78° 20', (only about six hundred and thirty miles from the north pole,) where he found the temperature of the water, in August, to be 37°. The nut-like seeds of *Mimosa scandens* have also been found thrown on the shores of Spitzbergen.*

Doubtless the elevated temperature of the sea off Hammerfest and English Bay is powerfully promoted by the continuous presence of the sun above the horizon during the summer months.

Besides the Arctic current which runs out of Davis' Strait, there is another stream of cold water on the west side of the Atlantic, known as the "Spitzbergen Current." This last runs from the polar basin down the east coast of Greenland. It reduces the temperature of the water on these coasts so low that they are perpetually blockaded with a broad belt of ice; Jan Mayen's Land is in consequence rendered unapproachable, except for a short time in summer, the water being in July only 4° above the freezing-point, and 20° lower than that of Hammerfest on the same parallel. Further south, somewhere below Iceland, the Spitzbergen Current and the western portion of the Gulf Stream come in contact; but the former, having, apparently the greatest strength, diverts the latter from its northern course,

and drags it round Cape Farewell, also up along the west coast of Greenland for a considerable distance. By means of this blending, the Spitzbergen Current, with its hitherto gelid temperature, becomes changed into one of a more genial character, causing the fiords and coasts of West Greenland, as far north as Holsteinberg, to enjoy a much milder climate in winter than prevails on the opposite side of Davis' Strait. During this season the fiords are often no more than covered with a mere skin of ice, so that the natives are rarely prevented using their kyaks. The blending of the two currents is in other respects a blessing to the Greenlanders; for it is the means of supplying him with fuel derived from drifted timber and wrecks of vessels, which in many cases, after having been transported into the Arctic Atlantic, are carried round Cape Farewell, and finally thrown on his desolate shores.

The highly-interesting facts which have been stated prove how important a part the Gulf Stream plays in rendering the British Isles and the east coast of Norway so eminently favored in their climatal conditions.

The Irish sea-bed, as shown by soundings made by Vidal (1830) and Hoskyn,* is in the form of a submarine plateau, extending from fifty to nearly two hundred miles into the Atlantic, with a depth rarely exceeding two hundred fathoms. Beyond the line circumscribed by this depth, the plateau suddenly ceases; its edge merges into a slope, which descends at a considerable angle, never stopping until the bottom of the great abyss of the Atlantic is reached, at a depth of from seventeen hundred to two thousand fathoms, or about two miles on the average. This enormous marginal slope stretches both north and south, even extending to the equatorial coasts of Africa, in which direction it increases somewhat in magnitude. On the American side of the Atlantic a similar submarine plateau occurs; also the same profundity of ocean at the foot of its marginal slope.

Judging from the soundings obtained by Dayman, Berryman, and others, the two-miles-deep portion of the Atlantic forms a wide plain, with a surface rising here and there into comparatively inconsiderable heights above the general level. South of the parallel of the Cape de Verd

* It is recorded that there were found in 1823, on the shore near Hammerfest, some casks of palm-oil which belonged to a vessel wrecked in the previous year at Cape Lopez, in Africa.

* See *Nautical Magazine*, November, 1862.

Islands, this deep plain passes into one still deeper, averaging about three miles in depth. Following the latter to the west, but keeping east of the West India Islands, the soundings evidently denote a greater profundity; as east of the Bahamas it is stated that bottom was only touched at a depth exceeding twenty-four thousand feet—equal to four and a half miles!

Deep water also extends into the Arctic basin, Schaffner and McClintock having got casts in from fifteen hundred to two thousand fathoms between Iceland and Greenland, and at the entrance to Davis' Strait; and approximate depths occur near Spitzbergen.

With a few exceptions the bottom of the two-miles-deep plain is composed of a fine sticky mud, usually called ooze, which when first brought up resembles batter-paste in its consistency.

Previously to 1853 no human eye had ever seen this mud, it having been first brought up by a midshipman, named Mitchell, on board the United States brig Dolphin, from a depth of two thousand fathoms—upward of two miles—at about three hundred and fifty miles west of the Irish coast. Lieutenant Berryman, commander of the vessel, was engaged at the time in sounding the Atlantic. Mitchell called the mud a "fine chalky clay." Specimens were placed in the hands of Professor Bailey, a celebrated American microscopist, who was not long in ascertaining that the mud chiefly consisted of microscopic organisms—"mites of sea-shells," as Maury calls them—perfect in form, as unworn and untriturated as they were when alive, and scarcely associated with a particle of sand or gravel. By far the largest portion of the mud consisted of *calcareous* shells, or their fragments; the remainder being composed of others formed of *silica*.

In the organic kingdom there is a low group or class which is often called *Protozoa*, or protozoons, from the idea that it is the *first* link in the chain of animal life. Besides some others, this class comprises two groups, named rhizopods and sponges.

Rhizopodous animals are considered to be the simplest in nature, having apparently no special functional structures—neither mouth, stomach, eyes, tactile or locomotive appendages, nor any other organs, except such as they are able to extemporize for the requirements of the

moment. The substance of their body is not true flesh; it resembles nothing so much as a particle of homogeneous slime or jelly, on which account it is often called *sarcodé*. Their name, *Rhizopoda*, means root-footed, as these animals are seen to protrude from the surface of their body a number of root-like processes or fibers, which are used for locomotion.

The sub-class *Rhizopoda* is subdivided into different orders, only two of which it is necessary to notice. One is called *Foraminifera*, and the other *Polycystina*: the former comprises animals furnished with the calcareous shells already noticed, and the latter those to which the siliceous shells belong. There are rhizopods, however, which are quite naked, or unprovided with a shell: they are usually found living in fresh water. *Foraminifera* inhabit the sea.

In general, foraminifers, or rather their shells, are beautiful objects when examined by the microscope. One sort, smaller than mustard-seed, is perfectly orbicular or spherical, the shell resembling a tiny pearl: this is called *Orbulina*. Another kind has the shell appearing as if formed of a cluster of minute globules growing out of one another: this is called *Globigerina*. Both kinds are hollow, with the shell exceedingly thin, and crowded with perforations. It is this perforated or *foraminated* character of the shell which has given rise to the name *Foraminifera*. The root-like fibers already mentioned are protruded through the perforations.

Besides the two kinds noticed, there are others—some coiled on one plane, and resembling the shell of the nautilus; some in the form of bottles, with the ordinary everted neck, or with the neck inverted; some are straight, or curved, with the shell beaded; some are irregularly coiled, or symmetrically plaited. In short, foraminiferous shells are so varied in shape that it may be said they assume every conceivable form.

The mud brought up last summer by Hoskyn, commander of the Porcupine, from the two-miles-deep plain, near the base of the slope leading up to the plateau on the Irish coast, is essentially composed of globigerines and orbulines, the former in the greatest proportion. The presence of these shells gives the deposit a granular appearance, and a striking resemblance to the roe of a fish; so that when dried it differs little, except in hardness, from

the limestone called oolite or roe-stone. The grains of many oolitic limestones so closely resemble the shells of *Orbulina* as to render it highly probable that these rocks consist entirely of the calcareous coverings of various species of this genus; but however much this conclusion yet requires for its demonstration, there can be no doubt that the Atlantic mud owes its origin to the growth, reproduction, and accumulation of globigerines, orbulines, and other allied organisms.

The siliceous shells belonging to the group *Polycystina* do not occur to much extent in the deep-sea ooze of the Atlantic; but in some parts of this and other oceans they exist in by far the greatest proportion. In Barbadoes there is a bed of earth teeming with perfect specimens of polycystines; of course the bed is fossil, and was once at the bottom of the sea, from which it has been uplifted. Now, foraminifers are beautiful objects; but if a piece of Barbadoes earth—we may call it a pinch of dust—be examined through the microscope, the most exquisitely beautiful structures are revealed to the eye; vases, goblets, flasks, cornucopias, tazzas, globes, chalices, composed, as it were, of natural flint-glass—all marvelously formed, and crowded with perforations arranged in various ornamental patterns—are strewn, as if by magic, over the field of vision, looking like a fairy mockery of our choicest productions in glass—as if to taunt our artists that they are servilely copying the forms of dust particles.

There are other beautiful siliceous organisms occurring along with those just noticed, considered to be the cell-covers of a low group of plants called diatoms; but these need not engage our attention, as it seems probable they grow in shallow water, from which they have been drifted into the depths now yielding them.

Although much larger quantities of foraminiferous shells are obtained from the abysses of the Atlantic than from its shallow parts, it was nevertheless contended for a long time that they must have been transported by currents from the latter to the former. Bailey and Ehrenberg, however, having detected fresh sarcode in the cavities of numerous foraminiferous shells procured from deep-sea bottoms, the one was led to suspect, and the other to conclude, that their animals actually lived in the depth which yielded them. This con-

clusion is now universally accepted. There is therefore little doubt, especially considering the number of sarcodiferous specimens brought up in a single sounding, that the surface of the deep-sea bed between Ireland and Newfoundland is in most places crowded with living foraminifers. And it may be equally assumed that these minute creatures play a most important part in the economy of nature—that they have been designed to clear the ocean of all impurities, so as to render it a fitting habitation for higher orders of animals.

A brief account may now be given of some other facts in pelagic life. This is a subject which has only gained for itself any proper attention within the last few years; as previously to the dredging operations conducted by the late Professor Edward Forbes in the *Ægean Sea*, marine zoölogists were very imperfectly acquainted with organic forms living at greater depths than from eighty to a hundred fathoms. There were facts, however, on record which showed that life existed at depths far exceeding what was generally supposed to be possible.

So long ago as 1818, Sir John Ross brought up from the bottom of Baffin's Bay, at depths varying from six hundred and fifty to one thousand and fifty fathoms, serpulæ, shrimps, star-fishes, and fragments of shells; but this fact remained for nearly forty years a mere statement. Next, confining ourselves to extreme cases,* Dayman, in 1857, brought up from a depth of sixteen hundred and seventy-five fathoms, in the middle of the North Atlantic, a number of broken shells: one fragment was of large size, but unfortunately it crumbled to pieces in the surgeon's hands: there is no reason to doubt that these fragments belonged to species which are living at the depths mentioned. More recently, one of a "few casts" made on board the *Bulldog*, under Sir Leopold McClintock, in 1860, between Greenland and Rockall, was successful in

* In 1830, Vidal, while surveying the west coast of Ireland, brought up from the submarine terrace off Galway Bay, at a depth exceeding two hundred fathoms, specimens of a tooth-shell (*Dentalium*.) Admiral Sir J. C. Ross, in 1841, procured a great variety of marine invertebrate animals by the dredge from the bottom of the Antarctic Ocean, in two hundred and seventy fathoms water. It has also been known for a long time that the Norwegian seas are prolific with life at depths from one hundred to three hundred fathoms.

bringing up from a depth of twelve hundred and sixty fathoms several serpent star-fishes. And last year, Hoskyn, commanding the Porcupine, brought up a dead but perfectly fresh specimen of a bivalve shell (*Thracia myopsis*) from a depth of one thousand fathoms, a hundred miles west of Cape Clear; while a little further to the north-west, another sounding, made in twelve hundred and forty fathoms, yielded the upper valve, rather broken, and nearly fresh, of a species of the disk-shell (*Discina*.) But the most interesting deep-sea soundings yet recorded are those made by a Swedish scientific expedition in 1861. According to Torrel, shells, annelids, a crustacean with bright colors, and zoöphytes, were brought up from a depth of fourteen hundred fathoms.

It has already been stated that water from the deep-sea bed of the Gulf of Mexico has a very much lower temperature than that at the surface. A similar phenomenon prevails on the eastern side of the Atlantic, off Ireland. The marine fauna which characterizes the shores of Kerry, Clare, and Galway, is quite in harmony with Dayman's thermometrical observations of the surface-water of the Irish Atlantic, as noticed in a previous page: the *Echinus lividus*, (sea urchin,) *Thia polita*, (crustacean,) *Diodonta fragilis*, etc., (shells,) peculiar to these coasts, are Mediterranean species, and rarely found in any other part of the British seas. It is the same with the lithophytes (calcareous marine plants;) coral-like species of nullipore grow as luxuriantly on the west coasts of Ireland as they do on the shores of Spain.

When we descend, however, into the depths of the Atlantic, opposite conditions of temperature are met with. It is like ascending into Alpine regions on the land; the further we pass from the level of the sea, the colder the surrounding medium becomes. But there is this remarkable difference between the two cases: in descending into the abysses of the ocean, whether it be under the tropics or within the polar basin, we meet, at varying depths, with a limit-temperature; some law being in operation which prevents deep-seated water falling below from 36° to 39° Fahr., or from six to nine degrees above the freezing-point of salt water.

Dayman on several occasions, when sounding between Ireland and Newfound-

land, tried the temperature of the sea at great depths; and, judging from his table, he seems to have struck the downward limit-temperature at the depth of about fifteen hundred fathoms. Hence it may be inferred that the bottom of the two-miles deep plain, also its immediate bounding surfaces, possesses a boreal or arctic temperature—a conclusion completely confirmed by the shells which were brought up in the soundings made by Hoskyn last year on board the Porcupine. The *Thracia myopsis*, from one thousand fathoms, is characteristically an arctic species: the same may be said of other shells obtained on the occasion referred to, and which will be more particularly noticed in a special report hereafter to be presented to the Lords of the Admiralty.

Ending this digression, foraminiferous shells, as already stated, are formed of calcareous earth; they are, in fact, composed of carbonate of lime. Now, neither chemists nor geologists have any doubt that the lime of this compound is extracted from the water of the ocean by the vital powers of shell-bearing rhizopods.

Sea water contains, besides salt and some other ingredients, a small quantity of calcareous matter, chiefly in combination with sulphuric acid; the compound is consequently sulphate of lime. Nearly five parts in a hundred of the mineral substances dissolved in sea water, procured at a distance from land, consist of this compound. In water at the mouths of rivers or along shores, much of the lime is in combination with carbonic acid; as indeed might have been expected, considering the vast amount of carbonate of lime (in the dissolved state) which rivers, obtaining it from rocks within the area of their drainage, transport into the sea in the course of a single day. We have it on the authority of Bischof that the Rhine carries into the sea every year as much lime as is sufficient to form the shells of 332,539 millions of oysters of the usual size.

The lime of ocean water, as just remarked, is not in combination with carbonic acid, but with sulphuric acid—a circumstance which has given rise to the belief that the carbonate of lime of river water is by some process converted into the sulphate of sea water. Whatever the process may be, the latter compound is converted back again into a carbonate of

lime: but now the calcareous matter, instead of returning to its former dissolved state, is acted on by the vital forces of rhizopods, which mould and concrete it into their pellicular coverings. Furthermore, as these creatures die, their shells accumulate, and produce layers upon layers of fine chalky mud, which in the course of time will assuredly become converted into solid calcareous rocks, identical with chalk, ordinary limestones, or marbles. Many of these deposits, in point of fact, consist for the most part of foraminiferous shells and their *débris*.

The reproductive powers of the lower groups of animals are so great as to strongly support the idea that foraminifera—the lowest group of all—increase and multiply with amazing rapidity. If this be correct, it follows that the deposits to which they give rise may increase to an appreciable extent in the course of a few years. That there is a considerable accumulation of foraminiferous mud proceeding in many parts of the two-miles-deep plain, is quite clear, from the sounding-machine often sinking deep into it. Further, if the deposit were not formed with some rapidity, it is highly improbable that it would chiefly consist, as is generally the case, of *fresh, unbroken* shells. The condition of these fragile structures may indeed be regarded as conclusive in favor of the mud being a rapidly-formed deposit. Were it otherwise, the shells would remain exposed for a time to dissolving or triturating actions; and the resulting deposit would simply be of finely-lavi-

gated mud—the contrary of what it really is.

The rate of increase might be approximately determined if sufficient were known respecting the growth of coral reefs. The builders of these gigantic monuments—also low in the scale of animal life—perform the same office as the calcareous-shelled rhizopods, with this difference, that they can not work in water below 68° Fahr., and exceeding a hundred fathoms in depth;* whereas foraminifera are enabled to live in the deepest parts of the ocean, and where a temperature approaching the gelid prevails; living specimens have been brought up by Schaffern and McClintock from abyssal bottoms at the entrance to Davis' Strait, also between Iceland and Greenland.

As regards the rate of increase of corals, unfortunately very little is satisfactorily known. Darwin has instanced a few examples, showing an extremely rapid growth; but others are also recorded indicating a much slower increase. It seems to be highly probable that all the cases alluded to are quite correct, the disagreements arising from the corals being the production of animals differing from each other in species and genera.

* There occurs a very remarkable exception to these conditions. The beautiful coral, *Lophella protifera*, grows in the Zeland and Norwegian seas, where the temperature must be considerably below 68°. Sars states that it is found on the coast of Norway in from one hundred and fifty to three hundred fathoms, attaining a diameter of two feet. The temperature and the fauna of the Norwegian seas appear to be altogether anomalous.

From Chambers's Journal.

WAR IN PEACE-TIME.

SHORTLY after the conclusion of the last American war I was stationed at Sims' Fort, a small isolated blockhouse near the head of the Huron, which had been established to hold in check the neighboring American post of Michela Mackinac. But though peace had been proclaimed between the contending powers, and thankfully received and ratified by all the white

inhabitants, the authorities were powerless to compel the wild tribes of Indians who had been employed during the war to bury the hatchet, and smoke the calumet of peace with those against whom their evil passions had been so fiercely aroused. On the contrary, the very attempt to suppress them, like oil poured on fire, seemed but to increase their

strength, and in the shelter of their native woods they danced anew the war-dance, and sharpening their knives and tomahawks afresh, swooped down, on secluded farmhouses and solitary posts like packs of howling wolves.

Our little stronghold was a favorite point of attack. The vast forests around us afforded space and food for the hordes of dusky foes who swarmed within their shelter, and who watched us with the unslumbering vigilance of their race; so that each tree we hewed, each deer we shot, was done by armed parties at the peril of their lives. Meanwhile, stealthy bands were lurking around the post, seeking to discover some weak point in our defenses, or to detect some unguarded moment among ourselves; and when both endeavors failed, they came rushing in yelling hundreds against our palisades, hoping to overcome us by force of numbers, and were only driven back at the cost of brave lives we ill could spare. It was indeed a troublous time. Again and again were these attempts repeated, until our slender garrison numbered scarce a dozen, and there was no hope of rescue from without—for the Indians lay in a broad belt around us—no messenger could penetrate to tell our needs to the unsuspecting colony; no canoe could venture out upon the lake, even in the dead of night, but a hostile fleet would rush out to intercept her.

Such was our hazardous position when the long and rigorous winter of the north, with its deep snows and biting frosts, burst over us, finding us short of fuel, short of food, of ammunition, and, saddest of all, of hands to use it. It was a depressing condition, and as time passed on and our unprovoked adversaries continued to increase, we began to foresee that a fearful doom was awaiting not only ourselves but the hapless women and children who shared our hardships, and must eventually share our fate. All that was left us was to defend our citadel to the uttermost; and many a time during the days of that terrible leaguer, as we watched from behind our loopholes the stir among those savage legions, and the night fell on the boom of the Indian drum and the shriek of the war-whoop, we did not think that the morning would find us alive. Each man indeed of our little band fought like a hero, and each attack was success-

fully repulsed, but with every conflict our powder waxed lower, until at length our last shot was fired.

Meanwhile mid-winter drew near, bringing with it the wildest weather. One day the fiercest storm which had raged that season swept over the land. The wind howled through the leafless forest, like the spirit of desolation, at intervals dashing down some ancient tree with a resounding crash. The snow swept by us in whirling columns, that blinded our eyes, and the intense cold penetrated every cranny of our badly-joined and ill-warmed blockhouse, and almost froze us at the loopholes where we still held our all but useless watch.

The raging of the storm swelled above the din of the Indian camp, and we almost hoped its violence would keep them within their wigwams, when, suddenly, in the gathering darkness, a dozen long flashes of light shot through the rushing maze of snow, right over our heads.

"It can not be lightning?" said the youngest among us.

"It is a flight of burning arrows!" cried our brave old captain. "They are firing the blockhouse!" and followed by half the party, he rushed to the upper floor, to assure himself that no arrows were quivering among the timbers.

The next moment a triumphant yell, loud as if from a thousand throats, burst from our unseen enemy, as a red light darted up past our loopholes, and the dense smoke of brushwood came pouring through them. The burning arrows were but a feint to distract our attention while they fired our refuge from below, and, to our horror, we could perceive in the ruddy glare that the fagots were piled high around our walls, which time and the intense heats of summer had rendered dry as touchwood. For the hundredth time that winter we arraigned the inhuman custom of employing savage allies, who, now that war was over, subjected us to its worst horrors. But there was not a moment to be lost, and every man and woman in the building rushed down to the basement, into which a covered trench led from the lake, and water was thrown freely on the conflagration.

It soon appeared, however, that some combustible must have been mingled with the brushwood, for the flames but hissed and sparkled beneath the descending tor-

rents, and then rose higher than before. Higher, and still higher, fiercer and stronger, despite our utmost efforts, until the fire had obtained a firm hold upon the building, leaping in tongues of flickering flame, that seemed to lick our devoted walls, roaring and crackling as they mounted upwards, until we could hear them rioting in fearful revelry upon the roof, while the thick juniper smoke, with its overpowering fragrance, filled every chamber to suffocation, and the so lately inclement blockhouse almost scorched us as we stood.

It was but too evident that our habitation was doomed—nothing could save it, nor, as it seemed, ourselves against the fate which made it our funeral pyre. As a last refuge from the overwhelming heat and smoke, we descended to the basement, though the roaring of the flames above our heads, and the crashing of timbers as the upper floors began to crumble and fall, warned us that the end was close at hand. Then friends grasped each other's hands in a last farewell; and men held to their aching hearts the trembling dear ones they were powerless to save. None but ourselves can know the anguish of that moment; and as if to add another pang to our sufferings, above the howling of the storm, and the crackling of the flames, rose the fierce yells and whoops of our victorious foes.

Suddenly a voice broke the despairing silence. "Let us try the trench."

The words were like a galvanic shock infusing new life. For though the attempt proposed was beset with many difficulties, though the result was more than doubtful, and might but lead to capture, still it held out a chance of rescue from a most horrible death. With an eager shout men seized the nearest pickaxes, and in a few minutes the well-end of the trench was laid bare, discovering a pointed aqueduct some five feet high, half filled with water frozen over.

Along this passage we resolved to try our fortune; so sending ahead our axemen to clear the outer end—which debouched upon the lake—of the logs and brush concealing it from view, we crept on hands and knees into the narrow tunnel.

Our escape was not too soon, for as I entered last, the blockhouse fell with a sudden crash, grazing me with the splintered rafters, and blocking up the entrance

to the trench, while we were almost stifled by the rush of smoke which swept through as though it had been a funnel. As we crept slowly on, in doubt and darkness and thick smoke, grazed by the rugged timbers, and torn by the depending icicles, I many times thought we should not live to reach the outlet, and that we had but exchanged one death for another. But with bent heads and closed lips we held on, battling sternly for life; even the little ones without a murmur groping along the frozen way, until at length the opening was gained, the last barrier broken, and we issued in safety out upon the ice, though we knew not what fate to meet.

Never shall I forget the scene which met our eyes. It was as though they had opened on a world of fire. Flames were every where; roaring and heaving before us in burning waves up to the lurid sky, rolling in fiery surges almost to our feet; while the snow and ice flashed crimson in the universal radiance, and the passing snow-flakes glowed like gems as they flitted by. The fire had caught the woods, and it was already sweeping onward like a burning deluge; for though the snow lay on the ground, the storm had swept it from the leafless branches, while the sap not having yet risen, the trees were at the driest. The vengeance of our ruthless assailants had reverted on their own heads, and we could hear, above the turmoil of the fire, the affrighted shrieks and yells of the incendiaries as they fled before the swiftly-pursuing flames.

The Indian leaguer was ended, but well-nigh as terrible a foe remained in the conflagration they had kindled, which, as morning broke and the storm passed, we could see spreading as far as the eye could reach. Leaping wildly from tree to tree, clothing them in a garb brighter than their autumnal foliage; then, as it sped on, leaving their lofty trunks a wilderness of giant torches, which would blaze for days.

Silently we stood upon the ice gazing on the fiery landscape, with the bleak wind piercing us through, until we shivered, despite the neighborhood of the flames, and though deeply thankful to be spared, weary, helpless, and well-nigh overwhelmed by our utter desolation. Nothing, indeed, could exceed our wretchedness, for we were hundreds of miles distant from our nearest countrymen, and the burning land before us could neither afford shelter

to our children's heads, nor food to assuage the hunger which already made them wail. Nor was there better prospect for the future, since all the game the woods contained had either fled or perished in the flames; and though the lake abounded with fish, and though we had axes to cut through the ice, we had neither hooks nor spears to capture its treasures.

The only scheme our despair could devise was to travel on the ice along the shore, in the hope that ere long some considerable river might check the progress of the fire, and that beyond the reach of its ravages we might, by the help of our axes, be able to sustain life in the bush until spring came on, when our countrymen might discover our retreat. It was an unpromising plan, but we had no other resource, and at once we set forth upon our melancholy pilgrimage, traveling on the strip of ice between the burning forest and the open lake, which heaved blue and cheerily in the sunlight. But that tumultuous sea of fire, in all its fearful splendor, stretched unbrokenly before us, mounting hills and leaping water-courses in its resistless fury, until we almost despaired. When night overtook us, the only place of repose we could discover was a nook among the lake-side rocks, which sheltered us from the wintry blast; and we were thankful for a solitary fish found stranded on the ice to divide among the little ones.

Had not the fire tempered the air, I doubt whether any of us would have lived

till morning; as it was, we suffered greatly, and our stiffened and weary limbs were scarce able to bear us on our way. But it was our only chance, and we again toiled on, the lighter and more enduring women appearing to suffer less than we did. On the third day we could go no further. What our Indian foes had begun, cold and exhaustion had completed; and after all our struggles we lay quietly down to die in a cave beside the lake. There was neither weeping nor wailing now. Children lay scarcely conscious on their parents' knees; and hand in hand, husbands and wives awaited the coming visitant, who would relieve them of all their sufferings.

Our last night seemed closing in, when, above the still continuous roar of the flames, rose a shout of white men, and the next moment a party appeared before the cave. They were Americans from Michela Mackinac, where the heavy cloud of smoke along the northern shore had awakened fears for the British post, and our former enemies had nobly dispatched a bateau across the lake to rescue us if needful; the crew, finding the blockhouse burned, had tracked us across the ice, and overtaken us just in time to save our lives.

The next day we arrived at Mackinac more dead than alive; and though we received every kindness, it was long ere we recovered the effects of our recent hardships and exposure, or ceased to remember with horror the incidents of that siege we had undergone in peace-time.

From Fraser's Magazine

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH DIFFICULTIES.

In carrying out any scheme of Atlantic telegraphy there are two difficulties to be surmounted—icebergs and rocky bottoms. I entertain the opinion that both may be avoided; but it must be admitted at once that the chances of doing so are confined within narrow limits.

Let us, in the first place, proceed to consider the iceberg difficulties which appear to beset most of the proposed schemes of Atlantic telegraphy.

Some suppose that it is practicable to lay down a cable from Ireland, or Scotland, to Iceland; thence to Greenland; and thence to Labrador. Few, however, seem to have any faith in such a scheme, and it is so generally opposed as to require merely a passing notice.

The supporters of this line, availing themselves of the fact that icebergs are, in general, absent from the south-west coasts of Greenland at the close of the

year, contend that there would be no difficulty in landing a cable at Julianshaab, Tessermuit, or some other fiord. But considering that there is usually impenetrable ice off those coasts for eight months out of the twelve, that is, from January until September, it is obvious no attempt to lay down a cable could be made during the period when such a formidable obstacle prevails; and it is extremely doubtful that any operations of the kind could be successfully conducted in the other months, owing to the prevalence of stormy weather, and the ice being frequently not cleared off until the autumn is far advanced.

This portion of Greenland was so completely blockaded in August, 1860, by drift ice, that the Bulldog, under M'Clintock, could not approach within forty-five miles of it; and considerable difficulty was experienced in reaching Julianshaab fiord on the 29th of September! It was afterwards intended to sound into Tessermuit fiord (considered the most likely place to afford security for a cable); but the design had to be abandoned, the vessel being unable to approach within forty miles of the fiord, owing to a south-east wind having brought up a quantity of ice from Cape Farewell. This occurred in the early part of October!

As to the coast of Labrador, the same objections hold with equal force. There may be deep water leading into Hamilton Inlet, which has been mentioned as a favorable place; and the strong outflowing current, said to have its source in a lake situated far inland, may prevent icebergs passing into it; yet, considering the probability that in certain seasons this current will have a diminished force, that the entrance is exposed to N.N.E. gales, which frequently drive icebergs on the coast, it seems highly probable that the place in question will occasionally be quite unsuitable as a transatlantic telegraph terminus. Besides, the soundings obtained by M'Clintock off Hamilton Inlet show a very uneven bottom, indicating any thing but a suitable bed for a cable.

With a few exceptions, every portion of the North American sea-board north of Cape Race, in Newfoundland, is rendered more or less difficult as a landing place in consequence of the frequent grounding of the icebergs which are constantly being drifted out of Baffin's Bay through Davis' Strait. A long line of icebergs was ob-

served by Sir James C. Ross on the coast of Labrador, as far as the eye could reach—both to the north and the south—"certainly twenty miles each way." In June, 1859, the Brilliant, from Quebec, met with a body of ice about twenty miles east of the entrance to the Strait of Belle Isle, which detained her three days, and she only got rid of it after running about ninety miles to the south. On the coast of Newfoundland masses of ice are frequently seen stranded, or floating about, all the year round: on the last occasion of laying the telegraph cable, it had to be payed out between small icebergs; while last year a large one lay aground off the harbor of St. John's as late as the 2d of October. Sir E. Belcher counted eighty icebergs at a time on the banks of Newfoundland.

Strong doubts may be entertained of there being any other place for landing a cable except on the line of coast between White Bay and Conception Bay. This part of Newfoundland is remarkably characterized by numerous gorges, valleys, and deep fiords, which run seaward in a N.N.E. or N.E. direction. It is unquestionable that these depressions, and their bounding ridges, respectively correspond to what geologists call synclinal and anticlinal curves of stratification. As shown by Jukes, the rocks in that part have been thrown into numerous rapid undulations, so that no geologist would hesitate to affirm that the same features characterize the sea bottom for a considerable distance into the Atlantic—that they belong, in short, to that widely extended system of earth-crust flexures which have given to the Appalachian Mountains and the east coast lines of North America their S.S.W. and N.N.E. direction.

It may, therefore, be safely assumed that every one of the Newfoundland fiords is continued into the Atlantic in the form of a deep-water channel, bounded on each side by shoals, or a submarine ridge. Now it is only in the deepest parts of a channel of this kind that a telegraphic cable would have a chance of lying in security; because it is obvious that no iceberg which is able to float over its bounding ridges could touch the bottom of the ravine.

It is proposed to land the cable at New Perlican, in Trinity Bay, where a channel with a muddy bottom has been discovered

by Orlebar, captain in charge of the Newfoundland survey. The channel varies from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and twenty fathoms in depth, there being two hundred fathoms a few miles from the harbor. So far this place is favorably circumstanced. But there is this great difficulty to contend with in laying a telegraph cable: it must be carried about two-and-a-half degrees of longitude, for the parallel, beyond Orlebar's soundings, before reaching the great "deep-sea bed" of the Atlantic, as the intermediate space, judging from Dayman's soundings, can not be said to exceed the depth of two hundred fathoms. This being the case, a cable will be extremely liable to get destroyed, unless it is laid on a bottom beyond the reach of large, heavy icebergs, many of which are doubtless carried over, and stranded on, the space alluded to by the force of that portion of the Arctic current which passes through the channel between Newfoundland and the off-lying Grand Bank, especially during heavy gales from the east. This point requires very careful investigation, considering that Sir John Ross observed several icebergs aground in Baffin's Bay in two hundred and fifty fathoms water: they have also been seen stranded on the banks of Newfoundland in from eighty to one hundred and thirty fathoms.

Further, it does not follow, because Orlebar has discovered a favorable line of soundings in Trinity Bay, that less depths do not occur further out. The fact of his deepest soundings having been obtained nearest to the land ought to serve as a caution in our reasoning on this subject.

The difficulties may be avoided by continuing Orlebar's deepest line of soundings in a N.N.E. direction (which it is highly probable will be that of the deep channel connected with Trinity Bay) until the edge of the two-hundred-fathoms plateau is reached—probably somewhere about $49\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N. lat., and $51\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ W. long. By laying down a cable in the direction suggested there is every chance of its being protected on the east by any ridges which may run out from Baccalieu Island and Cape St. Francis; but to lay it down regardless of these considerations will, it is much to be apprehended, result in as signal a failure as that which befel the former undertaking.

What the effect would be on a cable laid on a bottom in less than one hundred

and thirty fathoms may be readily conceived after reading the following account by Couthoy of a large iceberg which he saw "aground in 1822 on the eastern edge of the great Bank of Newfoundland in $43^{\circ} 18'$ W. lat., $48^{\circ} 30'$ W. long. Sounding three miles inside of it the depth was found to be one hundred and five fathoms; and as the water deepens rapidly toward the edge of the bank the berg must have been in at least one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty fathoms. There was a heavy sea running at the time, causing it to rock and oscillate to and fro with a heavy grinding noise distinctly audible to all on board." On another occasion—

"In the month of August, 1827, while crossing the Grand Banks, in lat. $46^{\circ} 30'$ N., long. 48° W., Mr. C. passed within less than a mile of a large berg, which was stranded in between eighty and ninety fathoms of water. The wind was light, but a heavy swell was running from the westward, and the huge pile could be distinctly seen to rock and shake violently as it ground heavily down into its bed with every surge. The vessel was sufficiently near for Mr. C. to perceive distinctly large fragments of rock and quantities of earthy matter imbedded in the side of the iceberg, and to see from the foreyard that the water, for at least a quarter of a mile round it, was full of mud, stirred up from the bottom by the violent rolling and crushing of the mass. This movement was accompanied by a harsh grating noise, with occasional cracking reports resembling those produced by blasting rocks, which might have been heard at a distance of ten or twelve miles. The height of this berg was estimated by Mr. C. at from fifty to seventy feet, and its length at four hundred yards.—*Silliman's American Journal*, vol. xliii. pp. 156, 157."

Considering all the circumstances which have been noticed, it is evident that the practicability of landing a cable on the other side of the Atlantic is limited to a very small extent of coast. Great doubts may be entertained that it could be landed any where south of Trinity Bay, or much to the north of it. Possibly some of the fiords between White Bay and Cape Bonavista would even be more suitable than Trinity Bay, as the cable in this case would be carried more to the west, and out of the way of the large icebergs which are carried through the channel between the banks and St. John's; and as the in-shore portion of the Arctic current, further north, passes through the Strait of Belle Isle, (running at the rate of two

miles an hour in favorable weather, and dragging with it, sometimes against the prevailing south-west winds, numbers of the small icebergs which are constantly seen hugging the Labrador coast,) we need not be under any apprehension of dangers from that side. Some of the fiords are so deep that they can not be anchored in; and there is one in Exploits Bay, scarcely a mile wide, with an unfathomed bottom in the middle, and at the sides from ninety to one hundred fathoms water, quite under the cliffs on the shore.

The reader is now familiar with the fact that between Ireland and Newfoundland there is a vast submarine plain thirteen hundred nautical miles in width, averaging two miles in depth below the level of the sea, and bounded on both sides by a comparatively shallow plateau seldom more than two hundred fathoms deep. The outer marginal slope of the Newfoundland plateau seems to be rather steep, but it is apparently less so than the one characterizing the Irish plateau.

The various groups of islands occurring in the southern portion of the North Atlantic show that numerous pinnacles rise suddenly out of its deep bed; but the space between Ireland and Newfoundland is remarkably free from eminences of the kind. All the inequalities we are acquainted with are a few undulations about midway, with swells rising from one thousand to three thousand feet above the general level of the sea-bed. About three hundred miles west of Scotland the Rockall Bank occurs; while further north, the Shetlands, Iceland, and the Farøe Isles are the principal land surfaces unconnected with the continents of Europe and America, or the British Islands.

The entire surface of the two-miles-deep plain between Ireland and Newfoundland appears to be extremely favorable for a telegraph cable, being unaffected probably either by tidal movements, drift streams, currents, or tempests. Some of these agencies may slightly affect a bottom at the depth of nearly one hundred fathoms, as shown by the rippling of the water on a calm day, when the tidal movement, perhaps aided by Rennell's Current, passes over shoals of from forty to sixty fathoms water in the English Channel; and it is possible that in some parts of the Atlantic the force of the Gulf Stream may be sensibly felt at a consider-

able depth; but in its abysses it may rather be inferred that there reigns a comparative stillness.

The following remarkable circumstance, recorded by Dayman, is strongly corroborative of the view just stated. Sounding on one occasion in the middle of the Atlantic at a depth of twenty-two hundred fathoms, a large quantity of extra line, about four hundred yards more than necessary, was purposely paid out. When the line was hauled in, the extra portion came up in one entangled mass, just as it had coiled itself on the bottom, and it was for the most part covered with ooze, showing that the extra portion had descended nearly perpendicularly. If any under-current had existed it would have carried the line away from the perpendicular in proportion to its strength.

Another circumstance bearing on this point, but referring specially to a comparatively shallow depth, may be noticed. Hoskyn brought up by the dredge from a depth of somewhat less than one hundred fathoms, off the Galway coast, a large quantity of gravel and small stones; the latter had generally one side—evidently the under one—clean, while the other and upper surfaces were more or less incrustated with small zoöphytes: there were also occasionally shells (*Crania* and *Chiton*) adhering to them. Clearer evidence could not be adduced to prove that at the inconsiderable depth mentioned the sea bottom is scarcely affected by the swell of an Atlantic storm.

Hoskyn in his report records a sounding taken in fifteen hundred and fifty fathoms off the Connemara coast, which yielded, with the usual mud, several angular stones—greenstone, etc.—half an inch square. This fact may be thought to invalidate Dayman's conclusion; because if the stones had not been transported by a current—how did they get to the place where they occurred? It may be answered—as these stones occur at the foot of the marginal slope of the two-hundred-fathoms plateau, it is highly probable that they have settled down the slope from the edge of the latter place into deep water.

Let us now apply the facts just mentioned, and consider how they bear on the project of laying and maintaining an Atlantic telegraph cable. Taking into consideration the consistence of the deep-sea mud—particularly its superficial portion,

where it must be highly charged with water—also the great force which the pressure of the ocean at such depths must exert—this favorable conclusion may be drawn, that a cable would soon sink into and be rapidly covered up by the deposit.

The result stated may be regarded as certain to occur; but the next point might be considered somewhat doubtful, namely, would a cable thus circumstanced escape the ravages of boring animals?

Only a few years ago few would have conceived it possible for a cable in deep water to be attacked by perforating shells, as it was generally believed that neither these nor any other creatures could live in depths much beyond two hundred fathoms. Opinions on this point, however, have of late undergone a remarkable change; for it has already been shown that a variety of invertebrate animals exist within a range reaching downwards to fourteen hundred fathoms or even more.

But, would a cable laid down in deep water escape the ravages of boring animals? Neither the facts of experience, nor of zoology, will enable us to answer the question either affirmatively or in the negative. A perforating shell, called *Xylophaga dorsalis*, is known to have penetrated into the hempen coating and gutta-percha of a telegraph cable at the bottom of the Mediterranean; but this was in shallow water—"between sixty and seventy fathoms."

Up to the present time no deep-water cable is known to have been bored into; therefore, as long as we remain without any evidence to the contrary, it is obvious that a possibility ought not to be accepted as a reality. The subject, however, is one requiring the most serious attention. The low temperature peculiar to abyssal water may act as a safeguard, inasmuch as it is a question whether any *known* boring animals could live in it.

Reverting to the sea-bottom difficulties, our attention may next be directed to those likely to be met with "on the great slope of the Irish two-hundred-fathoms plateau." There are strong geological grounds for believing that this slope was formed by the Atlantic when the plateau was a land-surface. Like many other slopes which margin the sea, it is doubtless marked with precipices and ledges.

The slope evidently varies in steepness in different places. According to the soundings made by Dayman and Hoskyn,

its inclination differs considerably between Erris Head, in Mayo, and Cape Clear. Off the Kerry coast it varies from five hundred and forty-eight to one thousand feet in the mile;* the lowest incline being due west of the last-named headland, and the "steepest" nearly on the parallel of Valentia, that is, in "fifty-one degrees thirty-five minutes" N. lat. (Hoskyn.) Passing to the north, the greatest decrease of inclination occurs off Galway, or rather due west of the south side of Galway Bay; in this parallel the dip is only four hundred feet in the mile, while nowhere further north does it appear to exceed four hundred and twenty feet. North of the parallel of Erris Head there is, apparently, an easier ascent from deep water; but this is not real; it is caused by the edge of the plateau in this part trending rapidly toward the land, and the line of soundings having been taken obliquely to the trend.

As to the plateau, it is of greater width or latitudinal extent off Galway Bay than any where else on the Irish coast. It stretches out into the Atlantic to a distance of two hundred miles; and although a large number of soundings have been taken both by Vidal and Hoskyn, there is no evidence of a rock occurring over the whole space. The bottom consists of mud, fine sand, and occasionally gravel, all more or less mixed with foraminiferous and molluscos shells. The surface is in general slightly undulating: on the "Porcupine Bank," situated near the edge of the plateau, it is only sixty fathoms below the sea-level: from this shoal toward the land the water gradually deepens, reaching near midway a depth of about two hundred fathoms; next, it gradually becomes shallower as we approach the Bay of Galway.

The plateau further south, as for example off Kerry, possesses features of another character. It is not a slightly undulating surface, but rather a long narrow ridge, a little under twenty miles in width, which runs somewhat parallel to, and a distance of one hundred and forty miles from the coast. Between it and the land there is a broad submarine valley, which, off Valentia, sinks to five hundred and twenty-five fathoms in depth—more than three quarters of a mile. This sub-

* One thousand feet in a mile is a steep incline for the side of a mountain.

marine valley originates in the deepest part, already alluded to, of the plateau off Galway Bay, and continues to deepen pretty regularly in its extension to the south, until it merges into the general level of the two-miles-deep plain, apparently about a hundred miles south of the parallel of Cape Clear.

Whatever the substratum of the plateau off Galway may consist of, the surface for nearly two hundred miles out is undoubtedly clay and sand, with occasionally gravel. But it is otherwise with the sea-bottom off Kerry.

Captain Dayman ran a line of soundings across the submarine valley, and in three successive casts, made over a space of some miles, and in depths of one hundred and thirty-four, one hundred and eighty-three, and one hundred and ninety-nine fathoms, he touched a bottom consisting of "rock;" while on the outside or western slope of the ridge, he again touched "rock" in five hundred and fifty fathoms. This last sounding is exactly what might have been expected; for it is impossible to conceive a ridge, a few miles in width, rising out of the two-miles-deep plain, in some places a thousand feet in the mile, to consist bodily of sand, clay, or gravel; although there is every probability that these materials do occur here and there on its surface. This steepness, if there were no other evidence, is conclusive in proving that the western side of the ridge is rocky with ledges and cliffs; and this conclusion is completely established by the five hundred and fifty fathom sounding of "rock," which has been noticed. It is also strongly supported by the occurrence of the shell *Discina* in the mud which Hoskyn brought up from the western base of the ridge, in twelve hundred and forty fathoms. This shell (or rather its mollusk) either lived where it was found, or at a less depth on the slope of the ridge, down which it gravitated, after the death of the animal, into deeper water: in either case a rocky or stony bottom is indicated, as it is the habit of *discinas* to live attached to rocks and stones.

As to the submarine valley lying between the ridge and the land, no one acquainted with the geological structure of the Kerry coast would hesitate expressing his firm belief in the soundings of "rock" recorded by Dayman. Nor could any one, it is but fair to mention, be warranted

in disbelieving that sandy bottoms of considerable extent occur off that coast. In general, the rocks forming the sea-board of Kerry are hard grits, slates, conglomerates, and trap, the whole being violently contorted—usually lying at steep angles—and running (like the lofty rugged water-sheds—from one thousand to two thousand five hundred feet in height—and the intervening depressions on the adjacent land) in a W.S.W. direction, or somewhat diagonally across the submarine valley, in the form of ridges, often with sharp edges. These statements are made from a personal knowledge of the rocks of Kerry, the writer having traversed on foot a considerable portion of the coast.

Again, those isolated pinnacles, scattered over the sea as far as the eye can reach, and towering above its surface like volcanic cones—the "Skelligs," "Blaskets," and "Foze Rocks"—are the clearest evidences that the bottom, for a considerable distance from the land, is beset with "foul ground."

It is needless to discuss the statement that a cable starting from Valentia would be sixty miles shorter than if laid from Galway Bay; for admitting its correctness—which there is some reason for doubting—what would be the advantage of saving sixty miles of cable, if by adopting the former line seventeen hundred miles were likely to be lost altogether?

Many suggestions have been made on the subject of taking more soundings in the Atlantic before attempting to lay down another telegraph cable. For the benefit of science it is undoubtedly necessary that the entire bed of this ocean should be better known than it is; but for the purposes of telegraphy all that appears to be required is to make another examination of its shallowest portions, and of the two-miles-deep plain, where Dayman got "shingle" and "stones." A careful survey of the plateau off Newfoundland ought also to be made in continuation of Orlebar's line of deepest soundings, so as to discover a deep channel, *bounded on both sides by shoals*, over which icebergs, drawing from one hundred and fifty to two hundred fathoms, could not float. Orlebar's soundings ought to be continued right out to the marginal slope of the plateau in a N.N.E. direction. Further, if any doubt should still exist as to a suitable landing-place on this side of the Atlantic, it can not, in this case, be too strong-

ly urged on the government to direct that the most careful researches be carried on along the Irish coast from Cape Clear to Erris Head, and as far out as the base of the marginal slope of the plateau. If a

practical use be made of these suggestions; and if they lead to a line being selected, uninfluenced by either personal or local interests, the public will have no reason to complain of the result.

From Chambers's Journal.

M I D W A Y T H O U G H T S .

THERE have been men of whom it is said that they have never grown old; green patriarchs, who refuse allegiance to advancing Time to the very last. Even these must have looked back on palmier days, and acknowledged to themselves that, although not old, they had once been younger; but to most men there sooner or later comes an hour when they are secretly obliged to confess that *their* period of middle life at least has been overpassed; that they have arrived at that highest point which divides the journey of every one of us into two unequal portions, the larger of which most commonly is behind us. Yonder it lies, winding among the checkered fields, with a hundred well-remembered resting-places, where we took our pleasure, without enjoying it surely as we ought to have done; so it seems, as we here stand on unreturning feet; we knew, indeed, from report, that some such hour as this was upon its inexorable way, but we had not realized it; and now we revisit those places never more. Here and there, indeed, there were dark spots, gloomy enough in contrast with the sunshine from which we entered them, and into which we emerged after a very little time, but from hence they are scarcely visible. Even where a friend and fellow-traveler fell down and perished, so strangely (as it seemed) before his time, the rest of the gay company with whom we journeyed soon closed up about us, and we forgot his loss; *now* we perceive the void; as it was with him, so shall it be with us; we pitied him then; but was it not better for him to have been spared this hour, and the contemplation of that down-hill road, all hid in mist as yet, which we must presently follow with un-

elastic tread? How we regret the time misspent in his loved company; when we meet again, will any of those bonds which we once thought so strong be found to have survived the shock of Death and the Mysterious Change? How much of that we had in common, we wonder, was eternal? Can it be that that companion of so many years was with us so long for nothing?—that the “dear Jack,” the “old fellow,” the—— It is impossible to pursue such a reflection, since a thousand scenes in which he played his part with us crowd in upon our memory suddenly, and the unbidden tears start to our outward eyes. Ah, sad and strange! We never cared for him so much as at this hour, when for the first time we seriously reflect that he is not dead to us, but rather we to him. We shall be dear friends yet, perhaps, although in a different fashion.

Let us look again. The beginning of that road we have come is in a summer haze; its colors are bright, but vague; if we were happy in our boyhood, we scarcely knew that we were. Some have averred this to be the height of happiness; but it is not so. The happiest period of human life is that in which, without thought of any end to the pleasure, we are yet conscious that time is passing very swiftly. The wish of the true Epicurean should be to be always adolescent. In boyhood, we are tethered, and do not range at will; our lives are dependent; our pleasures and sorrows are created for us. But the Youth enfranchised from control, rosy with health, yet who never says to himself: “How well I am!” resiliant with superabundant vigor; whose thoughts might spring to his lips in song,

so glad are they; whose mouth is not sufficient for his mirth, but it fills his eyes also; whose feet are not weary at night; whose heart is not heavy in the morning!—ah me! ah me! what a lot is his! If he hath a secret, it is a burden which he joyfully carries, and without which, since he has once learned it, he can no longer exist, but henceforward Life and Love are inseparable. By the side of the passion-flower Love, buds and blows the rose of Friendship. Hitherto, this latter sentiment has been shifty, changeful, and made up of quarrels and reconciliations; it has embraced too many to have had a firm hold of any one. But henceforth there are a chosen few with whose future lives his own is interwoven. Fame, riches, rank, all earthly objects of later ambition are feeble recompenses indeed for the loss of this epoch.

"The myrtle and ivy 'twixt sixteen and twenty
Are worth all your laurels, however so plenty.

Then away with all such from the head that is hoary,
What cares *it* for the wreaths that can only give Glory!"

Our head perhaps is not yet gray, but we are not less past that palmy time. Some men are gray in youth, and the locks of some, on the other hand, Time forgets to silver. We may long deceive our fellow-creatures even yet, but from this hour it is impossible to deceive ourselves. There was a certain monarch who once forbade any man to speak or hint in his presence of another and greater monarch—Death. He had lived an evil life, as most of us, it is too probable, would have likewise lived had we been placed high as he, and as many of us, alas, *have* lived, who have not been placed so high; and the thought of death was hateful to him. He was an old man, and it was near. We feel a pity now for that poor crowned wretch which we never felt before. Would it not be well if all men should agree that there was no such thing as Age! There have been often men who have resolved to be young for ever, or at least to act as though they were. One of the most striking examples of such a course is found in Shakspeare's Falstaff. He has depicted the ancient rake still clinging with joyless persistence to his former pleasures; de-

spised, notwithstanding his wondrous wit, by the very companions of his riot; and pricked, every now and then, through his bull's hide of a conscience, by hideous apprehensions of the Future. He sometimes jests at it, but oftener makes sudden resolutions of repentance, lasting perhaps no longer than the words in which they are expressed, but indicative enough of the thoughts that are habitually harassing him. At last he dies, and what a scene is that even described to us by such a witness as Dame Quickly!* How infinitely more terrible than any that has been portrayed for the mere purpose of terrifying! How far truer than most genuine narratives of dissolution! The grim pencil of Fuseli has fitly illustrated this: cold and stark the dead man lies, with the large hands crooked with which he has been "fumbling with the sheets;" while out at the open window we see the new moon shining down upon the eternal seas.

Poor Sir John is not an encouraging example of those who would fain ignore the noiseless steps of him of the scythe and hour-glass; nor, indeed, is it easy to find one who is. It is held by even brave men to be a good thing to know when one is beaten; and it can scarcely be disgraceful to own one's self vanquished by the universal conqueror, Time. Let us strike our flag, then, with a good grace, and not have it hauled down by boarders. The hour has arrived for the recognition of the mournful fact that Youth and we have parted company.

"Ah, Youth, for years full many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll deem it but a fond deceit,
I can not think that thou art gone.

"Thy vesper-bell hath not yet told,
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on
To *make believe* that thou art gone?

Life is but Thought; so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still."

So sang one of the sweetest of our

* "So 'a cried out, God, God, God! three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone."

human singers, gifted with a mind that indeed seemed incapable of senility, yet even he found the struggle utterly hopeless. He stood as we, and as all that come after us shall stand, upon this self-same hill, and turned his eyes more regretfully than most upon that sunny portion of the road already traveled; for besides the joys which surround us all at that happy epoch, a mighty happiness was conferred upon him in addition—the faculty divine of song. Whatever comes of this in the end, wrote one who himself sang and suffered, “we poets in our youth begin in gladness.” There is no delight so absorbing and so glorious as that which they experience; the possession of the gift in question is said to comfort them even in old age, but while they are young it intoxicates them with its raptures.

“Verse a breeze mid blossoms playing,
Where Hope clung feeding like a bee,
Both were mine; life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poetry,
When I was young.
Ah, woeful When!
Alas the change ’twixt Now and Then!”

Bitter as may be our own reflections, they are not so sad, we may be sure, as were his who wrote those lines. Whatever we have lost, he had lost more; whatever tenderest memories arise within us of the bygone hours, he had experienced them, and more; and, however brilliant seems that part of the way we have traveled to ourselves, to him it was bathed in tenfold splendors.

When we have journeyed further, it is probable enough that the very position which we now occupy will in its turn appear fair and enviable, but it never can compete with the epoch of Adolescence; between that and it there is even now a great space, with halting-places upon it, the memory of which is very dear. Yonder is the place, perhaps, where from thenceforward we walked no longer unaccompanied; our sorrows were no more our own, but shared (and lightened by far more than one half) by a loving wife. Further on, a child was born, and thence commenced that domestic life which possesses a charm that never fades, a sober happiness which increases with those very years that destroy all other earthly pleasures. It abides with us, as faithful as friendship itself—alas for him who knows it not, woe to him that despises it—down

to the very verge of the grave. We are well aware that we are in possession of this treasure, that we live and move in this mellow light of domestic love, and that, were it withdrawn, our darkness would be darkness indeed; we are thankful for it to the Giver of all good; nay, we will even admit that this sort of happiness is that which, as respects this world, is most to be coveted, as being at once the most virtuous and the most lasting.

And yet, and yet, as we gaze on that portion of the bygone way where it has left the fenced fields of boyhood, but has not entered the broad highway where men begin to jostle for precedence, how far and fair it looks. It is not distance which lends it enchantment; it was *in truth* most fair, and if that glorious track seems somewhat obscure, the mist is in our own eyes. Care trod it not in our company, nor Illness, nor did we heed the decreasing purse. Even the wisest and most prudent of men gives utterance to a burst of enthusiasm concerning this blessed season of Youth, in the midst of his gravest precepts: “Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes.” He is only careful to add that he intends by this no license for sin. Not all his maturest wisdom could make up to him for that lost epoch; the wiser we are, oftentimes the sadder we are, the fuller of suspicions and forebodings. Youth believes and hopes. King Solomon demanded not long life, nor riches, nor the lives of his enemies, but chose what was far better—an understanding heart. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that he made his choice in youth. He had not reached the midway halting-place betwixt the cradle and that stone, on which, alas! it might so often be written, Rest, and be Thankful. Otherwise, notwithstanding that all kings of the earth had sent to consult his judgment, and the Queen of Sheba herself had come in person to commune with him, and though he had spoken three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five, is it not possible that, if the offer had again been made to him of “Ask, and it shall be given thee,” he would gladly have exchanged his seven hundred wives and his three hundred concubines for that daughter of Pharaoh whom he had loved in his youth, and the days of

his greatness and his wickedness for those wherein he was called Jedediah, and his young companions loved him for his own sake? The good king Hezekiah, who lived long after him, being sick unto death, while yet (for those days) in his youth, besought that he might not be cut off so soon, and it was granted to him. We do not read that he profited by those fifteen added years, and perhaps his shortcoming was written for our learning. Let us be content with what we have, and thankful for what we have had. Friends upon the half-way hill, let us journey on together unrepining; it is vain for us to attempt to mingle with yon happy crowd whose place is so far behind us. We can not even wait here for them, but must on. The road, perhaps, will not be so rough as we apprehend; some whom we love are still with us. The evil days are come not yet, nor the years drawn nigh wherein we need say there is no pleasure in them. For a long way still on our descent we shall see the sun. Besides, somewhere upon that hidden track there is a halting-place for every one of us, although we know not where it shall be; it may be on to-morrow's journey. There we fall asleep; and afterwards—this is most true—if we have walked aright, shall awaken in a place where there is no more change to be regretted, and tears shall be wiped away from all eyes.

From the British Quarterly.

STUDIES IN ROMAN LAW.*

THE Roman law has been described as the collective wisdom of ages, and is undoubtedly the groundwork of the municipal laws of most of the countries in Europe. During the present century its study has been prosecuted with great success in Germany and France. The discovery of ancient manuscripts long buried in oblivion, and the researches of Niebuhr, Savigny, De Vangerow, and others, has thrown new light on the subject, and modified considerably the conclusions of previous writers. In Scotland the study of the Roman law was formerly an important part of professional education. More recently it has been customary for the legal student who desired to obtain a competent knowledge of the subject to follow the old-fashioned plan of reading in Latin the *Institutes* of Justinian, and various portions of the *Pandects*, the *Code*, and the *Novels*. In England, with few exceptions, the Roman law, though highly extolled and strongly rec-

ommended to the ardent student, has long been practically ignored. Indeed, the very appearance of the bulky *Corpus*, in all its folio greatness and antique Latin dignity, was sufficient to deter most students from attempting more than the perusal of the well-known chapter of Gibbon, in which the eloquent historian pauses amidst the calamities of the declining empire to breathe the pure and invigorating air of the republic.

Of late years a gratifying change has taken place in this country. The attempt to raise the standard of legal education, now generally advocated by the profession, has naturally called attention to the study of the Roman law. Hitherto, however, there has been no good elementary work in English on the Civil Law. Taylor's *Elements* are too discursive and too imperfect. Dr. Colquhoun's *Summary*, in four volumes, is too elaborate and bulky. Other recent works are defective in arrangement and incomplete in their materials. A thoroughly good class-book was wanted, and Lord Mackenzie has supplied this want. "In the present work," he says, "I have endeavored to give a concise exposition of the leading

* *Studies in Roman Law, with Comparative Views of the Laws of France, England, and Scotland.* By LORD MACKENZIE, one of the Judges of the Court of Sessions in Scotland. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

doctrines of the Roman law as it existed when it reached its highest development in the age of Justinian; and great pains have been taken to simplify the subject as much as possible by a systematic arrangement, by avoiding all abstruse inquiries of an antiquarian character, and by confining myself to such matters as appeared useful and instructive."

The result is a clear exposition of the principles of Roman law based on Justinian's *Institutes*, with supplementary chapters on important subjects drawn from the Pandects, the Code, the Novels, and other sources. Instead of being perplexed with technical details, the student has thus placed before him a comprehensive general view of the Roman law—its very pith and substance—expressed with marvelous conciseness, and arranged in admirable order.

This exposition is preceded by a very interesting historical sketch setting forth the sources of Roman law, its various changes to the reign of Justinian, its consolidation under Justinian, its subsequent destiny, and the revival of its study in Italy in the twelfth century; the subsequent progress of this study in the Netherlands and France; its reduction to systematic order by Pothier; and its scientific treatment by the recent Historical School of Germany. This portion of the work is interesting alike to the legal student and to the general reader, and contains in a popular form much that will be new to the majority of readers.

This historical sketch is followed by a preliminary chapter, "On Jurisprudence and the Principal Divisions of Law," as consisting of Divine Positive Law, Natural Law, Positive Law of different States, and International Law. On various questions of international law the author enters somewhat into detail. His remarks on the recent case of the Trent are as follows:

"The seizure of the commissioners was attempted to be justified by American writers on two grounds: first, that the commissioners were contraband of war, and that in carrying them the Trent was liable to condemnation for having committed a breach of neutrality; second, that at all events Captain Wilkes was entitled to seize the commissioners either as enemies or rebels. Both these propositions are plainly untenable. As to the first point, nothing is known to interna-

tional law as contraband, unless what is *going to an enemy's port*. Unless, therefore, it could be pretended that the real destination of the Trent was to an enemy's port, and not to an English port, the very definition of contraband precludes the application of the term to any goods or passengers on board that vessel. The Trent was not bound to a place belonging to either of the belligerents. It was carrying its cargo and passengers from one neutral country to another neutral country.

"Official dispatches from an enemy sent by a neutral ship to a neutral country are not contraband; and Messrs. Mason and Slidell could not be so considered on the pretext that they were the bearers of such dispatches; neither were they military men actually in the service of the enemy, so as to fall under the category of persons who are sometimes liable to be captured under the stipulations found in particular treaties.

"As to the second point, the capture of the commissioners by forcibly carrying them off from a neutral ship can not be justified, whether they be viewed as enemies or rebels. For the seizure of the persons of belligerents, on the analogy of the seizure of enemy's goods, is wholly new to international law; and this doctrine is not sanctioned by any precedents. A neutral territory must not be violated for the purposes of war. A ship at sea is part of the territory of the country to which it belongs; and, setting aside contraband, the flag covers both goods and passengers. According to this view, which has always been most vigorously maintained by the United States, the commissioners were under the protection of the British flag; and the federal government had no jurisdiction over them either as enemies or as rebels."

Annexed to most of the chapters on Roman law are comparative views of English, Scottish, and French law. Though this portion of the book is intended only as subsidiary to the study of the Roman law, we consider it not the least valuable. The comparison thus presented between ancient and modern law, and between our own laws in England and Scotland and the French code, is most instructive. Such comparative views tend to the amendment of national law, and to preserve the student from that narrow-mindedness which the study of national law merely is prone to foster.

The work closes with a very interesting account of the Roman bar. At first, the Roman pleaders were not lawyers. As patrons, the heads of the great patrician families assisted and defended their dependents before the tribunals. As the laws became more complicated, the pleaders applied themselves to the study of law, and combined the double character of able speakers and great juriconsults. The *patroni* of the republic under the empire became *advocati* or *causidici*. Their costume was the white toga, which at one period was common to all the citizens, but which gradually fell into disuse, until it was only to be seen in courts of justice. Hortensius was noted for the pains he bestowed in arranging the folds of his toga; and so gracefully was this done that it is said the actor Roscius followed him into the Forum to take a lesson in his own art.

At first the Roman pleaders received no remuneration beyond the services which every client owed to his patron. Subsequently, when law had become a difficult science, it became the practice for clients to reward their advocates by making them presents, which (to evade the Cincian law passed to prevent this) were often disguised as secret loans. Before the fall of the republic, these fees equaled in magnitude the largest fees known in modern times. Even Cicero, who was regarded as a model of disinterestedness, is said to have received from Publius Sylla about £8000 as a fee for his forensic services. In modern times many large fortunes have been made at the bar, but we imagine none to be compared with that of M. Licinius Crassus, whose fortune is said to have exceeded three millions sterling. One mode of rewarding advocates, by legacies left to them by their clients, appears to have been a source of considerable profit, and was esteemed highly honorable to the legatee. Cicero boasted that in this way he had received twenty millions of sesterces, more than £180,000 of our money. We fear that clients in our days are not so liberal in their last wills and testaments.

In fact, during the best days of Rome success at the bar was the surest introduction to popularity, distinction, and

political power. No wonder, then, that the art of forensic speaking was greatly cultivated, and with so much success. Probably no age has produced a band of more eloquent men than Cicero and his cotemporaries of the Roman bar. Nor were the barristers of Rome distinguished only for oratory. Many of them were men of enlarged erudition, of literary taste, and of varied acquirements. Varro, "the most learned of the Romans," Quintilian, Suetonius, Pliny, and Tacitus, were all advocates; and the volumes of Cicero still bear testimony to his versatility and power in almost every department of literature.

Under the emperors, the eloquence of the Roman bar greatly declined, as all that is manly and great must decline and wither with the loss of freedom. Moreover, the treatment of the bar was not always such as to encourage much mental vigor. Lord Mackenzie relates that one day Gallicus was pleading before the Emperor Claudius near the banks of the Tiber, when the advocate, having irritated the emperor, was by his orders thrown into the river. Some days after a client of Gallicus brought his case to Afer, the most celebrated advocate of the age, and requested him to plead it before the emperor. "Who told you," said Afer, "that I was a better swimmer than Gallicus?"

We know of no book the reading of which affords better mental exercise than these *Studies in Roman Law*. The reader not only acquires a general view of the Roman law as a science, but he has brought before him the great leading principles on which that science has been laboriously reared. The style is so lucid, that even the general reader, if of any mental power, will not find the work too difficult or abstruse. To the student who desires to know something of the old foundations on which our modern laws have been reared, the work is invaluable. We understand it is already used at Cambridge; and when known as it deserves to be, we anticipate it will be adopted without hesitation as the standard textbook on Roman law.

From the Westminster Review.

THE FRENCH CONQUEST OF MEXICO.*

THE French conquest of Mexico may justly be termed the most extraordinary event of our day. It deserves the title, not because it is the most important, although it would be difficult to indicate any other so pregnant with momentous possibilities; not because it is the greatest, for there is little of grandeur in any sense surrounding it; but because it is the most entirely out of keeping with the character, spirit, and circumstances of the time which produced it. It is the prodigy, the monstrous birth of an age like ours. The civilized world seemed to have made up its mind resolutely, and once for all, to have no more wars of mere aggression, or conquest for the sake of conquest. Every one considered himself quite justified in believing that the volume of history which told of such deeds might be regarded as closed for ever. So far at least it was assumed that we had progressed on the road to peace, international harmony, and true civilization. The doctrine of non-intervention, so long preached as a principle, had come at length to be regarded as a practical law. It seemed to be the settled policy of all nations pretending to be civilized that no foreign interference should be any longer allowed to dictate the destinies of independent states. Even Russia, Austria, and Spain had formally announced their determination to adhere to this principle. France of course had proclaimed it loudest of all. Scarcely an imperial address had been delivered, scarcely a ministerial reply spoken, scarcely an official manifesto issued in France for years which did not reiterate and glorify the principle of non-intervention in that magniloquent and resonant style which has so much charm for the ears of French audiences. Suddenly a French expedition crossed the Atlantic.

Proclaiming as usual the principle of non-intervention, it intervened in the most intimate affairs of a foreign and independent nation. Shouting that the empire meant peace, it opened a bloodthirsty and aggressive war. Announcing that France had sent her soldiers to give security and happiness to the people of Mexico, it sacked Mexican towns and slaughtered heaps of Mexican soldiers. Trumpeting the mission of France to be the maintenance of the rights of all independent nationalities, it destroyed by force of arms an independent republic, and forced the Mexican people to accept as provisional governors the very men whom it had driven from its shores, and to accept them, too, as a preliminary condition to the founding of an empire. Such a series of events may well awaken the wonder of an industrial, progressive, and rather prosaic age like ours. Unfortunately the world, although perhaps peaceably inclined, is certainly not peaceful, and attention has been drawn away from the progress of events in Mexico. Europe has her own wars and struggles of various kinds to engage her interest. When the Mexican expedition began, we were all looking out for a new series of events in the effort for Italian independence. Long before it had concluded, we were engaged in watching the course of the Polish struggle for liberty, and speculating upon our own possible share in directing and sustaining it. Over-arching all these subjects of interest was the vast and portentous American war, covering Europe as well as the transatlantic continent with its shadow. The progress and consequence of the French expedition to Mexico might well appear insignificant when compared with the events which more immediately challenged our attention. It was only the consummation of the work which at length startled Europe into consciousness. When it was found that a deed only fitted for the sixteenth century had actually been accomplished in the nineteenth; when it was no longer doubtful that France had gone out in the

* Correspondence relating to Affairs in Mexico (Parliamentary Papers.) 1861-2.

Documents relating to Mexican Affairs presented to the American Congress. 1862.

The Paris "Moniteur."

broad daylight of our civilized age, and subjugated by force an independent foreign state, without even the formula of a declaration of war; when it was an acknowledged fact that the French government had deliberately, and as the result of long and secret planning, done that which up to the last moment it had solemnly affirmed that it never could dream of doing: then Europe began to think that the events in Mexico were not so unimportant after all. We are not anxious to mitigate the shock which stirred the minds of all thinking men when the news reached Europe that Marshal Forey had founded a Mexican empire. On the contrary we desire to call attention to the fact that the conquest of Mexico by Marshal Forey only differs from that which Hernando Cortes accomplished, because it wants all the elements of the romantic, the chivalrous, and the daring which made even the worst features of the Spanish soldier's invasion seem attractive and picturesque. We desire to show that the French intervention in Mexico was strictly and simply a war of aggression and conquest; that there is not the vaguest shadow of a pretext in moral or international law to justify it; and that it was in great measure accomplished under the shelter of the resolute and uncompromising protestations with which the French government continued up to the very last moment to repudiate any intention of doing that which it had all along schemed, plotted, and determined to do.

Of course there are three ways of criticizing the Mexican expedition and its result. We may state, then, briefly the three issues: First, did the Mexican government deserve its fate? Second, is the result likely to prove, on the whole, a benefit to Mexico? And thirdly, supposing even that these two questions were answered in the affirmative, would the conduct of France thereby stand justified?

To any man possessed of moral principle and calm judgment it can hardly be necessary to say that the defects of the Mexican government and the prospect of establishing a better system do not furnish any justification, or even palliation, for the conduct of France in invading and subjugating the country. To acknowledge such a plea would be to admit the right of every powerful sovereign to invade any weak country he pleases, provided only that he thinks it is badly govern-

ed, and believes himself capable of governing it better. To acknowledge such a plea would be practically to restore not merely the policy of Charlemagne but the policy of Alaric and Attila. The great hope of our age was that it had utterly got over the notion of any such right, had outlived it, and seen it fairly consigned to the tomb of history. We desire, however, to show that the defects of the Mexican government were not such as to afford ground for or even excuse a foreign invasion; that they were not defects which threatened in the remotest degree the existence or the tranquillity of any foreign country; that they were not put forward as pleas justifying an invasion; and that there was no ground for regarding them either as peculiar to Mexico or likely to be permanent there. It is our object to make it clear that the French conquest of Mexico was the work of selfishness, ambition, and treachery throughout; and while acknowledging fully that even from so great a wrong Mexico and the world in general may probably derive some direct and indirect advantage, to point out the serious consequences with which future years are threatened by the audacious reaction against all existing and recognized political principles of which the Emperor Napoleon and his government have been guilty.

There is the less need for scruple in describing and characterizing the nature of the policy pursued in Mexico, inasmuch as it is the work of the French emperor and his government exclusively. The weakness of the French people for military glory, even though achieved in wars of mere aggression, is of course proverbial; but it is only justice to France to say that the Mexican war never obtained the slightest amount of popularity in the country. It was looked upon with coldness, indifference, dislike, or contempt. Even the glow of excitement which victory must always awaken in the hearts of a brave people did little to animate Frenchmen into exultation over the conquest of Mexico. Any one in a position to compare the state of French feeling in regard to the Mexican war with that which prevailed during the Crimean or the Italian campaign, or even with that which was evident while there seemed a chance of intervention in favor of Poland, can have no doubt as to the little share which France, the nation, had in the fate of the

transatlantic republic. It was the work of imperial ambition; nay, there are those who say that imperial ambition itself was but an instrument, and that the two proverbial agencies of immemorial mischief—the priest and the petticoat—are the true founders of the empire of Mexico. We have, at all events, a decisive and strictly practical mode of ascertaining what Paris at least thought of the Mexican expedition. At the late elections, the men who carried all before them in Paris were those who had during the previous session been mainly conspicuous for their denunciation and exposure of its motives and its policy. In the session of 1861 and 1862, Jules Favre and his colleagues chiefly directed their opposition to the policy of the government in Rome. During the session of 1863 their attacks were aimed against the Mexican expedition. For this they were taunted, insulted, stigmatized by the talking ministers and the ministerial prints. They were branded as unpatriotic, as enemies of their country. They were told that their words were the sole encouragement to Juarez and General Ortega. They were informed that printed copies of their unpatriotic speeches were being circulated in thousands through the camps of the enemies of France. All this of course was deliberately designed to rouse the national and partisan passions of the French people against the men who thus strove to enfeeble the arm of France in Mexico. France replied through Paris, by returning these very men as representatives; returning them by enormous and overwhelming majorities, amid a perfect outburst of national enthusiasm. In the face of such a fact it would be hopeless to contend that the Mexican expedition is popular in France.

It will only be necessary to glance very rapidly at the condition of things in Mexico which invited and justified the joint intervention of Spain, France, and England. No one can question the fact that Mexico was in a deplorable and disorganized state. The constitutional government of Benito Juarez was in power, so far as any government could be said at that moment to hold power. The reactionary or church party still struggled perseveringly to regain the supremacy, under the leadership of such men as Marquez and Mejia, then described by the ministers of all the foreign powers as infamous and bloodthirsty miscreants, but

the *protégés*, allies, and accomplices of the Emperor of the French. A sort of guerilla warfare of the most sanguinary kind was carried on. Two of the most potent and remorseless impulses animated the church party—hostility of race and hostility of religious feeling. Juarez, as an Indian, was hated by those who belonged to the dregs of Spanish society and those of mixed blood who chose to think themselves the high castes of Mexico. The country was literally exhausted by successive revolutions. In forty years it had passed through thirty-six different forms of government, and had had over seventy presidents. The national resources were heavily encumbered by debts to British and French subjects as well as to others. The government of Juarez was unable all at once to restore any thing like order. Probably it might have done more than it did; probably it lacked sincere desire to deal fairly with foreign claims; certainly it lacked energy and spirit. Still there is much to be said in its favor. The American representative in Mexico thus wrote in June, 1861: "Progress has been made. The signs of regeneration, though few, are still visible. Had the present liberal party enough of money at command to pay an army of ten thousand men, I am satisfied it could suppress the present opposition, restore order, and preserve internal peace." The British Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Mathew, wrote to his government on May 12th of the same year: "However faulty and weak the present government may be, they who witnessed the murders, the acts of atrocity and plunder, almost of daily occurrence under the government of General Miramon and his counselors, Senor Diaz and General Marquez, can not but appreciate the existence of law and justice. Foreigners, especially, who suffered so heavily under that arbitrary rule, and by the hatred and intolerance toward them which are a dogma of the church party in Mexico, can not but make a broad distinction between the past and the present." So exhausted were the national funds that a government mission to Paris was, Mr. Mathew states, long delayed by the difficulty of procuring the small sum of money necessary for the journey. "I do not believe it possible," writes Mr. Mathew, "that the church party, or that the former reign of intolerance and gross superstition can ever be restored to power; so far, at

least, has been secured by the result of the last civil war—the first contest for principles, it may be remarked, in this republic.” Mr. Mathew had not counted upon the possibility of a French expedition to restore the church party, aided by the person whom he describes as “the infamous Marquez,” and who was even then pursuing “his course of murder and rapine.” We must also note the following sentence from Mr. Mathew’s dispatch: “The Mexican government has been accused, and not without some reason, of having frittered away the church property recently nationalized; but it must be remembered that while forced contributions, plunder, and immense supplies from the church and its supporters have enabled Generals Zuloaga and Miramon to sustain the civil war for three years, the constitutional government abstained from such acts, and have the sole robbery of the conducts at Lagos, toward the close of the war, to answer for.” Now it is to this condition of things that we invite the attention of our readers. Whatever were the defects of the Juarez government, it was the only promising government which had made its appearance for years; it was the only one which seemed likely to be guided by liberal and constitutional principles, and it had succeeded in overthrowing one of the most despicable, disgraceful, and sanguinary systems which ever debased and exhausted a country. It was suffering from the most utter poverty, and striving to make head against a countless variety of difficulties. It was entitled to expect from liberal powers if not assistance, at least indulgence—if not indulgence, at least fair dealing. But just at this moment it was suddenly and sharply brought to book by England, France, and Spain, and challenged, under pain of instant war, to pay up the debts and make reparation for the crimes of its predecessors—of the predecessor especially whom it had expelled from power.

Let us illustrate the actual position of the Juarez government by a supposititious case which will be intelligible to all readers. Suppose that the Bourbon government of Naples had been running a long score with Great Britain for debts due to British subjects under national guarantees, and for outrages upon other British subjects which the Neapolitan government was bound to redress, but did not. Suppose effort after effort had been made

at arrangement of the claims by any kind of amicable compromise; that conventions had been made and never kept, promises given which were immediately broken. Just when the British government found its patience utterly exhausted, there came the Garibaldian revolution, which drove out the Bourbons and placed Victor Emmanuel on their throne. Suppose, further, that the new king, instead of having a powerful army of his own and large resources, succeeded to a bankrupt state, with scarcely a regiment of decent organization. What would be his position if suddenly called upon by England to pay up, under penalty of instant war, all the debts, and make compensation for all the outrages of the predecessors whom he had expelled? Such was exactly the position of the Juarez government in Mexico about the middle of 1861. For although British subjects suffered outrage during Juarez’s rule at that very time, yet it must be always borne in mind that, with scarcely any exception, the wrongs to redress which the intervention took place were committed by his predecessors. Some of the outrages of the former class, too, were perpetrated by Marquez and his followers, whom Ortega, the Juarez general, was striving to crush or capture. At the same time it is, of course, neither necessary nor possible to conceal the fact that society was terribly disorganized, that robberies and crimes of violence were of frequent commission, and were allowed to escape too often unpunished, and that in such instances as the murder of Mr. Beale, an Englishman, and the shot fired (during the excitement of a popular rejoicing) at the French minister, the Mexican government does not appear to have taken any prompt steps to bring the offenders to justice. Perhaps in some of these instances the fact that diplomatic relations had been previously broken off by France and England had something to do with the carelessness and negligence of the Mexican government. Juarez, perhaps, consoled himself with a reflection like that contained in the vulgar old proverb which declares it as convenient to be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. It must be owned, too, that whatever may be the usage of international law, it is not easy clearly to define the precise degree of responsibility which should be visited upon the government of a disorganized country for the crimes of individual subjects.

But we must not be understood as blaming the course which the British government pursued in endeavoring to enforce the payment of just obligations and to exact reparation for serious wrongs. On the contrary, we entirely approve of it. No one can read the diplomatic documents without being struck by the calmness, good temper, moderation, and scrupulous respect for the national rights of Mexico which characterize the dispatches of Earl Russell. The British government, as Earl Russell explained, has not usually interfered on behalf of those of its subjects who choose to lend money to foreign governments; but the government of Juarez, while temporarily established at Vera Cruz, had concluded an arrangement making over a certain portion of the customs receipts to British bondholders and the holders of what were called the convention bonds. This fact unquestionably raised the transaction to the rank of an international obligation which our government was fairly entitled to enforce. In regard to the famous robbery of the funds deposited for security at the house of the British legation, the English government could not be expected to admit the plea that that robbery was committed by the predecessors of Juarez. As we have said, nearly all the subjects of complaint were furnished by Juarez's predecessors. But although this fact constituted a fair plea for indulgence, it would form no ground on which to claim remission. The party which succeeds to the advantages of rule succeeds also to its debts and drawbacks. Great Britain was of course bound to deal in such cases exactly as if one government had always ruled over Mexico. Moreover, it had been the constant habit of Mexican administrations to endeavor to evade obligations by pleading that not they but their predecessors had incurred them. We, therefore, hold that England had a strict right to enforce her claims. But in pleading for Juarez the fact that he was called to account for the wrong-doings of his predecessors, we argue not that he should be allowed to evade all responsibility, but that the forcible suppression of his government, and the subjugation of his country by a foreign power, because the government he set aside had left debts unpaid and wrongs unrepaired, can only be considered as a crime against Mexico, and an outrage against civilization. It is

because we approve of the conduct of Great Britain that we denounce the conduct of France.

In an evil hour for itself the Mexican government took a step which seemed as if designed to impress on European claimants the idea that deliberate bad faith was to be its system, and that nothing but sheer force could exact fair dealing. It is known to our readers that Mexico had entered into arrangements from time to time to pay off her debts—the British Bondholders' debt, the Spanish Convention, the Anglo-Spanish Convention, the French Convention, the American Claims, etc., etc.—by hypothecating her revenues, chiefly the tobacco duties, and appropriating a percentage of the customs duties. The result of these arrangements came practically to very little. But in July, 1861, the Mexican government and Congress adopted a resolution and issued a decree, taking the whole product of the revenues into their own hands, and suspending all payments assigned to foreign claimants by the British, French, and Spanish conventions. It was this step which led to a decisive rupture. The French minister, M. de Saligny, broke off diplomatic intercourse with the Juarez government at once. Sir Charles Wyke, our representative, entered into a correspondence in which he severely stigmatized the act of bad faith, and declared that Congress had made a free gift of other people's property to the government of the republic. The Mexican Minister for Foreign Affairs replied that the government was driven on by dire necessity; that if it paid foreign debts it could not meet the current expenses required to maintain order; that postponing a payment was not refusing to pay; that delay was not robbery. There is something ludicrous and yet pitiful in the language of the Mexican minister. The government, he pleaded, had tried every expedient before laying hands on the money destined for foreign payments. Listen, ye easy-going European statesmen, to the following account of the extraordinary expedients to which an embarrassed Mexican government may be driven, and to the astonishing evidence of a debtor's integrity and good faith contained in the following sentence: "So great, indeed," says the Mexican minister, "was their respect for these funds, that they preferred to sacrifice their obligations to Mexicans,

to trample under foot the most cherished principles of their country, nay, even to imprison persons of the highest respectability in order to obtain resources from the sums paid for their release, rather than touch a cent of the assignments destined for the diplomatic convention and the London debt." Implacable creditors, what would ye more? This excellent government had had recourse to what its minister frankly acknowledges to be "a hateful expedient," and yet you are not satisfied! Sir Charles Wyke argued the question admirably as a moral philosopher. "A starving man," he wrote, "may justify in his own eyes the fact of his stealing a loaf, on the ground that imperious necessity impelled him thereto; but such an argument can not, in a moral point of view, justify his violation of the law, which remains as positive apart from all sentimentality as if the crime had not had an excuse. If he was actually starving, he should first have asked the baker to assuage his hunger." But the Mexican minister has his not ineffective reply. He entirely demurs to the illustration of the starving man and the baker. "If," he observes, "one had to employ a simile to qualify the conduct of government, it would be rather that of a father overwhelmed with debts, who, with only a small sum at his disposal, scarcely sufficient to maintain his children, employed it in the purchase of bread instead of the payment of his bills." And he thus makes a touching appeal to Sir Charles Wyke's personal feelings: "Were her Britannic majesty's representative a member of the family, would his excellency be eager to qualify his father's conduct by the name of spoliation?" Need we say that Sir Charles declined giving a specific answer to so embarrassing and personal a question?

In truth, the Mexican government was dreadfully hard up. It was as embarrassed as Turkey would often have been but for British protection and support. It owed money which it could not pay at the time: as many other states do likewise. No doubt it would, if it could, have dropped payment altogether, even as Greece did. But we have no doubt that a little stern pressure to prove that we were in earnest, and then a little time, would have brought round a settlement. Had Mexico had only England to deal with, the matter would probably have been settled. Sir

Charles Wyke acted throughout with the utmost consideration, but at the same time with a just and becoming decisiveness. The American minister, Mr. Corwin, bears testimony more than once to Sir Charles Wyke's admirable deportment, his determination, and at the same time his readiness to allow every fair chance to embarrassed Mexico. All this time, too, he was being goaded along by English merchants, and others resident in Mexico, who, anxious to have their money, and rather vague in their political notions, were sending him addresses, in which they urged that mere repayment of debts ought by no means to satisfy the honor of England. They did not clearly explain what terrible satisfaction they would exact, and Sir Charles dryly evaded their demand by assuring them (he must have smiled as he penned the sentence) that he did not mean to ask for mere repayment, but would require interest on the money as well. Stock Exchange deputations were addressing Earl Russell in London, and were receiving rather impatiently his firm and statesmanlike assurances that England, while protecting the rights of her subjects, could not possibly interfere in the internal affairs of a foreign nation for the mere sake of collecting the debts of Englishmen. Nothing could be more honorable, dignified, high principled, all through, than the conduct of the British government. Earl Russell saw his way and his duty with perfect clearness. English merchants and stockbrokers are not expected to concern themselves about international law and political consequences. And no doubt it seemed to many of them fair enough that if Mexico owed money, and could not or would not pay, the creditors should just step in and divide the bankrupt territory among themselves. But Earl Russell kept strictly to the clear path of statesmanlike duty and honor. He acknowledged that under the circumstances the English government was called on to enforce the payment of the British debts, or some arrangement which would secure it; and he readily undertook that if force became necessary force should be employed to that extent. But not a step further would England go. She would coöperate in seizing Mexican custom-houses, and paying herself. But she would have nothing to do with upsetting Mexican governments or imposing any European system on the Mexican people. Indeed, even after dip-

lomatic relations had been broken off, the English government held out indirectly new chances of arrangement. A new "convention" was proposed, and taken up by the Mexican government; but rejected by a large majority of the Congress. Then an ultimatum on the part of Great Britain became absolutely necessary.

Very different was the conduct of France. Her demeanor seemed inexplicable then: it is perfectly intelligible now. The claims of France were trifling when compared with those of England. They did not arise in precisely the same way. Bonds issued by the Zuloaga and Miramon governments had been sold to French subjects—it is said from sums varying from one half per cent. to four or five per cent.; and were claimed as a debt of the republic to be paid in full, although issued at a period when the liberal government was in existence, and was contending against the self-constituted dictatorship we have named. We do not go into the history of the Jecker loan—a stockjobbing transaction concluded between a person who was not a French subject and the *soi-disant* government of Mexico. We do not care to dwell upon the fact that, even while France was acknowledging Miramon as President of Mexico, Juarez was being held responsible for the debts of the state. It is not our object here to discuss the merits of the French claims. Let us suppose that they were founded on justice, and calculated with the utmost fairness; that Jules Favre and his supporters cruelly misrepresented them in the French Corps Legislatif; that the world has been entirely mistaken with regard to the nature of the Jecker loan transactions. For the present we should be content to assume that England and France started on equal terms as regarded the nature of their claims, although not as regarded the extent. But France, from the beginning, set herself against any accommodation. She demurred altogether to the proposal (afterwards rejected by the United States Senate) that the United States should undertake to pay the interest on the debt, receiving certain securities from Mexico—a sort of arrangement certainly not novel in such transactions, and which the English government was not unwilling to consider had it been brought forward by America. She demurred at first to the offer being made to the United States to take a part in the allied expedition, seeing obvious

reasons, no doubt, which made any American hand in the transaction peculiarly objectionable. The offer, it will be remembered, was nevertheless made to the United States, and declined on the ground that the federal government thought it right to pursue its ancient policy of declining alliance with European powers. France was determined that under no circumstances should any compromise or accommodation of any sort take place. The grand object was to get into motion an expedition of some kind. Once in Mexico the rest would follow. Because it is now perfectly clear and indisputable that the whole of the Mexican plot was arranged by France before ever the negotiations for a convention between England, France, and Spain had been formally opened. Before the convention was signed, the crown of a prospective Mexican monarchy had been tendered to the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian of Austria. During months and months there was carried on by the French government a policy of perfidy the like of which is not to be found in modern diplomacy since the partition of Poland.

Early in the progress of the negotiations for an allied expedition, suspicions began to be felt of the sincerity of one of the parties. The United States government, having perhaps certain views of its own regarding Mexico, grew terribly uneasy. Great Britain, having no view whatever save the assertion of her just claims, began to fear that one of her colleagues had other and sinister motives. It was feared that advantage would be taken of the allied expedition to do that which Great Britain declared she would never do—to interfere in the internal affairs of Mexico, and convert the republic into a monarchy. Of course Earl Russell and her majesty's government could have had no personal objection to Mexico becoming a monarchy. In all probability they would have preferred a monarchy there to a republic. But they were determined that the Mexican people should be left to settle their own affairs, and that they would not sanction so gross an outrage upon all public law as the intrusion of a European force to destroy the independence of the Mexican republic. They were determined that no share in such a scandal should rest upon the name of England. In all the diplomatic documents issued from our Foreign Office at the time, this resolution is expressed

with an iteration the most persistent and unmistakable. In every dispatch addressed to Paris, Madrid, or Washington it is declared over and over again that England would have nothing to do with the expedition if it were not clearly laid down in the beginning that the expedition should not interfere with the internal affairs of Mexico. But England and America began to suspect one of the parties, and to press for full and clear explanations. Mr. Wilkie Collins's Count Fosco says, that whenever Englishmen suspect at all, they are certain to be suspicious in the wrong place. This happened with regard to the Mexican expedition. England, unfortunately, suspected the wrong party. Her suspicions fell upon Spain.

There was certainly much to justify the suspicion. The ancient relations of Spain with Mexico, and their comparatively recent termination, suggested it. The memory of the St. Domingo annexation, only just accomplished, sustained it. England set to work to obtain from Spain the fullest assurances on the subject. Sir J. Crampton, our minister at Madrid, was instructed to apply to Marshal O'Donnell on the matter. "Marshal O'Donnell," writes Sir J. Crampton, on September 24, 1861, "renewed to me on this occasion the assurances he had formerly given, that Spain had no views of conquest upon Mexico, and that he was entirely opposed to the notion of reëstablishing by foreign influence a monarchical form of government in that country, or otherwise meddling with the internal administration of its government." M. Calderon-Collantes, the Spanish Foreign Minister, gave similar assurances. He thought the allies might go so far as to advise the Mexican contending parties to lay down their arms, and come to an understanding which should result in the formation of a good government. Even this seemed suspicious to England; and Sir John Crampton therefore asked directly whether by that it was implied that the Spanish government would exert any direct influence—whether, for instance, it was contemplated to continue the occupation of any of the Mexican ports until such a government should be constituted? To which M. Calderon-Collantes replied, distinctly and unequivocally: "Certainly not: the Spanish occupation would be limited to what was necessary for obtaining the redress of wrongs inflicted upon Spanish subjects." Similar assurances

were obtained by the United States. The American minister in Madrid asked M. Calderon-Collantes "whether it was true, as stated in the newspapers, that the allied powers intended to procure the convocation of a kind of constitutional convention in Mexico, and to constitute in this way a new government." M. Calderon replied "that this plan had been discussed by the three powers, but that it had been definitively rejected." The American minister assured his government that the explanations he had received removed all dread of any foreign interference in the domestic affairs of Mexico. Why do we thus refer to the pledges given by Spain, seeing that Spain has not broken them? To show that from the beginning England expressed a dread of European interference in Mexican government; that this fear was the subject of repeated explanations and demands for renewed explanations; that all Europe and America knew of these *pourparlers*; that all Europe and America knew that England would have broken off from the convention at once, if she believed that either of her colleagues meant to do that which she dreaded; and that France, having determined and arranged to do that very thing, listened to these communications, was consulted touching the probable intentions of Spain, and kept her own designs, long planned, definitively arranged, a perfect secret.

But the French government did more than this. It disclaimed all notion on its own part of forcible interference. M. Thouvenel observes to Earl Cowley, that if the Mexican people took advantage of the presence of the allies to throw off their existing government and form a better one, he did not see why such a movement, "if it proved to be decidedly popular," should be objected to by the European powers. Of course, no one could dispute so obvious a proposition. But M. Thouvenel emphatically repudiated the idea of any forcible interference. This was before the convention; and without these assurances the convention would never have been framed. While the expedition was on its way, his assurances became stronger and stronger, because the suspicions which drew them forth were becoming stronger and stronger. Previously to these assurances, the Emperor of the French had offered the crown of Mexico to the Austrian Archduke.

Before coming to M. Thouvenel's assurances let us dispose of the convention. This document was signed in London on the 31st of October, 1861. The object of the convention was "to demand from the Mexican authorities more efficacious protection for the persons and properties of their (the allied sovereigns') subjects, as well as a fulfilment of the obligations contracted towards their majesties by the Republic of Mexico." We invite special attention to the second article of this convention, to which the Emperor of the French, through his plenipotentiary, solemnly pledged himself. "The high contracting parties engage not to seek for themselves, in the employment of the coercive measures contemplated by the present convention, any acquisition of territory or any special advantage, and not to exercise in the internal affairs of Mexico any influence of a nature to prejudice the right of the Mexican nation to choose and to constitute freely the form of its government." Time has already shown that the Emperor of the French broke through the clause of this article about the exercising of influence in the internal affairs of Mexico—time will yet show that he played false, or endeavored to play false, to the other about the acquisition of territory or any special advantage. Had the Emperor of the French been an inmate of Madame de Genlis's Palace of Truth at the time when this convention was signed, he must have proclaimed that he who thus pledged himself openly not to interfere in the internal affairs of Mexico, had already pledged himself privately to overthrow the Mexican republic, and had already entered into negotiations and arrangements for the disposal of the monarchy which he had determined to found upon the ruins of that republic. If ever a *suppressio veri* was flagrant this surely may be thus characterized. The English government was purposely kept in ignorance of facts which if it had known would have prevented it from touching the draft of the convention—except indeed for the purpose of tearing it to pieces. And it was kept in ignorance of the facts, although the French government knew that England had been demanding explanations from Spain on the bare assumption that Spain was the party meditating the deception.

So much for the *suppressio veri*. But

we have to deal likewise with the *suppositio falsi*.

It was not long before many symptoms made their appearance which tended to throw suspicion upon the good faith of France. The conduct of Mexican refugees in Paris, the conduct in particular of the notorious General Almonte, gave strong reasons for those suspicions. It was patent to every one that General Almonte was laboring in the French capital to bring about a foreign intervention in the interest of the church party. General Almonte's friends were every where announcing their object and bragging of its success. There was something about the demeanor of the French government which did not give a very explicit denial to the suspicions afloat, or to the broad assertions of Almonte's confederates. Indeed, very early in January *La Patrie* stated that the government of the Tuileries would assume the initiative in offering the crown of Mexico to the Austrian Archduke Maximilian. We all know now that the Emperor Napoleon had taken that initiative months before; but nobody in England or Spain suspected any thing of the kind at that time. However, as the subject was stirring up some interest in Paris, Earl Cowley felt bound to demand some explanation. On the twenty-fourth of January, 1862, Earl Cowley wrote to Earl Russell that he had heard from many quarters that the language of officers going into the reinforcements to Mexico implied that the expedition was for the purpose of placing the Austrian Archduke on the throne, and that he had therefore thought it necessary to question M. Thouvenel upon the subject. "I inquired of M. Thouvenel whether any negotiation had been pending between this government and that of Austria with reference to the Archduke Maximilian. His excellency replied in the negative." Lord Cowley believed the statement. Did M. Thouvenel make a false declaration? We must ask the undiplomatic reader not to rush to hasty conclusions, or to take broad and practical views of nice political distinctions. Recent explanations in French ministerial papers have cleared up the little mystery. The government of France had not been carrying on any negotiation with the government of Austria. But the Emperor Napoleon had been carrying on negotiations with the Austrian Archduke.

Therefore M. Thouvenel answered Earl Cowley's question in the negative, and kept still a clear conscience. Had M. Thouvenel been asked: "Is the French government engaged in negotiations with any body on the subject?" he would still have answered in the negative: because the Emperor Napoleon is not the French government. Had Earl Cowley pressed the cross-examination further, and demanded whether the emperor was carrying on any negotiations of the kind, then indeed M. Thouvenel would have been hard pressed. But we have too high an opinion of the ex-minister's diplomatic ingenuity and moral courage, to doubt that he would even then have found a satisfactory answer.

The United States government had a stronger interest in objecting to French or any (but American) intervention in Mexican affairs, and therefore put its questions rather more keenly than England did. In September, 1861, Mr. Dayton, American minister in Paris, told M. Thouvenel that the United States felt very anxious that the Mexican republic should remain an independent power on the American continent, and would view with great anxiety any course of action upon the part of foreign powers which looked to its extinction. "M. Thouvenel answered," says Mr. Dayton, "somewhat pointedly, that so far as he could judge from the past, its danger of extinction had been rather from the United States than elsewhere." A very fair retort indeed, to which honestly acknowledges Mr. Dayton, "I am constrained to say I made no very satisfactory reply." Still Mr. Dayton was not going to be put off with a mere *tu quoque*; and therefore, returning boldly to the charge, he told M. Thouvenel that his question "was now of the future, not of the past." Whereupon M. Thouvenel assured me that "whatever England and France might do, it would be done in reference to realizing their money debt only." On the sixteenth of October Mr. Dayton again applied to M. Thouvenel for an explanation on the same subject, and he writes to Washington that the French minister's statement of the purpose of the expedition "was full and explicit." It does not concern us to know by what evasion M. Thouvenel hoodwinked the American minister. It is not of any importance to consider how far the latter may by simplicity, a want of

keenness, or any other intellectual defect, have been an unconscious auxiliary to his own deception. We are estimating now the conduct of the French government; and it is enough for us to know that the American minister came to ask whether France had a certain purpose in the expedition; that M. Thouvenel succeeded in persuading him that she had no such purpose; that the American minister went away satisfied; and that France had all the time a fixed policy and determination in the very purpose which M. Thouvenel disavowed. But this was not all. We are enabled to judge more precisely of M. Thouvenel's disavowals. The rumors of intrigue against Mexico continued to grow strong despite all official disclaimers. On the third of March, 1862, Mr. Seward wrote to Mr. Dayton requesting him to seek a fresh and clear explanation from the French minister. We invite attention to the first sentence of this dispatch, as showing precisely the point on which the explanation was to be sought. "We observe," says Mr. Seward, "indications of a growing opinion in Europe that the demonstrations which are being made by French, English, and Spanish forces against Mexico are likely to be attended with a revolution in that country which will bring in a monarchical government there, in which the crown will be assumed by some foreign prince." Now here is a clear statement of the question on which the United States desired some information. There is no room for misconception. M. Thouvenel having read that sentence could have no doubt about the point on which he was invited to give an assurance. Of course he had a perfect right to decline giving any answer; to declare that in conducting her foreign policy France did not consult the United States, and did not feel bound to enter into any explanation. This would have been fair, and it would not have been unreasonable, for the United States had officially nothing whatever to do with the matter, and no right to ask for any assurances. Had M. Thouvenel taken that high position, which he might have done temperately and politely, we should all probably have admired his conduct. But he did not. He read the dispatch, or heard it read. He received a copy of it. He replied "that France could do no more than she had already done, and that was to reassure us of her purpose not to

interfere in any way with the internal government of Mexico; that their sole purpose was to obtain payment of their claims and reparation for the wrongs and injuries done to them." Whereupon Mr. Dayton went away contented, informing M. Thouvenel that the President of the United States would repose entire confidence in these assurances.

Now it can hardly be necessary for us to state that we are not viewing this question as one between France and America. We are entirely free from any regret for the occupation of Mexico, so far as the desires of the United States are concerned. And if the Mexican republic is to be extinguished at all, we think it on the whole rather better that it should be extinguished by one of the European powers. But we are now criticising the conduct of French diplomacy in regard to the Mexican expedition. We see that there were two great powers opposed from the beginning to any interference with the independence of the Mexican republic. England from motives merely statesmanlike and conscientious, the United States from feelings undeniably self-interested, were steadfastly antagonistic to any step which threatened to stamp out the independence of that nation. The French government having long determined to take that very step, succeeded in convincing England and America alike that nothing could be further from its intention. We do not care to weigh the precise words in which the deception was sustained. It may be that even the most distinct of M. Thouvenel's assurances was so framed as to leave some tiny loophole open through which the French minister's honor and conscience might escape from the responsibility of a direct and coarse falsehood. It may be that an acute Old Bailey advocate, accustomed to deal with shuffling witnesses, might have detected the reservation which Earl Cowley and Mr. Dayton failed to discover; and might have shaped his questions so as to place the minister in that position where mere equivocation would no longer avail. But we must not blame Earl Cowley and Mr. Dayton because they were not Old Bailey advocates, and because they supposed that M. Thouvenel really meant that which his words gave out. They did not expect evasion, and they asked plain questions having an obvious meaning. They received answers apparently as plain,

and conveying apparently as distinct a meaning. We all now see that the answers did not mean what they professed to mean, but something quite different. We all perceive that they kept back something which if stated would have altered their entire character. They were meant to satisfy, and they did satisfy. M. Thouvenel wished to send the British and the American ministers away with the belief that France merely intended to send an expedition to Mexico to recover certain sums of money, and otherwise to leave Mexico as she found it. M. Thouvenel knew all the time that the expedition was to march into the interior of the country, to crush the government, to cut the army to pieces, to take the capital and all the great towns, to subvert the republic and to found a monarchy. This was what he knew while he was giving the answers we have quoted above. We forbear comment upon diplomacy of this kind. Even Talleyrand did not contend that words were given to convey ideas the very opposite of those which the speaker hides in his bosom.

Meanwhile the expedition had sailed. It will be remembered that the English share of it was but small—one line of battle ship, two frigates, and seven hundred supernumerary marines. The French force comprised about twenty-five hundred men; the Spanish had about six thousand of all arms. An incident took place in the very outset which occasioned some little disputation. The Spanish expedition left Cuba before the arrival of the French and English vessels, and taking time by the forelock made haste to occupy Vera Cruz. Accordingly, on the 14th of December, 1861, the commander of the Spanish expedition issued a proclamation in which he announced that he had commenced operations by occupying the town of Vera Cruz and the fortress of San Juan Ulloa—a castle standing on a rocky island in the harbor. This, however, was not proclaimed as a measure of war, but simply as a step necessary to secure the collection of the customs percentage to which the allies considered themselves entitled. The precipitancy of the step, though afterwards explained, made England and France uneasy. France evidently could not believe that her allies were a whit more sincere than herself, and therefore persisted in regarding every movement as the first step in a policy

of selfish schemes and aggrandizement. Therefore the Emperor of the French made this occurrence a pretext for sending out a reinforcement of four or five thousand French troops. Earl Russell did not like this, and said so: repeating his declaration that England would dispatch no more troops than the marines she had sent in the beginning. We notice this fact in particular because it led to fresh discussions about the policy of the allies, and fresh assurances on all hands that the strict terms of the London convention would not be overstepped. Judging from the general contents of the parliamentary papers, it would seem as if M. Thouvenel had at least once a day to repeat his pledge that the French government did not intend to interfere in the internal affairs of Mexico. He protested far too much. We must say, however, that at this stage of the business no one seems to have attached any greater weight to the protestations than Jove does to the perjuries of lovers. On the other hand, the English and Spanish governments seem to have placed entire confidence in each other's assurances.

But with the expeditionary forces all harmony soon ceased. That difference of opinion quickly began to manifest itself which was absolutely inevitable when the object of one of the allies was so entirely different from that of the others. In the first place, the pecuniary claims put forward by France were so gross and ludicrous that the plenipotentiaries of the other powers could not support them. Our plenipotentiary was Sir Charles Wyke: France was represented by Count de Saligny and Admiral Jurien de la Gravière: on the part of Spain a brave, distinguished, and honorable soldier, General Prim, acted as commander-in-chief and plenipotentiary. The French commissioners proposed to claim on behalf of France a round sum of 12,000,000 dollars, without details or items; Count de Saligny stating that he had not examined into these claims, as it would take him a twelvemonth to do so, but that he considered the sum he had mentioned as "an approximation to their value by a million or two, more or less." Next they demanded on account of the Jecker loan, 15,000,000 dollars. This transaction is thus described by Sir Charles Wyke in a few pithy words contained in one of his dispatches to Earl Russell: "When the Miramon government were on their last legs and totally penniless, the

Swiss house of Jecker and Co., in Mexico, lent them 750,000 dollars, and received in return for the advance bonds to be payable at some future period, to the amount of 15,000,000 dollars. Shortly after this outrageous proceeding, Miramon was upset, and succeeded by his rival Juarez, who was then called on by M. Jecker, who was under French protection, to pay the above-named enormous sum, on the plea that one government must be held responsible for the acts and obligations of the other. Juarez refused to do so, and in this resolution was supported by the opinion of all impartial people in Mexico. I have always understood that his government was willing to repay the original sum lent of 750,000 dollars, with five per cent. interest thereon; but repudiated the idea of their being liable for the 15,000,000 dollars." Of course, such men as Sir Charles Wyke and General Prim could have nothing to do with a transaction of this kind. They proposed that the Mexican government should be called upon at once to pay up or guarantee all fair claims which should be certified by a commission, and to make reparation for outrages. Sir Charles Wyke complained that the French demand could only lead to war, as no nation on the earth could be expected to accede to it. Of course the French government knew this very well. France was quite determined to have war, and nothing but war, at any price.

But there arose even more serious differences than these. The purport of the French expedition began to thrust itself glaringly forward. There appeared in Mexico, in the French camp, under the protection of the French flag, men whose very presence on the soil was a declaration of war. General Almonte, recognized as the head of the reactionary party, made his appearance under French protection, and began from his shelter to issue proclamations calling upon the Mexicans to overthrow the government of President Juarez. More than that, men whose personal character (unlike that of Almonte) was odious in the eyes of Mexico; men whose names, like that of Padre Miranda, (as referred to by Sir Charles Wyke,) "recalled some of the worst scenes of a civil war which has proved a disgrace to the civilization of the present century." These men began to show themselves openly and vauntingly in Mexico, proclaiming that they had come to upset the

Juarez government, and bragging that they were sent there to do so by the express command of the Emperor of the French. Nay, Miramon himself, the ex-President, landed in the country. The English admiral indignantly declared that he would arrest this man as a robber, on account of the plunder of the British Legation. The French representatives protested; but the English officer did actually go so far as to expel Miramon from Vera Cruz, and send him back to Cuba. Almonte was meanwhile going about under the escort of French troops, issuing his proclamations, and telling even General Prim that the Emperor of the French had sent him to establish a monarchy in Mexico. The English and Spanish plenipotentiaries were indignant; even Earl Russell at home, when he heard of the transaction, departed from his accustomed composure, and expressed warmly his surprise and anger. Let any reader calmly think over the situation. The allies had gone out simply to recover pecuniary claims from the government of Juarez, and specially pledged against any interference in Mexican affairs. At every step in the transaction we find the plenipotentiaries in Mexico reiterating the pledge. We find that the great difficulty which they experienced in approaching a pacific arrangement was because of the suspicion of the Mexicans that they came to establish a monarchy. We find Sir Charles Wyke and General Prim again and again publicly proclaiming that such a suspicion was unfounded and unjust. Suddenly there appear in the French camp, under French protection, the beaten and banished enemies of the Mexican government, and they issue revolutionary proclamations, and they announce that they have come to found a monarchy by order of the Emperor of the French. What could the pacific declarations of England and Spain appear under such circumstances, but (to adopt the words of the English Commodore Dunlop) "bitter and unworthy sarcasm?" Of course General Prim and Sir Charles Wyke remonstrated against the protection accorded to Almonte and his colleagues. They were answered that express orders had been given by the Emperor of the French to protect Almonte. From that moment it became evident that there could be no further co-operation. The whole plot was out. The alliance might drag on for a little; might

be broken up by some other ostensible cause; but there was virtually an end to it when the English and French plenipotentiaries had their eyes fully opened at last to the long-meditated, long-denied designs of France. General Prim wrote a letter to a friend in Europe, which found its way into print, and was indeed published in every newspaper in the world, except the French journals, wherein he expressed in undiplomatic but soldierly terms his disgust and contempt for the whole transaction.

We must do justice to the French representatives. We do not believe they were privy to the ultimate design of the French government. It would be impossible to believe that two French gentlemen of character could have joined in the assurances which Sir Charles Wyke and General Prim had so often addressed to the Mexican government if they knew that France intended all the time to commit the very treason which they and their colleagues were so explicitly and warmly disavowing.

A reactionary leader, General Robles, made an effort to join the Almonte party. He had been arrested by the Mexican government, banished from the capital, and confined on parole to a small town. He broke his parole and escaped. Before he could reach the other conspirators, he was again captured, and sentenced to be shot. General Prim and Sir Charles Wyke made an effort to save him, and succeeded in inducing the Mexican ministers to order the suspension of the sentence. But the courier bearing the reprieve lost his way, and arrived too late. General Robles was shot. In no country in the world would his political offenses have met with any slighter punishment; but the Emperor Napoleon proclaimed the execution a murder, (the emperor of the 2d December!) and gave it as a new reason for lending his support to the projects of Almonte. Meanwhile Marquez ("the infamous Marquez," Sir C. Wyke calls him) made his appearance in arms with about two thousand men, and endeavored to join Padre Miranda and the other persons who were issuing their revolutionary proclamations under the protection of the French flag.

General Doblado was then Minister for Foreign Affairs to President Juarez. Doblado was described by all parties as an able, influential, and moderate man. The

British and Spanish plenipotentiaries thought highly of him. He was invited to meet General Prim on behalf of the allies at Soledad, a small village about thirty miles from Vera Cruz, to discuss some possible arrangement, and "to receive such explanations as may tend to disperse the injurious doubts of the good faith of the high powers who signed the convention of October 31st, 1861." The invitation was accepted, and the meeting took place on the 19th February, 1862. The conference was satisfactory. General Prim repeated all the familiar assurances (on his part quite sincere) that the allies did not mean to upset or interfere with the government. It was agreed that the allies should recognize the Mexican government, should be allowed to occupy certain towns as healthful and convenient garrisons, and that a further conference should take place at Orizaba for the purpose of finally coming to terms. It was a part of the conditions that if the further negotiations should fail to come to a satisfactory issue, and should be broken off, the troops of the allies were at once to fall back from the places which they had been allowed conditionally to occupy, and hostilities would then of course have to commence. But the English and French plenipotentiaries, as well as General Doblado, entertained a confident hope that the negotiations at Orizaba would render all hostile proceedings unnecessary.

The English and Spanish governments, anxious for peace, approved of the preliminary convention of Soledad. The French government, determined on war and conquest, disapproved of it, and deprived of his power as a plenipotentiary the French representative, Vice-Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, who had assented to it. The voice of the French emperor was still, like that of Milton's fiend, for open war—of wiles more inexpert he boasted not.

The alliance was very soon brought to a formal conclusion. The English and Spanish plenipotentiaries considered it necessary to have a decisive conference with their colleagues, and accordingly a meeting took place at Orizaba on the 9th of April. The conference was rather warm, and sometimes even a little personal. General Prim and Sir Charles Wyke urged that the conduct of the French representatives was an infraction of the terms of the convention of London. Count de Saligny declared that the Mexi-

can government had heaped so many fresh grievances on French subjects that he could treat no longer with that government, and would be content with nothing less than a march upon the capital. Sir Charles Wyke was surprised that he should not have heard of the fresh grievances; to which M. de Saligny rejoined that French subjects did not usually go to a British plenipotentiary to make known their complaints. Sir Charles Wyke politely pressing for a little information touching the nature of the fresh grievances, the French minister intimated that he intended to report to his own government on the subject, and to nobody else. Finally, the English and Spanish commissioners declared that if their colleagues of France persisted in protecting the Mexican conspirators in refusing to take part in the conferences arranged to be held at Orizaba, and in declining to treat further with the Mexican government, the troops of England and Spain must be withdrawn, as the action of the French was a violation of the convention of London. The decisive step was soon taken. General Prim and Sir Charles Wyke left Mexico, the English and Spanish forces returned to their respective homes, and the alliance was at an end.

France had thus gained all her objects in regular order. An invading expedition of her own would have been all but impossible in face of the opposition of England, Spain, and the United States. The object was to get up an expedition which should start under apparently fair colors and with unexceptionable coöperation, and which should then at a convenient moment shake off the coöperation, and under the pretext that the honor of France forbade a retreat, go its way alone. No impartial man who studies the history of the expedition can entertain the slightest doubt that the Emperor Napoleon designed from the very beginning the dispute between the allies, and the withdrawal of England and Spain. He knew perfectly well that in dispatching his Mexican emissaries to Vera Cruz he was taking a step which England at least could not sanction. He did not wish her to sanction it. He got rid of her coöperation just at the point when it ceased to be a convenience and would have become an embarrassment. The period had come when France must either retreat or openly assume the policy of invasion and con-

quest. The dispute between the allies, deliberately provoked and rendered necessary by France, afforded a decent opportunity for the French intervention to emerge into the light and assume its true character.

The rest of the story is easily told. Its details would scarcely interest English readers. It is the narrative of an invasion pursued with remorseless determination, and culminating, as every one knew that it must, in success. Immediately after the break-up of the alliance the French commenced their march upon Mexico. The world was led to expect that it would be a mere military promenade—that the great bulk of the Mexicans were either totally indifferent to, or absolutely in favor of, the intervention—and that the few who objected to it had neither the spirit nor the strength to resist. But even the imperialists of Paris had soon to acknowledge that they were mistaken. After some unimportant skirmishes and successes, the news one day startled Europe that the French, under General Lorencez, had been defeated before Puebla. This intelligence astonished Europe, as it really astonished the Mexicans themselves. But it was undoubtedly true. On the 5th of May the Mexican General Zaragoza drove back the French from Puebla with terrible slaughter, and after a most obstinate struggle. This was the more unpleasant as the *protégé* of France, the notorious Padre Miranda, had been issuing a sort of circular or proclamation, announcing that Puebla was to be taken that very day. Provoking as it was, it had to be borne: Lorencez did not take Puebla, and was only too glad to be able to keep himself and his forces from being taken instead. But the Mexicans could not derive any practical benefit from their success. General Lorencez held his own: not strong enough to attack, too strong to be attacked. Then the French government saw that the struggle was to be a reality, not a military exhibition like those of the Champ de Mars, and it made arrangements accordingly. In September General Forey with a large force landed at Vera Cruz. General, now Marshal, Forey was the man for the situation. He was one of the experts of the December *coup d'état*; he knew all the arts by which republican populations may be induced to accept an imperial system. He marched on Puebla, and he took the city about a

year after Lorencez's failure. Nobody can have forgotten the events which belonged to the taking of Puebla. The desperate courage of its Mexican defenders went far to redeem in European eyes the many faults of their national character. They defended their city inch by inch. They piled barricades in the streets, and fought behind them until the ground was heaped with their dead. They converted each of the square blocks of houses which compose the city into a separate fortress, and defended it until it fell and buried them in its ruins. The French were utterly unable to take some of these blocks, and therefore blew them up, defenders and all. Some of them were blown up by the desperate defenders themselves. The French suffered frightfully, but fought, of course, with indomitable courage. Indeed, General Forey attacked the city as one who knew that all a French soldier could prize depended upon his success. He knew that he must succeed—that he could never face his imperial master with the news that the French troops had been again defeated. We render full credit to the determined bravery of the French assaults. No higher praise can be given than to say that the French displayed as obstinate a courage in the attack as the Mexicans did in the defense. At last Puebla fell. General Forey's dispatches are singular documents. It had been arranged from the very beginning that France must accept the fiction of a Mexico enslaved by a few desperadoes, and panting for a French deliverer. General Forey adhered to this pleasing little fiction through all difficulties. He never for one moment abandoned it. He described Puebla as defended not by Mexicans but by the scum of other nations and armies, who, having no interest whatever in the struggle, were fighting for the mere pleasure of the thing. He depicted Puebla as a city devoted to France, but unfortunately in the possession of a gang of outcasts from America, Spain, Italy, England, and even France herself. He gravely assured his master that the men who disputed every square inch of ground, and preferred being blown into air to any terms of surrender, were but deserters from Spanish regiments, vagabond Garibaldians lately arrived, old followers of General Walker, ruffians from the Bowery and the Five Points, roving Britishers, and recreant French soldiers. The Em-

peror Napoleon must have smiled grimly over this little effusion of romance. Of course no one believed it. The history of war has many curious chapters; but such a defense as this of Puebla, such desperate resistance, such deliberate and wholesale acceptance of death rather than surrender, have never yet been the work of random adventurers and volunteers thrown together without any common bond into a struggle in which they had no interest, and fighting only for mere amusement. But it was agreed that the fiction must be circulated and accepted. So it has been. Even the arrival of gangs of Mexican prisoners in Paris, undeniably born and bred Mexicans, who are stared at on the Boulevards, and can speak no word of French, or Italian, or English to any of the curious crowds, is not supposed to discredit General Forey's little story. The French government having found it convenient to decree that the defenders of Mexico were not Mexicans, these latter immediately cease to be Mexicans in the eyes of all true imperialists. He is no faithful follower of the empire who gives credit to eye, ear, or judgment, when these are contradicted by the order of the emperor.

But the capture of Puebla broke the heart of the Mexican resistance. Marshal Forey acted with great promptness and energy, and not resting upon his victory, left Juarez no time to prepare for further defenses. General Zaragoza had died shortly after having enjoyed the delight of one victory over the French; Mexico was in no position to stand a siege; the church party, protected by France, was appearing in its robber-gangs every where; and the Juarez government had to retire from the capital. How long a sort of resistance may yet be prolonged we can not judge, but the ultimate subjugation of the country may be regarded as certain. General Forey's march upon Mexico, and triumphant entrance into the city, are fresh in the memory of every one. We have all read in the journal immediately published by the conqueror himself, what a danger he and his *suite* underwent of being crushed by the flowers which the Mexican ladies showered on them. No doubt there is a considerable church party in Mexico, and there, as every where, the women for the most part stand by the priests. The conquerors gave a grand ball, and the ladies who went there

acknowledged themselves willing captives. All this was told in much finer language than we could possibly attempt, by Marshal Forey's newly-founded journal. The account was copied into the Paris *Moniteur*, which, while quoting it as from a Mexican paper, omitted unaccountably to mention that the paper was one founded on the spot by the gallant Forey, for the purpose of registering his decrees and recording his triumphs.

Of course we attach to the official narratives in Marshal Forey's journal just the importance, and give them just the confidence they deserve. But we do not mean to deny that the triumphal entry into Mexico was the occasion of a large concourse of people, that hundreds ran out of mere ignorant curiosity to see the sight, and that hundreds more applauded the conqueror with sincere and heartfelt joy. We have already noticed the fact that the church party in Mexico, although a very small minority, could muster a considerable number of individuals, and Mexico, like most other places, has many cliques of persons base enough to welcome a sectarian triumph at the expense of their country's independence. We must add to these the number who were only too happy to find that Mexico was not to be bombarded, and that anybody was coming who would save them from any more of war. We must likewise recollect that the conquering hero who entered Mexico was the master of twenty legions; that he had proved at Puebla his inexorable determination to conquer at any price; that it was well known by what sharp process he had taught loyalty to his own countrymen in Paris; and that the year and more during which Mexico had been occupied by the allies had abundantly proved the futility of resistance. We can not be surprised then, that the Mexican capital, from which its defenders had withdrawn, submitted to its conqueror without daring to resist. There is probably no capital in Europe which would not have submitted in the same manner under similar circumstances. We must not condemn Mexico because it yielded to General Forey without any greater resistance than New-Orleans offered to the soldiers of the federal government. But lest any one should imagine that the non-resistance of the capital meant willing submission to French rule, we think it right to quote from one who knew to the contrary, and

whose authority is not likely to be questioned. Although the official paper to which we have referred painted the position of the French as that of honored guests in the midst of a delighted and welcoming population, we shall see that General Forey did not believe any of this nonsense or attempt to palm it off on his government. That sort of thing about the enthusiastic population, the rain of flowers, the weeping and embracing of women, was for the French public. But in a report to the French War Minister, dispatched very soon after the triumphal entry into Mexico, General Forey thus describes some of the operations which he found necessary to insure a continuance of the enthusiastic welcome his historiographer had described:

"Before thinking of sending troops to a distance, it was first indispensable to purge the environs of the capital of the bands *which keep it in a kind of blockade*. On the other hand, Negrette, seconded by Aurellano, Carbajal, etc., was organizing considerable forces at Tlascala to operate in the State of Puebla and cut off our communications. The occupation of that place thus became indispensable. I have therefore taken measures to meet these requirements.

"A French column, under the orders of Colonel de la Canorgue, is marching on Tlascala with a Mexican detachment commanded by General Gutierrez, who will establish himself at Apan. The troops of General Vicario occupy Talpau and Tepepa. Some of the troops of General Marquez guard the embankments of Guanhtitlan and Zumpango. Colonel Aymard, of the Sixty-second, is in position at Pachuca. General Mejia, who has great influence in Queretaro, is going to that town with a sufficient force. Another column will soon go to take possession of Toluca. Lastly, the cavalry is stationed in the environs of Mexico, where it can best find forage and assure tranquillity.

"By these arrangements I assure security in a rather extensive zone round Mexico, and shall maintain my communications with Puebla uninterrupted. Nor have I, at the same time, neglected the occupation of the coast."

We invite particular attention to General Forey's display of unconscious humor when he announces that General Mejia, (a name of mournful omen in Mexico,) "who has great influence in Queretaro," is going to that town "with a sufficient force."

The remainder of General Forey's proceedings seem to belong to the domain of the burlesque. He becomes a genuine conqueror of the *Opera Comique* style.

He formed a provisional government composed of General Almonte, General Salas, (known in connection with the Jecker loan,) and Monsignore Labastida, Archbishop of Mexico. The latter dignitary was about that time basking in the hospitable patronage of the Empress of the French at St. Cloud. Then a Council of Notables was convened by sound of drum or other suitable process, and the Council of Notables having held a meeting, at the opening of which General Forey and his staff were present, decreed, in a few minutes, and with a wonderful unanimity, that Mexico should thenceforward be an empire under a Roman Catholic prince. In an equally prompt and harmonious manner they tendered the imperial crown to Maximilian of Austria; and in the event of that prince declining the offer, they humbly petitioned that the Emperor of the French would be good enough to select a sovereign for them, and send him out by return of post. Then there was a ball, at which the French officers waltzed charmingly, and made themselves quite delightful to the Mexican ladies. So Mexico woke up in the morning a republic, and fell asleep an empire.

We should have stated that in the meantime General Forey had granted a constitution to the new empire, a significant clause of which declared that the Roman Catholic religion was to be maintained and protected. The gallant general likewise transferred to Mexico the admirable system of laws for the regulation of the press which works so conveniently in France. Therefore we shall find no insolent comment upon French rule or criticism of French pro-consuls appearing in print to unsettle the minds of the loyal population of Mexico. In order further to encourage all true lovers of imperialism in Mexico, the conqueror issued a proclamation confiscating the property of every one who declined to give in his adhesion to the new system. A spirited measure, but which perhaps went a little too far, and was rather liable to misconstruction. The press of Europe raised a general cry of indignation; and even the Paris papers commented on the inconvenience of addressing imperial remonstrances to Russia touching General Mouravieff's confiscations in Lithuania, while Forey was carrying the same system a step or two further in Mexico. For there was this unpleasant difference between the position and acts

of the two warriors. The insurgents of Lithuania were undoubtedly rebels against Mouravieff's master; but how could the recusants of Mexico be rebels against Forey's master, seeing that the French government was never acknowledged in Mexico, and had, indeed, been telling all the world for the previous year and a half that it could not, under any circumstances, presume to interfere in the internal affairs of the Mexican republic? So the ministerial papers of Paris first insisted that the whole story was a calumny, and that Forey had never issued any confiscation decrees at all, and then stated that the decrees were only temporary, and that the emperor had canceled them. In fact the emperor did cancel them. They would never do for publication in Europe. Whatever a conqueror in General Forey's position may do, it is a great mistake to write and publish decrees. They are sure to get into the papers nowadays, and then the government has to take some step for the sake of its own decent reputation. So the French recording angel dropped a tear, and blotted out General Forey's confiscation orders.

The remainder of the history of the Mexican conquest has to be written hereafter. Whether Maximilian will accept the throne, what consideration France will receive for it, and how long France is to occupy the country, we shall very soon learn, if it be not indeed all made known before these pages are transferred to print. One fact is obvious, that whatever be the name of the gentleman who is permitted to sit on the Mexican throne, the country of which he is styled the sovereign will be a French military province. Even Marshal Forey does not pretend that the Mexican empire would outlive by one day the recall of the French troops. But whatever be the fate of that oddly-founded empire, the moral of the proceedings by which it was called into existence remains the same. It seems hardly necessary for us to point that moral. We have given faithfully, and from the best sources, the history of the Mexican conquest; compressed indeed, but accurate, and chapter by chapter. We have shown that it was from the beginning a planned and deliberate conquest, developed and realized by the aid of the most unscrupulous deceit, the most unblushing treachery. To that considerable number of persons in this country who tacitly hold the opinion that

any powerful sovereign is perfectly justified in invading, devastating, and subjugating a foreign country because he thinks it is badly governed and believes he could govern it better, we have only to say that even that plea—the plea of Alexander, and Cæsar, and Napoleon I.—does not avail Napoleon III., for the latter expressly disclaimed, from the opening to the *éclaircissement* of his project, any intention to interfere in Mexican affairs. At every step of the progress he made a new protest of non-intervention, and pledged himself so solemnly that he was actually believed. In fact, he repeated in Mexico with equal success the policy of the Paris *coup d'état*. By vowing up to the last moment that he meant to adhere to a certain pledge, he succeeded to the last moment in deceiving those who might have marred his plans had they known that the pledge was already and deliberately broken.

We have previously intimated a belief that this conquest of Mexico, odious as it is in principle and in means, has yet its prospect of advantage to the conquered country and to the world. In the first place, it may give a breathing time to a disorganized country, and secure an interval of enforced tranquillity during which resources may be developed and political character strengthened. No doubt the French police *régime*, whatever sovereign may enjoy the benefit of it, will secure something like order in the country, will make the rights of property more respected and the principle of life more sacred. All this is something to be taken into account on the side of compensation. We are not indeed inclined to admire what it is the fashion to call "strong government," or to believe that a people can be drilled and dragooned into a capacity for self-rule. But Mexico unhappily wants rest, rest at any price: as a fevered man needs repose although it be procured by the agency of the opiate, or as one in a delirious moment may require the coercion of the strait-waistcoat. The invasion too may teach Mexico a sharp and stern lesson, and may serve as a warning to other nations. The blind disunion and discord, the absence of that patriotic feeling which inspires forbearance, have been the main cause of the fall of the Mexican republic. It may be added too that the lesson will perhaps do good to another republic as well. The United States will

no doubt feel the intrusion of France to be an insult and a menace. But their disunion has helped to bring it about, and their conduct has tended to deprive them of the world's sympathy. The occupation of Mexico is the extinction of the Monroe doctrine. That doctrine, it must be owned, is both absurd and arrogant in theory and in practice. A state going to war to support such a principle would be guilty of a political crime and blunder still greater than the conquest of Mexico itself involves. We have heard it well observed that for the federal government to go to war in sustainment of the Monroe doctrine would in essential principle be to pursue the same course as that which the European states followed so blindly and disastrously when they invaded France to destroy her revolutionary republic. In either case the object is the same—not to repel an attack, not even to avert a certain danger, but to oppose a danger which is ideal, problematical, merely constructive. The sooner America entirely abandons the fantastic Monroe doctrine the better. Any real and imminent danger the federal republic can always repel, but it only provokes and originates peril to itself by arrogantly attempting to lay down great political laws for the future which are to apply not to its own conduct but to that of its neighbors. Let it be remembered, too, that America's own hands are not clean of Mexican plunder and blood. The conduct of the United States toward its neighbor was quite as lawless as that of France, if perhaps somewhat less treacherous. Should we be reminded that the wrongs done by America to Mexico were entirely the offspring of Southern policy, we can not help remembering how one of the noblest and wisest of Americans, Dr. Channing, inveighed against the apathy and composure with which the free states regarded those iniquitous acts. If, therefore, the federal government of America should now feel that its dignity is wounded, that its strength is menaced by the conduct of France in Mexico, it should remember that the rebuke is not wholly unmerited, and should accept it as a lesson

and a warning for the future. It is the destiny of arrogance and aggression in politics to beget arrogance and aggression, and the world in general is little disposed to sympathize with the sufferings of the engineer hoist by his own petard.

But while we thus acknowledge that the subjugation of Mexico can not be wholly unproductive of good, and has not been wholly undeserved, we need hardly repeat that the conduct of the French government is in no wise extenuated by these considerations. We can not enter into the exultation with which the "moneyed classes," as they are called, in London, and their organs, have received the news of the French success; an exultation which frankly disavows all regard for the political and moral aspects of the case, and openly professes to consider only its own pecuniary interests. There is something amusing in the *naïve* declaration of the *Times*, which has boldly championed the Mexican conquest all through, that "the consideration that France has used objectionable native instruments—one of them an avowed felon of the meanest kind, and another so notorious for savage cruelty that his mere name had become a terror—although it may increase the satisfaction that England has not taken any share in the affair, can in no way modify the question as regards the Mexicans themselves." Certainly this consideration does in some way "modify the question" as regards the French government, and adds one other stain to the many which rest upon its honor, its good faith, its humanity, its decency, in connection with the conquest of Mexico. The Emperor Napoleon is said to have declared that the Mexican invasion would be the greatest event of his reign. Perhaps it may prove so. In one sense the invasion of Russia may be pronounced the greatest event in the reign of the elder Napoleon. Certainly, if unprincipled aggression, carried out by the aid of almost unparalleled treachery, could bode ultimate evil to the policy which planned it, we might expect to find Mexico prove the Moscow of the second empire.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING THE CLOSE OF HOLIDAY-TIME:

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON PULPITS.

Come, my friend, and let us walk backward and forward along this graveled path, already beaten by my solitary feet for an hour past. It is not a carriage-drive, but a path intended for saunterers on foot. It is broad enough for two: and the more especially if one of them, through the force of circumstances, chances to take up no space. And to-day you are at Constantinople: and I am here. I am not quite sure as to the precise number of miles between us, but there are many hundreds, I know.

You know this place well; and you would like this walk. On one hand there is a level plot of closely-mown grass, of what may be esteemed considerable extent by a man of moderate ideas. And the prominent object on that side is a pretty Gothic house, built of red sandstone, set upon a green terrace. The house is backed by a wooded cliff: a cliff wooded from base to summit. For in every crevice of the rock trees have rooted themselves: that is, have been planted without man's help. And the cliff looks like a warm bank of thick foliage, now crisp and russet. That cliff is ninety feet high: no very great height; yet, let me say, rather higher than the rocks at the Land's End. But, on the other hand, there is our great sight. On the other side of this little graveled walk, which is a hundred and fifty yards in length, and nearly straight, let me tell you what there is. First, there is a border line of grass, the prettiest and least troublesome of all edgings for walks. The well-defined outline of the grass and gravel makes a simple contrast of which one never tires. Then there is a little boundary thicket made of pines of various sizes, also of laurels and yews, with here and there a staring sunflower. Beyond, there is a hedge of thorns, backed by a stone wall, five feet in height, which forms the bound-

ary of this small domain. And though on the farther side of the wall there is a narrow public road, the sea beyond it seems (when you look from this side) to wash the foot of that fortification. You feel as though you were walking on a quarter-deck. In fact, the waves are lapping on the large stones within a dozen yards. And so, backward and forward along this graveled path is backward and forward by the shore of the great sea.

Yet this is not the boundless ocean, over which you look away and away, and think that America is on its other side. This is but an arm of the Atlantic. It is the estuary of a river not especially renowned in song. No poet has done for it what Burns did for the Doon by which he drew his first breath. Here the estuary is four miles in breadth. On the farther side there is an island, rich in soil and genial in climate, where many worn-out sufferers have been able to breathe out in peace their last winter-time in this world. Its name was not a pleasing one to those English folk who hated an unpopular Scotch Prime Minister many years ago. And over that island you may see a line of mountain peaks which will bear being looked at though you may have come straight from Chamouni. Of course they are not so high as Mont Blanc: and they have no solitudes of everlasting snow. Yet that is a glorious outline against the western sky, at sunset or at mid-day: and no part of the height of those mountains is lost. For the height of mountains is reckoned in feet above the sea-level: and here are the sea-level and the mountain tops together.

This is an autumn afternoon—one of the latest of September. And the fading woods suggest to one's mind a man with gray hair, wearing down. For the autumnal tint upon our head is gray, passing into white. We do not wither in glory,

like crimson maples and glowing beeches in the October sun. But to-day there is not the bright, crisp, frosty sunshine, touching declining Nature into pensive beauty: but the light is leaden, and all the sky is made up of clouds that come down very close upon the earth and sea. The sea is dark and gloomy: and it breaks upon the beach with a surgy murmur, as you might think it would upon untrodden shores.

Our holiday-time ends to-morrow: and then comes the long stretch of work again. It is pleasant work, but hard work: and you shrink a little from the first plunge into it. And you know the confused, over-driven feeling of the first days at the collar, with twenty things you would wish to do in the time in which it is possible to do ten. Holiday-time, I think, is something like life. We begin it with vague anticipations of great rest and enjoyment. We find it, in fact, much less enjoyable than we had expected; and at its end, though we may be conscious of a certain unwillingness to resume our load, we yet feel that our holiday-time is outworn: and we are in some sort of way content to bid it good-by. Yet it is a trial to say good-by to any thing: and in bidding farewell to times and places, we feel that we shall never have those things again quite the same. Even if there should come to none of us any of those great changes which hang over all human beings, there will be the sensible change, in fact and in feeling, that is ever advancing upon all persons and all things here. Then, when you are away from your home and its duties, all these come to look somewhat misty and undefined. You forget those little ways which make up your habitude of being. And all future time is hidden by a cloud through which we strive in vain to see. You do not know where you are going: nor what trials may be sitting and waiting for you by the wayside, not far on. There is a great uncertainty, and an indefinite fear. You have had your troubles, some of them just as heavy as you could bear: and what life has been it must be. And many minds know a good deal of the Roman emperor's foreboding, that if things have long gone well with you then something amiss is very likely to come. If we could but all rise to the happier argument from the Past to the Future of a certain ancient (and inspired) poet: and really believe that "The Lord HATH BEEN mindful of

us: he WILL bless us!" The more common way of judging certainly is, that since all has been so pleasant for many days or years, now a smash is due. But though this way of judging be common; and though, to a superficial glance, it seems to be confirmed by facts, it would be very easy to show that it is entirely wrong.

There is something enviable in the state of people who can go away from a place without caring: who can say good-by to pleasant acquaintances without the least regret. Many human beings feel parting to be so painful that they would rather miss the previous pleasure than encounter the trial which must come at last. You will think of the kind old Matthew on that beautiful April morning of which Wordsworth has so sweetly sung. On that April morning he was not an old man: and, turning aside from his task of fishing, he stopped a while beside his little daughter's grave. And having thought there of her sweet voice and her fair face, he turned to leave her earthly resting-place, when he met, hard by, another little girl like what his child would have been, so blooming and so happy. It was a pure delight to look at her: but Matthew thought how fragile a possession she would be, and he remembered how bitterly he had suffered when his own child died. "I looked at her, and looked again, and did not wish her mine." Yes, what you never have, you never can lose. And some grim, self-contained old bachelor, who has given no hostages to fortune, who cares for nobody but himself, presents but a very small surface on which fate can hit him hard.

My friend Smith told me recently that he esteems the necessity of saying good-by as a serious drawback from the pleasure of foreign travel: and that his purpose is, in future tours, to cultivate, when abroad, the acquaintance of only the most disagreeable of his countrymen and countrywomen. Then he will experience no other feeling than one of relief when they disappear from his view never to return. Hitherto his experience has been as follows: You fall in with pleasant people going the same way with yourself. You find that great part of the insular reserve has been thawed out of the usually shy Briton. Gradually you fraternize: and for a good many days the pleasant folk and you journey on together. You think

better of mankind: you did not think there were so many agreeable people in the world. Probably you are not accustomed to see many such at Tollerporcorum. But at length you must go on your separate ways, and you part, feeling it is not likely that you should meet again. And to do all this six or seven times in two months is trying.

All this, it is obvious, has nothing to do with the subject of Pulpits. Yet that subject was mainly in the writer's mind when he began to walk up and down this graveled path. All this forenoon he has been busied in arranging the material which has been spoken, on various past Sundays, from a certain pulpit in which he feels a very deep interest. Thinking of that pulpit made him think of pulpits in general: and especially of yours, my friend, who have all this while been walking more or less consciously by my side.

Your pulpit is a very handsome one of carved oak, dark with age. It stands out, clear of the chancel, in a certain great church. The church is not Gothic; but it is one of the best of Palladian churches: great in size, massive and real in the materials of which it is made: with its great pillars and its arched aisles. I am not able to suppress an unsophisticated respect for an edifice on which its builders were content to spend several scores of thousands of pounds. And all around that church, though it stands in the heart of the greatest of great cities, there spreads a solemn expanse, pleasant to see, where people of many generations have met together in the long sleep of death. Above all, that church is suited with a congregation that fills it with attentive faces and sympathetic hearts: and, fond as one may pardonably be of church architecture, the great thing about a church is the living congregation, after all. Then your predecessor in that pulpit wears lawn sleeves: and the average mind feels as though a certain dignity were cast around the pulpit whence the next step was to the episcopal throne.

The writer has various predecessors in his pulpit. None of them are bishops: none can by possibility become such: because they are clergymen of a church in which those dignitaries are not. As for the pulpit, I do not know of what kind of wood it is made, though I have preached from it exactly three hundred and fifty times. Of this I am well assured, that it

is not made of the wood it seems. The painter's skill has made it look like oak, which it unquestionably is not. I have heard, indeed, of church oak in this country being ingeniously painted in a bad imitation of itself. The pulpit is hung with a pretty deep drapery of crimson velvet, a little faded from the brightness of earlier days. And no wonder: for the writer is faded somewhat through the wear of years, and that velvet is older than himself.

But he would not exchange that faded velvet for many times what it cost when new: and though that pulpit is not Gothic, except in the unfriendly sense in which Sir Christopher Wren first applied the word, there is to him, as to very many of his fathers and brethren, no place on earth where he likes so much to be. We have a Scotticism of expression, common among the elder clergy, which always falls pleasantly on the ear. "Where are you to be on Sunday?" say to a good Scotch minister: and the answer will probably be, "AT HOME." *That* means in his own pulpit. There is something very touching, when you hear an old man thus speak of the place whence he has spoken, on the most solemn of all subjects, to immortal beings committed to his care, through the Sundays of forty years. Yes: it is there, indeed, that we ought all of us to be most at home. I need say to none of my kindly readers that I think a clergyman may very fitly write and speak upon subjects not directly theological or religious. He may very properly write an article for *Fraser*: and no one for whose opinion he cares a rush will find fault. But all these things are as recreation: what he writes for the pulpit is work. All these things are excursions, are as holiday rambles: but in the pulpit he is at home. His first and best thoughts go *THERE*. And often entered with a nervous feeling, not to be reasoned away: never entered without a solemn prayer for God's help and blessing: the pulpit of every clergyman whose heart is in his work is surrounded by memories and associations of such heart and happiness as are not to be expressed in words.

The pulpit (let the word be understood physically and morally) has been to the writer a matter of special interest from his earliest days. Very many are the pulpits in which he has stood. He does not mean for the purpose of preaching from them. But he can not enter any church, great

or small, on a day when it may be surveyed freely, without ascending the pulpit and looking at the church from that elevation. It may be said, for the information of such as have never entered any pulpit, that a church viewed from that point looks entirely different from what it does when viewed from any other. And, as a general rule, the church looks a great deal larger.

Nothing brings out more strongly the difference in the tastes and likings of different men than their feeling as to the pulpit. Some, a lesser class, feel an invincible gravitation towards the place: an extreme interest in all that concerns it. There are men who, being far away from home, and going to a strange church on a Sunday, are aware of a longing, almost like the thirsty wayfarer's for drink, to mount the pulpit and pour forth the message with which they are charged to their fellow-creatures. As for the great majority of educated men, not to mention women, the pulpit is the very last place of which they ever think in relation to themselves. Not merely have they no desire to enter it: they have never even gone the length of asking themselves whether they would like to enter it or not. The whole thing appears quite out of the question. You and I, my reader, have probably never seriously considered whether we should like to be Prime Minister. And more: men who have chosen the church for their profession, or rather who have been pushed gradually into orders without any conscious choice, having actually tried the pulpit, found it did not suit them: did not suit their tastes, even where it was conspicuously suited to their abilities: and so have made up their mind not to enter it any more. The writer has a very eminent and illustrious friend, who, having preached three or four times, found or fancied that the pulpit did not suit him; and renounced it. Yet the pathetic eloquence which he has at command, and a charm of style which would constrain most people to listen in breathless attention to him discoursing upon any subject, would assuredly have made him one of the most interesting of all preachers. But the whole thing did not suit him: the proof being that he was content to give it up. The man who has in him the spirit and making of the preacher could not be kept out of the pulpit. Not the railway and the locomotive have greater

affinity one to the other than that singular elevation and he. Men have been great and wise *there* who were weak and foolish every where else. "He ought to be definitively confined to the pulpit, and fed over the side of it with brose and kirk-milk," said the homely Chalmers of a certain man who in the pulpit was a great orator, and out of the pulpit a great fool. And worldly inducements go for very little here, if the true nature of the preacher be inherent. You have heard of men who renounced fame and fortune, heartily and cheerfully, that they might devote strength and life to the sacred office; who made their choice, perhaps, with the enthusiasm of early youth, but never lived to regret it though they lived to fourscore.

The essential characteristic of the pulpit is this: that it should be an elevated place in a church, whence the preacher may address the congregation. Let me, in passing, express the great disapproval with which I sometimes hear a Christian congregation spoken of as an *audience*: a *good audience* meaning a large congregation: a *bad audience*, or a *thin audience*, meaning a small congregation. There is, indeed, a lower deep than this: it is to speak of a *crowded house*: meaning a congregation which fills its church. Let not phrases taken from the theater or the lecture-room be used concerning the house of God. But to resume. There are countries, as every body knows, where the pulpit is essentially and exclusively associated with the sermon. There are others, and there is one in particular, very well known to the writer, in whose National Church prayers and sermons are spoken from the same place: and, save at the celebration of the holy communion, the entire church service is performed from that spot. Yet even in that country, the name of the pulpit naturally suggests the sermon.

And what varieties there are of the thing! You have possibly seen pulpits of all degrees, from the huge erection piled up against a pillar in the nave of a great foreign cathedral—an erection which must dwarf the preacher, and which in fact is seldom used—down to the rickety box of deal stuck against the wall of a little Scotch country church: unpainted and undraped and worm-eaten. Even from such a pulpit has the writer not unfre-

quently preached: sometimes to country folk whose intelligent and hearty attention made one forget the unworthy edifice which was esteemed good enough for the worship of Almighty God. Once upon a time, in a certain rural parish, such was the writer's own pulpit; but of course *that* would not do: and a little representation in the right quarter soon made it give place to decorous dark oak and crimson. Let me say that I can not understand those clergymen who do not care a whit how shabby their church may be: and who contrive, as I have witnessed, to provide the parish with a most elegant and comfortable parsonage, leaving the poor old church a mortifying contrast of dirt and squalor. Then there are pulpits of wood and of stone: the latter sometimes of one block of freestone, gracefully carved over its surface, like that beautiful pulpit in the cathedral of Chester: sometimes of marble, a costly piece of inlaid work, like that elaborate pulpit at All Saints in London: sometimes resting on a clustered shaft of porphyry or granite, and displaying panels enriched with figures in high relief, like that most pleasing pulpit at St. Anne's in Dublin. Sometimes those stone pulpits are warmly padded inside with crimson cloth: sometimes they are cold white marble within, unrelieved by a vestige of drapery, very chilling to look at, and (one would say) to preach from. Sometimes pulpits are very high; sometimes ostentatiously low: in the latter case, in churches in England where the childish idea has been admitted that to make the pulpit loftier than the reading desk is to "elevate the place of preaching above the place of prayer." Sometimes the pulpit proper is lost in a huge erection of stairs and terraces and platforms and ugly iron-railings, filling up the end of a church in which there is no altar: as though to announce to all comers, Here the sermon is the first thing. Sometimes it is a little projecting jug of stone, in a modest corner, as though to say, Here the sermon is no great matter. And, to say the truth, in such cases it generally is no great matter. I could easily name a church, where I have been present at a choral service, performed by forty surpliced choristers with admirable taste and skill: and where the sermon which followed, though short, was extremely tedious; and, in fact, was so bad that it could not by possibility have been

worse. Sometimes you may find a stone pulpit in the open air, as that at Magdalen College at Oxford, whence the University sermons were sometimes preached. There is in England a parish church where the pulpit consists of a velvet-covered easy chair, with a music-stand placed in front of it. The builders of that church are recorded to have resolved to erect a church which no human being, on a cursory inspection, would take to be a church; and they have, to a great degree, succeeded in their intelligent purpose. We have all heard of "Henley's gilt tub," whence that fluent mountebank gave his celebrated lecture on the way to make a pair of shoes in five minutes. A great crowd of shoemakers assembled, drawn by the announcement of a discourse which would have been to them of such practical value: but the shoemakers were conscious that they had been deluded, when the orator produced a pair of boots, and in five minutes cut off their tops and left them shoes. There have been preachers who eschewed the pulpit, preferring a large stage on which they might strut to and fro. The writer has never seen any of these, and never will see any of them. There is a vile custom, which originated in America, but which has been introduced into several places of worship in this country, of substituting for the pulpit a considerable platform, provided with a sofa, and having a counter in front, behind which the preacher stands. An English traveler, having entered a large building in the United States, perceived such an erection at one end of it. A great congregation had assembled. In a little time, a human being, with a hat on his head and a great-coat on his back, walked up the center passage. Stopping at the foot of the stair, he got out of his great-coat and took off his hat: and then, ascending the platform, appeared to be the individual who was to conduct the service. Some people, no doubt, think all this simple and unaffected. Some people would doubtless agree with the writer in esteeming it irreverent and disgusting in a very high degree. Yet let me recall a horrid Scotch custom, seen in my youth, of the officiating clergyman hanging up his hat on a peg beneath the sounding-board of the pulpit, to remain there till the service was over. For a bishop, or a preacher in a cathedral, to lay his cap on the cushion before him, is all very well: but a hat, not unfrequently a very bad one,

hung on a peg, can never look seemly or decorous. There is a reprehensible and offensive taste for the tawdry in the matter of pulpit decoration in several quarters in Scotland. In some instances this might be justified by the consideration that the pulpit is thus brought into harmony with the discourse which is delivered from it. I have beheld a pulpit of white and gold: another painted light green: another which was of roseate hue. If people can not see how unbecoming that kind of thing is, it is quite useless to try to show them. The right pulpit, in ordinary cases, and where expense is a consideration, is doubtless a plain hexagonal or octagonal pulpit of oak. Let its color be always dark, and its drapery always crimson. Let the stair be not obtrusive. As a general rule, let there be a sounding-board. It is usually of no use: but there is a fitness in its aspect: and it helps to make the pulpit, as it ought to be, utterly unlike any erection for any secular purpose. You should feel, as you look at the thing, that it is a place which renders essential a certain quietude and restraint of matter and manner in all that may be said from it. I have heard a very eminent preacher say, that you may fitly give your sermon with all the energy you can display without lifting a hand; but that any gesticulation appeared to him unsuited to the pulpit. I do not agree with him; though I believe his rule tends to the better and safer extreme. And let me say that even the utmost dullness appears preferable to the outrageous claptrap which one sometimes hears reported. All jocular matter is of course inadmissible; all bitter and sarcastic remarks are unutterably offensive. I lately read in a country newspaper an account of a discourse given upon some occasion by a certain preacher. In that discourse, the country newspaper said, the preacher "showed himself a master of wit and sarcasm." Without having heard the man, one can imagine the hateful exhibition. Controversial statements too are to be avoided. The things spoken from the pulpit should be those as to which the whole congregation is, at least in speculation, agreed. It is inexpedient that the preacher should make strong statements which half his hearers will esteem to be absurd and false. And if such statements be wrong in the sermon, much more are they in the prayers. I have heard of an eminent Scotch divine

who in his prayer before sermon begged the Almighty "to remit the judgments which might well be sent upon this country on account of that legislative measure most improperly called the Reform Bill." Such a petition enables one the better to understand the unconscious truthfulness of a statement lately published in an American journal. That journal declared, in all good faith, that the prayer offered by the Rev. Mr. Smith on a certain occasion, was "the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a BOSTON AUDIENCE."

As for the matter spoken from the pulpit, I do not hesitate to say that if it be simple, earnest, and unaffected, it ought, as a general rule, to be exempted from all criticism. I speak, of course, not of published discourses but of those which are preached in the ordinary course of duty. A clever writer in a literary paper lately maintained that it would waken up the members of a comatose profession, if the preaching of a sermon were held to be its publication; and if, thereupon, it might be subjected to the like unceremonious treatment with other published literary productions. That clever writer said that good would follow if we were occasionally to read in some critical journal an article which should begin by saying that "last Sunday the Rev. Mr. Log ascended his pulpit, and preached in his usual dull and stupid fashion:" and if the article then proceeded to show in detail the badness of Mr. Log's reasoning, the infelicity of his illustrations, and his general unfitness to instruct his fellow men. I venture to differ from the clever writer already spoken of. It is conceivable that the homely discourse, though it did not please a sharp critic going to hear the preacher for one day, might yet do good to the people for whom it was written; who went to be instructed rather than to criticise: and who knew by long experience the faithfulness and diligence of the good man who preached it. Religious instruction need not be brilliant, nor eloquent, nor original, to serve very effectually the great end at which all worthy religious instruction aims. And that end, it may be said, is not to satisfy a chance reviewer who has dropped into church by accident, but to benefit and comfort the congregation which habitually worships there.

Yet it may be recorded, for the gratification of such as may differ from me, that there are localities in which a system is

carried out which subjects religious instruction to a severe censorship. I recently read the advertisement of an enterprising bookseller, which said, that with the view of inducing children to take more interest in going to church, the bookseller had prepared a series of printed schedules, which might be purchased in a form like that of a bank check-book. On each Sunday morning the child might be supplied with a schedule torn out of this book, and with a pencil; and while in church, the child might note down upon blank spaces provided, the preacher's name, his text, the way in which he handled his subject, and some appreciation of his voice and manner; whether good, bad, or indifferent. A friend of mine saw one such schedule, after it had been filled up by a boy of ten years old. Under the head of

Manner, the youthful critic had written the words, *MIGHT BE IMPROVED*. Probably the province of criticism could hardly be extended further. You can imagine how much likelihood there is that a child trained to go to church in such a spirit, would ever be impressed or improved by sermons listened to for the purpose of passing judgment upon them. And you can imagine how that child, having grown up, would develop into the human being who would employ that unutterably hateful expression which people in America employ when they desire to praise their preacher: the expression, to wit, that he is *a preacher who gives satisfaction*.

So let us turn away from the leaden sky and the sullen waves. They will be oftentimes blue and bright before we see them again.
A. K. H. B.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE GHOSTS OF THE DAY.

A CERTAIN rhymer, not unknown to *Maga*, describes his desires after the following manner:

"Strawberry icebergs in the summer time—
But of elmwood many a massive splinter,
Good ghost stories, and a classic rhyme,
For the nights of winter."

And assuredly a frightful phantom story lends an edge to one's enjoyment of the snowy Christmas nights, and is far fitter for them—

"Than for these garish summer days, when we
Scarcely believe much more than we can
see,"

as Shelley hath it. However, we moderns cultivate our specters in all seasons, and find nothing anomalous in a ghost at midsummer. There is something curious in the fact that this practical and scientific age is strongly given to the study of the supernatural. Most private gentlemen in these days keep an apparition, just as they keep a butler. It is the duty of this entity not to make night hideous but to make

an evening party amusing. There are many ordinary servants who are not "worth a rap," but this supernatural domestic is generally worth a great number of raps. To "call spirits from the vasty deep" has become quite a fashionable occupation, and the incredulous Hotspurs of the day are decidedly in the minority.

Yet is it not a credulous age? Skepticism, indeed, is the attitude of a great number of its intellects; and skepticism and superstition invariably go hand-in-hand. "Where there are no gods," says Novalis, "there will be ghosts." It seems as if there were a certain human instinct which renders it necessary for a man to believe *something*, which he can not explain, a magnetism, we may style it, which draws the mind to an unseen pole in the world of spirits. Thus it is that credulity and incredulity meet in the same mind; that the man who can not believe the Bible will believe that certain rappings on a table are produced by the spirit of Sir Isaac Newton.

The only philosophical way of accounting for the appearance of spirits seems to

be this. Just as all matter is connected by mysterious influences with one great center, so doubtless is all mind. Now it is possible that a man in great peril and under great excitement—in danger, let us say, of death by drowning—may have power to affect the nervous system of the universe, by a terribly strong effort of will. Thinking, in his last moments, of his dearest friend, he may so project his thought that his friend shall call up his image—shall, in the popular phrase, see his ghost. This, perhaps, is possible; we do not say that it is probable. Yet most of our readers will know persons who declare that they have seen the apparition of a dying friend at the moment of his death; and there is considerable difficulty in laughing down a phenomenon as to which there is so remarkable a *consensus* of evidence.

The writer of this paper has never seen a ghost or heard a spirit rap out any thing remarkable, or gazed admiringly on a medium floating high in the air. But he has heard so much of one kind and another, on what would in ordinary matters be deemed excellent evidence, that he thinks it worth while to record some part thereof. And there lie on his critical table a heap of books on the topic, notable among which are Spicer's *Strange Things among Us*, and an anonymous volume called *Mary Jane*. This last is professedly the experience of a chemical materialist, who has hitherto held the theory that the intellect is nothing but phosphorus, iodine, and other elements, in a highly electric state. A distinguished spiritualist asked him to investigate spirit-rapping, and he entered on the inquiry with a predetermination to consider it an imposture. To his amazement and disgust, his wife turned out to be a most excitable medium, and from his wife was developed an unseen but active being whom he christened "Mary Jane." This entity plays the piano and guitar, draws, paints, plays cards and dominoes, makes clever remarks, and is altogether a highly amusing companion; and the author's theory about her is that she is an *intelligent vapor*, proceeding in some way from his wife. When his wife is asleep, or in a weak state of health, there is no "Mary Jane;" while, if the lady be in good health and high spirits, the intelligent vapor is proportionately active. We have never encountered any thing much richer than this

book, and its author appears perfectly serious.

Mr. Spicer has collected some capital stories, which, however, he does not sufficiently authenticate. But the truth is, that no amount of evidence will satisfy the skeptic: to believe in supernatural phenomena, a man must see them himself. Mr. Spicer has a good story of an old mansion in the West of England, through which there regularly passes at midnight the *sound* of a female phantom. You hear the patter of her high-heeled boots and the rustle of her stiff brocade; you see the doors open as she enters and leaves the corridor. Mr. Spicer seems to be acquainted with two gentlemen who encountered this specter, and were very glad when it was over. We recollect a somewhat similar case. A retired naval officer lived, a few years ago, at Teignmouth, in a house said to be haunted. We presume that he got it cheap, and that his nerves were good. But his wife did not like it at all. We have heard this lady describe noises which disturbed the house at night; it seemed as if all the heavy furniture of the lower rooms were being thrown violently about. On one occasion her husband was away for the night, and she and her single maid-servant kept resolutely close to each other. By-and-by it became necessary to go to bed; and they had reached the top of the first flight of stairs when they heard footsteps descending from above. Louder and louder they sounded, until it became apparent that some invisible being was close upon them. Mistress and maid involuntarily drew apart; the footsteps seemed to pass between them, and to grow fainter and fainter down the stairs which led to the lower story.

Spirits, according to the popular idea, are fonder of being heard than of being seen. One of the favorite amusements of the next world seems to be to make noises. If you sit round a table, spirits rap upon it; if you leave an accordion in the way, spirits begin to play easy tunes, and do it very badly. A distinguished clergyman of our acquaintance is responsible for the following story of a spirit that rapped very powerfully in days before spirit-rapping was fashionable. His father held a living in a great northern town; and when our friend was in his boyhood, he one day heard his mother lecturing his sisters on the laziness of

young ladies, and regretting that the spinning-wheel was out of fashion. He had rather a mechanical turn, and asked his mother to describe a spinning-wheel. She told him that there was an old one in a lumber-room at the top of the house. Thither he went at once, and with some difficulty found the spinning-wheel; but when he touched it, there came a tremendous blow upon the floor, which utterly unnerved him. Ashamed of his fright, he mentioned it to no one, and in the course of time forgot it; but some years afterwards, when he had become a high Wrangler, and a Fellow of John's, the incident flashed upon his memory. Up to the lumber-room he went at once; found the spinning-wheel; heard the same inexplicable noise the moment he touched it. All his investigation (and he is a keen investigator) failed to find any reason for the sound. Before he had finished his search for a cause the dinner-bell rang, and at dinner he told his family the story. It was decided that after dinner they should go up stairs together, and see this wonderful relic of the past. They went accordingly. *The spinning-wheel was gone!*

Now here is a perfectly absurd story of old-fashioned spirit-rapping, which reaches us at first hand, and on the authority of a man whose veracity could not be questioned, except on a preternatural point. Knowing how active is the human imagination, we can not admit ordinary evidence on subjects of this kind, and however high a man's character for veracity, he must expect his best friends to disbelieve him when he says that he has seen, or heard—a ghost. But, for the moment assuming this story to be true, what sort of a spirit could be concealed in that spinning-wheel?

Any way there is a certain amount of possible romance in a spinning-wheel; and it is easier to believe that the spirit of some rustic beauty was loth to leave the wheel, amid whose humming sweet words had been whispered to her, than to connect the spirit of Shakspeare or Goethe with our friend Smith's heavy mahogany dining-table.

Nothing is more remarkable than the purposeless proceedings, both of the old-fashioned ghost, and of the modern spirit who makes its communications through a medium. Sometimes, indeed, the ghost has condescended to be useful; but of

the "intelligent vapor" we hear nothing except mere playfulness and mischief. Certainly, Mary Jane, already mentioned, was able to foretell some trifling matters—warning her master, for example, that particular persons would call upon him in the course of the morning: and, supposing the callers to be bores or duns, the warning might be occasionally serviceable. Now, if one could have an attendant "vapor" as intelligent and potent as Ariel, there would be something highly satisfactory about it, but we do not covet the company of a "Mary Jane." And as to the spirits that misspell people's names, and play "Home, sweet Home," horribly out of tune, and float an elderly gentleman about near the ceiling, the wonder is whether they could possibly have been so silly in the flesh as they are when disembodied. A ghost, with a somewhat trivial mission, came under our notice a few years ago—the person from whom we heard the story being its hero. The narrator was a tutor, and spent one of his vacations with his brother, a tradesman at Weymouth. The latter was a Methodist, and the itinerant preachers of that sect occasionally slept at his house. He had lately removed; and the first minister who passed the night with him appeared at breakfast with a ghastly look, and decidedly declined to sleep in the house again, but refused to assign his reason. Of course the conclusion was that the room he had occupied was haunted. However, in this room the poor tutor was obliged to sleep, there being no other; and at midnight he was awoken by a brilliant light, in the center of which appeared a little old woman in a red cloak. Her motions gave the tutor the impression that she wanted some investigation made in the wall of the room, opposite his bed; and into this wall she seemed to fade. He had sufficient courage to face her a second night. The same circumstances occurred, but she appeared extremely angry. It was decided to break through the wall; on doing so, a large room was found, completely unfurnished, with no doorway, and with windows looking out upon a neighbor's garden. This room being thrown open, the specter was seen no more. Are we to suppose that this little old lady of the antique time had been immured in this chamber, and could not rest till the wall came down? But surely she would have jumped out of the

window in preference to being starved to death; and besides, there were no traces of a skeleton. Or was she the ghost of some departed house-wife, who thought it a shame that so good a room should be disused?

There are many cases which seem as if departed spirits could not help coming back to perform very trivial duties, to which in life they were accustomed. We heard an instance recently in the ancient city of Bristol, renowned for queer stories and old port wine. A barrister was indulging in the objectionable practice of reading in bed. He was in chambers, and quite alone. Suddenly the room door opened, and a female entered, walked round the bed, and put out her hand, as if to take his candle from the table on which it stood. He also extended his hand, and took up the candlestick—whereupon the figure disappeared. Was this the phantom of a deceased laundress, returning to do what she had done for some previous occupant of the chambers? Or was it, perhaps, some benevolent ghost, who (having been burnt to death herself, possibly) does her best to prevent accidents by fire? If so, such of our readers as indulge in the habit of reading in bed had better look out for a visit from her.

Bristol shall furnish us with another strange story. The children of a gentleman resident there aver that one day a little boy came to their nursery, and played with them all the morning. When he went away he said: "I must go home: *but it is so cold there, so cold.*" The nurse-maid, who was in the room a great portion of the time, saw no one. The peculiarity of this case is that it rests on the evidence of young children, who, if they had invented the story, would be likely to break down under parental cross-examination. But then young children are highly imaginative; they "make believe very much," like Dickens's Marchioness; and the question is whether imagination may not so act upon memory that, having agreed together to "make believe" that a little boy was playing with them, they might actually think that it was so. Memory has curious tricks of its own. Men of the Munchausen type often repeat a story until they really believe that its events happened to them. It is said that George IV. fully believed that he had been at the battle of Waterloo.

We have ourselves had dreams so distinct and coherent that after the lapse of a few hours we have been unable to determine the limits of the real and the ideal. To this day, for instance, we can not be sure whether a friend who borrowed a sovereign returned it, or whether we dreamt that he did: perhaps, if he sees this article, he will let us know.

And now for an apparition which had a definite and distinct purpose. A solicitor, resident in the Isle of Wight, had business at Southampton. He stayed at one of those hotels for which the town of mail steamers is famous, and after dinner he was looking over his law papers while he sipped his port. He was aroused from his foolscap and red tape by the opening of a door: his wife (whom he had left at home in the Isle of Wight) entered, gazed at him steadfastly, and passed out through the opposite door. He naturally thought that it was a hallucination, and resumed his reading, with a wondering smile at his own weakness. But, within a quarter of an hour, the very same thing occurred again; and there was on the countenance of the specter an imploring look which terrified him. He at once resolved to return home; with some difficulty got a boatman to take him across; and when he reached his house, was struck by the ghastly and alarmed look of the maid-servant who opened the door. This woman was so frightened by his unexpected return, that she spontaneously confessed her intention to murder her mistress; and her confession was confirmed by the fact that she had concealed a carving-knife under her pillow. This is a very perplexing case for those who think spectral phenomena can be philosophically explained. Here you have the phantom of a living person projected, entirely without that person's consciousness. Let it be assumed that a person in extreme peril can, by intense volition, act on the nervous system of the universe, so as to influence his dearest friend: but here the person whose likeness appeared was entirely devoid of apprehension, while the servant, who alone knew what was likely to happen, would naturally exert no volition towards revealing it.

A young gentleman came down one morning without any appetite for breakfast. Brandy-and-water and cigars might account for this in many cases; but he was an abstemious youth, not tempted by

such delectations. His mother wanted to know why he fought shy of the broiled ham and Yorkshire pie; and at length he confessed to an unpleasant dream. He dreamt that a dog kept in the house, a huge Newfoundland, had brought a cat into the room, and torn out its entrails on the hearth-rug; and so real were the details of this disgusting scene that he found himself unable to eat any breakfast. He had scarcely finished his statement when the dog burst into the room, a cat in his mouth, and actually did what he had dreamt.

Dr. Olinthus Gregory used to tell a curious story about a candle. Having, late at night, to ride across some moorland, he was reluctantly persuaded to take a lantern with him. After a while he blew out the candle, but, to his amazement, it relighted itself. This occurred several times; until the pious mathematician, indignant that a candle should disobey the laws of nature, inverted it in the socket. *It continued to burn*, and burnt more brightly than ever! And a few paces further on, his horse pulled up on the verge of a chasm, formed by the falling in of a disused mine.

Our object, thus far, has been to link together a few preternatural stories which have reached us, on the authority of persons professedly witnesses of the events. These are second-hand stories. Stories at first-hand we can not supply. We have seen no ghosts, and our experiences of spirit-rapping *séances* have hitherto been highly unsatisfactory. Yet some people must have been more fortunate; otherwise how are we to account for the belief in spiritualist phenomena which is so widely spread among intelligent and educated persons? As to stories at third-hand—of those there is no end. We shall give but one of them. A clergyman not long ago became the rector of an unpopulous parish in Berkshire. His church stands alone amid the open Downs; and there is nothing for miles except training stables and sheep farms. His only daughter, on the very first night of their settlement at the rectory, heard a sound as of some one scratching the panes of the window; and in the moonlight she saw a fearful face outside—livid and horrible—the body to which it belonged being apparently upheld by strong muscular effort. Suddenly the hands seemed to let go the window-sill, and she heard the creature fall to the

ground. The rector, a gentleman of considerable nerve—he had been in the army before entering the church, and has a Sepoy saber-cut across his forehead—determined to try this bed-room himself. To him, also, the apparition came. He talked it over next day with an old manservant who had been with his predecessor. From him he learned that the late rector, when some alterations were made in the churchyard, had used a grave-stone to repair the pavement of the dairy, which was below the bed-chamber at whose window the specter appeared. The person buried beneath this stone had been a notorious character in his day—the pest of the parish; and it was averred that his ghost had been seen about the rectory. Our rector ordered the tombstone to be replaced in the churchyard, and the ghost was seen no more.

There is, we suspect, a connection between spiritualism and mesmerism, if there be any thing in either. Our personal experience is that the spiritualists have never done any thing so clever as the mesmerists managed to do. We remember a fellow called Alexis—French, of course—who played *écarté* wonderfully, blind-fold, when in the mesmeric trance, and whose capacity for describing remote places, which he probably had never seen or heard of, was very remarkable. We also recollect a girl, about twelve years old, whose clairvoyance was marvelously clever, taken simply as an imposture. But clairvoyance is easily manageable by a trick, whereas this young lady performed one most inexplicable feat. When in the trance she was abnormally strong, and we have seen her lift a man, who must have weighed at least fifteen stone, from the floor of the lecture-room to the platform—probably from three to four feet. Presuming that the persons she so lifted were confederates, how was the trick managed? Any way, taken as a drawing-room amusement simply, we believe mesmerism to be far superior to spirit-rapping.

The poets should have something to tell us on this vexed question. Shakspeare's Ariel, as we have noticed, foreshadows the "intelligent vapor," and is considerably preferable to "Mary Jane." In *Hamlet* we have a ghost of the true kind—a ghost who has a fearful mission of vengeance, which must be fulfilled before he can rest. So strong is our belief in the unerring instinct of genius, that we

deem the question of spiritualism would be almost settled if we could discover what Shakspeare really thought about it. The ghost of Hamlet's father is a very earnest and serious ghost; and it would really seem as if the great poet believed that spirits might appear under special circumstances. Milton tells us that

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we
sleep."

Unseen—yet, perhaps, not without power to become visible, if there is need. Coleridge used to say that a ghost was a shadow, and a shadow without a substance being impossible, there could be no ghosts. Yet it is recorded that he once saw his own doppelgauger—and what are we to think of the weird, medieval mesmerism of *Christabel*? There is, perhaps, no poem in the English language in which the imagination acts with such continuous power and consistency. The influence of Geraldine's "shrunk serpent eyes" is brought before the reader so vividly that it seems like reality. How much or how little did the poet believe possible of what he so admirably describes?

Among cotemporary poets, Robert Browning has touched this subject—and with the touch of genius:

"At night, when doors are shut,
And the wood-worm picks,
And the death-watch ticks,
And the bar has a flag of smut,
And a cat's in the water-butt—

"And the socket floats and flares,
And the house-beams groan,
And a foot unknown
Is surmised on the garret-stairs,
And the locks slip unawares."

There is great power in the picture which he paints of a mesmeric *séance* at that witching time—when the "surmised" foot creaks above you, and the sudden movements of the locks cause you to start. Even the dying *miauling* of the luckless cat that has fallen into the water-butt adds horror to the scene. Any one of our readers who possesses strong powers of volition, should read Browning's poem, and then try if, by adopting the process which it describes, he can make his lady-love pay him an involuntary visit. If he succeeds, he is hereby requested to communicate the result to the editor.

From Fraser's Magazine.

STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.

You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.—*Winter's Tale*.

It was the writer's good fortune to overhear on one occasion a polemical discussion between two very youthful disputants that might have startled Colenso. The question was concerning the relative merits and even respectability of the sexes. "It was Eve," said the little boy with an honest assumption of male superiority, "that made Adam do wrong, and she was a woman." "But it was the devil that tempted Eve," retorted his sister—developing thus early that feminine subtlety of argument which sets all reasoning at defiance—"and *he was a man*."

Without going any deeper into the mysterious question of the first transgression, so conclusive and unanswerable a reply set us thinking on the respective peculiarities that distinguish the male and female intellect: on the quick perception that is no less a special attribute of the one, than reflective sagacity is of the other; on the relative balance, if not positive equipoise, of the two; and on the mutual attrition which is so beneficial in its results to each. The latter process, though sometimes attended with considerable irritation, and even pain, is necessary, to reduce the

harder surface to a requisite degree of smooth regularity and polish; while the contact thus engendered supplies the softer substance with the powers of resistance and endurance its other qualities are so adapted to bring into play. Yes, there can be no doubt, man is the nobler nature; woman the weaker vessel. That our theory is not universally borne out by individual experience need in no way affect its validity. If the rule be proved by its exceptions, there is no want of evidence to substantiate a fact so rarely acted on, while it is so generally recognized. Though, unlike the male of nearly every other species, man is the uglier animal of the two, and the worst dressed, yet it must be conceded that he does, in a general way, the fighting, the hard work, and most of the palaver.* He is ostensibly the acting partner in all matters of law, of business, or other subjects of importance; and out-of-doors, at least, is considered the head of the family; but his dominion, when analyzed, is found to be of a somewhat shadowy nature; and although, like a constitutional monarch, he is surrounded with the outward pomp and dignity of sovereignty, it needs but a trifling disturbance in his realm, such as a sick child, a smoky chimney, or a cook leaving at a day's notice, to convince him that his authority is by no means absolute, his sway far removed from the danger of becoming a despotism.

Perhaps it is from some misgivings of this nature that he betrays so vigilant a jealousy of all interference with matters which he is accustomed to consider as belonging to his own department. That the true ruler of the house should take charge of his money, pay his bills, order in his stores, and engage his servants, seems only in accordance with some primary law about which he does not trouble himself; but he keeps the key of his own cellar, and she must not venture to meddle with his razors; these are the emblems of his sovereignty, and as such must remain free from feminine aggression. By a process of reasoning essen-

tially masculine, he argues that so long as the steel and the corkscrew are in his own hands, his will remains undisputed and his authority unquestioned.

There is a vague suspicion, nevertheless, a dim consciousness, none the weaker for being unacknowledged, that a trial of strength is to be avoided at any sacrifice: that in the event of a difference of opinion, assuming the form of a government question, ministers are doomed to be defeated by an overwhelming majority; and that one such triumph would too surely invest the conqueror with the external glories as well as the real advantages of victory.

It must be from apprehensions of this nature that we discover in the nobler sex a general horror of any womanly trespass on their studies, their pursuits, or their prerogatives; that even if the outcry of reprobation be smothered by a sense of justice, we detect on every male countenance a pitying smile or a sarcastic sneer when a woman has ventured to sound the depths of science, to master the intricacies of mechanics, or even to explore the realms of nature. From Madame Ida Pfeiffer to the last lady ascensionist who has scaled the white shoulders of Mont Blanc or stormed the icy bosom of the Jung-Frau, no gentle traveler but has felt that the delight of awakening the malice, hatred, and uncharitableness of her own sex, individually and collectively, is sadly damped by the dismay which her exploits have stricken into the breasts of the other. However sincerely man may admire the qualities of courage, endurance, bodily address, or mental proficiency in woman, his approbation seems tempered with an uneasy feeling of inferiority, where inferiority reflects shame; of awe, where awe seems both humiliating and misplaced. It will never do, he argues, to permit the scepter to be thus wrested from his hand, to let them find out their own power and the weakness of their rulers. They have beauty of person, persistency of will, quickness of perception, and pliability of character, all on their side. If they could but unite their forces, earth's whole dynasty would be changed, and woman would become the mistress of the creation.

It is only the mature and reflective mind that detects the impossibility of this last supposition. By an immutable law of nature, it seems decreed that unity, the first element of strength, should exist under

* "Talk about women talking!" says a lady of our acquaintance, herself by no means deficient in eloquence. "Why, look at the debates in the House of Commons, the public dinners, the vestry meetings, and, above all, the gossip, gossip, gossip at those horrid clubs! You talk more in a week than we do in a year; though, to be sure, what we do say has got some sense in it!"

no circumstances in any sisterhood whatever. By so wise an arrangement, the anarchy and confusion consequent on a total reversal of the established order of things being placed beyond the verge of possibility, need excite the apprehensions of none, even the most timorous sticklers for the rights of man.

But it is only the few who can thus intrust their safety to a fact indisputable as the laws of gravity and attraction. The general public, racking their brains for an additional bulwark and bastion against the assaults and encroachments of the enemy, have hit upon a plan which has worsted many of their most prominent champions, and caused much confusion and discouragement in their ranks. Selecting some of the least attractive of the weaker sex—remarkable, be sure, for sternness of countenance and angularity of outline; the very heroines, indeed, most calculated to strike terror into friend and foe—they have tied them together, so to speak, in one forbidding bunch, and labeled it "Strong-minded Women." Strong-minded women! It makes one shudder to reflect on all such a title indicates and implies! That epithet which should have expressed admiration, if not endearment, has come to signify every thing that is most terrible to the superficial and hasty judgment of man. The fairer sex observing it applied to subjects obviously neither well-looking nor well-dressed, took immediate fright at the appellation; so that the fear of being dubbed a strong-minded woman, and thus conveying an image of unsightly complexion, awkward gestures, and ill-assorted colors, has checked many a charming student on the path of mental improvement, and turned her from the noble pursuits of literature to the lowlier and perhaps no less useful occupations furnished by domestic industry and the economy of a household.

Far be it from us, however, to entertain this morbid dread of a cultivated mind in a body which nature and art combine to render a fitting casket for the gem within. Polish the jewel as brightly as you will, and polish the casket too. "A noble woman nobly planned" is the most lovable of the Creator's works on earth; perhaps the one of all others which has the most influence for good or for evil—an influence, it is only fair to say, that she far more generally exerts in the former than

in the latter cause. Indeed, a woman's power, even over the worst of men, is intimately and mysteriously connected with the intrinsic virtue of her character; and where the bad have lost hundreds, the good have saved thousands.

It is not because a woman is beautiful that she need be stupid, nor because she is good that she need be ignorant. On the contrary, all those qualities which men most reverence in their own sex should be reflected in her breast; but they should be only *reflected*, the rays must be paler, purer, gentler, more subdued—

"As moonlight is to sunlight, and as water is to wine."

The general idea conveyed by the expression "a strong-minded woman" is so opposed to the picture most men have painted for themselves of that impossible piece of perfection called by the ladies, emphatically, "a bachelor's wife," that it is no wonder the word should raise an outcry wherever it is heard; more especially as it is seldom uttered except in accents of reproach. So universal is the feeling, that, in the everyday conversation of society, a Crimean or Indian officer may be heard declaring, less in jest than in earnest, how he would willingly face the batteries of the Redan or the mutineers at Delhi over again, rather than undergo the drawing-room ordeal in which a strong-minded woman "puts him through his facings," and, to carry out the metaphor, eventually "sends him to the right-about" in utter confusion and defeat within the brief space of what a Frenchman calls "a villainous quarter-of-an-hour." Nay, the very mention of the word caused a literary celebrity to remind us, but the other day, of a German fable which is too suggestive to most people of the strong-minded woman's employments and characteristics.

The Furies, it seems, were growing old: Megæra's tongue had lost its venom, Alecto's whip was no longer plied with untiring arm, and Tisiphone's serpents were getting gray and coming out by handfuls. Pluto sent Mercury to Earth with a commission to get him some new ones. It happened that at the same time one of the many immortal scandals which periodically shocked gods and men was in the full swing and vigor of its publicity. Venus had, as usual, carried on a flirtation with the last of her admirers to the

extreme verge of decorum, ("never out of her pocket, my dear, good-looking, but bad style,") and Juno dispatched Iris to the haunts of mankind in quest of three staid, discreet, and well-instructed ladies, whose mature age, genteel deportment, unblemished character, and intellectual attainments might improve the general tone of society in Olympus.

Iris came back alone and empty-handed. She had found three who would have suited the situation in every particular, only Mercury had already engaged them for Pluto.

But why are women thus kept down and intimidated by a word of three syllables? Let us be just even if we can not afford to be generous. We have raised a bugbear with which to frighten male and female children of a larger growth. How do we embody in our own imaginations the idea of a strong-minded woman? Why must she be invariably so ugly, and in such a hateful gown? The vision that rises before us is indeed calculated to crush and subdue every sentiment save that of a deep and distant awe, tempered with dislike. She is not young, rather the contrary; and unmarried, of course. Ah! perhaps she was weak-minded enough once, and that may be the very reason of her present celibacy; perhaps within that unseductive bosom there is a heart that beat so hard long ago, it will never beat with a healthy pulsation again; perhaps—but no matter, there she is, cold, cautious, and confirmed, a spinster to the very ends of her fingers. If she is tall and thin, the odds are she wears black lace mittens down to her knuckles, and fingers, as unlike the rosy tips of Aurora as possible, beyond. If smaller in stature, and larger in bulk, she affects bright colors, braids her hair low upon her temples, collects her person beneath her chin, and surmounts it with a large and dazzling brooch. In either case her dress assumes folds that imply sedentary habits and a carelessness of appearances; while her boots, gloves, collars, handkerchiefs—all those trivial niceties of detail which her sex usually arrange so skillfully, and which are indeed the small-arms of their warfare—denote an utter absence of that quality called taste, which consists essentially in a nice perception of the fitness of things. You sit next her at dinner, and miss the gentle, half-shy courtesies entailed by the present voluminous style of dress; little preludes to acquaintance, which ripen into conver-

sation as the fish disappears and the champagne comes round; you venture on a remark, perhaps a sufficiently trite one, establishing the dullness of the season or some equally incontestable proposition, and she delivers such a home-thrust down your throat in reply as shuts you up like a book of sermons, till you have had recourse to stimulants for your recovery. If a young man, *puellis nuper idoneus*, you retire gladly from the contest, and subside into the contemplation of the timid damsel or the "frisky matron" opposite. Failing these, you can always devote yourself to the *real* business of the entertainment. But if middle-aged, unobtrusive, and a little nervous, like ourselves, you experience a horrid fascination that compels you patiently to submit, and even offer yourself a willing victim to the torture. When the ladies leave the dining-room, you feel conscious of having been subjected to The Question in its most appalling form. You are also aware that the unconnected and incoherent nature of your replies must have caused your neighbor to form the lowest opinion of your intellect and attainments, while convincing her at the same time of your total want of sincerity and general insensibility to the beauty of truth. You make a memorandum to avoid strong-minded women for the rest of your life; and, returning to the drawing-room, are glad to observe that your tormentor has fastened on a mild clergyman and a rosy master of hounds, neither of whom, though they listen patiently and respectfully, seems to understand one word of what she is saying.

You have judged as usual, hastily. Perhaps, as Dr. Johnson observed, "the woman has a bottom of good sense," after all. You have, at any rate, condemned the whole bunch for the sake of one specimen; and you go about among your female acquaintances (never inclined to judge their own sex too leniently) dispensing such strictures upon strong-minded women; as lead them to believe that utter vacuity is their most fascinating quality to the lords of the creation—that for them ignorance is indeed bliss, and "'tis folly to be wise!"

Now it by no means necessarily follows that cultivation of the female intellect should entail carelessness of the female person, hideousness in the female dress, or a rude abruptness in the female speech and manner. The great masters of fiction,

indeed, have rarely presented us with an embodiment of those personal and mental charms combined, which constitute the *beau idéal* of feminine excellence; but the great masters of fiction, like the great masters of painting, represent nature less as it is than as *we think it is*. Among all Sir Walter's heroines, *Die Vernon* and *Jeanie Deans* are the only two that assume any "character at all;" for *Flora M'Ivor* (be it said with the humblest reverence) is somewhat of a lay-figure on which to drape the tartans, and is not half so taking as simple, silly *Rose Bradwardine*. Well, *Die Vernon*, notwithstanding her independence, her forward hoydenish manners, and indubitably bad bringing-up, is a noble-hearted creature, what the young men in these days call a *trump of a girl*, and we fall in love with her almost as hastily and unadvisedly as did *Frank Osbaldistone* himself; while *Jeanie Deans*, traveling on foot to London, plain, homely, trusting, and sincere, is felt at once to be of the stuff from which those are made who are indeed but "a little lower than the angels."

Even Shakspeare has been chary of female heroines possessing more than the average of resolution or common-sense. Women they are, no doubt, every one of them; real flesh-and-blood women, whom we can hear and see, but not women by any means too precious for "daily food." *Katherine the Shrew* has indeed a certain recognized position, from which it takes a bold man to dislodge her; but notwithstanding her sharp tongue and mother-wit, the Master has evidently drawn her ignorant as well as obstinate; and we are more struck with the temerity of *Petruchio* in undertaking his task, than astonished at his success in achieving it. When *Hermione* is laboring under the foul suspicion that pervades her husband's royal and foolish brains, how provoked we are, in all our love and pity for the gentle victim, that she can not borrow some of the downright, uncompromising qualities of "that audacious lady," the mature, outspoken *Paulina*! A little more strength of mind in *Ophelia* would have saved her own wits—perhaps *Hamlet's* too; while if *Desdemona* could but have scolded like *Queen Margaret* or *Eleanor Duchess of Gloucester*, she who "paragoned description" might have remained at *Cyprus*, as at *Venice*, mistress of her own actions and her husband's, *Cassio's* idol, *Iago's*

scourge, household tyrant over the whole *dramatis personæ*, and "the great captain's captain," to the end of the chapter. Later authors have equally shrunk from the invidious task of investing an amiable woman with the commonest mental qualifications that should enable her to add up three figures correctly, as they have thought it natural and life-like to portray a clever one, if not with the exterior of a *Sycorax*, at least with the disposition of a fiend. Was any woman on earth ever so delightfully wicked as *Becky Sharpe*? who, to be sure, in consideration of a certain amount of personal advantages, possesses the most utterly depraved nature that has hitherto been made instructive and interesting by art. We doubt whether either she or *Amelia* are the least like the samples we meet every day. The one has too much guile and the other too little for the real living human subject. And though it is quite according to established rule that a girl should be as simple and trustful as *Miss Osborne*, our observation leads us to believe that the gentler nature is more suspicious and far less easily deceived than that of the rougher sex.

In the sensation novels the women, as is to be expected, are no more like reality than the *Columbine* in a pantomime is like the staid person who makes your tea and mends your children's things. Armed in scales all over, they have not even the mermaid's soft white bosom and fair disheveled hair. In each of them is wanting one essential characteristic of woman, more than any other distinguishing her moral force from that of man, namely, the sudden and complete break down with which every protracted effort of her energies and long-continued tension of her nerves invariably concludes. For days and weeks she is capable of the severest exertion both of body and mind; for months and years, no. Though she can *endure* for ever, she can only *strive* for an allotted period, which may almost be calculated by *hours*. Her delicate organization fails under a steady, unvarying pressure; though the will may be as persistent as ever, the resisting power gives way, and an unconditional surrender is the result.

How different from the females of fiction are those of real life! We need not go far back into history to seek examples of masculine force of intellect refined, not weakened, by feminine delicacy of senti-

ment and genial softness of feeling—of the man's brain joined to the woman's heart. Restricting ourselves to the world of letters alone, essentially the province of those strong-minded women we are so much afraid of, what a number of gentle, lovable natures we can recall, whose manners never betrayed the slightest consciousness of their celebrity, who could laugh as foolishly as their giddiest sisters at the emptiest of jokes, whose bright eyes were undimmed with study, and their taper fingers unstained with ink. We shall never forget the terror of a young friend of ours—physically brave though he be, as befits a lieutenant of dragoons, whose breast bears more than one decoration—at the prospect of passing an evening in company with three or four literary ladies, whom he had never met, and for whom he entertained a thoroughly male aversion, qualified by fear; nor the radiant face with which he informed us next day that he “never had a jollier dinner, and they all made such a row, and had so much chaff and fun, you wouldn't have supposed *there was a clever one among the whole lot of them!*”

Alliance must of course be made for the peculiar manner in which the youth of to-day express themselves. It is concise and forcible, if not always quite intelligible; and we think we understand the compliment to his fair associates our young friend intended to convey.

Few persons will be found to dispute that Madame de Staël was a woman possessed of extraordinary vigor of intellect, and an energetic independence of character as admirable as it is rare in the weaker sex—that she even bordered somewhat on the strong-minded woman, using the term in its invidious sense; but we have only to study those writings in which she herself almost avowedly reproduced her own character, to trace in every page an exquisite delicacy of sentiment, not only essentially feminine in itself, but the quality that is of all others the most prized by man.

In childhood, though, her whole education and bringing-up was of a nature to force her character into precocious maturity, so that her biographer says: “*Il semble que Madame de Staël ait toujours été jeune et n'ait jamais été enfant,*” and was, therefore, in our humble opinion, exceedingly ill-judged. We see the grave, demure, dark-eyed little girl making paste-

board kings and queens, and playing tragedies with them in her corner; thus indulging at once two of the strongest predilections of her sex—a love of plot and a pleasure in construction.

With a good deal that is somewhat repugnant to the taste of an English reader, and with no inconsiderable amount of pedantry, the character of Corinne, generous, impulsive, enthusiastic, and unselfish, is essentially feminine. The touch of nature, when she thanks Oswald for her garland in his own language, and doubtless with that indescribable inflection of voice which a woman alone can manage, and which may mean so much, while it commits her to nothing, could only be applied by the hand of a female artist. It is through her womanly qualities that Madame de Staël has so well painted the Anglo-Italian prodigy; and perhaps it is through the same qualities that she has failed in imparting life-like hues to that uninteresting specimen of English aristocracy, Oswald Lord Nelvil. We argue, then, that even Madame de Staël, judging of her, as in common fairness we must, by her own writings, and accepting at the same time the testimony of her sister-in-law, Madame Necker de Saussure, in her biography of the famous authoress, must have been a prepossessing and fascinating woman, notwithstanding her literary fame, her mental superiority, her stanch anti-Buonaparteism, and the famous *Pied de Staël*, which furnished the well known coarse and offensive *jeu de mot* on this lady's sole personal defect, attributed to Napoleon I., and not entirely out of character with the great emperor's general tone and habits in society.

That the conqueror of Europe—even at the zenith of his power, when he was giving “crowns like pins,” and when not only the marshal's baton but the monarch's scepter lay possibly hidden in every conscript's knapsack—was really afraid of this determined lady, and actually condescended at one time to deprecate her enmity, is in these days a sufficiently well-established fact. If, to lead for a period of months the literary taste of Europe, and to withstand for years the *prestige* and influence of the self-willed “little Corporal,” be not sufficient to establish the character of a strong-minded woman, we must go back to Boadicea, or the Spartan mother, or the earlier heroines of antiquity and mythology, should we hope to

arrive at a more powerful example of this much-maligned and yet too familiar type.

We have selected Madame de Staël as an illustration of our argument because a sufficient period has elapsed to make her character public property, and render her amenable, in virtue of her fame, to the judgment even of the most ignorant and virulent of critics. The *dead* lion has always been esteemed fair game both

"For the fierce wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof."

It would be invidious to speak with the same freedom of any *living* authoress; for whilst a woman's writings, like a man's, from the instant they are printed become public property, and as such may be praised, censured, ridiculed, or applauded, without reserve, the private character of each should remain sacred from inquisition. It is an unpardonable breach of fair play, as of good manners, to identify the author with the individual; and criticism would do well to reflect that in the act of publishing, however ill-advised, the former does not necessarily resign all the privileges of civilization, and become at once an outcast from the pale of society.

Had we no scruples of this nature, how easy would it be to mention scores of ladies distinguished no less for their womanly bearing than for their intellectual qualities, ladies as charming in the drawing-room as in the study! Masculine only in intellect and a certain generous carelessness of rivalry, but in every other quality of affection, sympathy, grace, kindness, modesty, and unselfishness, "*femmes jusqu'au bout des ongles.*"

Had we not restricted ourselves to literary celebrity alone, how could we pass over the acknowledged heroine of the present century? Not a leaf can be added to the garland of her who was blessed alike by the living and the dying at Scutari. The humble tribute of a nameless pen can add no luster to the halo that surrounds the name of Florence Nightingale; but we are English, we hope, to the backbone, and we can not choose but cheer with the cheering crowd when bravery, devotion, patriotism, and thorough abnegation of self come before our eyes. Here was a strong-minded woman if you will! Nothing but a woman's inexhaustible patience and compassion could have carried her through her self-appointed task, joined as it was to

a manly energy and judgment, sustained by the hopeful trust and the humble yet invincible courage of the Christian. When the time comes for her, as for the rest of us, to give an account of her stewardship, surely it is not presumptuous to believe that she will merit the approbation and the reward of the faithful servant.

It seems, then, that strength of mind, far from being a drawback to her other attractions, is a most desirable quality in a woman; that those whom we term somewhat unfairly strong-minded women are rather exceptions than examples; that their unpopularity is not produced by intellectual superiority either natural or acquired; and that, if their characters were carefully analyzed, they would be found to have usurped a title to which they had no lawful right, and, like other bullies, to conceal conscious weakness under a threatening and forbidding exterior. The real strong-minded woman is patient, though right-thinking; forgiving, though clear-sighted; judicious in advice, entreaty, and even reproof—such, in short, as is described by the "mocking devil" Iago. And even if it be her lot, as he declares, for the crowning of her antithesis,

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer,"

the former will have no lack of nutriment, and every cask of the latter will be inscribed with a care and precision that even in so trifling a matter shall set forth the order and accuracy of the governing mind.

It is doubtless the greatest of all disadvantages to a girl to be deprived of a mother's care and *surveillance*, especially when on the threshold of womanhood; yet at the same time it is generally remarked how pleasant are those young women who have been brought up chiefly in their fathers' society, or who have been only sisters in a large family of brothers. This is not so strange as at first sight it may appear. We can ourselves remember how the "new boy" at school, who had been taught and petted by his mamma, made his way through the little world with considerable success after the early trials of his strange position had been overcome. He certainly had a good many fights just at first; but we are old-fashioned enough to hold that a good stand-up "mill" does a schoolboy no harm, and teaches him, in a very brief space of time,

the two important lessons of self-reliance and endurance. Well, mamma's pet doubtless had his jacket off pretty often during the first fortnight; but if his self-will had not been sufficiently checked neither had his spirit been broken at home, and he usually acquitted himself in these encounters with a degree of courage that made amends for great deficiencies in bodily strength and skill. After a while he usually took a certain lead among the urchins of his own standing; and seemed to acquire greater influence in his little circle than those whose early training had been of a sterner and more repressive kind.

Perhaps the companionship of women increases rather than destroys the manly qualities of the other sex; and this may be the reason why Homer makes Achilles enter a young ladies' academy as a pupil, to the great detriment of the establishment when his disguise was found out. Perhaps either sex receives from the society of the other an impulse towards the perfection of those qualities which are essentially its own. The boy learns insensibly, while with his mother, to be courageous, generous, and unselfish, a protector of the weak, and, if necessary, an assailant of the strong; and the girl, matured in character by her father's sober sentiments, and perfected in temper by her brothers' rough, good-humored jokes, loses by degrees all the conceit and flippancy of young-ladyism, while she acquires habits of correct judgment, unprejudiced observation, and frank sincerity from the male influences that surround her.

Neither is such the society nor such the training ever to force her into that unnatural exotic, *the fast young lady*. This abnormal character, the fair sex will excuse us for saying, we take to be a compound of all the least admirable feminine qualities, exaggerated into absurdity by the feminine tendency to extremes. It is her power of imitation that leads her to wear men's shirts, hats, collars, breast-pins, boots, etc., and a morbid craving for remark—the diseased growth of that love of approbation which is so beautiful a quality in her sex—that causes her to drive, smoke, and talk public-school slang, doing all these things in the most offensive and unladylike manner while. It is quite possible to drive even the highest-stepping of ponies on the sunniest of

afternoons, and yet retain the exquisite charm of sentiment and demeanor that distinguishes the English lady; and in any other country than ours it does not follow that because a woman smokes she should therefore be either improper, vulgar, or *bad style*. One of the most accomplished and best-mannered ladies the writer ever had the honor of meeting in society was a Russian, who handled a billiard-cue with greater dexterity than most professional players, and whose delicate lips were seldom unpolluted by the consoling weed—none of your cigarettes, but an honest four inches of good full-flavored tobacco! Neither does a word or two even of slang, spoken jestingly, as it were, and under protest, fall ungracefully from a rosy little mouth: for we must remember that the queerest phrases of yesterday have become the colloquialisms of to-day, and will take their places in the dictionaries of to-morrow. But there is a *modus in rebus*, there are certain rules to be observed at the game we all sit down to play. In the eyes of the world, not the nature of the action, but the way in which it is done, puts it within or without the pale of good taste; and though we protest against the maxim holding good, as is too often does, in *morals*, we can not but accept it for a guide in *manners*.

It is the cant of the reviewer, and serves very well to fill up the required amount of type, to blame the literature of the day for an increasing tendency to *fast* colors, dress, deportment, sayings, and doings amongst that charming class who will probably become wives and mothers during the ensuing luster; but one of the many disadvantages attending the lapse of years is the discovery, in joyous youth undreamed of, that the reviewer may sometimes be wrong. Nay, perusing him repeatedly, and wincing, it may be, under flagellation felt to be deserved, we discover that he has certain stock arguments, stock sentiments, and stock phrases which he brings down very often from the same shelf. He is a little inclined to take advantage of the fact that there is nobody to contradict him. He is prone to propound his private opinions as though they were axioms long established and universally admitted. Occasionally he may be observed to confound cause and effect. In the present instance is it not the tendency of every-day manners that has cre-

ated a variety of novels good, bad, and indifferent, treating of heroines masculine in habits, *loud* in dress, and unscrupulous in behavior, rather than a desire on the part of young Englishwomen to imitate the eccentricities and act up to the standard suggested by these over-colored portraits? A *fast young lady* is usually, in truth, simply a silly and empty-headed damsel, whose affectations, had she lived fifty years ago, would have taken the then fashionable form of blue devils, vapors, and the spleen. She would have shrieked at a mouse in 1813 just as she unchains a bulldog in 1863, and would have languished in a crop and a high waist, instead of swaggering in a pork-pie hat and Balmorals. The one sample irritates and the other dismays. There is not much to choose between the two. In our humble opinion the balance, if any thing, is in favor of the more *natural affectation*, if such a contradiction in terms is permissible, which distinguishes the latter half of the century from the 'good old times when dandyism, male and female, was *really* an institution, when the *world* consisted of some five hundred people, when George IV. was regent, and when George Brummell was king!

Few persons but ourselves will probably be found to regret a peculiarity of the manners of those days, which has since grown gradually rarer and rarer, till it has passed, we fear, entirely away. We allude to that superlative height of good-breeding which, but slightly modified by sex, distinguished the fine gentleman and fine lady of our youth. It consisted in an utter contempt, unmitigated as it was unconcealed, for every thing and every person not actually, or at least relatively, belonging to the five hundred elect aforesaid; and after the first natural feelings of irritation had subsided, was to the student of human nature a subject of inexhaustible amusement and delight.

You were introduced to the fine gentleman in the country, perhaps at your own paternal home, and not improbably you lent him your "governor's" favorite dogs, and showed him the corner of the coppice where the pheasants always *would* congregate at the last; nay, it was religiously "beat out" by your directions, on purpose to amuse your smart friend; for dandies could shoot well even in those days, though they wore starched neckcloths and high collars, while knickerbockers,

like breech-loaders, were unknown. Meeting him in London in the spring, you crossed the street, in defiance of the water-carts, and seized him, like a good fellow as you thought yourself, by the hand. "*La vraie politesse vient du cœur.*" This was the happy moment he selected to establish his claim to the character of a *fine gentleman*. He greeted you with the coldest possible nod, intrusted you with two fingers of a gloved hand, and when you met him next day stared you in the face as if he had never seen you in his life before! It was amusing, we say, at least we think it amusing today; but the clear-sighted reader will gather, from our insistence on the term, that we thought it any thing but amusing *then*. Our hot youth glowed all over under the treatment, and it was hard to decide whether anger or shame predominated. How humiliating to be annoyed!—and yet we sometimes wish such trifles had power to affect us now.

But if the gentleman could be thus offensive—and we may here remark that a *man* can seldom entirely divest himself of a certain frankness and *bonhomie*, which peep out after dinner, and at other unguarded intervals—how capable must the lady have been of crushing and utterly grinding to powder the unhappy neophyte, gaining perhaps his first experience of a woman's *aplomb* and a woman's carelessness of consequences!

The most convenient stage for her practice was naturally the dinner-table, inasmuch as there was no escape from her side, and the juxtaposition was likely to lead unguarded youth into the trap, under the mistaken notion that it was his duty to furnish a share of the conversation. Alas! for his vanity, his *amour propre*, his self-respect. How cold was the shoulder—smooth like ivory, or mottled like tortoise-shell—that turned to greet his humble advance—how dead and pointless fell his innocent arrows from the awful object. Extreme impudence might perhaps have found an opening; but extreme impudence is rare in early youth. And when the lady has been *stupid* as well as *fine*, (no impossible combination,) even an Irishman has been known to fail. Experience taught us, ere long, that the best plan was to let her alone, and eat our dinner with what appetite we could. Sometimes this affectation, for such it assuredly was, of a noble carelessness startled her

into the belief that we might be somebody after all; then she thawed a little, and condescended to speak—very low, of course, and not much to the purpose; but we always felt that these concessions were wrested under false pretences, and that when we returned to the drawing-room we must shrink into our indigenous nothingness once more.

These things never happen now, when we could laugh frankly and honestly at their absurdity. We hear much, as we have always done, about the degeneracy of the age as regards manners, and what old-fashioned people term "good-breeding;" but we confess that within our own recollection there has been a great change for the better in the general tone of society, both in London and elsewhere. Far more frankness and cordiality now pervade the bearing of the higher classes; while a desire to place the stranger, and especially the inferior, at his ease, denotes that the principle which establishes good-nature as the first essential of good-breeding is generally recognized and understood. The prevailing taste of the age, too, seems to be for a blunt, point-blank mode of expression, and as great an absence of mannerism as is compatible with the common courtesies of society. *Ars est celare artem*—and to be natural is, so to speak, the triumph of affectation in the present day.

We have strayed, we fear, far and wide from our original starting-point—the merits and demerits of the strong-minded woman. To her credit, we think, may be fairly placed her services in having done much to eradicate the fine lady. The latter personage has been talked down and written down till she will hardly get her head above water again. We shall never see another Marchioness of Updown either in or out of a novel. In a few years the species will be extinct, and as little understood as the *mastodon*. We trust, however, that the sex may not rush too blindly into the other extreme, of which there seems at present some little danger; and, abandoning the restraints of prudence and decorum, prefer, like Juvenal, the character of Venusina to that of the mother of the Gracchi.* But real strength of mind is not the rock on which they are likely to make shipwreck; and

the woman who systematically cultivates her intellectual powers, and thus multiplies her resources, without forgetting the amenities of her sex, is of all others the most attractive to mankind, while she is the least dazzled by his admiration, and the least dependent on his society for her amusement and occupation.

Beneath the very highest class of the aristocracy—and these, like royalty, are in all European nations curiously alike—we maintain that the women of England are generally superior in mental acquirements to those of any other country. They are better fed, better taught, altogether bigger, brighter, and bolder, in a decorous sense, than the foreigner. A French or German lady can seldom walk a couple of miles without fatigue; an English lass, nay, an English matron does her half dozen before luncheon, and is all the better for it. She is stronger both in body and mind. She keeps all her faculties in training by constant exercise; and when the critical moment arrives at which presence of mind, fortitude, pluck, and endurance are required for a lofty purpose, how nobly does she answer the call! We saw but the other day a truly suggestive picture, by that well-known Scottish artist, Mr. Paton, representing a group of our countrywomen and their children awaiting a fearful doom in the shambles at Cawnpore. The original sketch represents their place of captivity as about to be broken into by the mutineers; but the association of ideas is too horrible, and the painter has compassionately altered the dark fiendish figures, with their fierce, wild eyes, to a kilted regiment hastening down the stairs to their relief. The inmates, however, from their position, can not distinguish the form of rescuer or assailant, and their faces tell us at a glance that they expect the worst. It is a wonderful picture. The seal of suffering, physical and mental, protracted to the utmost verge of human endurance, is set on every countenance, however varying in feature and natural expression. Each tells its retrospective tale of agony, while it embodies that passive, yet inflexible courage, which is rather the offspring of religion than despair. There is no yielding in the mute, helpless defiance of the stony eye—not a quiver in the wasted features or the parched, discolored lips. Dried and yellowing though it be, there is yet a shadow of its fair beauty left on the contracted cheek,

* *Malo Venusinam, quam te Cornelia Mater Gracchorum!*

and the golden locks of the central figure are collected and knotted together with the womanly decency that survives even the approach of death. It is a picture that makes a man hold his breath, and unconsciously clench his hands, feeling as he used when he read the papers during that awful summer, and was conscious how much of the tiger was still left in the human heart, while he pictured a Sepoy within reach of his quivering right hand.

These English women, prepared for death, and worse than death, had need of all the training of their English education and the vigor of their English natures to preserve their sanity under such appalling circumstances. There are cases of female heroism on record, arising from that awful crisis, unrivaled by the exploits of the stronger sex at any period of the world's history. What must have become of the few who survived those trials, had they not possessed that indomitable strength of mind which proceeds from habits of self-restraint and self-reliance, grafted on the principles of strong religious faith? They must have sunk from sheer mental incapacity under the ordeal, and the plumed bonnets, and the bonny tartans, and the kindly Scottish faces beneath the glancing bayonets, would have come too late!

In writing, as in conversation, one subject leads to another, till we stray unwittingly, like a goose on a common, far beyond the bounds in which our cackling was originally meant to be circumscribed. Thought succeeds thought, "velut unda supervenit undam," and the circle, like that which ripples on the water where a stone is dropped in, weakens as it widens. We originally intended to write of strong-minded women, and lo! we have wandered into such irrelevant subjects as the training of young gentlemen and the horrors of the Indian Mutiny. It is time to complete the circle, by returning to the point from which we started.

We have all of us read in fiction, though we imagine the idea is seldom entertained in real life, of the gentleman who bespeaks a young lady of tender age for his wife, and educates her to fill that enviable position, just as a sportsman sometimes buys a three-year-old, and makes it into a hunter for his own riding. That neither venture always fulfills expectation has nothing to do with the matter. It is obvious that the misunderstandings, disappointments, and general inconveniences likely to at-

tend such an arrangement afford the novelist ample materials for variety of incident and complication of plot. Well, none of us need be debarred from the pleasures of illusion. Who shall presume to regulate the diet of the Barmecide or send him in the bill? Let us give the reins to fancy, and imagine her to whose yoke we would most willingly submit our necks in matrimonial thralldom—no "faultless monster," we are not so unreasonable, neither have we such bad taste—but a "gentle tyrant," capricious indeed, yet generous and kind-hearted withal, varying in mood, now clouded, now serene, though given less to tears than laughter, and bright with gleams of hopeful sunshine like the spring.

She should be no dunce, no ignoramus, this enviable woman; she should not have stopped in her education when the governess's back was turned, nor hold that to play Mr. Chappell's music creditably is the one aim and end of all instruction; she should know enough to take her part in topics of general conversation, to read the *Times* with interest, and talk about the leading article without a yawn; she should be fond enough of learning to find that her leisure seldom hangs heavy on her hands; and if (though it is almost too much to expect) she has sufficient patience with the process of induction to be able to reason on any subject for two minutes together without jumping to a conclusion either way, we may well congratulate ourselves on having drawn the great prize in the lottery of life.

We should love her none the less that she was not *very* popular with her own sex; it would not irritate us that ill-natured people called her a strong-minded woman; but it would please us to think that her strength of mind only bound her the firmer where she had placed her affections, and that her intellect, however powerful, was subservient to her heart. The Nutbrown Maid had incontestably a will and opinion of her own; but he had been a happy one, even had he really gone to the greenwood "a banished man," to whom she said:

"For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more.
From which to part, it maketh my hart
As cold as any stone;
For in my mynde of all mankynde
I love but you alone

G. W. M.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE SHAWLS OF CASHMERE.

To what, chiefly, is the beauty of the Cashmere shawl to be attributed? To the delicate herbage of Tibet?—to the waters of the Hydaspes?—or to the skill of the weavers of the Happy Valley, as the Land of Roses has often been most inappropriately designated? Formerly, a gentleman of the name of Bogle, who wrote a paper for the *Philosophical Transactions*, assured the world that the exquisite material of which the Cashmere shawls are made was the wool of a broad-tailed sheep, living somewhere about the sources of the Brahmaputra. By degrees, however, it was discovered that the animal was not a sheep, but a goat of diminutive size, with straight horns, and long shaggy hair, but light and beautiful in form, which browses amid the vast solitudes north of the Himalaya, where he is occasionally found in company with large herds of cattle, deer, musk-deer, hares, and innumerable foxes. Nature has by no means proved herself a stepmother to the shawl-goat. If she has located him in a cold region, where men, however carefully clad, find it difficult during winter to face the piercing blasts, she has bestowed on him, in addition to a heavy fell of hair, an abundant coat of soft down, impenetrable to the keenest air, so that, without the slightest inconvenience, he can frisk and sport in January around the banks of frozen lakes, on whose surface the most vigorous skaters can hardly keep up the vital heat. No portion of our planet's surface is more wild or picturesque in aspect than the original country of the shawl-goat, which forms the southern extremity of the immense table-land that abuts upon the Himalaya. Here, as you approach the edge of the platform, you look down, through rents or clefts in the mountains, upon brown heathy declivities, which conduct the eye to a girdle of snowy peaks, divided by unfathomable ravines, lying in ridges behind each other, till the summits of the more distant pierce beyond the clouds. Wherever the snow melts, the goats find pasture.

The chamois, found in the Upper Alps of Savoy, Bern, and Bavaria, is considered by gourmands the most delicate eating in the world, because the grass on which it feeds springs from a thin soil, on which the moisture never settles long enough to impart rankness to it. In proportion to its far greater elevation, the soil of Tibet is still more productive of a sweet and delicate pasturage. In winter, it is difficult to perceive the twisted and withered blades from which the goats derive sustenance. You discover them perched high among the rocks, black, gray, fawn-colored, white, or of a light-bluish tinge, nibbling at something which you assume to be grass, and leaping from ledge to ledge, where no other animal could find a footing. Thence they descend carefully, as the storms come on, which in those terrible solitudes are sometimes violent beyond description, appearing, as they rave through the chasms and fissures of the mountains, almost to lift and whirl along the very surface of the earth. No chemical analysis has yet been able to detect and classify the ingredients which go to the formation of a delicate soil which runs over the earth's surface in strips and bands, here and there dovetailing into other soils, but elsewhere terminating sharply, like the edge of a fine ribbon. This is the case with some of the best vineyards in Burgundy, as you detect by the size and flavor of the grapes—small, rich, and delicious on one side of a thin wall of loose stones; large, coarse, and watery on the other. In some parts of the African Desert, if you rise before the sun, and glance along the mammillated mounds of golden sand, you may frequently discern a slight coating of emerald blades as fine and sharp as needles, which are so frail and evanescent that they melt and disappear on the approach of the sun. In some parts of Tibet, the herbage is little less diminutive and fragile, since in summer, if you take up a handful, it crumbles into dust between your fingers. Yet these lean pastures are preferred by all graminivorous animals

to the luxuriant meadows of the south. Hence it is that the shawl-goat loses its fine down when attempted to be acclimated in any other land. It has been introduced into Bengal, into Cashmere, into the Punjab, into Persia, and into several parts of Europe, and undergone different modifications at each remove. In the rank plains of Bengal, it has lost not only its fine down, but nearly all its hair, and been afflicted by a skin-disease, exhibiting itself in offensive eruptions. In fact, the shawl-goat of Tibet, wherever it may be transplanted, soon degenerates into the common goat of the country, just as the mouflon, supposed to be the original stem of all sheep, assumes in every region a new character, so as in many cases to be no longer recognized as the bold, fierce creature which nothing can terrify or subdue. The number of goats in this region must be prodigious, since the supply of down to the weavers of Cashmere appears to know no limit but that of demand. When severed from the animal, it is packed into small neat bales, and transported through the passes of the snowy mountains of Balti and Ladakh on the backs of sheep into Cashmere.

At present, Gholab Singh, to whom, at the close of the Sikh war, we added that beautiful province, enjoys a close monopoly of the finer sorts of shawl-wool, which are therefore all wrought up by the manufacturers of his dominions; though, if it were not so, the fabrics woven south of Bembec and the Pir Pangal could never be made to rival those of Serinaghur. As early as the time of Akhbar, a thousand shawl-manufactories were established at Delhi; and recently, Runjit Singh made a similar attempt at Lahore; but the articles produced had neither the delicacy, the softness, nor the warmth of those woven in the valley. In appearance, moreover, they were coarse and rough, like ordinary woollen cloths, while the dyes had nothing of that brilliance for which the real shawls are remarkable. When Bernier wrote two hundred years ago, the splendor of the dyes was attributed to the waters of the Jhyllum or Hydaspes, and the very latest observers concur in strengthening the opinion. To the same cause is assigned the great softness of the wool, which seems to lose its delicacy when dipped in the Jumna, or even in the more sacred Ganges. Anciently, the chintzes of Masulipatam were supposed

to owe the brightness of their colors to the waters of the small streams issuing from the Krishna and the Godavery, which gave them a superior reputation throughout the East, though now they have been eclipsed by the manufactures of Europe. The shawl of Cashmere,* however, appears likely to remain unrivaled, since the efforts of nearly three hundred years have failed to produce any fabric which approaches it in excellence or beauty. Under the Sikh government, the monopoly was in the hands of the Maharajah, and all the produce of the looms of Serinaghur was transported to Amritsir, where, at one time, shawls to the value of half a million sterling were piled up in the public warehouses, there being at that period no demand for the article. The reason may have been that, owing to the oppression of the rulers, the weavers had lost heart, and performed their work in a careless and slovenly manner. That they were not wanting in skill may be inferred from the fact, that, having obtained orders from the Persian and Russian ambassadors at Lahore, they produced shawls which were regarded as master-pieces of art, which sold for twelve thousand rupees each, or upwards of one thousand two hundred pounds sterling. In all Eastern States, industry is converted almost exclusively to the advantage of the rulers, who often leave to the artisans scarcely sufficient profit to sustain life. Runjit Singh formed no exception to the general rule; but while he extorted a hundred and eighty thousand pounds per annum from the shawl-merchants of Cashmere, his ignorance prevented him from making the discovery that, by adopting more liberal principles of finance, he might have at once enriched his own treasury and the manufacturers and artisans engaged in the transport and production of the shawls.

It has been found next to impossible to obtain correct information respecting the number of shawls produced, or of the looms employed, in Cashmere, because, under an ignorant and jealous government, persons are afraid to speak what they think, or to disclose what they know. In the age of the Mogul emperors, there are said to have been forty thousand looms at

* In the London Crystal Palace of 1851 we saw and handled a Cashmere shawl, which in our money cost \$2500, as we were told, and took one person five years to weave.—[Ed. Eclectic.]

work in the whole valley, and of these, a majority were to be found in the capital. Upon an average, five shawls issue annually from each loom, so that the entire number formerly manufactured amounted to two hundred thousand in the year. Owing to a variety of causes, among which the principal is the diminution of that class of persons who could afford to pay so large a sum for a single article of dress or ornament, there has been a great falling off in the shawl trade. The last computation of Cashmere looms made them amount to sixteen thousand, which sent into the market eighty thousand shawls, of which the far greater number were exported. But to what countries? Certainly not to Europe. Neither do they find their way into India, though a very superior article, which pays an *ad valorem* duty of twenty per cent., finds its way to Calcutta, where it commonly sells for three hundred pounds. Gholab Singh therefore obtains from each shawl of this class a duty of sixty pounds sterling, which, if the trade were extensive, would render him one of the richest princes in the East. Even the dancing-girls of Northern India often possess shawls valued at a hundred pounds; and the ladies of the harems in Western Asia twist round their heads or waists shawls worth six times that sum. The young wife of a Turkish pacha used to pride herself on a scarf of extraordinary richness and beauty, said to have cost her husband seven hundred pounds sterling. It had a border at either end eighteen inches deep, displaying a *parterre* of the most splendid flowers—roses, anemones, narcissuses, tulips—as fresh and gorgeous of hue as those which drooped or nodded in his own gardens in the valley of the Sweet Waters. When she wore it round her waist, allowing the borders to depend down her left side, each fold was so disposed as to exhibit in succession a rose, a tulip, and a narcissus, enveloped in a galaxy of buds, especially of the moss-rose, which seemed to project from the surface of the fabric, fresh and steeped in the dews of morning. The wild and froward beauty who owned it sometimes took it from her waist, and twisted it round the head of a favorite, in order to behold the splendor of the flowers set off by contrast with his black beard. Along the sides of the scarf ran a border of about four or five inches in depth, resembling in richness of colors the most gorgeous painted windows in an

old cathedral; and through what may be called the field, there ran long stems or wreaths of fanciful blossoms, fading away toward the center into an opal tinge, which surrounded, like a halo, the circle of a damask rose. It may well be doubted whether the shawls manufactured for the Russian and Persian ambassadors, which cost twelve thousand rupees, exceeded in magnificence and loveliness that of the Turkish lady we have described. To suggest more completely the idea of a garden, parts of the scarf had been steeped in one perfume, and parts in another, so that, as she moved along, the scent of jasmynes, roses, or violets fell upon the senses alternately.

Occasionally, the workmen of a whole shop produce only one shawl in a year, and when they make most progress, advance no more than at the rate of a quarter of an inch a day. The foreman, with the pattern before him, drawn and colored in the most careful manner on paper, sits in front of the artisans, whose fingers and threads he directs, while they toil on in silence, darting their shuttles to and fro, and nodding their heads at every movement. It has sometimes been doubted whether they were more conscious than their shuttles of the beauty they were creating; but though they require the directions of the foreman, they are possessed of far too much intelligence and skill to work like mere machines. They evidently throw themselves with enthusiasm into their employment, and the pride they take in their productions is their chief reward, since the wages they receive are barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. It is not this class of men, therefore, who offer that strenuous opposition to the enterprise of Europeans who desire to throw themselves into the shawl wool trade which has hitherto succeeded in preserving the monopoly. The jealousy displayed is on the part of the merchants, who are beyond measure alarmed when any European, who can at all be suspected of commercial designs, endeavors to pass through Ladakh towards Tibet. These men of Cashmere generally set out in December with a large assortment of shawls of three kinds: long black and white scarfs, worn by the wild hunters of Northern Asia about their waists, and valued at a comparatively low sum; long shawls, to be folded round the head by princes and grandees, and occasionally by ladies of distinction; and square shawls, like

those fashionable in Europe, which are either thrown over the head, and allowed to depend over the shoulders, like a Genoese veil, or tied like a girdle round the loins. It usually takes a month to journey from Cashmere to Tibet, and the way lies in part over passes where the thermometer descends in winter to six or eight degrees below zero, where the human breath freezes to icicles upon the beard, and where, if overcome by sleep or fatigue, the wayfarer is almost certainly frozen to death. No danger, however, is to be apprehended from the inhabitants, who are gentle and hospitable, peculiarly civil and obliging to strangers, and entirely free from that spirit of exaction which is the curse of most countries both in Asia and Europe. Still, wherever these wayfarers settle or remain for any length of time, they are said to corrupt the inhabitants. It is just possible that, from various causes, into which we need not at present enter, travelers engaged in commerce are prejudiced against the people of Cashmere, whom they describe as the most dissolute and depraved race in the East; though they may probably deserve much of the odium cast upon them by Europeans. When the adventurers arrive in Tibet, and have disposed of their goods, which are then distributed by other traders over the whole of Central Asia, they begin to make preparations for purchasing and collecting the shawl-wool, which is accomplished on the setting in of fine weather. All the animals of those cold regions then begin to experience extreme irksomeness at the presence of their winter clothing, which nature gradually detaches from the skin, so as greatly to facilitate its removal. To expedite the process the dogs roll upon the ground, the yaks rub themselves against the trunks of trees, and the shawl-goat would doubtless exhibit similar ingenuity and impatience, if man were not too anxious to come to his assistance. Beginning at the head, the natives cut off his long hair with a knife, so as to render easy the introduction of a comb made like a Pandean pipe of fine twigs with diverging teeth, which is passed between the hair against the grain, and soon delivers the goat from his down, and occasionally, also, from parts of his skin. However, no sooner is he freed from the attentions of his tormentors, than he gives a glad shake to the hair that remains, and bolts away to the mountains,

where he dwells in peace, browsing or frisking at his leisure till the following spring.

Considering the habitual humanity of the Tibetans, whom the worship of the Lama appears to render gentle and timid, we may be sure that the rough usage of the goat is rather a matter of accident than of design. They love to pass their days in ease and quietness, though, as in other parts of the world, the indolence of the men leads them to devolve somewhat more than their fair share of work upon the women, who in this strange mountainous region are supposed to exceed the males in the proportion of two to one. Accordingly, nearly all houses abound with women and children, who seem to regard with especial pleasure the magnificent array of the sacerdotal order, who dress in scarlet even to their hats, and are bedizened with ribbons, so as rather to resemble actors in an extravaganza, than staid and sober priests or demigods, in which character they command the adoration of their friends and neighbors.

A caravan of shawl-merchants exhibits a truly comic appearance when returning from the upper country toward the south, driving before them numbers of long-legged sheep, laden with small packs of goat's wool, weighing about thirty pounds, with which they wearily toil along, bleating with distress and fatigue. On their arrival in the valley, the looms, which are of the most simple and primitive construction, are all set to work, and the wretched artisans have the satisfaction of learning that they may hope to eat bread for the next year. Poets and romance-writers have vied with each other in spreading a halo over Cashmere, which nature has no doubt invested with rare beauty, abounding as it does in lovely lakes, brooks, and streams of the purest water, and fruit-trees which in spring cover a large portion of the land with a sheet of variegated blossoms; but the inhabitants, though handsome in their persons, probably excel all other Orientals—which is saying a great deal for them—in vice and filth. The streets of their towns and cities are narrow, and abound with abominations which they are too lazy to remove, probably because their olfactory organs are insensible to evil smells. They seem, however, to be stirred up to some degree of cleanliness by their present ruler, who is said to possess a nose, a rare thing in Asia, and

to make war in consequence upon the darling habits of his subjects. He is certainly a martinet on one point—we mean, in insisting on the payment of taxes; for on one occasion, when his subjects displayed a disposition to suffer their payments to fall into arrears, he had forty of them flayed alive, by way of example. He exhibits the greatest possible jealousy of his British neighbors in the Punjab; but is so short-sighted, that instead of conciliating their good-will, he takes the course best adapted to irritate them into hostility, which in all likelihood will lead ultimately to the annexation of Cashmere. This might be regarded as a calamity by

the prince and his courtiers, but to the mass of the people it would be an inestimable blessing, since they would be freed at once from all but their just burdens, and enabled to enjoy in peace the full reward of their industry. Even their cowardice, which was once proverbial, may be simply the result of despotism, since, in the late civil war, such of them as we employed acted with much intrepidity. To complete our Indian policy, therefore, it is to be hoped that events will soon enable us to extend our protection to the unfortunate natives of Cashmere, who are now subjected to one of the most ruthless tyrants in the East.

THE LAST POMPEIAN DISCOVERIES.

M. MARC MONNIER supplies the *Revue des Deux Mondes* with a highly interesting account of the last great discovery made at Pompeii, during the excavations undertaken by the Cavalier Fiorelli—the corpses of the unfortunate Pompeians whom the lava stream surprised in their flight, and whose forms and features are preserved in the attitude in which death overtook them. The bodies, or rather the lava mould which covers them, are now to be seen at the Museum, and striking photographs of them have been transmitted to Paris; they give, however, by no means so effective a description as the account of M. Marc Monnier.

He says: "One day, in a little street, under a heap of stones and rubbish, a vacant place was discovered, at the bottom of which appeared something looking like bones. M. Fiorelli was summoned in haste, and he conceived a luminous idea. He poured in some liquid plaster, and the same operation was performed at other points where bones had been likewise discovered; and as soon as the plaster was hardened, the mould was lifted with the greatest precautions, and on the hardened ashes and lava being removed four corpses appeared. They are now at the Museum, and no more striking sight is it possible to behold. They are not statues, but human bodies moulded by Vesuvius, and preserved from decay by that envelop of

lava which reproduces the clothes, the flesh, nay, almost the appearance of life. The bones protrude here and there where the molten liquid did not completely cover the limbs. Nowhere does any thing like this exist. The Egyptian mummies are naked, black, hideous. They appear to have nothing in common with humanity; they are dressed out by the Egyptian undertaker for their eternal repose—the exhumed Pompeians are human beings in the act of dying. One of the bodies is that of a woman, near whom were found ninety-one silver coins, two silver vases, some keys, and a few jewels. She was flying, carrying her most valuable commodities with her, when she fell in the little narrow street. She may be seen lying on her left side. Her head-dress, the tissue of her clothes, and two silver rings on her finger, can be easily detected. One of the hands is broken, and the cellular structure of the bones exposed to view; the left arm is raised, and writhing, the delicate hand convulsively shut; the nails appear to have entered the flesh. The whole body appears swollen and contracted; the legs alone—the rounded and delicate outline of which had not suffered—are stretched out. You can feel that she struggled long in fearful pain. Her attitude is that of agony, not death. Behind her a woman and a young girl had fallen. The former, the mother possibly,

was of humble extraction, to judge from the size of her ears. On her finger is a single iron ring. Her left leg, raised and bent, denotes that she also struggled and suffered. Near her reclines a young girl—almost a child. The tissue of her dress is seen with wondrous distinctness—the sleeves coming down to the wrist—and the embroidery of her shoes. She had, through fear probably, lifted her dress over her head. She fell with her face to the ground. One of her hands is half open, as though she had used it to keep her veil over her face. The bones of her fingers protrude through the lava. She appears to have died easily. The fourth body is that of a man—a Colossus. He is stretched on his back, as though he meant to meet his fate bravely; his arms and legs show no sign of struggling; his

clothes are very distinctly marked: the *braccos* (trousers) close fitting; laced sandals, the soles studded with thick nails; on one finger an iron ring; a few teeth are broken; his eyes and hair are obliterated, but his thick mustache is clearly apparent, and it is impossible not to be struck with the martial and resolute appearance of his features. After the women convulsively clinging to life, we see here the man calmly meeting his fate in the midst of the great convulsion—*impavidum ferient ruinæ*.

"Nothing yet discovered at Pompeii offers us any thing to be compared with this palpitating drama. It is violent death with its extreme tortures, its convulsions and agonies, brought clearly before us, and, as it were, taken in the act, after the lapse of eighteen centuries."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

GLIMPSES OF CÆSAREAN ROME.

"TRUMPETERS,

With brazen din, blast you the city's ears;
Make music with your rattling tamborines;
That heaven and earth do shake their sounds together,
Applauding their approach."—*Antony and Cleopatra*.

AN OLD PAGEANT.

It is a bright September morning, warm and calm. The sun, risen above the Alban mountains, glowing splendidly across the Campania, over the white structures and gardens of the seven hills, has already touched with fire the golden roofs of the capitol. Far and wide the air rings with sound, with the voices of innumerable multitudes, dressed in holiday attire, hurrying in chariots, on horseback, and on foot, along the great roads from the provinces to the city, and through the city streets to the Campus Martius, where the roll of drums and blare of trumpets announce the assembling of the Dictator's Gallic Triumph. From many directions, from the Vatican Camp, across the river, and from the Prætorian, beyond the city walls, skirting the Quirinal, the legions, foot and cavalry, are marching, and form-

ing in the great open space near the Triumphal Bridge, and between the garden-covered hills to the north-east, and the turbid, rolling Tiber, whose waters are alive with vessels wreathed and decked with gay flags. In this wide area, on either side of the great Flaminian Way, which, raised high above the level, runs through the Field of Mars to the Gate of the People, many great structures are scattered, some of which, dating hundreds of years back, indicate the rudeness of the yet unpolished republic; while others, vaster and more splendid, either completed or in process of erection, manifest the power which the City of Victory had attained during ages of war and conquest. In one district may be seen the long, gray walls of some old stadium or palaestra, in which the soldiers of Scipio mastered the Roman exercise and discipline; in another, a theater and arch of Flaminius, or a trium-

phal arch of Sylla, white and fresh, whose figured walls tell the story of the Mithridatic war; in another, the wooden amphitheater of Pompey, in which the plebs have been lately delighted by the combats of five hundred lions and gladiators; in another, long lines of shady porticoes, bordered with trees, beneath whose vaulted marbles the gens togati enjoy the cool air of the Apennines, on burning summer days, after the bath; or exercise, sheltered from the rains and snows of the hiemal months. The plain is skirted to the south by the old city walls, which, running from the Janiculan Bridge—near which the pyramidal tomb of Scipio Africanus rises—away along the crests of the osier-yellowed Viminal and Quirinal hills, are lost behind the temple-crowned turrets of the steep Capitoline and Palatine. From the Triumphal Bridge the Flaminian Way leads along the river through the Flaminian Gate and Circus, round the Capitoline hill to the Forum—and such is the course which the procession will pursue.

What a scene of fierce tumult and excitement—what clouds of dust—what a tempest of mingled sounds—what multitudes are arriving! Rome, Italy—nay, the world itself, from Britain to Africa, and the furthest East—is represented here. Thousands of horsemen, thousands of chariots, thousands of litters, are hurrying along the great highways to the spectacle. Glance first at the army, two hundred thousand strong, chiefly infantry. There are the fierce Roman legions, which have subjugated West and East, before whom, within the last eleven years, during which the genius of death has paved the way to empire, two millions of men have been swept away. There they stand in serried lines, glittering in strong armor, mailed and shielded, decorated with their spoils, shouldering their laurel-wreathed spears—a sternly barbarous host, disdainful of death, hardened with massacre, insolent with victory. There, too, are the barbarian legions, lately added to those of Italy—masses of gigantic Gauls and Germans, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, white-fleshed; the first wearing the plaid tunic under their armor, and iron neck-collar; the latter partially clothed with head-dresses of skins; all wearing on their hands the heavy iron ring—the symbol of bravery; all sitting their saddleless horses with a savage grace;

all tumultuously conversing. There, too, are the black Numidian cavalry, mounted lightly on their reinless steeds, turbaned—in flowing robes. There, too, the richly-attired legions of Pontus and Egypt; the one attired in party-colored garments, the other in the white linens of the Nile, from helmet to buskin.

Hark, to the tempest blast of trumpets—to the tornado of cheers rising from the legions, Roman and barbarian, which announce the arrival of the Dictator! Mark, too, the ominous silence of the sight-loving multitude. He is attired in the triumphal dress (the purple robe of Jupiter, taken from the god's statue in the capitol) and crimson sash; on his high-crowned head rests the heavy golden diadem; in one hand he carries the laurel branch, in the other the ivory scepter, eagle-topped. The group who have accompanied him, and who surround him, are his generals—Balbus, Oppius, Martius, Pansa, Hirtius, and Dolabella; the red-haired herculean-headed figure in magnificent dress, at his side, is Antony. And now advancing, he mounts the golden car, carefully placing his right foot first on the step, to guard against fortune. His face, bronzed by the suns and rains of Africa and Gaul, is equally expressive of the love of pleasure and power, and though covered with the stern wrinkles of thought and care, beams with gay, confident joy, as he glances round on the legions—his *commilitones*; his eye and motions are quick as lightning, and he issues his commands in a shrill, clear, head voice. Again the trumpets ring, and now the vast procession begins to move slowly cityward along the Triumphal Way, which is strewn with flowers, and along which numerous altars flame with incense. First in order go the licitors, wreathed with laurel, followed by companies of musicians, clarionet and horn blowers, and by throngs of dancers dressed like satyrs; then the oxen, white from the Clitumnus pastures, decked for sacrifice; then a long train bearing the ivory images of the conquered towns, and the banner with the gilded inscription, "Veni, vidi, vici." Next a long line of carriages, some piled with the riches of Gaul, Africa, Egypt, and Asia—statues, pictures, bullion, and coin; others horrent with the rude or splendid arms of the conquered nations; a hundred elephants, next in order, march uncouthly forward; then, preceding the car of the

conqueror, are seen a multitude of captives, with arms bound and heads depressed, headed by the vanquished Vercingetorix, crowned and chained. In the triumphal car, drawn by four white horses, stands the Dictator, with the slave behind him, who whispers in his ear, according to ancient usage, "*Respice post te hominem memento.*" Lastly, crowds, scattering perfumes, follow the victorious legions, who laurel-crowned and covered with their spoils march with fierce and joyous recklessness, chanting songs in praise of the achievements of their general—at whom they even rail with the freedom of December, and ever and anon shouting, "Io Triumphale." The head of the procession, which is some three miles long, and which has moved past the great structures of the Campus Martius—mountainous, circular mausoleums, with ascending pillared terraces, intervalled by urns and cypresses; spacious gymnasiums, with entrances lined by rows of stone lions, and open, inner walls, topped by long lines of statues—has already reached the end of the sepulchre-skirted Flaminian Way, and dipped into the shadow there by the steep Capitoline, when a stoppage occurs in the neighborhood of the triumphal chariot—whose axle-tree has broken. A cloud covers the sun at the moment, and a shadow falls on the place, over the garden, theater, and senate-house of Pompey,* before whose vestibule the colossal statue of the conqueror of Pontus stands. The interruption, however, is but brief; quickly repaired, the chariot proceeds, though the tidings of the event, ominously recognized, spread through the vast multitude, like a shadowy wind undulating the sunny waves of the corn land.

The sun is already sinking as they pass through the crowded Flaminian Circus—a vast open structure, entered by a long portico, and surrounded by one, with ascending flights of stone steps extending on either side its area, down the center of which runs the spina, or broad wall, intervalled by obelisks, columns, and small temples, whose altars flame with incense, and passes thence into the north-west opening of the Forum. The declivities and crests of the overhanging Capitoline and Palatine hills are alive with figures, crowded on the house-tops, the

temple roofs, and in the hot, white, glaring, steep converging streets; now, passing along the Via Sacra, it has reached the space of the Forum fronting the temple of Thundering Jove, and here, in the center of Rome, pauses beneath the Hundred Steps. Around rise the great monuments of the republic. Immense ranges of triple-arched basilicas form the sides of the Forum square, at the left of which towers the temple of Jupiter Stator, at the right that of Minerva, in the center the Comitium, a circular marble structure, whose lessening ranges of pillared walls are terminated by a gilded trophy, and, near-hand, the triumphal arch of Fabius. Each declivity of the hill is covered with temples, pillars, monuments; of its two crests, the eastern is occupied by the old gray temple of Jupiter Ferretius, its western by that of Jupiter Custos; the vast shrine of Capitoline Jove, crowning the pyramid, sublime with lofty capitals; its walls, doors, and roofs blazing with gold. Beneath the massy luster of this mountain of marble, fountains flash; and skirting the broad ascending steps, urns flame with incense.

Here arrived, the conqueror commands the captive company to be led to prison—among whom the most conspicuous personage is the gigantic Vercingetorix of Gaul. Myriads of torches illuminate the scene at the great temple where sacrifice is performed, and where the *spolia opima* of the world is deposited in the treasury. Then, reascending his car, he proceeds to Domus Triumphalis, in the Sacred Way, amid the songs of the wild, vinous soldiery, and the shouting of the innumerable white-robed multitude; a hundred elephants, carrying each a flambeau in their proboscis, leading. But though Rome shakes with the thunderous cheers of the army, multitudes of faces are seen darkened with a stern sense of the perished virtues and glories of the republic. There, in his palace in the Sacred Way, Brutus reclines, with face pale and stoic stern; while impetuous Cassius paces restlessly to-and-fro. To-morrow and to-morrow the army will triumph for Germany, Britain, Asia, Egypt; then the people will be feasted for three days, the fountains will spout with wine, and the amphitheaters be deluged with blood; then Rome, gorged with largesses and death, having reeled through this carnival of massacre, will tumble into a sullen

* It was in Pompey's senate-house that, five months after, Cæsar was slain.

sleep—a sleep visited by a reproachful dream of the republic.*

THE CITY.

Unlike Carthage, Rome in the Cæsa-rean age was rather a city of splendid buildings than of majestic streets. Mighty temples, basilicas, theaters, and amphitheaters, porticoes, aqueducts, arches, crested the hills, occupied the valleys and Campus Martius, and stretched along the plain; but except along the Sacred and Flaminian Ways, where rose the state mansions of the ruling classes and their private residences, the congeries of narrow sloping streets which intermingled and centrifised in different directions, between the Capitoline, Aventine, Palatine, Cælian, and Esquiline, presented an irregular appearance, little remarkable for architectural beauty. Generally speaking, the houses, with their pillared fronts and blank walls, with an occasional window space covered by a curtain on which was represented some painting of rural scenery, by a sheet of glass, or mica slate, were but two stories high, though in particular districts there were clumps of structures which rose to seven and even ten stories. These were the *insulae*, to which so many Roman writers allude; among these, Horace, who, enumerating the *désagrémens* of city life, speaks of the danger of passing through the funeral thronged streets under those overgrown, enormous tottering piles of building, the homes of hundreds of families of the plebs, and of the multitudes of strangers of inferior rank who visited the city; for although there were inns along the great highway, a day's distance apart, where a night's accommodation for horse and man cost but an *as*, there were none in Rome.

BEYOND THE TIBER.

It is noon: splendrous and hot the sun pours its light upon the Roman landscape

* After the termination of the wars Cæsar's reign lasted but five months. His death, which took place in the following March, while resulting mainly from political and military despotism, was hastened by the fiercest revenge. The chief conspirators were his personal friends—Brutus and Cassius were relatives. The nearest parallel to the character of Brutus in modern times was St. Just of the French Revolution. A clew to the leading part taken by the former in the assassination is afforded by Suetonius.

—the semicircle of blue mountains and white villa-scattered plain around the bustling city; but in those sumptuous gardens, with their rows of plane trees, their snowy marble colonnades, sparkling fountains, green meadows, and thickets of Preneste roses, which stretch along the yellow sanded river and up the declivities of the wooded Janiculum, summer peace reigns undisturbed; and from this Trans-Tiberine region the noisy life of Rome, the companies of soldiers and youth exercising in the Campus Martius, the chariots rattling along the Flaminian Way, the multitudes passing to the circuses, theaters, and temples, the groups gathered on the Milvian Bridge—is lost in the distance, and presents the appearance of a still-life picture.

In the midst of its sunny silence and rural repose a sumptuous villa rises, its marble towers overtopping the groves of box, plane trees, and cypress with which it is surrounded—through whose green vistas may be seen its pillared front and sides, intervaled with statues—through whose alleys the figure of an Asian slave occasionally appears, carrying an urn of water, a skin of wine, or basket of fruit, to the outhouses which lie in its rear. The adytum is open to the air and sun. Enter; and passing through, glance at yonder festal chamber, spacious, cool, and fragrant as a watered garden, on whose arched gilded roof the sunshine—reflected from the green margined piece of water without, where the swans are floating—plays dreamily; and whose casements open on the green lawns and leafy ravines of the mountain. In its center a fountain pulses lazily in its bubble-quivering basin in a mist of airy spray. Around rise the garland-hung pillars, their interstices now graced by some statue of a god or hero, or bust of sage or poet, the walls ornate with bacchanal and amatory groups, traced in the finest outline by the fanciful grave of Grecian artists, while the same genius is stamped upon the festal ornaments scattered around. Here a funereal urn of Corinth, simple and solemn as the expression of a beautiful face reposed in happy death, occupies a shadowy niche; there a vase of Cyprus, brimmed with crystal lymph. Here an urn filled with British pearls; there an African lion skin, the golden collar of a Gaul, a roll of Egyptian papyrus, a parchment of Greek pœsy, strew the tessellated floors. At one end of the cham-

ber spread the couches of the triclinium, with its draperies of Tyrian carpets and cushions of Syrian silk, tintured yellow with saffron, and soft as sleep; in the center a boxwood table, inlaid with ivory, on which glow bacchant bowls of Delos, cups traced with the laughing images of Paphos, and on which the fruits and wines set out for a repast blush and sparkle. On the floor adjacent, which is covered with a mat of Egyptian workmanship, interwoven with purple amomum, whose bark returns a perfume to the foot, stand amphoras of Greek and Asian vintages, osier baskets of violets and parsley, of Lesbian grapes, apples of Eubœa, melons of Magnesia, Crustamenian pears, vases of perfumed waters and unguents, while beyond the cool marbles are strewn with rose leaves and rose wreaths, and blossoms of the fragrant Asiatic vine.

CLEOPATRA AND CICERO.

Glancing up the green sloping avenue in the gardens yonder, a group may be seen standing under the silken awning, which, stretched across the tops of a quincunx of lofty cypresses, shields them from the sun. Two figures are conversing. Around them, in silence, stand the attendants—some long-robed, crisp-locked Ethiopians, blackened with the heat; some handmaidens, fair as the snow on the mountains of their native Cilicia. Of the chief personages, one is an Eastern lady of surpassing beauty—but a beauty whose attraction, power, and charm is still more of intellect and expression than feature.

Her elbow eyes flash with a light sumptuous as the beam of Canopus, reflected on the dark, sweet waters of the Nile; her jet hair, in whose shadow a splendor wakes with transient indolence as she moves, flows in plenteous waves on either side her bright, symmetrical brow; her mouth, soft and red as a cleft pomegranate, seems moulded with the genius of persuasion and love. Her dress, gorgeously oriental, floats round her like a sunset cloud: her breast heaves beneath the transparent silk of Sidon; from her small ears depend pearls, each large and precious enough to purchase a tetrarchy or ransom a kingdom. Her air is superb; but when unfrequently she deigns a smile, its voluptuous witchery enchants the air; as when she speaks the clear, imperial treble of her voice thrills and subdues, like a magic music evoked by the power of some spell.

Her companion is a tall figure, of senatorial mien, gray haired, with regular Roman features, large gray eyes, lively and eloquent, beneath a grave pile of brow symmetrically moulded. In his dress he displays a rich but austere simplicity. His manner, dignified and calm, is instinct with philosophical serenity. They have been for some time conversing in Greek, on many subjects—politics, art, literature—and at length the lady, with a queenly wave of her jeweled hand, terminates the audience, dismissing her companion, not a little chafed by what he thinks her insufferable superbiety.

The figures are those of Cleopatra and Cicero.

From the Saturday Review.

THE CONGRESS OF NAPOLEON.

THE remarkable document in which the Emperor of the French has invited the crowned heads of Europe to assemble, personally or by deputy, at Paris, has at least the interest of being characteristic of its author, and illustrative of the motives which have led to this strange proposal. When the emperor refers alternately

ly to his days of humiliation and of glory, and claims to have been taught by adversity and exile lessons to which most of his brothers and sisters on European thrones are blind, he puts forward, in a picturesque way, the two sets of considerations which influence his shifting and uncertain policy, and appeals to the two sources of

power on which he relies. It is quite true that he is a crowned democrat, that he knows himself to be so, and that he glories in and accepts the contradictions of his position. He can remember his early years as well as his later, and it is not so easy for him as for others to forget that he began life as a conspirator, and that he spent the prime of his days in the weariness of baffled plots. The continental democrat has scarcely a parallel in England, and we therefore find it very difficult to understand what he means or wishes. With us a democrat means a person who wishes to make a specific change in the British constitution. Abroad, a democrat is a person who revolts at the wrong and oppression which he finds embodied in the government of the world—who writhes under the pressure of kings, and priests, and aristocracies—and who believes that the down-trodden and the oppressed have a mighty future before them, which can not be discerned in any one spot or nation, but which floats before the mind like a vision half earthly and half unearthly, as the reign of the saints on earth floated even before the more savage and unscrupulous soldiers of Cromwell's army. The emperor feels, and has felt, vividly and keenly, all that the ordinary continental democrat feels in a vague and wandering way. But, at the same time, he has an intense interest in his own career, and in the fortunes of his family. He is like a fifth monarchy man who took care to get hold of a good estate. He not only believes in the possibility of great changes in Europe, and longs so to arrange those changes that the great enemies and oppressors of the people may be brought low, but he wishes to reap solid advantages, to establish his dynasty, and to make France believe that the empire is the only possible solution of the difficulties of government. Nothing would please him better, we may be sure, than a congress at which all Europe should be present, owning that great changes must be made, and willing that France should suggest what these changes are to be. He would be as happy as one of the more fanatical of Cromwell's generals would have been if he had been allowed to begin the millennium by partitioning out the crown lands. Probably the delight with which the emperor, in imagination, saw the kings and princes of Europe bowing their heads at Paris before the Elect of the

People, and asking him what he would please to do with the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them, may have dazzled the emperor himself, and led him to shut his eyes to some part of the improbability that such a gathering ever should take place.

Even the official journals of France confess that the congress is a splendid dream. A child could state the alternative that either the congress will discuss nothing in which any one takes any serious interest, or else such a revision of the map of Europe must be proposed as will involve war. The real obstacle to any peaceful solution of the questions which agitate Europe is the possession of Venetia by Austria. So long as Venice is in the hands of the foreigner, no cessations can be made in the preparations for war. It is possible to conceive some ending, more or less temporary, to every other difficulty, but the difficulty of Venetia must be regarded as insuperable. Poland might either be separated from Russia under a Romanoff prince, or the Emperor Alexander might affect to think the insurrection at an end, the enduring intensity of which he has just assigned as a fitting cause for the withdrawal of his brother from the government of Poland; and some paper constitution might be promulgated which would smooth down the wounded spirit of France, and could then be carried away to Moscow even more quickly than its predecessor, as it would now travel by train, and not by a cart. The great powers might simply tell the Germans not to make any more fuss about Schleswig-Holstein, and the emperor might not be unwilling to evacuate all of Rome except the town itself. But there is no device imaginable by which Austria can be made to give up Venetia, unless by force or by the inducement of a compensation. This compensation must be sought for either in Poland or in the Christian provinces of Turkey, and it is reported that the emperor has already sounded the court of Vienna to ascertain whether the offer of a Polish crown for a younger member of the Hapsburg family would be accepted. This may be nothing more than an idle rumor, but it shows how those who are most concerned to interpret the emperor's wishes have read his purposes. Russia must, in that event, turn to Turkey for compensation, and then, in any way, Turkey would have to pay for Venetia. Much as Eng-

lishmen would like to see Venetia given to Italy, they will hesitate before they consent to the beginning of a partition of Turkey simply that political objects in a different part of Europe may be carried out with facility. On the other hand, the retention of Venetia by Austria fetters the action of England. We can not deny that the part of the Treaty of Vienna which gave Venetia to Austria ought now to be reconsidered, and we could not give Austria any military aid as long as she was fighting for Venetia. No Englishman can be indifferent to the dangers which threaten Europe from a coalition between France and Russia. The statesmen of the generation of the Duke of Wellington hoped that they had put a check on the union of those two great aggressive powers, by building the foundations of a perpetual alliance between England and Germany. But since that day, Austria has tried her hand at governing Italy for fifty years, and we can not be partners in the responsibility for all the crimes, and misery, and degradation which Austrian rule in Italy has brought with it. France knows this perfectly well, and calculates that, if Russia helps her, Austria lies at her mercy. The cabinet of Vienna must have endured a moment of extreme bitterness when it saw it publicly announced that Russia had been the warm friend of France throughout the Italian war. But, however clearly Austria may see her danger, she is certain not to allow the cession of Venetia to be broached at any congress in her presence. All that the congress could do would be to put the threat of war before her in a formal and solemn shape; and England, however much she may regret that Venetia should be Austrian, would scarcely like to see her old ally exposed to this extremity of humiliation.

If it is true that the English government has invited France to specify the proposed subjects of discussion, the congress may not probably be at an end. The emperor can not say that the retention by Austria of Venetia under an indisputable legal title is to be called in question; and still less can he preclude himself beforehand from entering on one of the chief points which require a permanent and immediate settlement if war is to be avoided. Englishmen hate congresses so much, and are so fully aware of the very poor figure their country cuts at them, with no one but an amiable nobleman,

bland in manner, weak in character, and uncertain of support, to represent it, that they would be glad to find any valid excuse for abstaining from the projected congress altogether. And it certainly can not be thought outrageous, or indecorous, or unfriendly if those who are invited to a great discussion ask previously what they are to discuss. But if an answer, satisfactory in form rather than in substance, were returned, and more especially if France were to hint at concession on her part, and to treat a readjustment of the occupation of Rome as within the scope of the conference, it might not be altogether wise or right for England to make too many difficulties, or refuse too absolutely to give a hearing to that voice of moral justice to which our diplomatists are so fond of appealing when they do not know what to say. If Austria, who must know that Venetia is the real apple of European discord, dares not, or will not, refuse to attend the congress, England is scarcely called upon to shield her. We, like every other power, should go to the congress with an abundance of reservations, and should make it perfectly clear that we agreed to nothing until we had heard what it was. At the same time, we need do nothing to further the projects of the emperor, for, as the official press in France is obliging enough to tell us, the proposal for a congress is not intended so much to bring about a congress as to make it clear who will be the best allies of France when that time of action arrives to which the emperor is probably looking. His speech made it clear that, of all alliances, he would far prefer that of Russia; and he evidently does not think it impossible that Russia may consent to some arrangement which will give France an excuse for laying up her Polish sympathies in lavender, and turning her attention to profit and plunder. It would be strange, but it is by no means impossible, that out of a proposal for an impossible congress to avert an impossible intervention in Poland, France may build a scheme for uniting with the conquerors of Poland to partition out Europe. The honest pity and indignation of the French people may prove too strong and genuine for such an alliance to be formed, but the emperor evidently looks forward to it as one of the winning cards which capricious fortune may put in his hand, and which he will certainly play if she does.

From Chambers's Journal.

MARVELS ABOUT WOLVES.

WE need no better proof that our English gentry of the nineteenth century have in nowise degenerated from their Norman and Anglo-Saxon forbears in courage and love of laborious enterprise, than is to be found in their eager pursuit of those robust exercises which invest amusement with the dignity of danger. In Africa, from Algeria to the stony wildernesses of Kaffraria; in India; in Scandinavian forests and Russian steppes, the Englishman, wearing no outward defense, does battle with lion, tiger, wolf, and wild boar, after a fashion unpracticed by the ancient feudal baron, though invulnerable in his panoply of steel.

Even the untraveled English sportsman, dissatisfied with the chase of hare and fox, aspires to nobler game, and to obtain this, he transports himself and equipage to *la belle France*, where, in the provinces resting on sunny Loire, are beasts fierce and destructive, and therefore less easily captured. Of these enterprising votaries of St. Hubert, foremost in mark is the Duke of Beaufort, now wolf-hunting in Guienne with his famous pack of fox-hounds, that arrived last year at the grand national dog-show in carriages drawn by four posters; and from their symmetry, perfect discipline, and the lustrous beauty of their pied coats, became the cynosure of every eye. At their first essay in this novel chase, too good and too honest to follow any thing but a fox, they stood unmoved, "with true British phlegm," observed a French sportsman; and even when Master Wolf was unharbored, they refused to answer the deep-mouthed challenges of some regular wolf-hounds already on his slot. Probably this backwardness arose from the strangeness of their position in the long straight avenues cut through those grand old forests, combined with the likeness of the animal to one of their own species, and the uncouth hunting cries that arose on all sides; for "Velesci allez; s'en va, chiens—s'en va—Harloup! harloup!" differs much from the

simple "Hark in, hark!" "Yoicks, tally-ho!"* with which their master is wont to awaken the echoes around his ancestral Badminton. Gradually, however, the aristocratic English pack warmed to their work. One magnificent run of forty miles right ahead, and a no less capital rally of an hour and forty minutes without check or touching a cover, are an earnest of what the duke's hounds may effect when next season he rouses Sir Lupus from his lair in the primeval forests of old Poitou. In the meantime, I will endeavor to enter a plea in behalf of his victim, although my narrative may little agree with the popular notions entertained of the disposition of the wolf. But the species has hitherto been known only in its savage state, surrounded with enemies and perils, amongst which no feelings could be developed but those of fear, hatred, and distrust.

"Give a dog a bad name, and you may as well hang him at once," says a wise old saw; and the fate of his outlawed cousin-german, the wolf, affords corroborative testimony how indelible is an evil reputation. Moralists in all ages have illustrated the more abject and sordid propensities of human nature by a reference to this pariah of the forest. Your hypocrite, whether lay or spiritual, is always a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers named an outlaw "Wolfhead"—that is, one who might be slain wherever recognized; and the month of January "Wolfmonat"—wolf's month, because at that season the rustic population got up a general *battue* for extirpating a race of animals so destructive to their flocks.

The wolf has acquired no small portion of his evil report from being the *déte noir*

* A corruption of the Norman-French "Au taillis au l'" pronounced "O taille O" ("To the copse, to the copse!"), a cry uttered both in France and England, when game is viewed in the open, passing from one covert to another.

of our nursery literature. How does the infantine bosom throb with anguish or melt with pity over the terrible catastrophe of Little Red Riding-hood, and the story of the lamb in our first spelling-book, that, strong in innocence, repels with forensic acumen the accusations of his implacable enemy on the opposite side of the brook. Thus have our prejudices grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. Yet even the Prince of Darkness is allowed to be not so black as he is painted, and common equity demands the evidence should be heard on both sides. Everybody can recollect what Livy says about Romulus, the future monarch of Rome, being affectionately suckled and tended by a she-wolf, that, doubtless, although the historian says nought about it, sometimes varied the royal infant's milk-diet with an occasional quarter of early lamb, filched from the flock of Faustulus, his foster-father. In India, children have been frequently carried off and preserved uninjured by females of a race popularly supposed to be their special destroyer, but which, on the contrary, catered for them in the jungle until discovered, fat and well, by some wandering hunter, and restored to human society. Colonel Sleeman, well known to literature as the author of many important works connected with our empire in the East, and especially by a narrative of Thuggism, relates that he had one of these strange beings for a body-servant. He found the young wolf-cub diligent and faithful; but it fortunately happened that during the period of his servitude there was no lack of provisions in the camp, else, perhaps, Latullah, the wild boy, faithful to instincts imbibed with his foster-mother's milk, might have reversed the saucy Abigail's speech to her discarded lover in the play—"I'm meat for my master," into "My master's meat for me."

When taken quite young, and reared under judicious treatment, wolves, especially the females, are not only tamable, but display a high degree of susceptibility of attachment to mankind and to inferior animals. There was formerly a female wolf in the Zoölogical Gardens which constantly came up to the bars of her cage to be caressed, as soon as any of her acquaintance approached. Her pups, too, she used to bring in her mouth to be also noticed; and so eager was she that her little ones should share in the endearments of her

friends, that she killed all of them by rubbing them against the bars of her den, when introducing them to visitors. M. Fred. Cuvier tells a story of a wolf in which the sentiment of affection existed in a remarkable degree. The animal had been brought up like a dog, and became familiar with every one he was in the habit of seeing. He would follow his master, seemed to suffer from his absence, evinced entire submission, and differed not in manners from the tamest domestic dog. The master, being obliged to travel, made a present of him to the Royal Menagerie at Paris. Here, shut up in his compartment, the animal remained for several weeks moody and discontented, and almost without eating. He gradually, however, recovered, attached himself to his keeper, and seemed to have forgotten all his past affections, when his master returned after an absence of eighteen months. At the very first word which he pronounced, the wolf, who did not see him in the crowd, instantly recognized him, and testified his joy by his antics and his cries. Being set at liberty, he overwhelmed his old friend with caresses, just as the most attached dog would have done after a separation of a few days. Unhappily, his master was obliged to quit him a second time, and this absence was again to the poor wolf the cause of profound regret; but time allayed his grief. Three years elapsed, and the wolf was living very comfortably with a young dog that had been given him as a companion. After this space of time, sufficient to make any dog—except that of Ulysses—forget his master, the gentleman returned again. It was evening; all was shut up, and the eyes of the animal could be of no use to him; but the voice of his beloved master was not yet effaced from his memory: the moment he heard, he knew it, and answered by cries expressive of the most impatient desire; and on the obstacle which separated them being removed, his cries redoubled. The animal rushed forward, placed his fore-feet on the shoulders of his friend, licked every part of his face, and threatened with his teeth those very keepers to whom so recently he had testified the warmest affection.

A she-wolf kept in the Jardin du Roi at Paris used to exhibit the most obstreperous fits of joy at the visits of a young lady, who had never taken other interest in the animal than patting her on the head and speaking coaxingly to her.

Old Buffon must have known a good deal about wolves, for they not only mightily infested that part of Burgundy where his residence, the Château de Montbard, is situated, but he kept several in captivity there. His report is not very flattering. "There is nothing good about him," he says, "but his skin, which is a good fur. His flesh is so detestable that even hounds will not eat of it. Nothing but a wolf has the courage to eat a wolf. If we contemplate his downcast air, his terrible cry, his insufferable odor, his natural ferocity, and intractable disposition, the conclusion is, that no animal ever so justly merited its total extirpation." With a grain of salt, we accept this, Mons. le Comte de Buffon, not forgetting your own statement, that one of your pet cubs once got at large in the night, and massacred *ad unum* the foreign as well as domestic feathered occupants of the Montbard menagerie and *basse-cour*; and that the wolves of the adjacent forests were the scourge of your tenants' sheepfolds. He tells also how Valmont de Bommarre, a young friend of his, having found in the forest a young cub only eight days old, brought it up, caressed and fed it with his own hand, even sharing with it his bed. In return, the little beast fondled his master, sometimes licked his face, obeyed his voice, and conducted itself in all respects mannerly as a puppy-dog. Hitherto, milk and soup had been its only diet; but one day De Bommarre incautiously gave it the entrails of a pullet. The caresses were redoubled; never did it feed with so keen an appetite. But the master had speedy reason to repent having awakened in the animal its natural appetite for flesh, to which he nearly fell a victim the same night. Valmont de Bommarre, suddenly roused from sleep by sensations of extreme pain, found his wolf-cub fastened upon his leg, and greedily sucking the blood that issued from the wound. Luckily, the great arteries had not as yet been lacerated, or he would have bled to death in his sleep.

To these instances of the wolf's social propensities when held in bondage, I will add one more characteristic anecdote from my own personal experience. Early in the Peninsular War, Captain Hare, of a well-known Devonshire family, came home on absence or from wounds, bringing with him a tame Spanish wolf, caught young in the Sierra Morena, which, by constant familiarity, had become tame as a dog. Dur-

ing many a mountain bivouac, the soldier, his charger, and his pet wolf lay huddled together beneath a spreading cork-tree, or in the sheltered ravine, sharing between them the scanty supply of coarse biscuit, too often the whole of the military rations. During Captain Hare's sojourn at Bristol, the beast followed him unmuzzled in his daily promenades, to the no small terror of Bristol citizens; and it was amusing to notice what a wide birth they gave him in passing, and how they turned, and at a respectful distance followed him the whole length of a street. But Paterfamilias presently began to murmur at the insatiate maw possessed by his son's Spanish follower. After many a regretful struggle, the captain therefore transferred his old comrade to the keeping of Sir Hugh Smith, of Ashton Court. There, secured to a wooden dog-house in the kennel-yard, he spent nearly the whole summer's day in pacing to and fro at the full range of his tether, in a sort of ambling trot, plainly indicating his impatience of captivity, and sorrow at the abrupt dis severance of old associations. Gifted, like all his species, with a power of scent even beyond that possessed by the blood-hound, he winded a stranger's presence the moment he got within the precincts of the park. Now the monotonous jog-trot is at once arrested; with ears erect, dilated, quivering nostrils, and flashing eyes, he stands motionless till the expected visitant comes in sight. Satisfied at length that it is not his much-loved master, he hastily retires into his lair, where, couchant at full length, with head between his paws, and closed eyelids, he feigns sleep. Rarely does this stratagem succeed, for the wary stranger stands gazing at a very respectful distance. Master Wolf now shakes off dull sleep, rises, shaking his hide and his ponderous chain, recommences his perambulations, but this time far within his limits, the chain lying in a zigzag coil beneath his feet. Still unsuccessful in deluding within his range his wished-for prey, the excited beast, with a hideous snarl, bounds side-long to the full extent of his tether, and of course is dashed to earth by the recoil. Disappointed and humbled, he hastily retreats far into his dog-house, concealed from view. I noticed that the cunning animal never repeated this his favorite ruse a second time on the same person, but every fresh arrival induced him to repeat the assault.

Wolves were not uncommon in the rocky fastnesses of Derbyshire and the pathless Yorkshire wolds even as late as the reign of Elizabeth. Several estates in those counties bear names indicating that they were held under the tenure of keeping hounds for their destruction. In Scotland, Sir Edward Cameron, about 1682, is said to have killed the last wolf seen in that pastoral land, after a chase of unprecedented length and vigor. The Wicklow Mountains, on the eastern shore of Ireland, were infested by them as late as the days of our great-grandfathers, as many precepts, dated 1710, ordering their extirpation by means of grand battues undertaken by united parishes, are extant in the Dublin Record Office. An erroneous belief prevails that the principality saw the last of these voracious pests during the Saxon Heptarchy, when Edgar commuted the money-tribute, previously paid by the Welsh, into a given number of wolves' skulls and tongues. But researches into ancient Welsh annals prove, that during five or six centuries after, from the deep gorges of Snowdon, Cader-Idris, and Plinlimmon, there issued troops of fierce wolves to desolate the beauteous vales of Clwyd and Llanrwst. The most remarkable of these very circumstantial and well-authenticated traditions, is that which has transmitted to us, through nearly six centuries, the romantic history of *Bedd Gelert* (the Wolf-hound's Grave.) The pedestrian angler—and principally it is such who loiter about Pont Aber Glas Llyn (the Bridge of the Blue Pool)—fails not to suspend his sport, and pass into that green meadow opposite, where, beneath a hanging wood, lie the bones of Gelert, Prince Llewellyn's greyhound, "the gift of Royal John,"* whose fidelity, strong in death, is the theme of many a bardic song.

Worn by the storms of more than six centuries, the mausoleum has now but a desolate aspect. One broad, flat stone lies over the body, and at either end are two huge stone pillars.

It is one advantage of Britain's insular position, that the different species of *Carnivora* formerly inhabiting her forests and fells, once extirpated, could never be renewed. But in France, especially where the pine-clad Jura forms its eastern frontier, whole troops of gaunt wolves, desper-

ate with hunger and cold, descend during the winter season into the plains, making a prey not only of every living thing left exposed, but prowling round the walls of fortified towns. As a rule, however, the cattle are early secured in their homestead; and before sunset, the French shepherd, marching in primitive scriptural fashion before his sheep, leads them homeward to the fold—his great dogs, each a match for the stoutest wolf, bringing up the rear. Within that lofty inclosure the flock rest secure until day-dawn, not deserted by their guardian, who, in the clear moonlight, watches the dark shadows of his foes, as with heavy gallop they course round and round the palings, and triumphs at their short sharp growl, as they heavily fall back, after some ineffectual leap to clear the barricade.

Burgundy is a district of primeval forests. One winter's afternoon, the cutting north-east wind and fast-falling snow-flakes drove me toward a hovel situated at a point where the grand routes between Paris and Joigny intersect each other. The old dame residing there, after some delay, gave me a welcome seat beside the blazing hearth. All French women are courteous as well as garrulous; and after exhausting the weather, we began upon the wolves—a pregnant subject of conversation in this district. The forests of the Val de Suzon were contiguous. She had been delayed, she said, in opening the door by the barricades necessary to make it good against the not unfrequent visitation of wolves in tempestuous weather like this. Every domestic animal being closely shut up, they had not a chance of a meal. "How they lived," she said, "is a marvel, unless preying upon each other. Once, Monsieur, about five years ago, a great black, wicked-looking beast used to come here regularly every evening about nightfall for one whole season. He leaped the hatch like a *chevreuil*, and I used, in fear and trembling, to watch him through the casement, coursing round the house; and after scratching and snuffing at the poultry-hatch, he finished by rearing himself upon his hind legs, with his great white tusks within a foot of the lattice where I stood. Then bethought I of a device to be even with him. A couple of days afterwards, early in the afternoon, a sharp snow-drift set in, as to-day; in about an hour, noiseless as a cat—*à pas de loup* is in our country the prov-

* Llewellyn's father-in-law.

erb for a silent, stealthy tread—his great lanky carcass came bounding over the gate, and began to explore the outhouses, as was his wont. I had set ready before the red-hot embers the great *marmite*, or earthen vessel in which we prepare the family soup, filled with water, that now steamed and bubbled furiously. With a brimming pailful of the scalding liquid, I mounted to the chamber above, threw open the casement, and there, as fully expected, bolt upright, stood the villain, snuffing, and whining, and shaking his ears, as though furious at the obstacles that interfered with his making a meal of me. Like the splash of a foaming cataract, the pail delivered its contents. There was a hideous, unearthly yell, during which the monster lay writhing and wallowing just under me, till, after many an ineffectual struggle, with drooping head, and tail dragging in the snow, he slowly limped away through a gap in the garden hedge. Blessed St. Gudule!" solemnly uttered the old dame, devoutly crossing herself, "to thy special favor do I owe the thought that for ever hindered that hateful beast from again over-leaping my garden gate."

Not far from the scene of this adventure stands the château of Mons. Jean de Pontèves, peer of France, and Lieutenant of Wolf-hounds to the then royal family of France. The reader can judge of the extent to which this eastern division of France is infested by wolves, when I mention that I once reckoned twenty-three grinning heads—tremendous still in death—nailed upon the entrance-gate of Château de Claignot, all killed that season in the adjoining woods.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley, who enjoyed wolf shooting recently in Compiègne, thus amusingly describes one of his hunting incidents. "I had taken up a position," he says, "against a tree, near a long, straight, and very narrow path, when something flashed into the extreme point of the ride, and came directly towards me. That it was a hound, I knew from the whiteness of the coat; but what was that dusky body which occasionally veiled the whiter piebald from my eyes? As I stood staring at it, suddenly the oddest of all sights and sounds burst upon my bewildered senses. Down the path, right for my legs, came a splendid cub dog-wolf, quite beaten, and by his side a powerful French hound, able to go twice as fast as

the wolf, but not daring to stop him; the wolf going with his head low, his hind quarters very high, his brush between his legs, every bristle on his back up on end, his tongue out, and his eyes flashing fire, while from his capacious jaws he muttered the fathers and mothers of all the snarls that ever I heard, by way of telling his adversary to keep his tusks off. The hound kept growling at him, sometimes behind, nudging his hind quarters with his chin; sometimes alongside, licking his lips, and pushing his snout against the top of the wolf's neck, just as you see a dog do when he contemplates pitching into another.

"My gun was at my shoulder all this time, but I dared not fire for fear of killing the hound; in addition to which, the sport was so interesting, I had no desire to terminate it until the last moment. On they came till the wolf and his enemy were within two paces of my boot, when suddenly raising my leg in the wolf's face, he dashed aside clear of the dog; so I at once fired, and rolled him over."

The reputation for cunning which poets and naturalists have assigned to the fox, is usurped—it belongs in a far greater degree to the wolf. Houdetôt, a French *chasseur* of reputation and veracity, relates that he was on one occasion standing on an eminence overlooking a green pasture, wherein fed a number of sheep, attended, as usual, by the shepherd and his dogs. In another direction, further off, lay the purliens of a wood. Presently, out of the long walks there came skulking, first a single wolf, then a second, snuffing the breeze, and keeping as much as possible amongst the outlying brushwood, until assured that no suspicious object lurked in that quarter. Then taking courage, they advanced at a long trot close up to the hedge that inclosed the feeding-ground. After reconnoitering the sheep for a moment or two, their plan of operation seemed settled; for the dog-wolf shot through a gap, and making directly for the flock, without attacking them he passed at speed in front of the shepherd, and thence across the open. The man, starting to his legs, raised his war-cry: "Harloup, harloup! chiens, harloup!" and followed the dogs, that saw him before their master, and in an instant had gone off in pursuit. Meanwhile, the poor sheep stood huddled together in close order, intently looking out for what might come next.

"Their suspense was of short duration," said the hunter; "in a moment, the second wolf appeared on the scene, dashing in amongst the sheep, and having strangled a nice fat twelve months' old wether—in defiance of my approach with cries and gesticulations, for I had no weapon—threw the prey across her back, and was soon out of sight in the covert." There, in some central brake, rough and jagged with horrid thorn, she probably cast down her burden, patiently awaiting

her mate's return home to supper. For his safety she entertains no fears, for what full-grown wolf, with his long untiring gallop, was ever run into, except by frequent relays of hounds. Now, let us substitute an imaginary leash of policemen on their beat for the pastor and his mastiffs, a brace of prowling garroters for the wolves, and all will allow that in adroitness this stratagem is worthy of the boldest and most astute of "our convicted felons at large."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THOUGHTS TOUCHING DREAM-LIFE.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, being a great man, indulged in dream-life on a great scale. But commonplace human beings do it in a way that suits themselves, and their moderate aspirations. The poor consumptive girl, who on a dark December evening is propped up with pillows, and gets you to sit beside her while she tells you how much stronger and better she feels; how by spring she will be quite well again; and how delightful the long walks will be in the summer evenings, while you know she will never see the black-thorn in blossom, nor the green leaves on the tree: she is doing just what the great metaphysician used to do. And the little schoolboy, far away from home, a thoughtful, bullied little fellow, does it too, when he pictures out the next holiday-time, and his getting away from all this to be with those who care for him. Possibly more people than you would think make up for the dullness of their actual life in some such way. They take pleasure in fancying what they would like, in their vacant hours. And unless you wish your mind to become very small and dry, you will have such hours. No matter how hard-worked you may be, they are attainable. You remember what Charles Lamb once wrote to a friend: "If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them." Human beings, living even the most prosaic lives, have some-

times their enchanted palace, and live in it a great deal. Have you not sometimes, my reader, pictured out the life you would like: not in the least expecting it, or even really wishing it, any more than Mackintosh really looked to be made Emperor of Constantinople? And when you have set your heart on something happening, which is very likely not to happen, it is quite right to please yourself by picturing out the best: all the more that this is all the enjoyment of it you are likely to have. If we have all suffered a great deal of pain, through the anticipation of evils which never came; we have all probably enjoyed a great deal of pleasure, through the anticipation of pleasant things which were never to be. We have lived a good deal in castles which were never to be built, but in the air. When we tried for something we did not get, you remember well how we used, in vacant hours, to plan out all the mode of life, even to its minute details: enjoying it only the more keenly through the intrusion of the fear that only in this airy fashion should we ever lead that life which we should have enjoyed so much. Of course, it is not expedient to waste in dreaming over noble plans the precious hours which might have gone far to turn our dreams into serviceable realities. It is foolish for the lad at college to spend, in thinking how proud his parents would be, and how pleased all his friends, if he were to carry off all the honors that were to be

had, the time which if devoted to hard work might have gained at least some of those soon-forgotten laurels.

There is hardly a more touching sight than the sight of a human being, old or young, happy in the anticipation of any pleasant thing which he will never reach. With what a rosy face and what bright eyes your little boy of five years old confides to you all he is to do when he is a man! Great are the grandeur and fame in which he is to live: many are to be his horses and numerous his dogs; but a great feature in his plan always is, how happy he is to make his father and mother. Ah, little man, before those days come your father and mother will be far away.

And a reason why a wise man, desirous to economize the enjoyment there is in this life, and to make it go as far as possible, will often quietly luxuriate in the prospect of what he secretly knows is not likely to happen, is this certain fact: that in this world the thing you would like best is the thing you are least likely to get. *That* is a fact which, as we get on through life, we come to know extremely well. Yes: if you set your heart on a thing, whoever gets it, *you* wont. You may get something else: perhaps something better: but not *that*. If you have such an enthusiasm for Gothic architecture that you sometimes think no one could enjoy it so much; if you feel that it would sensibly flavor all your life to live in a Gothic house, or to worship in a Gothic church: then, though every thing else about them be all you could wish, rely on it, your church and house will be Palladian. And you will often meet men whose belongings are Gothic: who tell you they are very beautiful, very uncomfortable; that the church is destroying their lungs, and the house giving them perpetual cold in their heads: and who greatly envy you. Of course, all this is gratifying, to a certain degree. It serves to make you content.

I have known a man who lived in a house which was extremely comfortable, and extremely ugly. No one could ever say to what school of architecture, in particular, his residence was to be referred. And the country round was very ugly and bare. But, like the farmer in Virgil, in that exquisite passage in one of the *Georgics*, *regum æquabat opes animo*, he could picture out, at will, a charming English manor-house, of hospitable-looking red brick,

with stone dressings; oriel-windowed, steep-gabled, with great wreathed chimneys, with environing terraces, with magnificent horse-chestnuts ever blazing in the glory of June. You thought he was walking a bleak moorland road, dreary and dismal; but in truth the warm breeze was shaking the blossoms overhead, and making a checkered dancing shade on soft green turf below. And there yearly comes a certain season, when very many human beings practice on themselves a delusion something like his. I mean Christmas-time. Who ever spent the ideal Christmas? I should like very greatly to behold that person. I have never done so yet: never spent a Christmas in all my life in the ideal way. You ought to be living in a noble Gothic house, somewhere in the midland counties of England. There ought to be a large and gay party, spending the holidays there. There ought to be an exquisite old churchnear. There ought to be bracing frost, and cheerful snow. All hearts should seem touched and warmed by the sacred associations of the season. There should be an oaken hall, and a vast wood-fire: holly, and mistletoe; and of course roast-beef and plum-pudding and strong ale for every poor person near. You should be living, in short, at Bracebridge Hall, exactly as it was when Washington Irving described it: and with all the same people. It need not be said that, in fact, the Christmas time and its surroundings are quite different from all this. You sit down by yourself, and try to get up the feeling of the time by reading Washington Irving, and Mr. Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. The *Illustrated London News* is a great help to ordinary imaginations at that season. On the actual Christmas-day, rainy, muddy, tooth-aching, ill-tempered, you turn over the pictures in that excellent journal; and you find the ideal Christmas there. My friend Smith once told how he spent his first Christmas-day in his little country parsonage. Luckily there was snow. He provided that his servants, three in number, should have the means of a little enjoyment. He worked hard all the forenoon writing a sermon whose subject was not the Nativity. And for an hour before dinner he walked alone up and down a little gravelled walk with evergreens on each side, looking at the leaden sky and the solitary fields, and trying to feel as if he were at Bracebridge Hall. He tried with small

success. Then, having dined in solitude on turkey and plum-pudding, he read the pleasant Christmas chapter in *Pickwick*: and tried to get up an enthusiasm about the enjoyment which, for the sake of argument, might be conceived as existing in many houses that night. Finally he concluded that he was unsuccessfully trying to humbug himself; and ended by reading Butler's *Analogy* in a good deal of bitterness of heart.

Very early in our intelligent life, our personality begins to cut us off from those nearest us. Unless a parent have a much deeper insight and sympathy than most parents have, he loses knowledge, very early, of the real inward life of his children. At first, it is like wading in shallow water; but it is not long till it shelves down into depths beyond your diving. The little thoughtful face you see every day; the little heart within you know just as much as you know the outer side of the moon. No doubt, if this be so, it is in a great measure your own fault. There are many parents to whom their children, young or old, would no more confide the things they really care for and think about, than they would confide these to the first cabman at the next stand. But beyond this, the little things soon begin to have a world of their own, not known to any but themselves. You may have known young children who wearied for the hour when they might get to bed, and begin to think again: take up the history where they left it off last night. Of course, the history and the world were very different from the fact. Kings and queens, heroes and giants, elves and fairies, palaces and castles, these being oftentimes enchanted, were common there. Also clear views of the kind of life they would live when they grew up: a life in which coaches and six, suits of armor, and the like, were not unknown.

It is a mercy for some people that circumstances keep them down. Their lot circumscribes their opportunity of making fools of themselves. My friend Smith, already named, is a clergyman. His church is a plain one. Such is his craze for Gothic architecture, that I tremble to think what would have become of him had he chanced to attain a magnificent church dating from the eleventh century: a church with stately ranks of shafts, echoing aisles, storied window, crusaders' statues, rich oak carving and monumental brasses,

standing amid grand old trees. I fear he would have spent great part of his time in admiring and enjoying the structure: in sitting on a gravestone outside and looking at it: in walking up and down inside it: and the like. It would have been a great feature in his life. It is much safer and better that he has been spared that temptation. The grand building, of course, has fallen to somebody who does not care for it at all. In a former age, there was a barrister who would have keenly enjoyed being made a judge. Probably no man ever made a judge would have delighted so much in the little accessories of that eminent position: the curious garb, and the varied dignity wherewith the administrators of the law are surrounded. How tremendously set up he would have been if he could once have sentenced a man to be hanged! The writer was present when the name of that person was suggested to an individual who could have made him what he wished to be. That individual was asked whether he might not do. That individual did not open his lips; but he shook his head slowly from side to side, several times. For thus goes on this world.

Probably most human beings now and then have short glimpses of cheerfulness and light-heartedness, which make them think how much more and better might be made of this life. You have seen a charming scene, bathed in a glorious sunshine; and you have thought. Now, it might always be like this. Sometimes there comes a hopefulness of spirit in which all difficulties and perplexities vanish: in which every thing seems delightful and all creatures good. This is the potential of happiness in man. Of course, it is seldom reached, and never for long. Most people are more familiar with the converse case, in which every thing looks dark and amiss: the season of perplexity, despondency, depression. Probably this comes many times more frequently than the other. Let me say, my reader, that we know the reason why.

The truth is, it is not needful to our enjoyment of many things that we should fancy any connection between ourselves and them. You read a pleasant story, and like it, without fancying yourself its hero or heroine. Never in your life, perhaps, have you spent a week in a house like Bracebridge Hall; and you are never likely to do that. Yet you enjoy the sun-

shiny volume; and you thank its author for many hours of quiet, thoughtful enjoyment, for which you felt the better. And indeed, much of what is pleasing and beautiful you enjoy most when you never think of it in relation to yourself. Take the most pleasing development of human comeliness: which is doubtless in the case of young women. Let it be admitted that there are few things more pleasing and interesting to the rightly constituted mind, than the sight of sweet girlish faces and graceful girlish forms, and the tones of the pleasant voices that generally go with them. But there is no doubt earthly, that in grave middle age you have much more real pleasure in these things than in feverish youth. Let us suppose, my reader, that you are a man in years. Those who were young girls in your day, are middle-aged women now: they are past. But you look with the kindest interest, and your middle-aged wife does so too, at the fair young faces of another generation. A young lad is eager to commend himself to the notice and admiration of these agreeable human beings. He is filled with bitter enmity at other lads more successful than himself in gaining their favor. His whole state of mind, in the circumstances, leads him into a host of absurdities: the contemplative mind sees him in the light of an ass. Now, you are beyond and above all these things. You look with pure pleasure and kindness at the fairest beings of God's creation. And you look at the fair sight and enjoy it, as you look at Ben Lomond or at the setting sun, without the faintest wish

to make it your own. It is the entire absence of personal interest that makes your interest so pleasant and so unmingled with any disagreeable feeling. I remember to have read in a religious biography a statement made by a very clever and good man, about a certain beautiful girl called away in early youth. "I found myself," he said, "looking at her with an interest for which I could not account." Was that unsophisticated simplicity real? Not able to account for the interest with which you look at a pleasant sight! I think it might be accounted for. Though indeed when we go to first principles we get beyond the reach of logical explanation. In strictness you may not be able to say why the tear comes to your eye when you look at a number of little children and think what is before them. In strictness you may not be able to say why it was that so many people found themselves shedding tears, on a day in Westminster Abbey, when they saw the crown placed on the head of a certain young girl, who in after years was destined to gain the love of most hearts in Britain as the best of queens. Yet a great many thoughtful persons have recorded that they were affected alike, in beholding that sight. So there must have been something in the sight to awaken the emotion.

These are the things of which the writer thought, in the circumstances already set out. Probably it has made you sleepy to read all this. It had the contrary effect to write it: for when the writer at length wearily sought his couch, he could not sleep at all.

A. K. H. B.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ICELANDIC LORE AND SCENERY.*

THE history of exploration has generally been the record of enterprises undertaken in the immediate interests of com-

merce or of science. A new, and apparently as powerful an impulse to penetrate remote and unvisited regions operates upon an adventurous class of Englishmen in these days, and society is reaping no inconsiderable benefit from their unprompted expeditions. Mainly for the pleasure found in the excitement of travel do these restless and daring spirits work their dif-

* *Iceland: its Scenes and Sagas.* By SAMUEL BARING-GOULD, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. *Letters from High Latitudes; being some account of a voyage in the schooner-yacht Foam, 85 o.m., to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, in 1856.* By Lord DUFFERIN. London: John Murray.

feult way up to the sources of old Father Nile, or make a call upon the amiable King of Dahomey, or cross the African continent in the track of Livingston or of Anderson, or traverse the arid wastes of Australia, or venture into the habitats of jealous Daimios. Little need now to organize governmental exploring parties, or even to furnish the volunteers of this hazardous service with funds. The only thing they would perhaps stipulate for, were it possible to obtain it, would be a "safe conduct." Savage sovereigns, however, would no more respect our parchment than certain religious monarchs, in Reformation times, were wont to do their own guarantees of a like nature. It speaks well for the physical strength, as also for the mental and moral qualities of the young men of our nation, that when the stereotyped European tours have become insipid, they are not intimidated by distance or the perils of the unknown. The Americans and French have not been wanting in this spirit; but it is now almost wholly left to ourselves, for the former have enough to engage them at home, and the latter lack the stamina for that "knocking about" which is a Briton's best tonic.

The best by far of modern sketches of travel are the delightful *Letters from High Latitudes* of Lord Dufferin, and Mr. Baring-Gould's extremely interesting *Iceland and its Sagas*. We couple these volumes together, and describe both as recent, (although the former, with strict reference to time of publication, may not seem to warrant us in doing so,) because Lord Dufferin's work did not pass away with the ephemera of its season, but is still read with avidity. Between its appearance and that of Mr. Baring-Gould's book no other important contribution has been made to the literature of Icelandic travel; and these two volumes, placed in comparison, and as the complement each of the other, present a bright and forcible picture of the quaint inhabitants of the historic island as they are found at the present hour, but little changed for centuries, the same grave and serious race, intelligent, animated on subjects which interest them, virtuous, strictly attentive to religious and domestic duties, fond of their Sagas, industrious, and hospitable in a marked degree. Our interest in these Icelanders has so much increased, indeed, since Lord Dufferin revived our recollec-

tion of their ancient lore, and bore testimony to their many good and pleasant qualities, that henceforward the port of Reykjavik may be expected to stand among those which our yachtsmen are pretty sure to visit in their more ambitious cruises. Every British gentleman-sailor—those modern Vikings, roving the seas in search of adventure—stands indebted to the noble brother of their craft who has mapped their pathway to these coasts, and who left behind him a remembrance of English courage and courtesy such as will secure for his successors a hearty welcome.

Iceland is not an inviting region to the dandy order of tourists; but the excitements of its scenery and life are novel, and possess strong attractions for the person imbued with the true spirit of travel. Though during the first half of the century several travelers have described its sights and customs with rare power, no one of them saw as much, or has sketched what he saw so vividly, as the last two writers on the island and its people.

All who purpose visiting this country of ancient erudition, oriental ceremony, and unsophisticated hospitality, will find these books, in fact, his best guides. Some Grímr or Sigurdr. must be engaged—some Icelandic student home on a visit to his parents from Copenhagen—to conduct the traveler over the roadless wastes; but his English volumes will tell him what to visit, and when, and how; and instruct him, moreover, in that sort of knowledge respecting the region to be visited which the British tourist likes to obtain beforehand—how far, namely, his £ s. d. ought to go. Difficult as the transit across Iceland is, the expense is trifling. It can be done under a guinea and a half a day, according to Mr. Baring-Gould, the purchase of horses included.

Lord Dufferin, let us say, once for all, is a model for authors of his class. He is always good-humored; never lugubrious over his privations. The difficulties and mishaps which will occur in the best-regulated scheme of travel, he never magnifies. He is from first to last in good spirits. He went to the northern seas to enjoy himself, and was resolved not to be disappointed. Mr. Baring-Gould is of a somewhat graver mood, but equally pleasant and companionable. Lord Dufferin seems to have been as gay and light-hearted when threading his way through the

broken ice of Spitzbergen, with the possibility that at any moment the delicate Foam might be "scrunched" between two masses of the floating material, as when dancing with the modest and most natural Icelandic belles to the liveliest measures, on board the *Reine Hortense*. In the *dramatis personæ* of his traveling company he seems to have been more fortunate than Mr. Baring-Gould.

Mr. Baring-Gould learned the mythic origin of the island from the Roman Catholic abbé of Reykjavik. The good priest manifestly sympathizes with the Danish account, and hates the country with a whole heart. Only the conviction that duty requires him to stay reconciles him to the dreary existence he is condemned to lead. "After the creation," says the fable, which the abbé rehearsed with unction, "Satan was rather taken aback, and he thought within himself, 'I'll see now what *I* can do!' So he toiled at creation, and, lo! he turned out Iceland. . . . All is terrible and gloomy; you are reminded again and again of the scenes in Dante's 'Inferno.' The land is magnificent, too, for there still lingers majesty about the handiwork of the fallen angel." This myth expresses the traveler's feelings forcibly, unless he be an extra-enthusiastic admirer of the grand and awful, after he has gazed until his sight fails at those huge, naked, monotonous mountains, alp on alp, tier over tier, of perpetual snow—those enormous fields of ice, sometimes in glistening motion—those fierce volcanic efforts still in progress—those splendid cascades, almost Niagara—those capricious boiling springs—those extraordinary mud jets, casting forth mire to a considerable elevation in the midst of broad swamps—those chasms unparagoned—those rivers of lava and caves profound. From such dismal scenes and vast and grotesque objects have poets derived their conception of the regions infernal. Tasso, for example, when introducing Pluto's speech to the assembled Tartarean deities, may almost be supposed to have just returned from a visit to the chaotic and volcanic scenery of Iceland:

"Now the hoarse notes of Tart'rus' trump resound,
Calling the dwellers of th' eternal shades.
The spacious caverns tremble all around,
And the dark air an echo loud pervades.
Not such a crash the thunderbolt proclaims,

When from on high it falls, involved in flames;
Nor such a shock distinguishes the birth
Of pent-up vapors bursting from the earth.

"The gods of the abyss in groups appear,
Uniting round about the portals great.
How strange and horrible those forms of fear,
And in their eyes gleam terror, death, and fate!
Some with the hoof impress the horrid strand;
And snakes for hair o'er human brows expand;
While in their rear a monstrous tail they ply,
Which like a lash involve they, or unply.

"Here thousand filthy harpies we might view,
And thousand centaurs, sphinx, and gorgons pale;
And Scyllas, that voracious bark, not few;
Hydras and hissing pythons without fail;
Chimeras black, which vomit sparks of fire,
Fierce Polyphemi and Geryons dire;
And novel monsters no more known or seen.
Mix'd in their aspects, and confused in mien.

"Like sulph'rous vapors and inflamed, that rise
From Mongibello, like their stench and sound,
Such now his breath and beastly mouth devise,
Where just such stench, and just such flames abound.
His voice the bark of Cerberus restrained,
And Hydra silenced by the sound remained;
Cocytus paused, and the abysses broke
Into loud echoings, as thus he spoke."

Iceland is not only unearthly from its extraordinary natural objects and phenomena, but its desolation appals the traveler. If monsters there were ever here, they are no more known or seen. Stones every where occupy those plains which the ice has spared. Throughout the entire island there is not a single road-way. Mr. Baring-Gould mentions a river which rolls for two hundred miles, until it falls into a frightful chasm, and along whose course there are only in all ten dwellings. The want of roads is not compensated by villages, farmsteads, or settlements of any kind. The tourist—if we are to speak of Iceland now as included within our range of summer travel—must grope his way from one desert to another by such assistance as certain rude marks afford; pyramids of stone, it may be, or heaps of turf, or more simply, a few pieces of stone

placed upon some slight elevation, in a manner evidently artificial. These are the only landmarks; and it is not likely that, for a long time, the traveler will have any other. The "forests," at least, are not difficult to penetrate, seeing that they consist merely of low beech coppices, never more than twelve feet high. There is *one* tree in the country, which, if the Icelanders were tree-worshippers, would, from its magnitude, certainly receive their homage. It is a mountain-ash at Arkureyri, which towers to the magnificent height, for Iceland, of twenty-six feet, and has seats placed round it by way of tribute to its singular majesty. The island, moreover, severely tries the blood of a sedentary Englishman. The mean temperature for the year at Reykjavik is at freezing point. Let the adventurous traveler, in search of the picturesque, ascend, however, some of the higher hills, and he will find that Reykjavik was an oven compared with his present situation. The Icelanders, of course, do not suffer from the cold in like measure. When, on one occasion, Mr. Baring-Gould had put on a fur coat and a pea-jacket, he found the field-workers making hay, the women without their bodices, the men in their drawers.

The Icelanders are a devout people, though their attendance at church is not exemplary. They still retain in their ritual a few practices of the old religion, and have altars, crucifixes, pictures, and candles. A portion of the service is in Latin; but the people, for the most part, understand that language. Crime, says Lord Dufferin, is unknown—they have neither prison, gallows, soldier, nor police. What a paradise! This, surely, is the model state of the peace party—let them emigrate to it in a body, and who shall fret at their departure! But Mr. Baring-Gould does not quite support Lord Dufferin here. He quotes statistics, showing that crime has a lodgment even in this primitive region. Suicide occurs occasionally, though there is nothing to cause brain-excitement where the competitions of a highly-developed state of society never intrude. It is not quite correct, either, to say that the Icelanders have *no* police, since there is *one* policeman—one only—at Reykjavik, who is invested with a majesty of authority such as no blue-coat in any other land possesses. His baton is a species of scepter, and his frown

almost that of a god. The law of marriage in Iceland, again, may supply a hint to reformers of the English Divorce Court, which is now acknowledged to require some little amendment. When an Icelandic couple deliberately make up their minds that they can not agree, and will not live a cat-and-dog life, they come before the Danish governor to get the knot matrimonial severed. This functionary, after receiving the application, refers the parties back, to put in their period of probation, which is fixed at three years. If at the end of that period they are of the same mind, the divorce is pronounced, and each is at liberty to marry again.

Another interesting feature of Lord Dufferin's book is his detailed and picturesque description of the extraordinary plain of Thingvalla. Among all the wonders of the island this alone would be worth going to Iceland to see. After an hour's gradual ascent through a picturesque ravine the travelers came upon an immense plateau of lava—every thing is lava in Iceland, even the houses are built of it where wood is not used—which stretched away for miles like a stony lake. The minutest patch of verdure would have been a relief to the eye, but nothing of the kind was to be seen. Over this desert the party struggled slowly, for the horses could only go at a foot pace—when lo! they are arrested suddenly by a precipitous chasm, beyond which lies a ten-miles-broad, sunlit, beautiful plot, beyond which, again, the mountainous and barren region begins. This plain is sunk to a lower level of a hundred feet than the surrounding country, and covered in great measure with birch brushwood. So extraordinary a depression is due to some majestic commotion of nature, which must have taken place long ere time began. Here, in this marvelous oasis, the ancient Icelandic parliament was wont to meet. At a period when despotism was universal in Europe, this plain saw a free legislature regularly assemble to regulate the affairs of the young republic, and to this hour the precincts of its Commons House are distinctly traceable. "By a freak of nature, as the subsiding plain cracked and shivered into twenty thousand fissures, an irregular oval area, of about two hundred feet by fifty, was left almost entirely surrounded by a crevice so deep and broad as to be utterly impassable—at one extremity alone a scanty causeway connect-

ed it with the adjoining level, and allowed of access to its interior." It was in this natural fortress—fit council-chamber for a free and vigorous people—that the earlier constitution-makers of Iceland held their "Thing," or parliament. From an elevation in the center called the "Hill of Laws," the decisions of the bonders were proclaimed; and "to this day, at the upper end of the place of meeting, may be seen the three hummocks where sat in state the chiefs and judges of the land." For three hundred years did the Icelanders maintain his independence. Undisturbed by the distractions of war, generation after generation lived in a rude and yet sufficient comfort. Political wisdom grew under the salutary influence of liberty, and a literature was created which for variety and interest nothing contemporaneous in Europe equaled. In 1761 the Icelandic nobles quarreling among themselves, their island fell under the control of the Norwegian sovereign, and from thence passed eventually to Denmark. With this dependence their literature lost its tone, and their intellectual caliber was lessened. They ceased to be a people singular by reason of their erudition and moral worth, and remained in this prostrate condition until the Reformation revived in a measure their ancient glory. As early as 1530 a printing-press was introduced, and immediately set to work on the productions of native genius. The Icelanders had formerly an uncommon aptitude for mastering foreign tongues, which, indeed, is in some measure characteristic of the population of the island to the present day; and translations into Icelandic of Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope were among the first of their efforts in this direction. A newspaper, at present printed at Reykjavik, is a very respectable article in point of typography; and Icelandic youths carry off the prizes of intellectual superiority at Copenhagen.

Still, Iceland is a country upon which Ichabod is written. Its literary interest for us consists exclusively in its traditions, and such memorials (and they are numerous) of its old mental triumphs as have survived the wasting hand of time. It is very remarkable, at the same time, that so much of the old spirit and tastes have descended through several centuries, which may be called the dark ages of Icelandic history, to arrest the attention of the traveler now almost as soon as he sets foot in

the capital. The true Icelander is even to-day marked by a bearing which comes of his descent from the old poets, fictionists, and historians of his country. Among the agriculturists, who live with difficulty, rearing their scanty stock of cattle on the little tūn which surrounds their farms, books are invariably found, and Mr. Baring-Gould gives the following list of those he saw in the house of a small farmer: "A bible, a prayer-book, the sermons of an Icelandic bishop, a book of Icelandic botany, Latin moral maxims in MS., and parts of Ancient Transactions of the Althing, with a complete cabinet of Sagas."

In one of his happiest passages Lord Dufferin thus speaks of the former intellectual distinctions of this erudite people:

"Indeed, so much more accustomed did they get to use their heads than their hands, that if an Icelander were injured he often avenged himself, not by cutting the throat of his antagonist, but by ridiculing him in some pasquinade. Sometimes, indeed, he did both; and when the King of Denmark maltreats the crew of an Icelandic vessel shipwrecked on his coast, their indignant countrymen send the barbarous monarch word, that by way of reprisal, they intend making as many lampoons on him as there are promontories in his dominions. Almost all the ancient Scandinavian manuscripts are Icelandic; the negotiations between the courts of the north were conducted by Icelandic diplomatists; the earliest topographical survey with which we are acquainted was Icelandic; the cosmogony of the Odin religion was formulated, and its doctrinal traditions and ritual reduced to a system, by Icelandic archæologists; and the first historical composition ever written by any European in the vernacular, was the product of Icelandic genius. The title of this important work is *The Heimskringla*; or, *World-circle*, [this being the first word which catches the eye on opening the MS.] and its author was Snorri Sturleson! It consists of an account of the reigns of the Norwegian kings, from mythic times down to about A.D. 1150, that is to say, a few years before the death of our own Henry II., but detailed by the old Sagamen with so much art and cleverness as almost to combine the dramatic power of Macaulay with Clarendon's delicate delineation of character, and the charming loquacity of Mr. Pepys. His stirring sea-fights, his tender love-stories, and delightful bits of domestic gossip, are really inimitable—you actually live with the people he brings upon the stage, as intimately as you do with Falstaff, Percy, or Prince Hal—and there is something in the bearing of those old heroic figures, who form his *dramatis personæ*, so grand and noble, that it is impossible to read the story of their ear-

nest stirring lives without a feeling of almost passionate interest—an effect which no tale frozen up in the monkish Latin of the Saxon annalists has ever produced upon me.”

Among Mr. Baring-Gould’s admirably vivid descriptions of the phenomena of which he was witness, we find no parallel for the account of the Valley of Smoke, given by Henderson, who visited the island in 1814 and 1815, long before Ida Pfeiffer traversed it, or the Alpine Club came into vogue. We prefer reading his report to being present with the writer to share the spectacle:

“We proceeded to the Tungu-hvezar. As the wind blew the smoke directly upon us, it was not without some danger that we approached them. Having cautiously leaped over a rivulet of boiling water, I took my station in front of the springs; but ere I was aware, I was nearly suffocated with hot and dense vapors, which so closely surrounded me that I could neither see my companion nor how to make my escape from the spot on which I stood. At the distance of only a few yards before me roared no fewer than sixteen boiling cauldrons, the contents of which, raised in broken columns of various heights, were splashing about the margins, and ran with great impetuosity in numberless streamlets down the precipice on which the springs are situate. What augmented the irksomeness of my situation was the partial darkness in which the whole tract was enveloped, so that it was impossible for me to form any distinct idea of the terrifying operations that were going on before me. After the wind had somewhat abated, the vapors began to ascend more perpendicularly, and I again discovered my companion, who was in no small degree concerned about my safety.”

Another very striking spectacle described by Henderson was the appearance presented by the sun at midnight, and the scene, for which no parallel is found in the observation of later writers, must have been inexpressibly grand and magical:

“Close by, toward the west, lay the Trollakyrkia, or ‘Giant’s Church,’ an ancient volcano, the walls of whose crater rose in a very fantastic manner into the atmosphere, while the lower regions were entirely covered with snow; to the south and east stretched an immense impenetrable waste, enlivened on the one hand by a number of lakes, and in the distance by vast ice mountains, whose glass surface, receiving the rays of the midnight sun, communicated a golden tinge to the surrounding atmosphere, while toward the north the long bay of Hrútaförd gradually opened into the ocean. Here the king of day, like a vast

globe of fire, stretched his scepter over the realms of night, divested indeed of his splendor, but more interesting, because more subject to view. The singing of swans on the neighboring lakes added to the novelty of the scene.”

There is but one spot in Iceland where the magnificence of nature is marred by the tradition of an awful catastrophe. More than the tradition, indeed, interferes with a contemplation of the indescribable majesty of the scene. Evidences of a disaster which figures prominently in Icelandic history are spread around. The desolation is not that of a pre-Adamite disturbance: signs of its being comparatively recent appear. It is clear also that it involved mankind in its ravages. A few patches of pasture ground struggle up through the intermingled lavas, indicating that the destructive agent did not wreak its vengeance upon the present generation; nevertheless, it is but a short time since 1783, and the story of the great ruin is almost as fresh as if it happened yesterday. About fifty miles back from the sea the borders are reached of the region known as the Skapta Yokul, which human foot has never traversed. The Danish government have mapped out the island with a minuteness exceeding the ordnance survey of Ireland, but no attempt has been made to penetrate this desert space of close on four hundred miles square. It was in the year mentioned that the Skapta Yokul quaked, and burst, and obscured, and devastated the island. In the beginning of June the volcanic agency began to exhibit itself, and a preliminary explosion covered the sea with pumice to the distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The springships were delayed in their course, and the eruptions continued for months on the vastest scale. A whirlwind of sulphurous ashes swept over the country, empoisoning the food of man and beast. The lava tore the turf before, rolling downwards in a stream that has been computed variously at from fifty miles in length and fifteen in breadth, to forty in length and seven in breadth. In the huge valley of Skapta the lava is five hundred feet thick, and its general depth on the plain which is covered, one hundred feet. Thousands of acres of the always narrow area of Icelandic pasturage were destroyed. Volcanic dust was perceptible even in the Faroe Islands. Famine and pestilence succeeded, and it has been estimated that nine thousand men, twenty-

eight thousand horses, eleven thousand cattle, and one hundred and ninety thousand sheep, perished. One who visited the island about the opening of the century particularly mentions a greater degree of gravity in the character of the people, and an aversion to gay amusements, which resulted from this event. This somber demeanor, however, would seem to have

worn off; for both Lord Dufferin and Mr. Baring-Gould found the people as fond of a little rational sport as the men of any other nation. Nor does it appear that any permanent "revival" of religion was the consequence of this visitation; for in Reykjavik, as elsewhere, the majority among the congregations which assemble from Sunday to Sunday are females.

From the London Quarterly.

"THE SITUATION" IN POLAND.*

THE Treaty of Vienna is in everybody's mouth just now. We have been told over and over again that it is the only possible basis for diplomatic action of any kind; and on this very ground both parties have been urging the uselessness of "the joint proposals," because (say both) the Poles want something very different from what the treaty contemplated for them. What does the Treaty of Vienna lay down, which makes it such a convenient engine in the hands of statesmen, anxious on the one hand to do nothing which may "endanger the peace of Europe," and on the other to satisfy our natural impatience at the piecemeal destruction of a gallant nation? This question we shall briefly answer, and then say a few words upon the "situation," as affected by considerations of race and early history.

And, first, the treaty recognized in the fullest manner both the *kingdom* of Poland and the *provinces*, and it made different provisions in regard to these respectively. The kingdom was the last annexation: Poland was gradually stripped, the kingdom, or, as it used to be

called, the grand duchy of Warsaw, not having been finally appropriated till 1795, after the unfortunate rising under Kosciusko and the storming of Warsaw by Suwaroff.

It would seem that in 1815 the great powers were struck with sudden remorse in respect to Poland and her wrongs. At the very moment that they were solemnly delivering over her provinces to Austria, Russia, and Prussia, they multiplied protective guarantees, and actually strove to maintain a national bond between the divers parts of the divided nation.

In the Austrian portion, Cracow was to be a free city, its independence and neutrality being guaranteed in perpetuity. The grand duchy of Warsaw was thenceforth to be styled the "*kingdom of Poland* under the Russian crown;" so that the national name still lives, so to speak, *diplomatically*, ready whenever the time comes for reconstituting the whole. The Prussian part took the name of "the grand duchy of Posen," so as to keep it distinct from the rest of the Prussian dominions; nay, the frontier line is traced on the Prussian just as clearly as on the Russian side. Further, the new kingdom of Poland, which the Emperor Alexander I. would fain have made coextensive with all the Russo-Polish provinces—he is said to have been hindered from doing so by Lord Castlereagh—this, the old grand duchy, was to have a distinct existence, national institutions, and a representative government, the whole guaranteed by all

* *Poland: the Treaty of Vienna, and the Question of Races.*

La Pologne depuis le Partage. Revue des Deux Mondes, May 1st, 1861.

La Russie Rouge. Par LE PRINCE TROUBETZKOI. Paris. 1860.

Une Nationalité contestée. Par M. V. POROCHINE. Paris. 1862.

LELEWEL: *History of Lithuania and Ruthenia.* (French Translation, 1861.)

the powers who took a part in the Congress of Vienna. The "preservation of their nationality" was also especially secured to the Poles under Austria and Prussia; and, as if to make amends for their final separation, the whole of the provinces were united in a sort of *Zollverein*, establishing free traffic transit and navigation through every part of *old Poland*; and the privileges of this commercial treaty extended to the old frontiers which existed in 1772, before the first partition. In fact, strangely enough, the conquerors, the Austrians, Russians, and Prussians, are spoken of in these arrangements as *strangers*. The words of the Emperor Alexander I., when he proclaimed the constitution of May, 1815, are the best comment on all this:

"Your restoration is assured by solemn treaties, which give Poland henceforth an honorable place among the European nations. Your language will be used in all public records; all state appointments will be filled by Poles only; you have unshackled commerce, and free intercommunication with those portions of old Poland which are under other powers; you have your national army, your national institutions; and all this you will transmit as an heritage to your posterity; for it is all guaranteed to you by solemn treaty; *I have compelled the states of Europe to ratify the acknowledgment of your existence.*"

As we have said, Alexander I. wished to annex Lithuania, Volhynia, the Ukraine, in fact the earlier spoils of Poland, to his new kingdom. He was dissuaded from so doing, and replied to Lord Castlereagh:

"Well: if the time for establishing Poland in its entirety is not yet come, there will be nothing (now this *nucleus* is formed) to hinder its being done at any time when Europe wishes it."

Why did Lord Castlereagh oppose the embodiment of all the Polish provinces in a kingdom of Poland? Was it that he dreaded French influence on the united Poles? Or did he doubt the sincerity of the Russian emperor, and think that he wished to attach the Poles to Russia in order to employ them as trustworthy allies in his attempts to push his frontier westward? Anyhow, little as the Treaty of Vienna did for Poland, it guaranteed three things: to the kingdom a constitution and independent government under

a Russian viceroy; to the provinces, whether Russian, Austrian, or Prussian, national institutions; to the whole country within the limits of the Poland of 1772, entire freedom of commercial intercourse. This is what it gave to Poland in return for placing under general European sanction the partitions, which, we must remember, were until then unsanctioned by any powers save the three who had divided the spoil.

The main point to be kept before our eyes is, that when the Congress of Vienna confirmed their Polish possessions to the three robber-states, it did so only on condition that the terms which it secured for the Poles were adhered to. Let us see how Russia has fulfilled her engagements since 1815. Three years later Alexander I. opened the first Polish diet at Warsaw, with words as encouraging as those which he had spoken in May, 1815; but in spite of his liberal professions, (at which the Austrian Francis laughed, and when asked to join with his brother emperor, said: "I'm not such a humbug.") Alexander steadily pursued the work of *entire assimilation*. He kept, however, to the letter of the constitution and of the treaty: it was reserved for his successor Nicholas to ridicule all pledges and guarantees. To *denationalize* Poland was the declared aim of Nicholas's life. His illegal attempts produced the revolt of 1831. When this was crushed, the "kingdom" was incorporated with Russia. The ceremony of crowning the king at Warsaw was abolished; the native army was disbanded, and the infamous Russian recruiting system was introduced; Poles were replaced by Russians in the offices of state; and the Houses of Representatives ceased to meet. Worse than this, every child was bound to attend the government schools, where Russian was taught, but next to no Polish; the latter being learnt one hour a week, as if it were a foreign language. The university, the museum, and the mint were transferred to St. Petersburg; large numbers of the lesser nobility were forced to migrate to the Russian crown lands; and the influx of German emigrants was in every way encouraged, land being actually bought by government, and sold to them at a loss. In short, all means were taken to kill any thing like national feeling or independent existence. Even the national colors were

prohibited, and the Russian brown was sold under cost price at government clothing stores opened in every village. In carrying out all these measures the czar was seconded by the able and unscrupulous Muchanoff, his chief *employé* at Warsaw.

Since the suppression of the movement in 1831, the chief signs of life exhibited by the Poles have been in the way of social and material development. The Agricultural Society of Warsaw has been mainly instrumental in sustaining the national feeling. It has aimed at various objects, all tending to promote the prosperity of the country; objects purely agricultural, as well as the establishment of a proper credit system, the improving the navigation of the Vistula, and the foundation of *temperance societies*. These last have met with most determined opposition from the Russian government. The excise duties form a very large item in the revenue; and thus even in Russia itself temperance societies have been discountenanced; while in Poland every effort has been made to represent them as meddling with politics, and so to have an excuse for crushing them. One other matter which the society took in hand was the emancipation of the serfs. There has been a curious amount of misrepresentation in regard to this matter: we have been told, so often and so positively that we have begun to believe it, that the old Polish system was shocking, that Russian influence has been uniformly exercised for the amelioration of the serfs, while the chronic state of rebellion has been kept up by a privileged caste, holding on like grim death to their exclusive feudal distinctions. This is the reason why there has been till lately so little general sympathy here with the Polish cause; why, in fact, the nation at large would rather have favored the cause of Russia as being that of "law and order," had Russia been able to keep herself within due bounds, to suppress revolt in an *European* manner, to abstain from Tartar barbarities while enforcing submission. She has not done so: she has used the knout too freely for English notions; she has made Siberia a dolorous place of hellish torture; witness the death of poor Levitor, who burnt himself with the straw of his cell, because, having twice stood firm against "the question" which sought to wrench from him the names of those who had aided his attempt

to escape, he feared his strength would be unequal to the third trial. And so the English have felt, "These Poles may be right, or they may be wrong; but Russia can not be right in so maltreating them; Mouravieff can not be right in knouting women; their officers can not be right in encouraging all kinds of horrible outrages." But we may claim far higher ground for sympathy with the Poles: it is they who first in eastern Europe took in hand the question of serf-emancipation. We must not forget that in the middle ages serfage was universal; we know that in France and Germany many of its oppressive enactments lingered till beyond the time of the French Revolution. The Hessian elector who sold his men to George III. was behaving at least as arbitrarily as any Polish or Russian noble would ever have thought of doing.

Now, for all the east of Europe, the "middle ages" lasted on quite into modern times. Not until 1481 did Russia begin to resist the *Golden Horde*: not until quite the end of the sixteenth century was the overthrow of the Mongols completed by the subjection of Kasan and Astrakhan. Meanwhile, the Turks were almost always keeping south-eastern Europe in a ferment. From long before the first siege of Vienna in 1529, down to that from which John Sobieski relieved it in 1683, and for many years after, Poland had plenty of outdoor work to excuse her want of attention to matters at home. During all this time she continued true to the cause of Europe: her countenance enabled Russia first to rise and afterwards to conquer; and then she constituted the link between Austria and Russia in the almost ceaseless joint crusade which did not terminate till Russia, strong enough to act by herself, left Austria to take the hard fighting on the Danube, and turning the Turks' position pushed on to the southward and cut the sultan off from Tartary and the Crimea. We must never forget that it was by the help of Poland, his ally, that Peter the Great conquered the city and port of Azoff, (1699,) and so was enabled to equip his first fleet.

Then came religious troubles, fomented by Russia; but it must be remembered, that though the country was far from being so advanced in civilization as France was at the time of the wars of the League, there were in Poland no religious wars, no shameful massacres, (like that of Tou-

louse,) nothing but cabals terminating in the exclusion from the diets of the dissident nobles. Russia, from this time forth, gave Poland scant leisure for internal improvement. It was just as if at the time of our own revolution England had been floated over to the coast of Belgium. Certainly, in that case, we should not have managed matters so peaceably as we did. Louis XIV. might probably have fancied that the Thames formed the natural boundary, and have claimed our southern counties. In fact, instead of a peaceable change of dynasty, we might have had something like a partition of England. But we had the sea for our protection, Poland had not; nay, she had scarcely any well-marked frontier. Besides, with all his unscrupulousness, Louis XIV. had more chivalry, more humanity, than Peter the Great and his successors.

And so at last Catherine II. came, and Poland's doom was sealed. But just at the very last, too late, unhappily, to effect any good, the Poles made a move in the way of freedom, and that at the exact time when Russia was actually *spreading* serfdom on the east and south of the Ural. In May, 1791, was proclaimed the new Polish constitution of Stanislaus Augustus, which abolished the much-abused *Liberum Veto*, whereby foreign powers had had such constant opportunities of interfering, and *placed the peasantry under the immediate protection of the laws*, sanctioning the endeavors of the landed proprietors gradually to better the condition of their tenantry. These efforts for internal improvement were actually made the ground of the new partition of 1793. The Poles were accused of "revolutionary tendencies," and, basely deserted by Prussia, which had promised them her support, they had to submit to the infamous treaty of Grodno, the terms of which so rankled in the minds of the unhappy people, that (hoping for help from Austria and Sweden) they rose two years later under Kosciusko, with what result we all too well know.

Thus was the Polish abolition of serfdom nipped in the bud; all that remained to the peasant was equality in the eyes of the law. This he has still; he is in Poland a person, not a chattel. And hence the plan of Alexander II. to force upon the Polish land-owners his scheme for emancipating Russian serfs was most unfair, because serfdom in Poland is so

different from serfdom in Russia, that the measures for relief which are good in the one case can not, without gross injustice, be applied in the other. No doubt the attitude of the peasantry is one of the weak points in the Polish cause. How is it they are so little capable of sympathizing, as a whole, with the efforts for independence? One answer has been given above; the country was still in a transition state when further progress was checked by foreign tyranny; a tyranny which, while striving to crush out all national life and quench all national spirit, has not interfered with the comforts of the peasant. Another answer is, that the Reformation failed in Poland; as, indeed, it did in France; but then France had the old Revolution to heave her up from the depths of bigotry and despotism, and fling her by a desperate effort on the road of progress, that road along which England had, thanks to the change of religion, been moving steadily forward for centuries.

The Reformation began well in Poland. Sigismund Augustus supported it, and many of the nobles professed the new opinions. But with Sigismund the house of Jagellon became extinct, the crown was made elective, and Jesuit intrigues were soon added to the conflicts of parties. "Liberty is very good, but the Catholic faith is better:" with such a doctrine as that there was no chance for united national feeling to thrive. The Protestants became (like the French Huguenots) a political party looking to Sweden; the Greek Church, of course, trusted to Russian help; the Romanists were ready to join with any power which would secure them liberty to persecute, and monopoly of the education of the country. Meanwhile, the peasantry were neglected; the darkness of the middle ages still rested upon them, without the smallest effort being made to clear it away. The reckless, turbulent noble who rode up armed to the diet at Warsaw cared very little except about the figure he should make there, and the power of gratifying his vanity and consulting his private interests which the *Liberum Veto* gave him. The priest who urged him on and directed his vote cared for nothing except the cause of the church; and that cause we know its adherents have constantly endeavored to maintain by acts of crooked policy, and at the sacrifice of the real good of the nation which they have professed to serve

Well may Poland curse the day on which Archbishop Hosius, he who could write of the massacre of St. Bartholomew as having given him "exceeding comfort and joy," brought in the Jesuits. But for their systematic and too successful efforts, Poland might long ago have had a peasantry enlightened, educated, capable of really appreciating freedom and national independence, and therefore ready to join vigorously in the struggle to gain them.

We have referred to the Agricultural Society of Warsaw. It was founded by Count Andrew Zamoyski, who in 1831 was the national emissary to Vienna, where it was hoped that something might be done to induce Prince Metternich to interfere. When all was over, he did not (as many others did) quit Poland, but devoted himself to quiet measures of internal improvement. He started in 1840 an *Agricultural Magazine*, keeping himself steadily in the background, and carefully eschewing all reference to politics. In this way farming was ameliorated, the breed of cattle and horses improved, steamboats set up on the Vistula, and, above all, the people were kept quiet: an outlet had been found for their energy in a direction in which Russia could not complain of its being exercised. "Speak of us as little as possible," said one of these patriots of the new school to a traveler who remarked on the visible progress of the country: "if you speak at all, speak of our miseries, but not a word about the signs of life which you may notice; you will kill us if you mention them." The Poles wished to be forgotten for a while; Muchanoff and Wielopolski would not leave them alone. The system of *denationalization* was pursued so steadily, that at last there was nothing for it but either to renounce all dreams of separate existence, to give up even what the Congress of Vienna had stipulated for, and to drift into the ocean of Russian nationality, or else to make a move in some way or other. The Poles determined to move: the remarkable thing is the way in which they moved. No outbreak, no attempt at violence; addresses to the emperor claiming in the calmest language what the treaties of 1815 had *secured*; and then funeral services, commemorating the chief Polish poets, the chief Polish battles. From one of these, the mass for those who fell in the three days' fight at Grochow, the new epoch may be dated. It was on the 25th

of February, 1861, that the whole population turned out into the streets, marching with wax tapers and other religious insignia, and singing their litany: "From plague, famine, and war, good Lord, deliver us. *Give us a country, good Lord.*" It was as much as to say: "You are prohibiting our language, you are abolishing our laws; but you will not succeed in making us forget our nationality." All these demonstrations were perfectly unarmed: voluntary special constables watched to check all disorder. When, in April, 1861, the troops had fired on the groups of praying men and women, the emperor asked how many soldiers had been killed, and how many stand of arms had been taken from the rebels. He was startled to hear of *no casualties* in the army and no arms captured. The religious element in the revolt is also very remarkable: it is not, as it is so often represented here, a mere question of rival churches, though the advocacy of the Polish cause by such men as Mr. Pope Hennessy scares many a good Protestant. The religious sentiment of Krazinski and the other popular poets is rather *mystical* than Romanist. What they have striven to enforce is calm endurance, and that resignation which does not *give up*, but which looks to become perfect *through suffering*. So matters stood up to the time of the new conscription edict. This was the work of the Marquis Wielopolski. If ever one man was chargeable with the misery of a whole people, then surely at Wielopolski's door we may lay all the wretchedness caused by this present struggle. He it was who sedulously kept the emperor up to the extreme of *repression*; he it was who so framed the conscription act as to rob the nation of those on whom the life of its patriotism depended, and thus to destroy gradually the very feeling of patriotism itself.

Wielopolski started in life with a man whose career has been very different, the Count Zamoyski, of whom we spoke above. At first he took the popular side; but, offended at some of the proceedings of 1831, became the very incarnation of anti-patriotism. Doubtless he thought all along that he was doing the best for Poland; but he did it just in the way which most of all went contrary to the wishes of the Poles. Remonstrance and entreaty seem only to have strengthened his stubborn determination to make Poland a mere Russian province, rich and

prosperous if possible, but without any of those little marks of distinct independence which are dearer to the Poles than any amount of material wealth. His motto might have been, (like that of our own Stafford,) "*Thorough*." He was obstinate; but the people were no less so: firing on unarmed crowds did not stop the prayings and processions; and therefore he framed the conscription act, aiming such a blow at the heart of the nation as should either make it cease to beat, or force on the outbreak which patriots of all parties wished to delay.

Now the Russians have not been slow to put forward the case of Ireland as parallel with that of Poland. "How should you like," they ask, "to have the people of Cork or Dublin celebrating the anniversary of the Boyne, or the death of Thomas Emmett, with hymns and wax tapers and general weeping? Why, it would be even more embarrassing than your Orange processions: you would be obliged to use repressive measures." It is a sufficient answer to this to say that Ireland is part and parcel of the United Kingdom, that its nationality is merged in the collective empire; it is not at all in those strangely abnormal circumstances in which the Congress of Vienna decided that Poland should remain—a dependency, still preserving its own laws and institutions. There is the difficulty: it is as if the diplomatists of 1815 had purposely left Poland in the most anomalous position in which a coun-

try could be placed: they neither dared to declare it a subject province, nor to give it a distinct place among the nations. If we decide that the "Treaty of Vienna" shall be ignored, if we say it has been broken again and again by almost every power in Europe, then the Polish question must stand on its own merits; and in deciding it, the main question will surely be, Which is the best course to set forward the progress of Europe? It is weak to talk incessantly about Russian aggression, though it is wise never to forget that her traditional policy is aggressive, and that at the present moment, if Sweden and other states had their own, "Russia in Europe" would be but a small state. As it is, her strength is certainly not increased by the addition of Poland: Poland is to Russia a continual burden, hindering her efforts in what she so much needs—internal development and material progress. A happy Polish nation, such as that of which Alexander I. dreamed when he spoke of uniting the kingdom to the provinces, and placing the whole under the czar as head of all the Slavic peoples—such a Poland would strengthen the hands of Russia as Scotland strengthens the hands of England; but such a Poland the policy of the last thirty years prevents us from hoping for. As things are, Russia would be the gainer could she without loss of honor throw Poland off altogether.

So much for the bearing on the question of the much-quoted Treaty of Vienna.

From the London Eclectic

HISTORY IN THE COURT OF CHANCERY.*

"I wish I could only be as sure about one thing as Tom Macaulay is about every thing," the late excellent Marquis of Lansdowne is reported to have said, after

the historian had been summing up in one of his brilliant *ex parte* torrents of argument and anecdote at the breakfast table at Bowood.

*An Inquiry into the Theories of History, with special reference to the Principles of the Positive Philosophy. W. H. Allen & Co.

The new "Examen;" or, an Inquiry into the Evidence relating to certain passages in Lord Macaulay's History. By JOHN PAGET. Blackwood & Sons. *Saturday Review*, October 2d, 1863—Art., *The Wigton Martyrs*.

The teachers and students of history seem to be pretty much divided between two such chieftainships—historical skeptics and historical believers, those who believe little or nothing, and those who accept the whole world of legend and tradition in good faith; later years have quite recast ideas on the theory of history. When

Lord Macanlay published his charming Essay on History in the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1828, he referred to little more than the constituent *material* and mode of history. The first pulses and throbs of that stunning shock to all historical study and investigation given by Niebuhr's *History of Rome* were only just beginning to be felt; it is not too much to say that the effect of that marvelously skeptical history has shaken, and continues to shake, all the foundations of historic faith, so that the question now is not as to the coloring of history, as to whether Herodotus or Thucydides is the more delightful or natural; whether Gibbon, Hume, or Froissart supply the more instructive or pleasant pictures, but whether there is a science of history at all; whether we can depend upon any page presented to us as historical. It is not merely again the question of isolated and individual facts; the whole possibility of such a science as history has been thrown into chancery, and the question has been raised whether there is such an assured progression of human affairs, such a relationship and harmony that it may be possible to deal with the sequences of great events, the rise and fall of nations, and the rise and fall of statesmen and wars, and the ebb and flow of markets, as we deal with a tree, with the anatomy of a creature, with the action of the tides, and the return of stars, and found a science upon the observations, and from the orderliness of the science infer the movements of a Providence; and the work we have placed at the head of this article discusses this question with great and sustained interest. In the following passage the author founds an argument for God upon an often but effectively wrought analogy—that of gravitation:

"An attempt has been made to give this reasoning an application tending to its own refutation. Gravitation, for instance, it may be said, is legitimately assigned as the cause of a numerous class of phenomena, and the principle of gravitation is as far removed from observation as that other principle which we designate God, the primary cause of all things. It follows, according to the reasoning that has just been employed, that having attained the idea of the principle of gravitation we ought to pause, we should seek to go no further, but should accept that as a first principle occupying the same place in respect of all the phenomena which it explains as that which has been claimed for the idea of God, and consequently superseding, *quoad hæc*, the necessity for such

an idea. The reasoning employed to establish the idea of a primary cause is thus applied to overthrow that idea; but this application can scarcely be deemed plausible and is certainly fallacious. *When we speak of the principle of gravitation and of that principle as the cause of the phenomena of gravitation, if we analyze our own thoughts and words, we shall perceive that we are not thinking at all, that we mean nothing, but deceive ourselves with a sound without meaning.* We know of no such principle of gravitation, and consequently we can assign no such cause of its phenomena. M. Comte expressly teaches that the word gravitation strictly indicates a simple general fact, namely, the action of the sun on the planets, of these on their satellites, and of terrestrial bodies on each other, but that we can not know in what that action fundamentally consists. In other words, *we do not and can not know the principle of gravitation, and have only to accept the simple general fact which the word gravitation describes.* When we speak of the law of gravitation we mean, if we mean any thing, as has been before stated, the phenomena of gravitation aggregated or generalized in our conception into a law. The aggregated phenomena are the law: the law is the aggregated phenomena. When we speak of the phenomena of gravitation we mean actual and palpable appearances in nature which constitute all that we know of gravitation. We know nothing of gravitation beyond those phenomena and what those phenomena teach. We can not therefore say that the principle of gravitation is the cause of those phenomena, for this is a mere verbal illusion under which we conceal from ourselves the absence of any definite conception. Neither can we say that gravitation or the law of gravitation is the cause of those phenomena, for those phenomena *are* gravitation and its law, nothing more, nothing less, nothing different. Yet the phenomena of gravitation in common with all other phenomena and the law of gravitation in common with all other laws demand a cause, and the idea of that cause is at once a necessary and an ultimate conclusion.

"This conclusion appears to me to lie at the very foundations of human nature and society, of religion and morality, of science and philosophy. Grant this, and the universe has a Creator and Ruler, man has a father and friend, life has an intelligible meaning, history a definite course, society a destined goal. Deny this, refuse to take the first step, and all is dark and desolate and purposeless. The world is orphaned, and there is no Providence to guide the steps of humanity, to control its aberrations, and to conduct it to its ends. All is chance without order, or law without progress, unity, or design; a bottomless deep boiling with endless storms, a maze without a plan. When these are the alternatives offered, a universal anarchy or a universal perfect rule, does not the innate love of order, of beauty, of truth, and of goodness in the human mind cling to

the latter and reject the former, so that if we were sure that there is no God it might seem desirable, as has been somewhere said, to invent one, in order to satisfy the unappeasable longings of our nature for something higher and better than itself? It is indeed difficult to understand how any to whom the idea of God has been once presented can bring themselves to live without it. It would be idle, however, to pretend that there are many whose objections are not removed by the considerations that have been adduced, and it would be unjust to deny that probably for the most part they are as thoughtful and honest as the majority of those who accept the theistic conclusion. If the belief of the one class is found to be salutary to themselves they must hold that the unbelief of the other is injurious to them; but it does not follow that the evil should be aggravated by mutual want of charity. If it is right for theists, as I consider, to bear with those who seem to them to shake the basis of society, it is equally required of anti-theists to give credit to their opponents for the sincerity and depth of their convictions. I can truly say for myself that verging rapidly towards the close of life, completely emancipated from all ecclesiastical systems and conventional ties, and having no other interests but those of truth to bias my thoughts or direct my pen, I find it utterly impossible to put even a fragment of intelligible meaning into the phenomena of nature, and life, and history, except as the expressions of a supreme will. I am willing to concede that this may be a mistake: let those who think so believe it possible that the mistake may be, not mine, but theirs. It is not demonstrable like a proposition in Euclid: let those who demand that it should be so, demonstrate the existence of matter and spirit, the matter of their own bodies and the thinking power by which it is animated and governed."

The volume has a special reference to the views of M. Comte. Views which seem to our minds as absurd as they are assuredly blasphemous. M. Comte, as our readers know, saw a kind of order in the universe, but scouted the idea of a God dictating and directing that order. We have spoken of the absurdity of his opinions frequently in dealing with such awful and impressive questions. He was utterly unable to conceive the existence of independent mind; and he attempted, as our readers know, to identify thought within the thinking body, just as digestion is impossible, except as belonging to the body. He quotes the language of the devout Psalmist: "The heavens declare the glory of God," but with indecorous levity asserts that "they declare no such thing; that they declare no other glory than that

of Hipparchus, Kepler, and Newton, and of all who have contributed to establish their laws." We can scarcely conceive it possible that such a miserable attempt at wit could be accepted as argument even by those who most favor M. Comte's views; indeed, ages before ever Hipparchus lived, not only the Psalmist but Chaldean shepherds saw something in the heavens which raised their reverence and awe; and the question of what Kepler or Newton declared touching the heavenly places does not affect the great fact at all. Those wonderful men only a little discovered the glory which had for infinite ages existed. One's mind is really overwhelmed with pity at the mental obliquity of the man, and that, too, a prince (!) among philosophers, which could so absurdly dim and darken the matter upon which he desired to express an opinion. The same obliquity of moral vision, for this, we believe, really lies at the root of M. Comte's philosophic system, pervades all his speculations in the different kingdoms of science. He regarded the objects of those kingdoms as he regarded the heavenly bodies; if beauty were discovered, strangely enough he gave the credit of the beauty to the discoverer not to the Creator, just as the heavens declared not the glory of God but the glory of Newton. Every where he refused to see the presidency of will—only the prevalence of law. Law, in that case, is self-originating and self-sustaining. The able author of the *Inquiries into the Theories of History* firmly grapples with this department of Comte's vast system of scientific heresy. The inquiry of the volume is, as to what testimony history brings in support of the theory of will; he first examines the theory that history is chance; after giving this, which has perhaps really few supporters, the full benefit of a most lucid statement, he shows how necessarily this theory looks on to the theory of law. The theory of M. Comte, of course the theory of chance, annihilates the possibility of science; there can be no continuity of thought nor recognition of such continuity in our own mind or in the minds of others. We do not hesitate to express our conviction, that our author has dealt with the theory of law in its most difficult, and at the same time its most necessary ground of argument; while he shows that the idea of God and Providence are not to be assumed in order to array them against law, he

shows also that when chance is affirmed, what is really affirmed is that there is no causation, and so also when law is affirmed, what is really affirmed is that there is no causation, and he advances, we think, by triumphant steps to the proof that history eminently illustrates the theory of a supreme will. In doing this his criticisms upon M. Comte do not raise that philosopher in our estimation, although our writer's method is invariably calm and courteous. Our readers know that M. Comte was touched with the Aristarchus spirit, or that of poor Alphonso of Castile. He quite seriously thought that he could mend creation; he ridiculed the formation of the human eye as an illustration of wisdom, and thought it rather a clumsy apparatus. His irritation at certain parts of the human frame—the kidneys, etc., we can only suppose might perhaps grow out of some unpleasant affections in those regions. The heart also seemed to him not cleverly contrived; and altogether he seems to have approached his subject in a contemptuous, irreverent, and unphilosophical spirit. And upon such reasoning he expected all who believed in God to accept his undoubting assurance that they were mistaken, and as soon as possible to dislodge the belief from their minds. If these were his conceptions with reference to the world of creatures, it is not to be supposed that the science of events was regarded more favorably. Failing to see the supreme will in things, he was not likely to perceive its operation in persons or in nations. As he saw no divine idea in the human eye, he was not likely to see the growth of a divine idea in the action and history of the human mind. In reply to this our author says, summing up the course of his argument:

"The conclusion at which we have arrived may be briefly stated. The question raised was to determine on what principle history is to be interpreted, whether according to the theory of chance, of law, or of will. It has been shown that the theory of chance is inadequate to the explanation of nature and life, and that those phenomena which are apparently favorable to it are resolvable into our own ignorance. It has been shown that the theory of law as opposed to that of chance is established by an overwhelming amount of evidence, but that it is subject to two qualifications: first, that in virtue of the limitation of our faculties we can not in certain cases prove law to exist where it probably does exist; and, second, that law describing only a conception

of the mind, although an eminently real conception, only a relation of phenomena, although an eminently positive relation, can not as such constitute the basis of nature and life, but demands something higher from which it emanates, something deeper on which it rests. Finally, it has been shown that this desideratum is supplied by the theory of will, a supreme will, of which all phenomena and laws are the expressions, and of which under different but accordant aspects we may conceive as a primary cause, the source of all being, and as a presence, a power, a providence informing all nature, energizing all life, exercising a just, and wise, and beneficent moral government over rational creatures, and guiding all events to their destined ends.

"The argument has been minute and dry and wholly inadequate to the majesty of the theme. The conclusion constitutes the grandest and most solemn truth that can occupy the human mind. By the very constitution of our nature no one can deny this truth without self-contradiction. The terms in which the denial is expressed contain its refutation, since without the reality of the truth denied, the denial could be neither conceived nor communicated. No one can intelligently accept this truth, without perceiving that it is the keystone of the great arch of nature and life, of society, of polity, and of history. The phenomena and laws of history can be understood and explained only by the admission of this great central conception of a supreme will, a divine Providence, embracing, directing, and controlling all things, all beings, and all events, in all space and in all time."

The process by which the most blessed being, God, is inferred by the human mind, seems to us to be felicitously presented in the following passage:

"Does intellect furnish the highest conception of God? Can we form no higher idea of God than as mind, the seat, the center, and the source of thought? The answer to these questions is found in raising ourselves to a just conception of the capacities of our own nature. Is intellectual power the highest capacity of that nature? When all the ideas of the human mind have been brought into the strictest logical sequence, has man attained all the perfection of which he is capable? The pertinence of the answer derived from this source will be perceived, when it is considered that it is the same positive source from which all the previous forms of theistic belief have been drawn. Man feels a vital force within himself, and transfers the idea of that force to the external world: hence fetichism. He invests the principal manifestations of that force with distinct personality: hence polytheism. He concentrates all these personalities in one: hence monotheism. In these changes it is assumed that he lives a life predominantly physical,

and therefore whether he worship fetich, gods, or God, his worship is the worship of force. The form of his own character determines the form given in his mind to the character of the power he adores. But he does not always live a mere physical life. He learns to think, and thinking becomes the confirmed habit of his mind and the leading feature of his character; and in this, as in the preceding state, he transfers this elevated conception of his own nature to the great object of his worship. God is no longer the mere author of force, but also of mind, of thought, of intelligence. The question then recurs, does the process stop here? Can we think no higher of ourselves than as embodied intellect? No higher of God than as incorporeal spirit? No higher of either than as merely perceiving the relations of ideas without regard, for instance, to the moral qualities of those relations?

To illustrate this difference, let us suppose a person who is able clearly to apprehend that the relation of two to four is the same as that of four to eight. In this perception the intellect alone is concerned; that is, the relation alone is contemplated, not any moral quality of the relation. The relation is pronounced true, not good or bad. There is no moral sentiment, no sentiment of approbation or of disapprobation, connected with it in the mind. Suppose now, the same person able clearly to apprehend that the relation of vice to misery is the same as that of virtue to happiness. It is quite possible to contemplate this relation also from the same point of view, that is, with the intellect only, without any reference to the moral quality of the relation, pronouncing the relation true, not good, and not accompanying it with any sentiment of moral approbation. In that case, since the person supposed takes into account only the relation, *not the moral quality of the relation, since he regards the relation only from the intellectual, not from the moral, point of view*, he must be held not to have attained to a perception of his own moral capacities and destinies, and by necessary consequence to be as yet destitute of a perception of the moral character and government of God. The two perceptions go hand-in-hand: the latter can not exist without the former; and as certainly the former will produce the latter. Suppose, then, once more, that the individual in question clearly and fully, profoundly and earnestly, apprehends not only the relation, but the moral quality of the relation; that it constitutes a law indelibly engraven on his whole being to deter from that which is morally evil, to attract to that which is morally good; and that in common with all human kind he is subject to the law which this indestructible moral relation expresses. *In this case what a volume of instruction, of warning, and of wisdom, does it open for his perusal! What a grand and ennobling revelation does it make to him of himself, the dignity of his nature, the reach of his*

faculties, the destinies of his race! Above all, what a grander and still more ennobling revelation does it make of the Being who established that relation, who constituted that nature, who impressed that law, and of whose character that relation, that nature, and that law may be accepted as the expressions? Henceforth man conceives of himself not only as a sentient being having material wants, not only as a thinking being having intellectual capacities, but also as a moral being sustaining moral responsibilities. From his own physical nature he had inferred the existence of a power greater than himself producing all physical phenomena. From his own intellectual nature he had inferred the existence of mind transcending his own and giving birth to all the phenomena of thought. And now from his own moral nature he infers with the same intuitive conviction the existence of a moral ruler to whom he and all moral beings are subject. The process of thought is identical in each case; the conclusion is irresistible in all; and the result is to fill the mind with the most positive, the most sublime, and the most salutary conception by which it can be penetrated and possessed, the conception of God controlling all matter, informing all mind, inspiring and educing all goodness."

We trust that this interesting work will receive from readers the attention it surely deserves; it deals with the question only in its more abstract relations; the question itself is one not easy of solution, and both by skeptics and believers it has often been handled in a flippant and unworthy manner. Our readers well know "the fashion of writing histories of human events with a critical accompaniment of what were God's particular designs." * A man may soon deal very presumptuously with the great matters of history; even upon some of the matters on which an ordinary mind expresses itself unhesitatingly, a philosopher most wisely hesitates. The progress of the race is a question which some minds consider as completely settled; the more quiet and unenthusiastic observer finds very much to be said on the other side of the argument, and doubts how far he dares to commit himself to such a verdict as binds the moral character of

* We should like to refer our readers' attention on this subject to an able essay in the *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1830 — "Providential and Prophetic Histories." We think we see some traces, in its vigorous argumentation and sharp humor, of the pen of Henry Rogers. While, in the main, we commend the article as admirable, the argument is certainly stated with sufficient strength on the skeptical side. We have referred to it, because we have availed ourselves above of some of its illustrations, for the purpose of giving to them another intention.

God to its illustration before the finite eye of his ephemeral creature, man. At the same time, what a large field opens before us when we think of the predispositions of history, and the relations subsisting between races of peoples, and the platforms upon which their developments transpire. It seems impossible duly to notice these combinations and not to confess a supreme will, presiding as much over the arrangement of human forces to their place on the banks of great rivers and plains, and the defiles of mountain chains—as the arrangement of perhaps those most wonderful contrivances in the human frame, the thumb, the eye, and the foot. No doubt the same difficulties wait upon such views as these which meet us every where when we attempt critically to look into the great questions of moral government. We do not help ourselves from the dilemma of the argument by encumbering the divine system with our own schemes of interpretation. On the contrary, that unfortunate Alphonso, the King of Castile, when he declared that he could have made a better world himself, spoke not in the knowledge of the comparatively simple system now known to us, but in the knowledge of the cycles and epicycles of false science. We can not but think that there must be a stand-point from whence it would be possible to survey the progressive revolutions of society as all bearing a strict proportion to the superintending wisdom controlling them. This would indeed be the drama of history; it is perhaps impossible here, and certainly there is a great amount of skepticism as to the individual illustrations of a divine superintending will.

"God's government," it has been said, "is a scheme carried on by general laws, under which irregularities arise." And many most excellent and pious persons, while they bow with reverence to the divine will, seem to believe in the theory of Providence, but disbelieve every instance.

Meantime, as we have said, while on one hand we have a class of writers who raise the question of the philosophy of history, on the other hand arises another question, the authenticity of historical statements, in such a manner as to make it even matter of doubt whether there is such a thing as historical truth, and every fact is thrown into an historical chancery suit, and it must be admitted that historians do not shine beneath "victorious

analysis." The tergiversations of Gibbon are well known, but they are innocent and innocuous indeed compared with those of Lord Macaulay. The passions and the prejudices of that writer adorn every section of his writings. The spirit which gave such a false tincture to his *Essays on Macchiavelli*, on Lord Bacon, and many others, animates his whole history, it is the spirit of remorseless paradox—usually an unjust spirit. Mr. Paget, whose volume has been now some time before the public, classifies his indictments beneath the heads of the Duke of Marlborough, the Massacre of Glencoe, the Highlands of Scotland, Viscount Dundee, and William Penn; but although these are the chief articles of impeachment, every distinct head supplies several items, and our own reading would supply many more, until the whole question grows into a vast pile of misquotation. Misrepresentation—and even falsehood—are persisted in, in spite of every light thrown upon the pages. We have not referred to these things, however, so much for the purpose of entering upon the discussion of them, or we might easily fill not one but many numbers of our Review. Another pretty little discussion has just been raised by our friends on the other side the Tweed, with reference to the martyrdom of the two women, Margaret Mac-lachlan, and Margaret Wilson, in 1685, in Wigtonshire. We believe most readers, at all conversant with the matter, have accepted this fact as about as certain as the invasion of William the Conqueror, or the crucifixion of Christ. That refined Niebuhristic spirit of analytic criticism which has satisfactorily disposed of Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and sundry other little affairs of that kind, has discovered that there really was no martyrdom at all in the case, and the *Saturday Review*, always ready to disprove or disbelieve any accounts of martyrdoms, as knowing itself wholly incapable of things of that sort, comes to the support of Mr. Napier, the Niebuhr in this case, who dissolves the myth by one of the most amazing demands conceivable, namely, that, until some account can be produced of the after history of the two women, we cease to believe in their martyrdom. The *Saturday Review* admits, as Mr. Napier is compelled to admit, that there is no knowledge of such after history; the popular traditions ever since have believed in their death, in the horrible fashion so well known to our readers, but after

this ludicrous manner the *Saturday Review* escapes the necessity of belief in the martyrdom.

We have here another illustration of that incredulity introduced into modern history. Where is the thing to terminate? What are to be the tests by which we are to be certified of the truth of historic narrative? History has many dark questions, the solution of which has occupied the most intense historical eye, and called for the most careful manipulation. Lord Macaulay's history has, however, raised a perfect host of such, and they are among the most interesting because affecting some of the most important and impressive incidents in the domestic history of our country. Mr. Paget's pages are in their way a collection of historical curiosities, and we should suppose it likely that future generations will scarcely think of reprinting the pages of the self-willed historian without Mr. Paget's important emendations. One thing we are desirous of saying, let us not be tricked out of the stories of our martyrs by the subterfuges of ingenious historical sophistry. Claverhouse turns out now to be a lamb; indeed he called those bloody riflemen who did his work of butchery, "his lambs." Sir Walter Scott has been supposed to have some acquaintance with the history of that pe-

riod, and not to have been very tenderly disposed to Covenanters or Puritans. The portrait he has drawn of Claverhouse is not refreshing to our best feelings, but we learn now from these casuistic critics that popular and poetical impressions have been all in the wrong. Claverhouse was a most sweet gentleman, incapable of deeds of blood, and all those wild stories which have made children and women shiver, and brave men indignantly gnash their teeth, are all a floating myth, originating in nobody knows what; even the story of John Brown, of Priesthill, is just a phantom of some old woman's brain promulgated by what these modern critics are pleased to call "the trash of Wodrow." For our part, as our friends are disposed to use the scalpel and analysis of Niebuhr, we also are disposed to use the historical test of Niebuhr. Gauging historical circumstances and epochs by the depth of popular tradition, he thought tradition went for something, and we are disposed to take those two detested books, Fox's *Martyrs*, and Wodrow's *History of the Church of Scotland*, and while admitting some things in their pages our modern taste could wish away, accept them as a pretty faithful report of the origin, growth, and development of the persecutions of their times

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE CHASE OF AURORA AND SOL.

I HEAR the Morn,
With her silver horn,
Arousing the valleys fair;
I see the light
On her forehead white,
The dew on her gleaming hair;

Her rosy hand
On the mountains grand,
Her feet on the sleeping seas;
The islands wake
On the misty lake
From their deep and dreamful ease.

The darkness dies
When her shining eyes
Glance over river and bay;
She lingers there,
On the glacier bare,
And the snow-peaks glimmering gray.

So high! so cold!
Yet she can not hold
Her calm even there unshaken,
For many a sound,
Above and around,
The bold, bright Day will awaken.

He follows after
With shouts of laughter;
From his fiery pursuit she flies
O'er valley and hill;
But she heareth still
The swift footsteps, and joyous cries.

Her faint heart fails,
And her spirit quails
'Neath the burning glances of Day;
Her fair face fades
In the sunny glades,
Like a dream she dissolves away!

Z. D. C.

From the Leisure Hour.

LAST DAYS OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

IN the year 1808, when Napoleon sent his brother Joseph to be King of Spain, matters did not proceed so smoothly as had been expected. The Spaniards resisted the attempt to hand their nation over to the possession of a French intruder, and implored the assistance of England. They forced a large division of the French army in Spain to capitulate, and broke the terms of the 'agreement. The English sent armies to Spain and Portugal, cleared the latter country of the French, and invaded the north of Spain. In these circumstances, the mighty master judged his own presence to be necessary. From his armies, which were scattered over Europe from Italy to the Baltic, he drew the Imperial Guards, the veterans of Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland, and marched them in one collected corps into Spain. Besides, a host of superb cavalry and a number more of gallant infantry followed through the western Pyrenees. While his troops were proceeding to the frontiers of Spain, he himself hastened to meet the Emperor Alexander at Erfurth. There, amidst scenes of gayety and the relaxations of friendship, a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, was signed, by which Alexander was allowed to take his own way in the east of Europe, while he gave up the fate of Spain to the will of his imperial brother. After the conference at Erfurth, Napoleon repaired to Bayonne, where he arrived on the 3d of November. Accompanied by Soult and Lasnes, he quitted it on the morning of the 8th, and reached Vittoria in the evening. He was met by the civil and military chiefs at the gates of the town; but refusing to go to the house prepared for his reception, he jumped off his horse, entered the first small inn he saw, called for his maps, and in two hours arranged the plan of his campaign, exclaiming with conscious power: "Voilà l'esprit de la guerre d'Espagne." (There is the spirit of the war in Spain.) Having issued his instructions, the vast mass of his troops was put in motion with

his accustomed celerity and skill. Soult instantly set out for Briviesca, where he arrived at daybreak on the 9th, and received the second corps from Bessieres; and early on the morning of the 10th at Gamonal, almost instantaneously defeated a large Spanish army containing the best troops in Spain, comprising the Walloon and Spanish Guards, the Royal Carabineers, and some volunteers of good families. They numbered eleven thousand infantry and eleven hundred cavalry; thirty pieces of artillery covered the front, and seven thousand armed peasants were on the heights behind the regular troops. Victors and vanquished rushed into Burgos together. All the Spanish stores were captured in Burgos; and Soult, still riding the post horse he had mounted at Briviesca, pursued his victory. He rested a few days at Espinosa; but Victor came up and drove away Blake's army in terrible confusion. These two battles, and the subsequent operations, laid the north of Spain prostrate from St. Sebastian to the frontiers of the Asturias. Without pursuing further the detail of the French conquests, we just mention that Madrid capitulated to Napoleon on the 4th of December, and he took up his residence at Chamartin, about six miles distant from the capital.

On the 6th of October a plan of the campaign from England reached Lisbon; thirty thousand infantry and five thousand cavalry were to be employed in the north of Spain; of these, ten thousand were to be embarked at the English ports, and the remainder were to be composed of regiments drafted from the army then in Portugal. Sir John Moore was appointed to command the whole. His task was an arduous one; his troops were but raw soldiers, and the commissariat and other parts of the administration, civil and military, were zealous but inexperienced. Knowing the value of time in military transactions, he urged forward the preparations with all

possible activity. He was very desirous that troops who had a journey of six hundred miles to make previous to meeting an enemy, should not be exposed to the torrents of rain, which in Portugal descend at this period with such violence as to destroy the shoes, ammunition, and accouterments of the soldier, and render him almost unfit for service. With such energy did the general overcome all obstacles, that the whole of the troops were in motion, and the head-quarters quitted Lisbon by the 26th of October, just twenty days after the dispatch had reached him appointing him to the chief command. In the meantime Sir David Baird's forces arrived at Corunna. Lord William Bentinck had given intimation of their approach, and the Central Junta had repeatedly assured him that every necessary order was given, and that every facility would be afforded for the disembarkation of the troops. All this was untrue, and the English soldiers were detained seventeen days on board of their transports. Without detailing the troubles experienced by the three British divisions under Moor, Baird, and Hope, we hasten to state that the head of the British columns entered Salamanca on the 18th of November.

Sir John Moore, at Salamanca, was fully aware of the perilous position of the English army when Napoleon entered Spain. The following letter, addressed by him to Lady Hester Stanhope, possesses a melancholy interest. It appears in the recently published *Miscellanies* edited by Earl Stanhope.

"SALAMANCA, NOV. 23d, 1808.

"I received some time ago your letter of the 24th of October. I shall be very glad to receive James, if he wishes to come to me, as an extra aide-de-camp, though I have already too many, and am obliged, or shall be, to take a young Fitzclarence. But I have a sincere regard for James, and besides can refuse you nothing but to follow your advice. He must get the commander-in-chief's leave to come to Spain. He will, however, come too late; I shall be already beaten. I am within four marches of the French, with only a third of my force; and as the Spaniards have been dispersed in all quarters, my juncture with the other two thirds is very precarious; and when we all join, we shall be very inferior to the enemy.

The Spanish government is weak and imbecile; their armies have at no time been numerous; and the country is not armed, nor, as far as I can judge, enthusiastic. We have been completely deceived by the contemptible fellows chosen as correspondents to the armies: and now the discovery comes a little too late. Charles is not yet arrived; his was one of the best regiments that left Lisbon, and was not intended to join us, if I, in compassion to his melancholy countenance, had not found a pretext. We are in a scrape; but I hope we shall have spirit to get out of it. You must be prepared, however, to hear very bad news; the troops are in as good spirits as if things were better; their appearance and good conduct surprise the green Spaniards, who had never before seen any but their own or French soldiers.

"Farewell, my dear Lady Hester. If I can extricate myself and those with me from our present difficulties, and if I can beat the French, I shall return to you with satisfaction; but if not, it will be better for me that I should never quit Spain.

"I remain always, very faithfully and sincerely yours,
JOHN MOORE."

Moore judged the French emperor more anxious to strike a blow against the English than to overrun any particular province, or to take any town in the Peninsula. He resolved, therefore, to throw himself upon the communications of the French army. Moore knew well that the great commander would most likely fall with his whole force upon those who menaced his line of communication; but to relieve Spain at a critical moment, and give time for the south to organize its defense and recover courage, he was willing to draw the enemy's whole power upon himself. On the 11th of December a forward movement was commenced; but preparations for a retreat on Portugal were also continued. Napoleon, on his side, was sensible that the English army was the most formidable obstacle he had in Spain, and he was very desirous to drive it out of his way.

Napoleon entered Astorga on the 1st of January, 1809. Seventy thousand French infantry, ten thousand cavalry, and two hundred pieces of artillery were there united. But he had received intelligence that Austria had declared war,

and that his presence was more necessary elsewhere. He therefore departed from Astorga to Valladolid, ordered the Imperial Guard to return to France, and himself departing on horseback with scarcely any escort, performed the journey to Paris with astonishing speed, leaving to Soult the charge of "driving the English into the sea."

Moore was convinced that however good his troops might be, even against superior numbers, it was a hopeless task for nineteen thousand to contend with an enemy who had three hundred thousand men in Spain; therefore, a quick retreat to reach his ships unmolested was the utmost he could desire or hope. The direction of his march was in some degree dependent on the report of his engineers as to which port was the fittest for embarkation. On the 5th of January he received a report as to the unfitness of Vigo, and therefore he changed his line of retreat, and directed his march upon Corunna. Orders to this effect were sent ahead to Sir David Baird, who forwarded them by the hands of a private dragoon to General Fraser, who had already proceeded for some distance on the road to Vigo. The man got drunk, and lost the dispatches for Fraser, which untoward incident cost many lives, and was the cause of much delay. The original dispatches sent to the admiral at Vigo never came to hand. At length, on the 9th of January, a memorandum from the commander-in-chief, written on a drum-head, apparently in the rain, but clear, soldier-like, and to the purpose, was put into Sir Samuel Hood's hands by an officer half dead with fatigue and anxiety, who had found his way on horseback from the British head-quarters to Vigo, across the wild mountains of Galicia. The wind blew in dead from the south, and so hard, that not one of the transports could be moved. The brief dispatch from the army was scarcely half read through, when a signal was made from the *Barfleur*, and in less than half an hour the men-of-war were under sail. When once round the point, the wind being fair to Corunna, away they spanked with a flowing sheet, to tell that we (says Basil Hall, then in the *Endymion*) were coming after them as fast as we could, with our flock of three hundred transports.

The English, after much skirmishing and fatigue, reached Corunna on the

11th. As the troops approached the place, the general's looks were earnestly directed towards the harbor, but he saw nothing but the open expanse of water; not a single ship had made its appearance. It was a grievous thought that the last consuming exertion made by the weary troops was thus rendered fruitless. The men were put into quarters, and their leaders awaited the progress of events. Three divisions occupied the town and suburbs of Corunna. On the 14th of January many of the faster sailing vessels of the convoy had entered the harbor of Corunna, where the squadron of men-of-war, under Sir Samuel Hood, had already arrived. The dismounted cavalry, the sick, some of the horses, and fifty-two pieces of artillery were embarked during the night. On the morning of the 15th the *Endymion* arrived, surrounded by upwards of two hundred and fifty sail of ships. The French began to arrive, and Moore sought a position for battle. He was obliged to occupy a ridge, inclosed as it were within another ridge, which commanded it within cannon shot. In the night, Soult with great difficulty dragged eleven heavy guns to the rocks, which formed the left of his line, within twelve hundred yards of the British right. Midway, the little village of Elvina was held by the pickets of the Fiftieth British regiment. The late arrival of the transports, the increasing force of the enemy, and the disadvantageous nature of the position, so much augmented the difficulty of embarking, that some generals now advised a negotiation for leave to regain the ships. There was little probability that this would be granted; and Moore would not consent to a proposal which would cast a shade on the prudence and energy of his retreat. His high spirit and clear judgment revolted at the idea, and he rejected the degrading advice without hesitation.

All the encumbrances being shipped on the morning of the 16th, it was intended to embark the fighting men in the coming night; but about two o'clock in the afternoon a general movement of the French gave notice of an approaching battle, and the British infantry, fourteen thousand five hundred strong, occupied their position. Military historians have described the arrangements of both armies with professional accuracy; but perhaps common readers will have a more lively conception of this celebrated engagement if

we lay before them a few notes from Basil Hall, who had come from Vigo with the ships, and whose captain kindly allowed him a day on shore, in company with the purser, and thus gave him an opportunity seldom attained by a sailor, to be in the thick of a land battle.

"There was none of the show and flourish of a review to be seen here; for the soldiers lay about wearied and dispirited, ragged in their dress, and many of them sickly, or rather broken down in appearance, by the fatigues of this celebrated retreat. Unshaven for many a day, their skins blackened with gunpowder and the charcoal smoke of their bivouac fires, there was no flourishing review trim here. Their muskets were piled in pyramids amongst the men, who were fast asleep. Many, however, were sitting on the grass, or on the loose blocks of granite which were about the ground, looking with wistful eyes toward the ships. Along the whole line of troops I observed only one or two of the officers asleep. Generally speaking, they were collected in little knots, looking about them, but seldom speaking. We threaded our way among the sleeping soldiers, piled muskets, and camp equipage, along the whole line. We came to the well-known rifle corps, the Ninety-fifth, and I was happy to find an old friend alive and merry among the officers of this regiment. On asking the officers what chance there was of our seeing a battle, they shrugged their shoulders, and said they had already had quite enough of that work. They therefore had but one wish, to get snugly on board the ships, and get off from such a rascally country, and such useless allies as the Spaniards. I had but just asked the commanding officer of one of the regiments whether he thought any thing would possibly rouse the men up. 'You'll see by and by, sir, if the French there choose to come over' These words were hardly uttered when a movement along the whole enemy's line became apparent even to our inexperienced eyes. A furious cannonading was opened from a battery mounting eleven guns. At the first discharge from the French battery, the whole body of the British troops, from one end of the line to the other, started on their feet, snatched up their arms, and formed themselves with as much regularity and apparent coolness as if they had been exercising in Hyde Park. Formerly silence reigned over the

field; now there was a loud hum, occasionally a shout, and the peculiar sharp click-click of fixing bayonets. Not a single face was now turned toward the ships: all was animation and cheerfulness, over minds from which, but a short time before, it seemed as if every particle of spirit had fled. In a few minutes the army was perfectly ready to meet the enemy, who came rapidly down the side of the opposite heights, in three immense columns, black and formidable. When these huge columns had reached the level space, less than a mile in width, lying between the bases of the two ranges of hills, the English guns were turned upon them with great effect. It could hardly be called a plain, for it was crossed in all directions by roads cut into the earth like deep trenches, while on the ground above there was spread a complete net-work of walls, hedges, and rows of trees, of such intricacy that it was very nearly impossible to form fifty men abreast any where. Each corn-field or little patch of garden ground became the scene of a separate fight; the severest fighting was at the village of Elvina, which we could easily distinguish was sometimes in the possession of one party, sometimes of the other. We observed Sir David Baird led off the field. Shortly afterwards, another and a larger group passed, bearing along a wounded officer. We were trying to discover who it could possibly be that engaged so much attention, when an officer rode up the hill. After he had delivered his message, he pointed to the party which had just gone by, and told us that in the center was carried along their brave commander-in-chief, who, a few minutes before, had been struck off his horse by a cannon shot."

It was when he was earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, that Sir John Moore was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot; the shock threw him from his horse with violence; yet he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he saw the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken and bared

of flesh, the muscles of the breast torn into long stripes and interlaced. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, afterwards Lord Hardinge, attempted to take it off, but he stopped him, saying: "It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me." Several times he caused his attendants to stop, and turn round, that he might behold the field of battle; and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed. When brought to his lodging in the town, the surgeons examined his wound: there was no hope; the pain increased; he spoke with difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and addressing his old friend Colonel Anderson, said: "You know I always wished to die this way." Again he asked if the enemy were defeated; and being told they were, said: "It is a great satisfaction to me to know that we have beaten the French." His countenance continued firm; only once, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated; he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and even at that moment did not forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. Among others he mentioned General Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, the hero of Barrosa. "Remember Graham." When life was fast ebbing, he exclaimed: "I hope the people of England will be satisfied: I hope my country will do me justice." In a few minutes afterwards he died, and his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Corunna. Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valor, raised a monument to his memory on the field of battle.

At the time of his death, many were angry and disappointed at the late events, and in England parties ran high. He was, therefore, long of getting the justice which in his dying moments he desired. But it came at last. His political and military combinations were both approved of. His conduct was praised by Soult and Wellington; and Napoleon more than once affirmed that his talents and firmness alone had saved the English army from destruction.

Notwithstanding the great disaster of the loss of their general, the troops gained ground. When night set in, their line

was considerably advanced, while the French were falling back in confusion. Their disorder facilitated the original plan of embarking during the night; and the arrangements were so complete that neither confusion nor difficulty occurred.

The harassed soldiers bore their many hardships with admirable cheerfulness. Each man knew his duty, and, in the true spirit of discipline, wished to perform it; and the whole body marched from the field to the boats almost with the regularity of a corporal's guard going its rounds. The embarkation of the troops was not entirely finished when the day broke on the morning of the 17th of January. The French cavalry were pushed forward, at the first peep of dawn, to ascertain what was the situation of affairs. They had the mortification to see the last of the retiring pickets crowding into the gates of Corunna, under cover of the guns of the fort, which were manned partly by the rear-guard of the British army, and partly by the Spaniards—a fact which deserves honorable mention, as it is almost the only instance in which the English had been seconded by the people they came to assist.

The fleet steered home directly from Corunna, and a terrible storm scattered it. The writer of this paper shared a portion of the annoyances occasioned by the gale, being on board an Indiaman, part of a noble fleet which had left Portsmouth a few days before, and was completely dispersed by the storm which assailed the ships from Corunna. We found ourselves tossed by the same tempest; and being damaged by the carrying away of our main-top mast, we communicated with a majestic ship of the royal navy, which rode on the tossing waves, apparently with little inconvenience. We learned afterwards that it was the *Ville de Paris*, of 110 guns, having on board Sir David Baird, with an arm amputated. We got into Portsmouth mingled with the transports, and saw many of the officers and men who had gone through this perilous campaign, and heard them, under the cheerful blaze of an English fire, talk of the hardships and adventures which had befallen them.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Nor a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was
dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,

That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

REV. C. WOLFE.

THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

BY THE EDITOR.

For long years previous to September, 1814, Europe had been one vast theater of wars, battles, and political convulsions. The old land-marks of nations and kingdoms had been changed. Monarchs had been dethroned. Kings had ceased to reign. New dynasties had been founded. New thrones had been erected upon which Napoleon had placed his favorites or military commanders. But the colossal fabric of Napoleon crumbled and fell amid mighty ruins. Napoleon had ceased to drive his dreadful war-car of carnage and blood. A readjustment of national affairs, rights, and boundaries had become requisite. The Congress of Vienna assembled for this purpose. The powers of Europe came together in conclave. Rarely in the history of the world has such a congress convened, charged with interests of such magnitude and importance. The Congress of Vienna had been appointed to meet on the 29th of July, 1814, but the visit of the allied sovereigns to England, and their subsequent return to their own capitals, caused a delay till the 25th of September, when the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia entered the Austrian capital. They were immediately followed by the kings of Bavaria, Denmark, and Würtemberg, and a host of lesser princes. Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington on the part of England, and Prince Talleyrand on

the part of France, more efficiently than any crowned heads could have done, upheld the dignity and maintained the interests of their respective monarchies.

The historic renown of this august congress of empires and kingdoms is too well known to all who are familiar with the annals of Europe for the last half century to need extended mention. The Treaty of Vienna in connection with the present troubled state of affairs in Europe, and especially the terrific conflicts between Russia and Poland, impart to the doings of the Congress and Treaty of Vienna a fresh interest and importance. On this account, and other reasons, we have thought to please and gratify the readers of the *ECLECTIC* by an effort to reproduce the Congress of Vienna by an artistic resurrection of that grand convention of notables and celebrated statesmen, whose acts exerted such a controlling influence on the affairs and destinies of Europe, and whose names will live in history to the end of time. A careful study of the engraving as a whole, and a minute inspection of the portraits and faces of the various personages, will serve to impart a vivid impression of that memorable congress as it actually appeared in living reality. The history of the original engraving, executed when all the members of the congress were alive, soon after the convention adjourned,

affords ample proof of the accuracy of the scene described, and the correctness of the portraits, some of which we recognize, having seen the originals many years ago. It is a remarkable historic print, for the only copy of which we have seen the importer charged us forty dollars, and which has been very finely engraved for this number of the *ECLÉCTIC* by Mr. George E. Perine. The leading article in the number will aid the reader to understand the history of the congress, and to comprehend the importance of its acts as affecting the interests of European governments and people, even down to the present time. We have subjoined brief biographical sketches of the members of the congress, so far as we could find room, in order to add interest to the engraving.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

Few European statesmen of the present century have acted a more conspicuous part in public affairs than this renowned man. He was the friend, the associate, and the confidential adviser of emperors and sovereigns. The fact that he was called to preside over the grave deliberations of the Congress of Vienna shows the estimation in which he was held by the powers of Europe.

Prince Clement Wenceslas Metternich was born at Coblenz on the 15th of May, 1773. His ancestors had gained distinction in the wars of the empire against the Turks. His father, the Count Metternich, was the associate of the well-known minister Kaunitz, whose name is so much associated with the transactions of the Low Countries, after whom the son was named, and who stood as his godfather. At the age of fifteen the young Metternich entered the University of Strasbourg, and having stayed there about two years, he went to complete his studies at Mainz. In 1794 he made a tour through Holland and England, and in the same year he was attached to the Austrian embassy at the Hague. In 1795 he married Mary Eleanora, daughter of Kaunitz.

Metternich's first appearance as a diplomatist was as deputy from Westphalia at the Congress of Rastadt; he afterwards accompanied the Count de Stadion to Berlin and St. Petersburg. In 1801 he was appointed minister at Dresden. In 1803-4, as ambassador to Berlin, he took a leading part in negotiating the treaty between his

own country and Prussia and Russia. In 1806 he was sent to Paris, and in the following year signed the treaty of Fontainebleau. War had scarcely broken out between Austria and France in 1809, when Metternich was recalled home to undertake the post of foreign secretary; and it was during his tenure of office that the Emperor Napoleon I. divorced the unhappy Josephine and married the Austrian Archduchess Marie Louise, whom Metternich conducted to Paris. At the conferences of Dresden and Prague he warmly espoused the cause of his country, and the commencement of the downfall of Napoleon may be dated from this time. In August, 1813, war was formally declared by Austria against France, and in the following month the Grand Alliance was signed at Töplitz, when Count Metternich was rewarded by being raised to the dignity of a Prince of the Empire. In the proceedings consequent upon the invasion of France by the allied armies, and the occupation of Paris, Prince Metternich took a leading part, and signed the Treaty of Paris on behalf of Austria. Soon after this he visited England, but returned to his country on the renewal of war, and was at once the representative of Austria at the Congress of Vienna, and president of its councils. From this period, down to the death of the Marquis of Londonderry and the accession of Mr. Canning to office in 1822, Prince Metternich was not only the arbiter of Austrian interests, but had vast influence over the courts and cabinets of the Continent. In the subsequent drama of European politics Prince Metternich played no undistinguished part; but he has been much censured for permitting the Russian emperor during the war of 1828 with Turkey to establish his power in Moldavia and Wallachia, and the other provinces which lie near the mouth of the Danube, to the detriment of Austria. In 1830 the revolution of July broke out in Paris, and alarmed the court of Vienna, whose influence was thrown into the opposite scale; but, through the instrumentality of Metternich, friendly relations were established with Louis Philippe. Austrian troops were sent to occupy Italy and other places, in which it was feared that republican principles would assert themselves. In Poland, Spain, Holland, Prussia, and in the Germanic states, the Austrian minister used all the influence which he could command

for the purpose of crushing the movement in favor of popular government. By these means Prince Metternich was enabled to preserve the position of Austria down to the period of the outbreak of the revolution at Paris in 1848. A strange sympathy unites the continental thrones and people: no sooner had the monarchy of France fallen than Austria was shaken to its base. The revolutionists rallied in the streets of Vienna, overthrew the government, and compelled Prince Metternich to resign his office. He retired, together with his sovereign and the court, and after seeking an asylum in vain in Moravia and at Leipsic he came to England, where he remained until a reaction took place.

Prince Metternich died at Vienna June 11th, 1859.

COUNT NESSELRODE.

THIS eminent Russian diplomatist acted an important part in the deliberations of the Congress of Vienna. He was born on board a Russian frigate in the port of Lisbon, December 14th, 1780, and was baptized in the Protestant faith on board an English ship. He is of noble German origin. His father, Count Max Nesselrode, negotiated the marriage of the Emperor Paul with the niece of Frederick the Great, and enjoyed the confidence of Catherine II. Count Nesselrode began his career in the military service, but became attached to the various embassies of his father, and was a member of the Russian embassy in Paris at the time of the execution of the Duke d'Enghien. He had great address and tact as a diplomatist, and gained the favor of the Emperor Alexander, and was appointed in the ministry of foreign affairs at St. Petersburg. Count Nesselrode married the daughter of the Minister of Finance, afterwards Count Gurieff. She had been maid of honor to the empress dowager, and was regarded as a lady of great financial ability, and was at one time in her husband's career a partner in one of the first commercial firms in St. Petersburg. As counsellor of the cabinet Count Nesselrode was frequently brought into personal contact with the Emperor Alexander, who learned to appreciate his knowledge of international law and of European affairs. The ability and modesty which he manifested in his relations to the emperor led to his being intrusted with the ministry

of foreign affairs in a high degree after the rupture with Napoleon in 1812, although he was then only thirty-two years old. Soon after this period he began to control the affairs of Russia with foreign countries. He acted an important part in the formation of the German coalition at Kalisch in 1813, and from that time became all-powerful in his influence. The negotiations and treaties with England and other powers which determined the result of the conflict with France were almost all concluded under his influence. He signed the capitulation of Paris on the night of March 31st, 1814, which put an end to the wars of the first French empire.

At the Congress of Vienna, where his position may be seen in the engraving, he was a conspicuous actor. He assumed for Russia a high position, and his influence in Russian affairs has been felt ever since. He was active and influential in adjusting public affairs, and ameliorating the heavy fines imposed on France after the battle of Waterloo. In connection with these arrangements and adjustments immense sums of money are said to have passed through his hands, and thus in some way he became with other sources of wealth one of the richest men in Europe. His flocks of sheep are said to number one hundred and fifty thousand, besides uncounted wealth. At the death of the Emperor Alexander in 1825, and the accession of Nicholas to the throne, Count Nesselrode continued to enjoy the respect and confidence of the new emperor. In 1844 he was promoted to the rank of Chancellor of the Empire. He was so much attached to the title of Count of the Sacred Empire that he declined the title of Prince offered to him by three successive emperors. Count Nesselrode continued to conduct the foreign affairs during the lifetime of Nicholas, and while the Crimean war was in progress, and till about a year and a half after the emperor's death. A few months after the peace of Paris, at the close of the Crimean war, he retired from public life, and still lives in retirement, at the ripe age of eighty-seven years the 14th of December, 1863, almost the only survivor of the illustrious Congress of Vienna.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

THIS was one of the most remarkable men of the age or country in which he lived.

His name, his acts, and his influence fill important pages in the history of modern Europe. In the cabinet, in the congress of sovereigns, in the council chamber of diplomatists, he manifested the sagacity of Napoleon on the battle field. In the Congress of Vienna, as seen in the engraving, he appears in the foreground, as he was almost every where else in his public life. In connection with other members of the congress, and in explanation, we have only room for the briefest biographical sketch.

Charles Maurice, Prince Talleyrand, was born in Paris, January 13th, 1754. He was the eldest son of a family who claimed the first rank among the nobility of Southern France. An accident befell him when about a year old, making him lame for life. He was ambassador in London at the coronation of William the Fourth, where we, (editor of the *ECLECTIC*) saw him in 1831, still a cripple, leaning on the stalwart arms of his attendants. His hair, white as wool, his face bronzed and swarthy as a native of India, but his eyes gleaming with intense fire and brilliancy beyond any human eyes we have seen. He began his career in public life as the Abbé de Perigord, in 1774. In 1787 he was one of the Assembly of Notables, and the next year he was made Bishop of Autun, which gave him a yearly income of sixty thousand francs. When the States General were summoned in 1789, he was elected one of the deputies. He attended Mirabeau, the great orator, in his last moments, and received his dying message. In 1791 Talleyrand was sent on a mission to England, where he was coldly treated by the English government, and he returned to France. After the fall of Louis XVI. he returned to England for a time, but was warned to leave the country, when he came to the United States, where by successful speculations he made a fortune. Upon a change in the government in France he returned to Paris, and was in a position to welcome Bonaparte on his return from Italy after his renowned battles and victories; introduced him to the directors, delivered a speech in his honor at his great official reception, and promoted his subsequent designs. When Bonaparte returned from Egypt, Talleyrand again propitiated the conqueror, prevailed on Barras to resign, and aided Napoleon greatly in his plans on the 18th Brumaire, and contributed to his success on that memorable day. He was rewarded

for these services by the office of minister of foreign affairs, under Napoleon, which he held for eight years. He aided in concluding the treaty of Luneville, in 1801, and of Amiens in 1802. In 1806 he received the office of grand chamberlain of the empire of Napoleon; but his influence with the emperor had long been on the wane. As early as 1812 Talleyrand began to predict the downfall of Napoleon, and prepared himself for the impending crisis.

He watched and managed the political elements of the then coming revolution, and sent word to the allied sovereigns to hasten their march on Paris in 1814, and when that metropolis surrendered, Talleyrand offered his hotel to the Emperor Alexander. When a new government was formed he welcomed the new sovereign to Paris, and became minister of foreign affairs and chief of the cabinet of Louis XVIII., and was made a peer of France. He negotiated the first Treaty of Paris in 1814, and a few months after was sent to the Congress of Vienna, where he appears sitting in the engraving. On the escape of Napoleon from Elba, Talleyrand went into exile with the king, and accompanied him to Paris after the battle of Waterloo. After the revolution of July, in 1830, he was appointed ambassador to England, and represented France at the coronation of William the Fourth. He resigned his public offices January 7th, 1835, and retired to private life, and died May 20th, 1838. The memoirs of his life and times, which he left, are by the terms of his will to be published at the expiration of thirty years after his death, which will be in 1868, and doubtless will be read with great interest.

LORD CASTLEREAGH.

THIS English nobleman, whose portrait occupies the center of the engraving, was an important member of the Congress of Vienna. Lord Castlereagh, Robert Stewart, Marquis of Londonderry, was born in the north of Ireland, June 18th, 1769, and educated at Armagh, after which he became a commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge. On leaving the university, he made the tour of Europe, and on his return was chosen a member of the Irish parliament. He joined the opposition in the first place, and declared himself an advocate for parliamentary reform; but on obtaining a seat

in the British parliament, he took his station on the ministerial benches. In 1797, having then become Lord Castlereagh, he was made keeper of the privy seal for Ireland, and soon after appointed one of the lords of the treasury. The next year he was nominated secretary to the lord-lieutenant, and by his strenuous exertions and abilities in the art of removing opposition, the union with Ireland was greatly facilitated. In 1805 he was appointed secretary of war to the colonies; but on the death of Mr. Pitt he retired, until the dissolution of the brief administration of 1806 restored him to the same position in 1807; and he held his office until the ill-fated expedition to Walcheren, and his duel with his colleague, Mr. Canning, produced his resignation. In 1812 he succeeded the Marquis of Wellesley as foreign secretary, and the following year proceeded to the continent to aid the coalesced powers in negotiating a general peace. His services after the capture of Napoleon, and in the general pacification and arrangements which have been usually designated by the phrase "*the settlement of Europe*," form a part of history. It is sufficient to notice here, that he received the public thanks of parliament, and was honored with the Order of the Garter. On the death of his father, in 1821, he succeeded him in the Irish marquisate of Londonderry. After the arduous session of 1822, in which his labor was unremitting, his mind was observed to be much shattered; but unhappily, although his physician was apprised of it, he was suffered to leave London for his seat at North Cray, in Kent, where, in August, 1822, he terminated his life by inflicting a wound in his neck with a penknife. He committed suicide by cutting the carotid artery. He was undoubtedly insane. The Duke of Wellington had observed indications of derangement just previously, and had written a private and confidential note to his physician, Dr. Bankhead, communicating his apprehensions and requesting him to call on Lord Castlereagh. Dr. Bankhead called at the residence of his lordship, whom he found in his dressing-room. He was standing at the window with his back to Dr. Bankhead. He saw him as he was coming in, and said: "Bankhead, let me fall upon your arm—'tis all over." The doctor, supposing that he was about to swoon, caught him in his arms as he was falling. The blood spouted from the

wound he had inflicted on himself, and he died instantly.

PRINCE HARDENBERG.

THIS German nobleman and statesman was born at Hanover, May 31st, 1750, and after a long and useful life, having witnessed great political changes and revolutions in Europe, he died at Genoa, November 26th, 1822. He was the son of a nobleman, received a brilliant academical education, and traveled extensively abroad. His wife was a Danish countess, who caused him severe domestic troubles. In 1804, after Bernadotte's invasion of Hanover, he became prime minister. Hardenberg contributed greatly in rousing the enthusiasm of the Germans in 1813 against Napoleon, and signed the treaty of peace in 1814, on the part of Prussia; and in reward for his services was raised to the rank of prince, and presented with rich domains. He accompanied the allied sovereigns to London, attended the Congress of Vienna, and took part in the treaties of that great occasion, and also that of Paris in 1815.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE Duke of Wellington having fought the battles of England on many bloody fields, as the heroic commander of her armies, was naturally called upon to take part in the deliberations of the Congress of Vienna. His great name and his renown are too well known to need extended mention here. He was born May 1st, 1769, at Dangan Castle, in Ireland, and after a career of brilliant deeds in the field and in the cabinet, long the idol of England and loaded with all the honors an admiring and grateful government could bestow, he died September 18th, 1852, at the advanced age of eighty-three years.

EARL CATHCART.

EARL CATHCART, whose name appears in the Congress of Vienna, was a British officer, and commanded the British army at the bombardment of Copenhagen, in 1807. He afterwards became ambassador to Russia, and in aid of the councils of England was at Vienna. He died in 1843.

GENERAL LORD STEWART, a member of the Congress, was a younger brother of

Lord Castlereagh. He was a distinguished officer in the British army, as well as an ambassador and statesman, and on the death of his brother, Lord Castlereagh, succeeded him in his titles, and became a peer of the realm.

THE DUKE OF PALMELLA was a distinguished Portuguese statesman. He was born in 1781, and died in 1850. He took an active part in all the political troubles of his country for many years. The Queen of Portugal was indebted to his aid and influence in acquiring a seat on the throne of her ancestors. He represented Portugal at the Congress of Vienna, and in London. He was chosen to attend the coronation of Queen Victoria, and his great wealth enabled him to vie in splendor with any of the diplomatists of Europe. He was held in great respect by his sovereign, who sought his counsels.

THE CHEVALIER GENTZ.—This distinguished Prussian took part in the Congress of Vienna. He was born at Breslau, in 1764, and died June 9th, 1832. He studied at Berlin and Königsberg, and was secretary of finance at Berlin when the

French revolution broke out. In 1802 he entered into the Austrian service, and was sent to England on a diplomatic errand, and afterwards drew up the Austrian manifesto, in 1805. He returned to Berlin after the peace of Presburg, and after the disaster at Jena he returned again to Vienna, where he drew up the Austrian manifesto of 1809. He wrote various works, and was an author of considerable merit.

BARON HUMBOLDT.—The name of this most distinguished savant of the nineteenth century is well known over the civilized world. He was the greatest traveler of the age. Baron Humboldt was born in Berlin, September 14th, 1769, and died there, full of years, and crowned with honors, and highly esteemed by all the world, May 9th, 1859. He influenced the councils of Austria in a high degree during the troublous times previous to the Congress of Vienna, where he acted an important part. Talleyrand is reported to have said of Humboldt, "there are not in Europe three men of equal ability." This brief mention of this great man will be sufficient for our present purpose.

PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ.

In this number of the *ECLECTIC* will be found a fine portrait of this distinguished naturalist, who stands, and has long stood, in the first rank of scientific men in his department, if not the chief among them all. The portrait has been engraved from a photograph taken from life, and gives an accurate expression of the features of the renowned professor. The public are familiar with his name, and the scientific world have long honored him for his great attainments in the varied departments of knowledge to which he has devoted his great talents. We place his portrait in this permanent form in our pages to gratify his many admirers, who have listened to his lectures in different places. His name will long be honored in the scientific world.

In 1818 he entered the gymnasium of Biel, and in 1822 he was removed to the

academy of Lausanne, as a reward for his proficiency in science. He subsequently studied medicine and the experimental sciences at Zürich, Heidelberg, and Munich, at which last university he took the degree of M.D. From his earliest youth he evinced a peculiar inclination and aptitude for the cultivation of the natural sciences. In Heidelberg and Munich he occupied himself more especially with comparative anatomy. In 1826, being intrusted by Martius with the publication of an account of the one hundred and sixteen species of fishes collected by Spix in Brazil, he gave to the world that new classification of fishes to which he has subsequently remained steadfast. In 1839 he published his *Natural History of the Fresh-water Fish of Europe*, a subject which he treated with monographic completeness. While preparing this work, he had published his

Researches on Fossil Fishes, and his *Descriptions of Echinoderms*. The work, however, which contributed most liberally to his European reputation was his *Studies of Glaciers*, in which he advanced a theory, tending in great part to remodel the prevalent views of geologists as regards the incoherent and post-tertiary formations of the globe, and the dynamical causes by which those deposits have been effected. His views upon the changes in the earth's surface ascribable to the agency of these glaciers have not been universally admitted, but no geological work has been published since his *Etudes*, in which his theory has not been treated with marked respect. Mr. Agassiz has for many years resided in the United States, occupying a distinguished chair in the scientific department of Harvard College. He has made numerous and valuable communications to the American Association for the Advancement of Science; and has labored with great disinterestedness, assiduity, and success, in promoting the cause of natural science in the United States. He has also published *A Tour on Lake Superior*, developing the physical character,

vegetation, and animals of that region; and the *Principles of Zoölogy*.

And just here we must beg to record a humorous remark from his lips, which is too good and characteristic to be lost. At the close of the meeting of the American Society for the Promotion of Science, at Albany, some years since, resolutions of thanks were offered to the Albanians for their generous hospitality, and passed by acclamation. Professor Steiner, of Baltimore, in giving expression of his views on the resolutions, said, among other things, in strong figurative language: "Whoever in after ages shall exhume my remains, and examine them, will find the impress of Albanian hospitality engraved on my bones." And in his turn Professor Agassiz said also: "Whoever in after ages shall exhume my remains and examine them carefully, will find the pupils of my eyes turned in the same direction." We heard them, but have never seen them in print before. The name and renown of Professor Agassiz are too world-wide to require a more extended notice.

Professor Agassiz was born May 28th, 1807, at Orbe, in Switzerland.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

AN OLD GREEK SCENE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

NEVER did a brighter summer evening illumine the noble mountains and streams, the towns and sea of Attica, than that whose declining splendors shone upon the festival of the Graces, which was held at Athens on the 15th of the month of Scirophorion (May.) The noise and bustle which during the noonday had filled the city had subsided—the voices of the youths practicing in the stadiums, circuses, and gymnasiums—the mercantile and nautical clamor which had reigned from early morning around the two ports, Phalereus and Piræus, had given place to the pleasant hum of voices and the sound of musical instruments in the airy streets and shadowy temples. The great high-

way leading from the sea to the Acropolis was thronged with laughter-loving white-garbed crowds of citizens, intermingled with groups of foreigners from many countries—Egyptians in long linen robes, Thracians in scarlet tunics and fur caps, motley gatherings of Asiatics from various regions of the East, shawled and bearded Medians, with conical head-dresses; gayly attired Lydians, tall Capadocians, still retaining the costume of their original Scythian plains, the skin dresses ornamented with gold; silk and wool merchants from Smyrna and Iberia, traders in gold dust from Colchia, and others whose barks had come in laden with corn from Sicily, laserpitium from Cyrene, ivory from Mauritania, frankincense from Arabia, and slaves from many districts.

As the sun god wheeled his fiery car, declining toward the west, great numbers had collected to enjoy the clear evening hour on the crest of the Acropolis, where many groups, gay, sandaled, and crowned with flowers, in honor of the festival, paced hither and thither beneath the state-ly snowy-pillared walls of its two mighty temples; while others, similarly attired, moved along the promenades or rested on the low marble walls which encompassed the lofty citadel, enjoying the splendid view which the eminence commanded. To the north-west spread the plain of Attica, with its villages, vineyards, gardens, and green meadows, intervalled by low rugged elevations which reached away to the thymy slopes and steep ascents of Mount Hymettus, which closed the prospect in that direction. To the south spaced the blue bay of Salamis dotted with its islands: in front, the rugged-billed, deep-harbored island, its shores sprinkled with white towns, bowered in foliage. Ægina to the left, more remote; to the right, more distant still, the long line of azure-peaked mountains, which formed the spine of the Corinthian isthmus—the level gleam of its bay dimly visible beyond—and dim and gray in the deep south, the tortuous ridges of the Peloponnesus.

Beneath spread the city, like a map, with its narrow streets, open stadiums, lofty theaters, statues, pillars, and other monuments, shining in the level splendor from the sea. To the west the bright stream, Ilyssus, winding down like a silver thread from its Hymettean font, and glittering along its course to the bay; its banks lined with pleasant promenades of shady plain, pale olive, and full-leaved sycamore, dotted here and there with small graceful shrines and marble altars of rural and other deities; and about a mile from the city walls, reflecting on its wave the meditative grove of Academus, through whose trees the light strikes upon the gymnasium attached, the white images of the gods and poets which interval its shady recesses, and the famous statue of Cupid, whose tutelary presence beautifies its entrance.

The festival of the Graces has commenced. Beneath the shady avenues which skirt the river, crowds of the youths and maidens of Athens have collected, and already the white-robed and tunicked trains, garlanded and attended by music, are presenting their offerings to the three

goddesses—some placing on the altars osier baskets of flowers, rose, violet, and amaranth; some a transparent veil, some a sandal, others a tress of soft shining hair, the image of a dimple in wax, a little poem—and such like fanciful tributes. Then, as each group have completed their rites, the attendant minstrels prelude the altar hymn, striking their triangular lyres, and the voices of the fair votaries mingling in chorus, ascend through the serene twilight air.

Numbers of Athenians and foreigners, of both sexes and all ages, have arrived to take part in and witness the festival, which, terminating in dances, is to last the bright night long. Many have brought with them the materials for feasting, and interspersed under the trees and by the marble fanes, which now glimmer whitely along the river banks, stretch, crowned with flowers, in the long silky grasses, with piles of fruit, sweetmeats, amphoras of wine, and carved cups before them. Music undulates on the air, laughter resound, and the light falls on the snowy robes and floating hair of many a sparkling-eyed group, wreathed in dances in the green spaces between the trees, and upon clusters of youths reclined beside their wine-skins, waiting to take their part in the festivities of the night. Hark! from yonder pale olive bower by the spring, the flute-player streams forth a prelude in the moonlight, dullest gay; and an old Athenian sings in his turn a fesval verse of Anacreon:

“ With temples crowned with roses,
Here deeply, deeply drink we
The red wine, softly laughing;
While a delicate-ankled maiden,
Waving the whispering thyrsus
Unto her harp sonorous
Before us joyous dances;
And the soft-haired minstrel, running
O'er his reeds with lips sweet breathing,
Evokes a strain melodious;
While golden-haired Cupid,
And jubilant bright Bacchus,
And fairest Cytherea,
Rejoicing, join the revel,
Delightful to the aged.”

Hark! again, from yonder grove, where the fountain, pulsing in the floating luster, mingles its watery cadences with the voices of the group of youths who recline, cup-in-hand, feasting with a cluster of Athenian maidens, whose laps are heaped

with grapes and apples, and looking at the dancers anear—one rising and leaning against a small pillar, surmounted by a pair of marble doves, laughingly strikes his lyre with wine-stained fingers, and sings with joyous *abandon*:

"One noon when, summer ardent,
I sat beside my mistress,
Who, cold as ice in winter,
Seemed dead unto my passion:
Lo! Cupid, passing, ordered
A bee, then flying near us,
Upon the mouth to sting me.
So bitter was the anguish,
I cried, 'Oh, cruel Cupid,
Is not her froward humor
Enough without this torture?'
Whereon, with pity moved,
On mine she pressed her red lip,
To soothe my pain. It vanished.
Oh, Cupid, shower thy arrows
As thick as hail upon me,
If for each wound you give me
A maiden's kiss may cure me."

Among the many others enjoying the pleasures of the festal night are an Athenian youth, named Iolaus, and his mistress, the beautiful Leriopé; the one is the son of a famous sculptor, whose works in temple and grove have long earned the admiration of his art-loving fellow-citizens; the girl is the daughter of a painter in the island of Cos. Some months before, meeting at the theater of Bacchus, during the representation of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, her beauty had inspired alike his heart and genius; and meeting from day to day in the resorts of Athenian amusement and society, a mutual attachment had sprung up, which eventuated in their being affianced. Having performed the usual ceremonies of the evening, and joined in the dances of the goddesses, they have wandered away from the lively crowds to enjoy the happy intercourse of their hearts in one of the least frequented walks by the river side. At length, having rambled into the comparative solitude which reigned around the gardens of Academus, they paused in the bright moonlight, under the statue of Cupid; and in the congenial presence of the god, love became the subject of their conversation.

As it happened, that day Iolaus had attended a lecture which Plato had devoted to this theme; and Leriopé having with graceful coquetry challenged him to define the divine undefinable passion, look-

ing up with bright eyes the while—he took occasion to arrange her garland which he assured her the wind had discomposed, though the night was perfectly calm—he said: "Ah, who, O dear one, can adequately define or portray the divine soul of the universe, the sovereign of human hearts, the ruler of the gods themselves. Plato speaks eloquently on the subject, but it would require a god to give fitting expression to the celestial inspiration which animates the hearts of lovers. Love! what is it? The sense of the divine, the passion whose source is beauty—physical, moral, and intellectual—which attracts us to harmonize with the being of the beloved one. It is the inspirer and creator of all that is beautiful and true in poetry, in art, in life; it raises the heart into the atmosphere of heaven, uniting heaven with earth. But why waste breath in attempting to express the unutterable; enough that we experience the inspiration of the divinity, who divinely influences human souls during mortal life, and thus perfecting being through mutual happiness, by possessing us with a feeling so unearthly, affords us the surest pledge of immortality."

After he had ceased speaking, both by a silent inclination knelt beneath the statue of Cupid, and offered up a whispered prayer, holding each the other's hand; after which, rising, they pursued their charmed walk along the river bank, sometimes conversing on the delightful theme—sometimes in happy silence.

They had not proceeded far from the gardens of Academus when suddenly their whispers were interrupted by the voices of two sophists who sat at a turn of the stream under a tree, by a tomb, looking on the bubbles floating down the current in the moonlight; and as they paced slowly, the following fragment of chat reached their ears:

"How like a bubble is life," said one; "a little breath inclosed in a form which floats in uncertainty a few moments on the stream of time, and disappears."

"Analogies are dangerous in philosophy," returned the other. "Life is not a senseless breath, but a celestial inspiration breathed into us by the gods—an element eternal as the sun."

"You are lapsing into the manner of Plato, yonder," interrupted his companion, dryly, pointing to the gardens, where the philosopher resided.

"Pooh! Plato!" said his friend. "Mere imagination. For me, I love to hold by the anchor of reason, and trust to it in the storms of controversy and life, more than to the ballastless bark in which the famous lecturer seeks to guide mankind to happiness. But to return to your comparison: admit that a bubble is composed of water and air."

"Granted."

"And that each of the elements dis-united returns to its original source, which is a primary substance, and hence eternal."

"So far I accord."

"Therefore"—

At this moment the lovers, who had gone beyond hearing distance, began to laugh at the old sophists, living in their logic, and preposterously supposing, being ignorant of love, that they knew any thing of life:—love, the only element which can give existence any value! They both exchanged many bright and pleasant things fondly, as they returned to the city, among groups under similar influences, and others wild and joyously delighted with wine, who still in torch-lit circles contended in the dances, to decide, according to custom, which should longest sustain the amusements of the night for the usual prize. Reaching the city, at length, they went to an agreeable supper at a friend's house near the Hippodrome, where a great feast was given, and where, amid songs and recitations of poetry, written and extemporized, they whiled the night until the pale streaks of dawn contending with the lamps began to lighten the garland-hung chamber. Then Iolaus accompanied Leriopé to her residence; and after a tender parting presently reached his own house, where, filled with happy feelings, he soon slept, the shadow of the vine around the casement falling on his still chapleted head, and the moonlight streaming into the adjoining studio, illumining its marble statues—among them that which he was shaping of Leriopé, on which his eyes last rested, ere they closed.

CHAPTER II.

ONE autumn noon, some months after the festival of the Graces, Iolaus and Leriopé, whose marriage was to be celebrated in a few days, left the city together, purposing to pass the hours until sunset in a pleasant ramble along the southern stretching shores of the bay; bringing with them

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a little feast of grapes, bread, and wine, and a couple of scrolls of Greek amatory poetry. It was a lovely day when they set out: the sun shone brilliantly in the clear azure sky, the breath of harvest fields and vineyards floated gratefully from the inland, and the blue sunny waves, rolling in calm luxurious indolence along the sands, harmonizing with their pulses, seemed to image the happy days before them, spreading endlessly, brightened with love in the vision of their imagination. Sometimes they read, as they walked, some beautiful passage which accorded with their feelings; sometimes in charmed converse rested on the rocks, and then again advanced, oblivious of the hours, wrapped in the delight of mutual intercourse. Already they had extended their walk much further than they designed, when the day suddenly changed, the sky and ocean became overshadowed with dim vapor, a chill wind rising from the south blew keenly, and, after a little, heavy gusts of rain compelled them to seek shelter in a cave by the beach.

Here for a time they rested, looking on the weather-changed scene, the flying clouds, ragged with rain, the sullen stormy-fronted headlands of the distant islands, the long ceaselessly rolling multitudes of white-crested billows covering the primeval saturnine disk of the sea, and washing in long heaving vibrations to the shore, where the great waters swelled and followed in groups of threes and fours at intervals, flooding over the jagged rocks, rising and exploding in the air in tempestuous showers of spray—the torrent of fluent white spray regurgitating through the hollows and dark wet interstices of the reefs—the masses of discolored shivering foam-drift driven further and further in by the advancing tide—and listening to the dull, deaf, ceaseless hum of the horizontal ocean mingling with the alternate shock and report of the wild seas along the cliff-lined coast, and the surging murmur of the billows along the stretching sands, misty and dim with haze and spray in the over-blowing wind.

Presently the rain descended in torrents, the wind fell, the blue levels of the sky heralded returning calm, and the air cleared; but in the interval hours had passed, and it was already evening when they bent their steps cityward, half unconscious of the length to which they had extended their walk. Nay, so happy were they,

that they forbore to hasten their return, and proceeded hand-in-hand together, now along the sands, now along the skirting grassy upland, enjoying the air of the rain-refreshed night, and the music of the blue sea, over which the star of Venus sparkled like a lamp, illuming them on their way.

As they proceeded, however, the sky again grew dark with clouds, and they were just about to ascend one of the banks above a curve of the shore, whence they knew they would soon reach one of the great roads leading to Athens, when they were suddenly startled by a glare of yellow light proceeding from the point of a little promontory before them, and the plashing sound of oars.

The next instant a boat shot rapidly toward them; and the moment it struck the sands a number of dark figures, with swords and torches in their hands, springing upon the beach, rushed toward them. A glance showed that they were Egyptian pirates. Several seized the shrieking Lerope, the remainder overwhelmed Iolaus, who, being without arms, was unable to resist the numbers which encompassed him. The pirates bound their arms with cords, and they soon found themselves in the bark, hurrying out into the sea toward a dark vessel which was visible at some distance.

It would be impossible to describe the agonizing sensations experienced by the lovers at a catastrophe so unexpected and so terrible. Their first thought was to throw themselves into the sea, and so perish together; but as they communicated this purpose to each other in a despairing whisper, they were overheard by one of the Egyptians who understood their language, and held fast until they reached the vessel; where they were presently given to understand that their captors did not purpose to destroy them, but to keep them prisoners until they were ransomed by their friends, if they had any; if not, that they were to be sold as slaves. Though the ransom demanded was extravagant, Iolaus undertook that it should be procured at Athens, under conditions which should secure their safety; and to this the pirate chief was understood to comply. Meanwhile the sailors raised the sails, and the vessel bore out to sea toward a rocky, deserted island, where the pirates had their stronghold.

All night the dark vessel surged through the ridges of the sea, the rowers plying

their oars, the sentinels holding watch over prow and stern; and all night the pirate captain, with his chiefs, caroused in the cabin, where an abundant feast of meat and wine was spread, and whither Iolaus and Lerope had been brought on their arrival on board. Wild and strange was the scene. The cabin was crowded with arms and booty; and the pirates, after pouring a libation to their god, drank deep from cups of gold, chanting barbaric songs in their unknown language. At length they were conveyed to separate small chambers in the prow of the ship, and the doors being locked were left to while the hours until morning in darkness and anxiety.

Presently, after a brief and broken sleep, they were aroused by the trampling of the sailors on deck, and were conscious that the vessel had arrived in port. Then the doors were opened; and, guarded by a number of sailors, they were placed in a boat, and conveyed to the shore of a rocky island, where it appeared the pirates had erected several huts in a narrow ravine running from the bay, from which they were hidden by its gray overhanging cliffs. Here each of them were allotted a domicile; and after food for the day was given them, they were permitted to ramble about together, guarded by six or seven of the armed crew, after being informed that on the day following, the vessel, after being unloaded, would sail again for a point of the coast at some distance from Athens, whither an emissary, bearing a letter from Iolaus, was to proceed to procure their ransom, under conditions to the effect that should he not return within a specified time with the sum proposed, or be retained by the authorities, that Iolaus and Lerope were to be sold to the slave-merchants of the Euxine, whither, it appeared, the pirate vessel was next destined to sail.

The day was passed by the lovers in comparative happiness, thus illuminated by the hope of returning to Athens, but not without anxiety. Often ascending the barren steep, they strained their eyes across the sea in expectation of signaling some vessel; but though several appeared, they pursued their course at a distance, and darkness fell; and, again separated, they were confined in their respective huts. After a prayer to the gods of the night, they slept. Outside, a group of pirates kept guard, drinking by the watch-fires.

Next morning they were aroused by a great clamor of voices and an unwonted tumult among the pirates. They found the doors of their huts open, and issuing forth they beheld the entire crew hastening toward the shore, whither, having followed them, they saw them embark and reach the vessel, where they hurried hither and thither, the rowers seating themselves on the benches, the remainder assembling in arms on the decks, as though preparing for action.

Astonished at the sudden departure of their captors, who had already put to sea, Iolaus and Leriopé quickly ascended a rock from which they could gain a prospect of the ocean. Nor was it long until they understood the cause of an event so unexpected; for lo! at no great distance, an Athenian vessel of war, with decks glittering with armed soldiers, and a shield suspended from the mast, the signal of an approaching engagement, appeared rapidly bearing down upon the pirate vessel. Then, after a little, having come alongside, the rowers furled the oars, grappling irons were thrown out, and a sea-fight commenced. First they heard the barbaric cry of the pirates as they rushed into the fight, then followed a long silence, during which nothing was seen but the flashing of arms, the glitter of swords and spears, the rush and struggle of the combatants. The pirates evidently fought with desperate courage; but before the organized valor of superior numbers, they were after a time surrounded and cut to pieces, and one by one hurled into the sea, whose waves, around both vessels, were thickly strewn with floating corpses. The Egyptian captain, easily distinguished by his arms, was the last to fall; and when, transfixed by a number of spears, he sunk on the bloody decks, a victorious cheer rising from the soldiers announced the termination of the battle.

Filled with mingled emotions at the scene, and rejoicing at the chance of delivery, Iolaus ascended a cliff from which his figure could be seen by the Athenian crew — waved a scarf, and by his ges-

tures invited them to send a boat to the shore; and after a little they had the happiness of seeing a barge full of armed men rowing to the shore; where, having landed, and Iolaus having acquainted them with the circumstance of their seizure by the pirates, they willingly offered to carry them back to Athens; where, after a swift voyage, they arrived at sunset; and where, the news of the adventure having rapidly spread through the town, bands of citizens attended with music, and scattering flowers in their path, accompanied them to their homes.

The marriage of Iolaus and Leriopé took place a few days after their return. As the sun rose, the bride and bridegroom, in rich robes of purple and mingled gold, with wreathed brows, followed by a long train of white-vestured maidens, their chapleted hair floating on their shoulders, and companies of friends, proceeded to the temple of Juno, where the ceremonial was performed, after each had dedicated a lock of hair to Cupid. While the sacrifices were being made, a pair of doves — happiest of omens — were seen to enter the shrine and hover over the altar.

The day was occupied in the usual customs and amusements attendant on the occasion; and in the evening, as Hesperus rose, Leriopé and Iolaus proceeded in a chariot to his mansion, through streets strewn with blossoms, and attended by a joyous company of torch-bearers. Flowers and perfumes were showered on them from all sides, music and happy laughter gladdened their way until they arrived at the bridegroom's house; where, on entering, a cornucopia of fruits were showered on their heads in the illuminated aula, through which they passed to the banqueting chamber, where the feast, the song, and dance, winged the jocund hours until midnight; when the group of maiden minstrels, chanting the Hymeneal song, entered. The greatest gayety reigned in Athens that night, and wine flowed, and wit sparkled, and melody resounded through the air until the rose clouds in the blue eastern dusk announced the dawn.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

SOUNDINGS FROM THE ATLANTIC. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

THIS book has a sort of double poetic sounding title, such as few volumes can claim. Soundings from the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which all the curious and graphic articles in this book have appeared, impart to the title a double meaning of unique application. The deep-sea line of these soundings has brought up to view: Bread and the Newspaper; My Hunt after the Captain; The Stereoscope and the Stereograph. Sun Painting and Sun Sculpture: with a Stereoscopic Trip across the Atlantic; Doing of the Sunbeam; The Human Wheel, its Spokes and Felloes, etc., etc., and *The Great Instrument—the Great Boston Organ*, of marvelous power, the pride of Boston, seven years in building, combining in its construction great genius, great experience, great musical research by the best musical talent of Boston and Europe. That soundings from the Atlantic should have brought up to view a musical instrument so colossal in form, and complete in all its marvelous power, shows the genius of Dr. Holmes for sea soundings when he drops his line in the Atlantic. We have heard many of the great organs of Europe, and have a longing to hear the music of this truly great Boston wonder, of which no other city can boast.

TALES OF A WAY-SIDE INN. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

It will be enough to inform the reading public that the great American poet has tuned his harp again, and sung in beautiful verse unique and curious tales of a way-side inn.

THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR M. AURELIUS ANTONINUS. Translated by GEORGE LONG. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

THIS neat volume, in the usually attractive dress of this publishing house, is gemmed with many beautiful thoughts of great practical value, and worthy of a careful perusal, to which the able translator has given a fine literary resurrection. It is quite refreshing to see in a new garb this ancient manufacturer of strong thoughts. It forms a pleasing contrast to much of the milk-and-water thought and diction of modern times.

INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY; Analytical, Synthetical, and Practical. By HUBBARD WINSLOW, D.D., author of "Moral Philosophy," and other philosophical and popular works. Eighth edition, with additions, bringing the science down to the latest views. Boston: Brewer & Tileston. 1863. For sale by Sheldon & Company, New-York.

THE author of this volume, Dr. Winslow, has had great experience as a teacher of moral and intellectual philosophy, and on this account, as well as for his well trained mental powers, is qualified to prepare such a book as this. The fact that this is the eighth edition is ample proof of the estimate in

which it is held by teachers of this branch of knowledge. We commend the book to careful attention and use.

MR. FRANK H. DODD, No. 506 Broadway, New-York, has sent us a beautiful copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost," pocket edition, just published, which is a gem of its kind, in the attractiveness of its form, the beauty of its clear type, and in its whole mechanical appearance and dress. Any lover of true poetry, any admirer of this great and renowned poem of Milton, which will live and be read as long as time shall last, for its wondrous conceptions of mighty thought, will be glad to see and possess it in the very inviting form in which Mr. Dodd offers it to the public. To be followed by other works of value in similar dress.

HUSKS. COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS. By MARTON HARLAND. "He would fain have filled himself with the husks which the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him." New-York: Sheldon & Company, 335 Broadway. 1863. Pp. 526.

THIS story of *Husks* might be called Memoirs of Modern Prodigals. The key to the book is found in the use of the word "husks" in the beautiful story of the prodigal son, which will never lose its interest. It forms a series of word paintings, somewhat in imitation of the prodigal son, with variations. Facts and incidents in real life, or which illustrate human character, are always instructive and entertaining when well told, and clothed in beauty of diction. The text of the *Husks* is misquoted.

THE MERCY SEAT; OR, THOUGHTS ON PRAYER. By AUGUSTUS C. THOMPSON, D.D. Author of the "Better Land," "Morning Hours at Patmos," "Gathered Lilies," etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New-York: Sheldon & Company. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 1863. Pp. 345.

THIS volume from the pen of Dr. Thompson is like a basket of ripe and richest fruits, sweet and pleasant to the taste, and nutritious in the highest degree. It is rich and attractive in language, abounding in striking thoughts and illustrations gathered from wide historic life and incident, instructive to the mind, as well as mending in its influence on the heart. We have seen no volume on this topic which has interested us so much. It is a book which ought to be in possession of every Christian family, and greatly useful to every person who is dependent on his Creator.

MONT BLANC.—The Indian Prince, Iatyendra Jagore, recently ascended Mont Blanc. No less than thirty-seven other successful ascents have been made this season, including two by ladies. One of these latter, a young married English lady, did the entire distance on foot, sleeping, as usual, at the Grand Muleta, and the day after the colossal excursion she walked from Chamouni to Martigny, a degree of muscular power which few of the other sex can boast of.

STRANGE USE OF CHEMISTRY.—The human body, in so advanced a stage of decomposition as to be entirely unrecognizable, can now be so restored, by chemical means, as to present an almost completely natural appearance. This process was lately practiced with success in London, in the case of a body found in the Thames, which was suspected to be that of an escaped murderer who had committed suicide. After the body had been subjected to the new process the witnesses were able to swear that he was not the supposed murderer.

OPTICAL ILLUSION.—The following instance of singular optical illusion recently occurred in Brussels. The victim was a gentleman who, being somewhat troubled by cobwebs and spots in his eyes, rubbed them one night with a few drops of belladonna. In the morning the cobwebs were gone, but the old outer face of the world had changed. His newspaper, which had been placed by his bedside, was composed of type so small that he could hardly decipher it. He rang the bell, and his stout servant wench had shrunk into a thin little girl of ten years. He got up in a great fright and looked after his clothes—they were the garments of a child, but, as his own limbs had diminished in proportion, he got into them. He found his wife and children at the table—the former a dwarf, and the latter a row of dolls. He hurried off to his physician; the horses he met looked like dogs, the dogs like rats. Every thing was Lilliputian. Lotions were applied to the victim's eyes, and the next day Brobdingnag returned, bringing back the cobwebs and spots.

AN IRON EGG.—In Dresden there is an iron egg, the history of which is something like this: A young prince sent this iron egg to a lady to whom he was betrothed. She received it in her hand, and looked at it with disdain. In her indignation that he should send her such a gift she cast it to the earth. When it touched the ground, a spring, cunningly hidden in the egg, opened, and a silver yelk rolled out. She touched a secret spring in the yelk and a golden chicken was revealed; she touched a spring in the chicken and a crown was found within; she touched a spring in the crown and within it was found a diamond wedding ring. There is a moral to the story.

BUNYAN'S FLUTE.—The flute with which Bunyan beguiled the tediousness of his captive hours is now in the possession of a tailor at Gainsborough. It is not unlike the leg of a stool—out of which it is said Bunyan, while in prison, manufactured it. When the turnkey, attracted by the sound of music, entered his cell, the flute was replaced in the stool, and by this means detection was avoided.—*Nothing-ham Journal*.

DR. COLenso AND THE LAITY OF HIS DIOCESE.—The following address is now in course of signature by the laity of the diocese of Natal: "Rev. Sir: As members of the Church of England and of your diocese, we feel ourselves impelled by a sense of duty to address you on a subject very painful to us, and we doubt not, to you also; although, most probably, you have anticipated the announcement we now make, namely, that having publicly by your writings declared you no longer believe in the inspiration of certain portions of the Scriptures, (by which you dissent from the sixth article of our Protestant faith, which declares their authority undoubted in the

church,) we consider you unfit to retain your present position among us, and beg you at once to resign it, being confident no good results can be obtained from the external association, unaccompanied by unity of sentiment. We wish that this were the only source of regret, but, unfortunately, as your lordship must be aware, your ministrations among us have never been attended with the happy effects we so ardently anticipated when you first visited these shores; no success has attended your labors among the heathen, although we acknowledge you have worked assiduously to promote it; and the unhappy dissensions between yourself and both clergy and laity are too well known in the colony to need comment. These have sapped the foundation of our social position, and brought disgrace upon that name which we have hitherto felt proud to bear. Sorrowing for the necessity which has enforced this declaration, and earnestly praying you may be restored to that implicit faith from which you departed, with sincere wishes for the happiness both temporal and spiritual of yourself and family, we subscribe ourselves, your lordship's friends and servants," etc., etc.

MR. W. BUCKLE, C.E.—The builder of the first locomotive engine which made the journey from Liverpool to Manchester, so unfortunately remembered, less for the triumph of engineering art than for the dreadful death of Mr. Huskisson, ought not to pass away from the world without a line of friendly notice. William Buckle, whose death is just announced, was the cotemporary and friend of Watt and Stephenson, and his name is associated with many scientific improvements. He was born at Alnwick Castle, in 1794, and was educated at the Hull Grammar School. Mr. Buckle superintended the arrangements of the visit of George IV. to Ireland. After this he became connected with the Soho works of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, at Birmingham, where he held a responsible post for thirty-three years, till 1851, in which year he was appointed by Sir J. Herschel to an important office in the coining department of the Royal Mint. Mr. Buckle was a vice-president of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers.—*Builder*.

It is said that M. Eugene Godard has obtained permission to establish a workshop in the Palace of Industry, in Paris, for the construction of a Mongolfier balloon, to be called the "Colossus," which will greatly surpass the dimensions of M. Nadar's balloon. The latter had a capacity of six thousand cubic meters. The new air vessel will have a capacity of fourteen thousand cubic meters. In a balloon of such a size it will be necessary to renounce the use of hydrogen gas. The "Giant" absorbed so much gas that it could only be inflated in two cities of Europe—London and Paris—and the cost of the conduit pipes for conveying the gas from Passy to the Champ-de-Mars, where it was inflated, was £400. The "Colossus," constructed on the Mongolfier principle, will be able to visit all the cities of Europe, even those which are lighted by oil lamps.

A DISTRICT has been discovered in Russia of similar formation to that of the oil-producing region of Pennsylvania, and other parts of America. Colonel Gowan, the Yankee officer who has been raising the Russian fleet at Sebastopol, has obtained a grant of fifty thousand acres, upon which he is to carry on his explorations.

NAPOLEON'S SPEECH.—It may perhaps amuse some of your readers to know that the emperor's speech took twelve minutes to speak, consisted of 2042 words, and was read at Rome, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Athens, and Lisbon—besides, of course, London—as fast as it was spoken off. In Paris, almost before it was spoken, "*le discours*" was placarded at the corner of each street, and every where attracted a large audience. Where there was a dense crowd, or in the quarters where education is not the strong point of the population, there was generally an expounder chosen, who read the document aloud, explaining the imperial policy after his own peculiar views to those less gifted than himself. As several of these groups were gathered round their teachers on the Boulevards and in the streets adjacent, the emperor himself passed in an open carriage on his way back to St. Cloud; he was warmly received, and appeared to be especially struck by the attention which his speech had attracted among the lower classes. "You see, Marquis, we are read, discussed, and no doubt severely criticised." Such is the remark which he is said to have made, with a smile, to his equerry-in-waiting. "Yes, sire, read, understood, and appreciated." "Who shall say it?" replied the emperor, and changed the subject.—*Paris Correspondent of Daily Telegraph.*

THE belle of the Chippewas a hundred years ago still lingers on the shores of time and Red Lake, Minnesota, at the good old age of one hundred and twenty.

ANTIQUITY OF MAN.—In his last essay, Agassiz throws out the following opinion on this interesting topic:

"I do not offer any opinion respecting the fossil human bones so much discussed recently, because the evidence is at present too scanty to admit of any decisive judgment concerning them. It becomes, however, daily more probable that facts will force us sooner or later to admit that the creation of man lies far beyond any period yet assigned to it, and that a succession of human races, as of animals, have followed one another upon the earth. It may be the inestimable privilege of our young naturalists to solve this great problem, but the older men of our generation must be content to renounce this hope; we may have some prophetic vision of its fulfilment, we may look from afar into the land of promise, but we shall not enter in and possess it."

A HOUSE has been built of iron in the Rue St. Honore, Paris, in eight days. It is just now a nine days wonder.

THE "DUNDERBERG."—The great steam ram Dunderberg, which William H. Webb is building for the government, will be, when launched and armed, the most powerful man-of-war afloat. She is 378 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 32 feet deep. The armor on the side is 6½ feet thick of timber and 4½ inches thick of iron; on the casemate it is 3 feet of wood and 3½ inches of iron. She will have two turrets, with two guns of heavy caliber in each. She will have six broadside and two pivot guns in the casemate. Her rig will be half-mast, with yards and sails. The forward part of the vessel, for 50 feet of solid timber and iron, constitutes the ram. The engines are 6000 horse-power, which will propel her probably 16 miles an hour. It is not likely that the

Dunderberg will be ready for service for a year, the magnitude of her proportions requiring immense time and labor.

HOW IT HAPPENS.—One fruitful source of discontent, and one great bar to enjoyment in this world, is the practice of comparing one's life with the life of others; utterly ignoring the fact that every person has an *inner* as well as an *outer* life; or, in the old-fashioned words of the Bible, "that every heart knoweth its own bitterness." How often is the remark made by superficial observers, "How happy such and such persons must be!—if I were only *they*!" when, ten to one, these very persons, oblivious of their wealth and position, are weary and heart-sore with the din and battle of life.

"THE mortal remains of Robespierre, Saint Just, and Lebas," says the *Paris Patrie*, "have just been discovered by some workmen occupied in digging the foundations of a house at the Batignolles, at the angle of the Rue de Rocher and the old Chemin de Ronde. These men, who played so important a part in the revolution, were buried at the above spot, the cemetery of the Madeline being too full at the period of their death to admit of fresh interments."

SLEEP.—There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that, in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is, also, that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they can not sleep.

A VERY young and modest-looking lady coming one day into the rooms at Bath, when Nash was master of the ceremonies, he attempted to confuse and put her to the blush by his effrontery. "Well, miss," said he, "you have just come from school, I suppose, and I dare say you have read your Bible; pray can you tell me what was Tobit's dog's name?" "Nash, sir," replied she, "and a saucy dog he was."

THE receipts of flour and grain at Chicago during the past two months have been enormous, amounting to 6,987,491 bushels wheat—showing an increase over the receipts during the same time last year of 1,097,428 bushels. The receipts of corn show a large decrease, the entire receipts for September and October being only 3,917,513 bushels, against 7,630,042 bushels last year. This decrease is the result of the early frost, but does not fairly represent the extent of damage, we think; as the growers have held back their supplies for higher prices, which is usually the case in times of excitement in the market, when prices rapidly advance.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, who is now ninety years old, is about to publish a volume of poetry, entitled *Heroic Idylls*.

A FLAX cotton mill is fitted up at East Toledo, Ohio, which is expected to consume 4900 pounds daily of raw material, and produce 2000 pounds of cottonized flax. Eastern sashnet manufacturers have agreed to take it all.

A MINE of magnetic iron has been opened in Sweden, several feet thick, which causes a deviation of the needle of from ten to fifteen degrees. Natural magnets of four hundred-weight will soon, says a Copenhagen letter, be no rarity in commerce.

MR. LAYARD, M.P., has been taken to a special excavation made in his honor at Pompeii—the house, cleared to the pavement at his visit, revealed among the usual fragments a large wine jar, or amphora, inscribed “*Liqvamen flos flos*.”

THE longest and oldest chain bridge in the world is said to be at Kingtung in China, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one lofty mountain to the top of another.

NOT BAD.—A rather curious incident occurred at Potsdam at the time of the visit lately made to that place by the members of the Statistical Congress. Among the persons who were walking in the gardens of the Palace of Sans-Souci was a Prussian officer, who entered into conversation with an English *savant*. The latter, after a time, could not avoid expressing his surprise at finding a Prussian officer speak English so well. The officer replied that there was nothing astonishing in the fact, as his wife and his mother-in-law were both English. “Might I venture to inquire the name of your mother-in-law?” said the English *savant*. “Queen Victoria,” replied the officer, who was none other than the Prince Royal of Prussia.

FRENCH STATISTICS.—According to the report of M. Legoyt, Director of Administrative Statistics in France, out of 61,000 unmarried men living in cities of more than 2000 inhabitants, (except Paris,) 16,000 were unable to sign the marriage contract. Out of 39,000 women, 27,000 had to decline their signatures. In villages the proportion is still worse. Of 104,000 men, 69,000 were unable to sign; and of the same number of women, 5000 in all were initiated into the mysteries of writing.

LORD BROUGHAM completed the eighty-fifth year of his age on the 19th of September, and so active is he still in all his physical and mental powers that he was to preside at the annual meeting of the Social Science Association, which was to assemble at Edinburgh on the 7th of October, and continue until the 14th. The witty remark is still true of him as ever—“a man of splendid incapacity, vast and varied misinformation, and great moral requirements.”

“LA FRANCE” gives its readers an elaborate description of the dresses worn by the Empress at Madrid. At the diplomatic dinner her imperial majesty wore a blue velvet turban studded with diamonds, from the back of which fell upon her neck ribbons to match, studded with the same kind of jewels. Round her neck was the famous pearl necklace which she generally wears at the court balls at the Tuileries, and which Winterhalter has so often painted. The empress's corsage was also of blue velvet, studded with diamonds, and her white tulle skirt was garnished with such ribbons as those which adorned her head-dress. The Queen of Spain wore a white moire antique and the finest diamonds and pearls in her possession.

SLEEPING IN THE MOONSHINE.—A boy thirteen years of age, named Henry Lowry, residing near

Peckhamrye, Ohio, was recently expelled from his home by his mother for some trifling misdemeanor. He at once ran away to a cornfield close by, and on lying down in the open air fell asleep. He slept throughout the night, which was a moonlight one. Some laborers on their way to work, seeing the boy apparently asleep, aroused him; the boy opened his eyes, but declared he could not see. He was conveyed home, and from thence to an ocular institution, where medical advice was obtained. The surgeon affirmed that the loss of sight resulted from sleeping in the moonshine. The boy is totally blind, and few hopes are entertained of his recovery.

REPRODUCTION OF BONE.—The reproduction of bone is attracting considerable attention in Europe at the present time, and the French Academy has offered the very liberal prize of twenty thousand francs for the best treatise on the subject, to be awarded in the year 1866. The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* says: “The time is so distant and the prize is so large, that we hope our own countrymen may be induced to enter into competition.”

SHUN ANGER.—Never do any thing that can denote an angry mind; for although everybody is born with a degree of passion, and, from untoward circumstances, will sometimes feel its operation, and be what they call “out of humor,” yet a sensible man or woman will never allow it to be discovered. Check and restrain it; never make any determination until you find it has entirely subsided; and always avoid saying any thing you may wish unsaid.

No less than fifteen histories, twenty-five biographies, twenty-seven geographies and travels, thirty-eight novels, eleven poetical works, and eleven theological, are announced as about to issue from the British press.

SOME one calls the high crown hat, so long in fashion, the “cylinder of civilization.”

IN addition to the old story of the vegetation of wheat found in an Egyptian mummy, the *New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture*, in reply to the inquiry of a correspondent as to the length of time that seeds retain their vitality, quotes the following statement from an English paper:

“James Binks, in the *North British Agriculturist*, stated that he had recently cleared off some old Roman encampments on his farm near Alnwick, a farm which he had lived upon for sixty-four years, and forthwith among the barley there sown, arose some seventy-four varieties of oats, never seen in that section before. As no oats had been sown, he supposed the place to be an old cavalry camp, and that the oats which were ripened under other skies, had lain covered with *débris* for fifteen hundred years, and now, being exposed to the action of the sun and air, they germinated as readily as though but recently sown.”

THE SEA.—The commerce of the world requires 6,600,000 able-bodied men to be constantly travelling the sea; of this number 7500 die every year. The amount of property annually moved on the water is from fifteen hundred to two thousand millions of dollars; and the amount lost by the casualties of the sea average twenty-five millions of dollars.

AN English writer has discovered that the scene of Dousterswivel's incantation, in the *Antiquary*, is taken from Agrippa's *De Occulta Philosophia*, and is almost a literal copy of his process.

QUININE.—In June last there were 58,441 thriving cinchona plants on the Neilgherry hills in India. Chemical experiments have been made on the bark, which prove that the cinchona is now naturalized in India, and is superior to the cinchona introduced into Java by the Dutch.

PHOTO-SCULPTURE is a recent fashion of Paris. Statuettes in plaster, executed to the life, are becoming as common as photographs.

ROCK-CRYSTAL is now used for photographic lenses, as it permits the passage of the largest amount of actinic rays.

SPECTER IN THE CLOUDS.—It is well known that in the Hartz mountains, in Germany, there is occasionally seen the image of a man reflected on the clouds, the illusion being the effect of reflection from the person of the spectator. We observe, in reading an account of Mount Mansfield, in Vermont, that Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Boston, was recently treated there with a specter of himself, so that we, too, have our mountain illusions. "Dr. Kirk states that one afternoon he saw the form of the Nose (an elevated point of the mountain) distinctly showed on a passing cloud. It suggested itself to him that he might become a part of the sky picture; so ascending to the top of the Nose, he saw his own image, but of monstrous size. Spreading his arms, enveloped in his cloak, two mighty wings seemingly spread out in the sky. The peculiar position of sun and cloud which produced this does not often occur; hence the phenomenon is rarely seen."

BLASTING EXTRAORDINARY.—A remarkable blast in an iron mine took place at the Lake Superior mine a short time since. In ordinary ones but a 1½ inch hole in diameter is drilled, but in this case one of four inches and eighteen feet deep was made, distant from the edge of the cliff about ten feet, into which one keg of powder was put and exploded as a preliminary, and which had the effect to open a seam to the depth of fifty feet. Sixteen kegs of powder were then put in as a final charge, which threw down over three thousand tons of ore completely broken up. *Galignani* speaks of a gigantic mine that was exploded lately near Mergozzo, Piedmont. A gallery had been pierced under the granite hill to be blasted, a work which it had taken a whole year to complete. The mine was charged with twenty metrical quintals (4430 lbs.) of gunpowder, and fired from three different points at a time. The quantity of granite thus detached was estimated at thirty thousand cubic meters; much less than was calculated upon, but the rest is much shattered. The firm was obliged to deposit one million francs as a security for damages to neighboring land-owners in case of disaster; but the shock was hardly felt at a distance of two kilometers.

HYDROPHOBIA.—A strong tea made of skull-cap taken liberally every day for a month or two after being bitten by a mad dog, will prevent hydrophobia. All wounds, whether a bite or made by any blunt instrument, should be healed gradually under a

poultice. If the outside is healed before there is a healthy granulation inside, lockjaw may supervene, with many symptoms of hydrophobia.

FOREHANDED.—The Prince of Wales has a very fair start in the world for a young man. His Cornwall estate has yielded \$8,500,000, his landed property gives an income of \$125,000, parliament votes him \$550,000 a year while his mother lives, besides \$250,000 for Mrs. Wales to spend. Add to this a very pretty wife and a good prospect of being King of England some day, and the prince can be considered "forehanded."

THE Viceroy of Egypt will soon have a capital of nearly \$1,000,000 in steam plows on his own estates alone, and is about to form a model farm on a large scale, under the direction of an English agriculturist.

A LETTER from Egypt says: "The cattle disease has broken out in Cairo, Ghizeh, and in the Said. Up to this time the authorities admit that the loss amounts to 300,000 head, which can not be replaced under £30 a piece, or a cost of £9,000,000 sterling; but it is not probable that the loss in animals will finally be much under £12,000,000, and the Nile has already destroyed more than £1,000,000 sterling worth of property."

THE celebrated Hungarian Countess Batthyani has made her *début* in Racine's tragedy of "Phédre." In a theatrical career she hopes to compensate herself for the loss of a magnificent fortune.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.—The first newspaper published bears the date of Nuremberg, 1487; the first English one was in 1622; and the first French in 1631. A very ancient printed sheet was offered for sale in the Libri collection, and of which a duplicate exists in the British Museum. It is entitled, "*Neue Zeitung, aus Hispanien und Italien*," (News from Spain and Italy,) and bears the date of February, 1534. The catalogue gave the following description of it: "An exceedingly rare journal, which appears to have been printed at Nuremberg. It contains the first announcement of the discovery of Peru, and has remained unknown to all the bibliographers that we have been able to consult. In this printed sheet it is said that the government of Panumyra, (Panama,) in the Indies, wrote to h's Majesty (Charles V.) that a vessel had arrived from Peru, with a letter from the Regent, Francisco Pizarro, (Pizarro,) announcing that he had taken possession of the country; that with about two hundred Spaniards, infantry and cavalry, he had repaired to the possessions of a great signor named Cassiko, (who refused peace,) and attacked him, and the Spaniards were the victors, and that he had seized upon five thousand castillanes (gold pieces) and twenty thousand silver marks, and lastly, that he had obtained two millions of gold pieces from the said Cassiko."

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.—The turning up of a horse shoe, real iron, from a depth of seven meters in the diluvium of pre-Adamite deposit bids fair to put out of joint the famous Abbeville jawbone. The phenomenon has been found on a railway excavation in the Orne Valley, between Caen and Condé. The *Journal du Calvados* gives ample details, adding that not only horse bones and several other antediluvian fauna, but skeletons of the Hudson's Bay beaver are plainly recognizable.—*Globe*.

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Engraved for the Electric by Geo. E. Ferrie, New York

THE ELECTRIC, NEW YORK, 1850

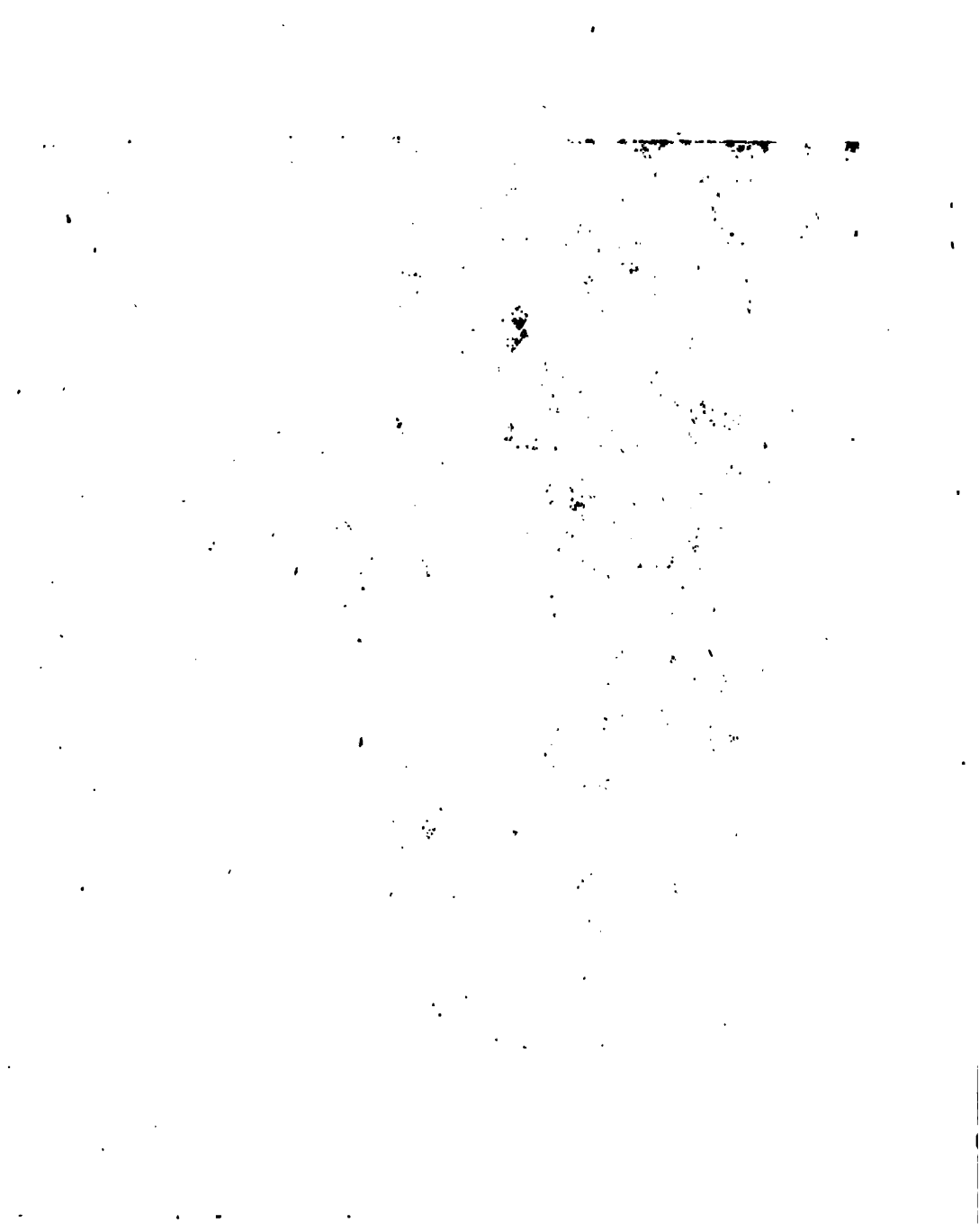
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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

From the London Quarterly.

HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN ALL AGES.*

THE history of modern opinion upon the subject of supernatural phenomena is a history of fluctuations. There is perhaps no point in the entire range of human knowledge or speculation upon which the England of to-day differs so entirely from the England of past times. Indeed, without some familiarity with our earlier writers it is impossible to imagine how deep and vast is the chasm by which we are separated from them with regard to this question. To quote an instance, the best authors of the sixteenth century were not only themselves believers in witchcraft—and witchcraft of the most degrad-

ed kind—but they accounted it a species of impiety to doubt its existence. That women could leave their beds, and transport themselves many miles through the air by the aid of evil spirits to be present at their nocturnal orgies, where the demons planned with them all kinds of mischief to the surrounding country, was a belief which holy and learned divines accounted it a sin to ridicule. Bishop Hall, in one of his soliloquies, discovers a proof of Satan's supremacy at that time in "the marvelous number of witches abounding in all parts. Now," he continues, "hundreds are discovered in one shire: and, if fame deceive us not, in a village of fourteen houses in the north are found so many of this damned breed. Heretofore, only barbarous deserts had them; now the civilest and most religious parts of the

* *History of the Supernatural in all Ages and Nations, and in all Churches, Christian and Pagan: demonstrating a universal Faith.* By WILLIAM HOW. 2v. Two volumes. London, 1863.

world are frequently pestered with them." Baxter repeatedly refers to witchcraft and apparitions as furnishing convincing proof of the truth of religion. In the *Saints' Rest* he introduces them to confirm the believer's faith in the existence of a future state; in his *Reasons for the Christian Religion* he adduces them as an argument likely to convince those infidels who reject the evidences of Scripture, and acknowledges that he had himself been too incredulous of these things till cogent evidence constrained his belief.

Times have changed. In our own day it has generally been considered as no slight evidence of the divine origin of Christianity, that it has outlived such defenders and such arguments. The sudden spread of modern spiritualism seems to indicate a revival—whether permanent or only momentary, the lapse of time alone can show—of those ancient beliefs which writers of all classes during the last eighty or a hundred years have agreed to brand as superstitious. It is long since any professed champion of the Bible has ventured on the use of these rusty weapons, which Mr. Howitt and the spiritualists are refurbishing with all the enthusiasm of knight-errantry. One of the last who protested against the disuse of some at least of these weapons was John Wesley. The infidels, he said, had hooted witchcraft out of the world, and complaisant Christians in large numbers had joined in the cry, so that men of learning throughout Europe had given up not only the argument but the facts; but he for one would protest to his dying breath against "this violent compliment paid by those who believe the Bible to those who do not believe it;" for "the giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible." Our living divines are of a different opinion, and go to the opposite extreme. A recent biographer of John Bunyan, than whom no one was a more sincere believer in these marvels, could not let the subject pass without asserting the superior science of the nineteenth century. "The world is grown too old, and the church too wise," writes Dr. Philip, "to dream or drivel again about the devils of superstition; these are all gone for ever with the ghosts and hobgoblins of antiquity—science and common-sense cast out these imps, and therefore no superstition can bring them back."

It is a reflection which can scarcely fail to occur to any one who is conversant with

the present aspects of religious thought, that this is precisely the kind of language which is now frequently employed respecting the miracles of the Old and New Testaments. That professed unbelievers should doubt or ridicule these miracles is to be expected; but it is a new state of things when avowed—and we doubt not sincere—believers in the truth of Christianity represent them as an element of weakness rather than of strength. The character of our holy religion, it is held, and of its Great Teacher, form sufficient proof of its divine origin; and it were to be wished that the miracles could be quietly got rid of, as unsuited to the intellect of a scientific age. It is secretly felt to be somewhat of a degradation to receive truth, which ought to be self-evidencing, upon the strength of supernatural phenomena. The sublime fixity of the laws of the universe is regarded as a grander proof of the existence and character of its great Author, than any occasional infraction of those laws can possibly be—just as a clock maker by his antics in moving the hands of the timepiece backwards and forwards, or in making it strike different ways, may afford huge amusement to children; but grown persons will rather estimate his skill by the regular performance of the machine, and the nicety with which it keeps unvarying time. Hence the anxiety which is now displayed by many defenders of Revelation to resolve miracle itself into the operation of regular law, though of a higher and more recondite kind than those physical laws which miracle appears to disturb. Hence the intimation—intended apparently as a sort of concession to that physical philosophy which has now been for some time in the ascendant—that, if we possessed a more perfect acquaintance with the laws of the universe, we should probably discover that these exceptional phenomena which theology regards as miraculous interpositions are in reality as dependent upon fixed law, and would be as accurately ascertainable by calculation, provided we were in possession of the requisite data, as the phases of the moon or the occultations of Jupiter's satellites. Hence the tendency to concede that, although the fact of the recorded miracles having actually taken place must be maintained, the old theological doctrine of special interference in regard to them may be only a result of our present imperfect acquaint-

ance with the higher laws of the universe—just as Crusoe's man Friday would not have attributed the scalding of his hand to evil magic, if he had known that water would naturally boil when placed over the fire; or as the savages of Guadaloupe, had they understood the rudiments of astronomy, would not have worshiped Columbus as a man supernaturally endowed because he had foretold the eclipse of the moon.

This is the doctrine maintained by Mr. Howitt, in the laborious *History of the Supernatural* now given to the world. At the same time, so far is he from accepting the conclusions of those who would get rid of miracle altogether, that he believes in the continuous presence of miracle. He

"intends by the supernatural the operation of those higher and more recondite laws of God with which being yet most imperfectly acquainted, we either denominate their effects miraculous, or, shutting our eyes firmly, deny their existence altogether. So far from holding that what are called miracles are interruptions or violations of the course of nature, he regards them only as the results of spiritual laws, which in their occasional action subdue, suspend, or neutralize the less powerful physical laws, just as a stronger chemical affinity subduces a weaker one, producing new combinations, but combinations strictly in accordance with the collective laws of the universe, whether understood or not yet understood by us."—Page 5.

These spiritual manifestations, in various forms, have been present, according to our author, in every age and in every country. The marvels of spiritualism are so far from being entirely new, that he is astonished at the profound ignorance of the literary world respecting similar phenomena which have displayed themselves, not rarely and obscurely, but openly and often, in past ages.

"So profound is the ignorance of the great subject of spiritualism, which is but another term for belief in the supernatural, in this age—an influence pervading all ages and all nations, wide as the spread of the sun's light, repeating its operations as incessantly as the return of morning, so thoroughly has the ocean of mere mundane affairs and affections submerged us in its waves—that if presented with a new phase of a most ancient and indestructible power, we stand astonished at it, as something hitherto unheard of. If our knowledge reaches yesterday, it is absolutely at fault in the day before. This has never been more conspicuous than in the estimation of

American spiritualism in this country. Because it has assumed a novel shape, that of moving physical objects, and has introduced spirits speaking through the means of an alphabet, rapping, drawing, and writing, either through the hand of mediums, or independently of them, it has almost universally in this country been regarded as an entirely new phenomenon. We still continually hear of spiritualism as originating in America within the last ten years. The evidence produced in this volume will show that no view of the matter can be more discreditable to our knowledge of psychology. Nothing can be more self-evident than that American spiritualism is but the last new blossom of a very ancient tree, colored by the atmosphere in which it has put forth, and somewhat modified in its shape by the pressure of circumstances upon it. In other words, it has burst forth from the old, all-prolific stem, to answer the needs of the time. As materialism has made a great advance, this grand old Proteus of Truth has assumed a shape expressly adapted to stop its way. As materialism has tintured all philosophy, spiritualism has spoken out more plainly in resistance of it."—Vol. i., pp. 17, 18.

In evidence of this universal presence of the supernatural, Mr. Howitt has brought together a vast and miscellaneous mass of very curious information. And it is easy to see that his chief difficulty has been that of selection; so abundant are the stores from which he has drawn his illustrations. By way of connecting former ages with the present, he prefaces his history by sketching the development of spiritualism in Germany and Switzerland during the last century; and the stories of Jung-Stilling and of Madame Hauff, of Lavater and Oberlin, of Eckartshansen and Zschokke, of Swedenborg and Gassner, are made to constitute a connecting link between the supernatural in past ages and in our own. Beginning, then, with the earliest appearances of angels as recorded in the Book of Genesis, he reviews all the supernatural events of the canonical books of Scripture, taking the stories of Tobit and his dog, and of Bel and the Dragon, as equally authentic with the account of the passage of the Red Sea, or of the feeding of the five thousand, and closes his summary of Scripture evidence by reminding his reader that no church, according to St. Paul, can be a living church without spiritual gifts, and that the lack of supernatural endowments in the present day is an evidence of the absence of a living faith. Turning from sacred history to profane, he ransacks the histories

of Assyria, Chaldea, and Persia, adducing the predictions of the Magi concerning Cyrus, the testing of the oracles by Cræsus, the warnings given to Alexander, in proof of a supernatural prophetic faculty existing in those nations. In Egypt, "the land of bondage and of wisdom," he finds abundant evidence of the supernatural, of mesmerism, and of clairvoyance in their more recondite manifestations, and of healing in the temples. In ancient India and China evidence is found in the Vedas and laws of Menu, in the idea of the Nirwana, in the vast numbers of spirits in the Indian mythology, in the Chinese worship of ancestors, and in the history of Apollonius of Tyana, who studied in India.

From the East spiritualism passed to ancient Scandinavia; and, as might be expected from so successful a student of Scandinavian lore, Mr. Howitt calls up a strange array of Disir and Valkyrior, of prophetesses, elves, and apparitions, from the sagas of old Norway and Denmark. The Greeks were the most "spiritually receptive" of all people; the decline of the Roman faith in oracles is lamented as a decline of wisdom and of piety. From the patristic writers it would have been easy to collect a much greater number of illustrations than Mr. Howitt has presented, as to their belief in the continuance of miracles—a belief which, according to him, constitutes one great element of superiority in the Romish Church as compared with the Protestant. The history goes on to trace the supernatural in the Greek Church—in the Waldensian Church with its wonderful interpositions of Providence—among the heretics and mystics of the middle ages, and the early Reformers. George Fox and the early Quakers, Madame Guyon and the French mystics, the Cevenol prophets, the Wesleys, the Moravians, Jacob Böhme, Edward Irving, and a host besides, are included in this multitudinous compilation; one object of which appears to be to render less incredible the statements of American mediums, by placing them in juxtaposition with other statements equally astounding in various ages and countries; while another object is to reduce the disbeliever in spiritualism to a dilemma:

"either to reject this universal evidence, by which we inevitably reduce all history to a gigantic fiction, or to accept it, in which case

we find ourselves standing face to face with a principle of the most authoritative character for the solution of spiritual enigmas and the stemming of the fatal progress of infidelity."

That principle is, that supernatural forces are always at work; that neither miracles nor prophecy, nor tongues have ceased; that as time rolls on new evidences are required of the truths of Christianity; that such new evidence is supplied in the spiritual manifestations of the present day, and that although it might not be improper to term these manifestations miraculous, yet in reality, like other supernatural manifestations which are recorded in the annals of past ages, inspired and uninspired, they are only the results of spiritual laws which, if we could fully understand them, would be seen to be as fixed and regular in their operation as physical laws.

We have here a curious illustration of the proverb that "extremes meet." Those who would fain get rid of miracle and of the supernatural altogether, and those who, with Mr. Howitt, believe in their constant presence with us, agree in the wish to reduce them under the operation of regular and recognized law. We can fully agree with neither. The facts of modern spiritualism, so far as they are related on trustworthy evidence, do not appear to require a supernatural solution, but may be accounted for, if not fully and in all respects, yet to an extent sufficient to prevent our considering them in any sense miraculous by the operation of natural laws. Yet we are not disposed to exclude the supernatural from every department of the history of man, or absolutely and altogether to deny the influence of unseen beings. Incredulity has been carried too far, in regard to the possible influence of spirits in this physical sphere. It does not even appear impossible that in an exceptional case here and there, some invisible demon may have had to do with the manifestations of spiritualism. This may be consistently allowed, notwithstanding a total disbelief in the pretensions of the mediums that spirits will come at their call. While the phenomena in question may be generally due to natural causes, it is not impossible that invisible beings may be at work in particular instances to facilitate the process of infatuation and deception. But even if this be so it does not amount to a confirma-

tion of the spiritualist doctrine, but the reverse. Looking at the whole subject of mediæval and modern supernaturalism in its relations to popular opinion and to the notions of such writers as Mr. Howitt, there is a course to be taken which at first sight may appear open to the charge of inconsistency; but the inconsistency is apparent only, not real. In view of the extravagant credulity of spiritualism it may be contended that the wonders of mediumship are generally capable of being accounted for by natural causes, the possible exception being allowed which has just been referred to. In view of the skepticism which declares that science has forever disposed of the witchcrafts and possessions and ghosts of past history, it may be maintained that there are some things which science has not satisfactorily disposed of, and which appear inexplicable on any other supposition than that of the interposition of spirits.

We can be at no loss to account for the prevalence of a skepticism of this kind.

The marked increase of this tendency to idolize physical laws can scarcely be deemed surprising if we reflect how greatly, during this present century, the domain of the preternatural has been reduced through the continual advances of physical science. The appearance of a comet, for instance, was formerly regarded as a prodigy of baleful import—and this not by the common people only but by learned divines, the foremost men of their age, who did not neglect to inculcate upon their flocks the duty of attending to the special warning, "so that," as John Spencer writes, "a comet creates in them more solemn thoughts than hell doth." At present we can not boast much, it is true, of our knowledge of comets. Sir John Herschel has lately stated that it is a subject calculated rather to show us the extent of our ignorance than to make us vain of our knowledge; yet at all events we have learned that they form part and parcel of the system of planetary bodies circulating about the sun, and are to be classed among natural phenomena. In like manner—and notwithstanding all the ignorance and imposture which have followed in their wake, like degraded camp followers in the rear of a brave army—the researches of the last fifty years in animal or vital magnetism have

ed the domain of the supernatural. These researches have gone far to *suggest*, (we will not say to *prove*,) that in reference to many of those strange and singular manifestations of which we have apparently authentic narratives, from the pythones of ancient Greece to the clairvoyante of our own day—ecstasies, predictions, distant vision, and other unusual matters—we are not necessarily driven to the alternative of unbelief or superstition; either of refusing credit to evidence which would be deemed sufficient upon any other subject, or else, if we credit the evidence, of taking refuge in the notion of diabolical interposition. It may prove that these extraordinary phenomena, though uncommon and hitherto unaccountable, are not, after all, supernatural, but are due to the operation of a definite physical or zoö-physical law.

It would be easy to adduce other instances of the transference, in consequence of advancing science, of whole classes of phenomena from the region of prodigy into the region of known law. But the instances now given will sufficiently prepare the way for the observation that the word "supernatural," in the sense in which we ordinarily use it, is just an expression of our ignorance and no more. When we speak of an event as supernatural, we mean that it is above or beyond nature; but with this always understood, that by "nature" we intend only what is known or ascertained of the laws and processes of nature. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy; many narrations must be judged incontestably true if we look only at the evidence which substantiates them, yet utterly inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge. Take, for example, the famous story of the disturbances at the Epworth parsonage. That strange noises were heard in every part of the house, rappings, and knockings, and crashings as of breaking china; that the hand-mill turned swiftly round without any hand being applied to it; that an invisible person, rustling and trailing along as if dressed in a silk night-gown, seemed to follow the members of the family from room to room; that the dog invariably knew when these disturbances were approaching, trembling and creeping away: these are facts which, however we may account for them, we can not disbelieve except in contravention

of all the established laws of evidence; more especially as the occurrences, though uncommon, are not by any means unexampled, there being other similar accounts equally well attested. A philosopher no less distinguished than Mr. Isaac Taylor has suggested that these disturbances at Epworth may have been caused by some invisible spirit. "While intent upon these quaint performances, one seems to catch a glimpse of a creature, half intelligent or idiotic, whose pranks are like those of one that, using a brief opportunity given it by chance, is going to the extent of its tether in freaks of bootless mischief." There may be gradations, Mr. Taylor argues, among unseen as well as among visible beings. There may be some, perhaps, not more intelligent than apes or pigs. These creatures have ordinarily no liberty to infringe upon the solid world. But just as a stray Arabian locust, tempest-borne, has alighted once or twice in a century in Hyde Park, we know not how, so one of these occult folk may have as accidentally come in contact with our world of sense. Assume for a moment this explanation to be the correct one. Suppose we had arrived at a knowledge of the existence of these unseen creatures, and had investigated their habits, and had ascertained that when a chance offered itself they would play such pranks as those at Epworth. The whole transaction would then lose its supernatural character, having been brought within the limits of ascertained law. It is thus that the wider our knowledge of nature, using that term here in its widest sense, becomes, the narrower become the limits of the supernatural. Many things which our ancestors deemed to be supernatural we now know to be within the range of ordinary causes. With invisible beings, superior in knowledge to ourselves, and in a position to understand the relations of the physical universe to the spiritual, many things which to us are supernatural may be the commonest and simplest of occurrences. To the Infinite One, nothing can, strictly speaking, be supernatural; although it is perfectly conceivable that he may see fit, in the exercise of his free will, to disturb occasionally that order of things which his fixed will has established.

It is at this point that we become sensible of the distinction between the supernatural and the miraculous; a distinction which is so far from being trivial or merely

verbal, that, failing to apprehend it, our theological views can not be clear, nor can our speculations upon such unusual and difficult subjects as those which will presently come under review be otherwise than obscure and unsatisfactory.

And here we must be prepared to encounter a great deal of ambiguity in the language even of popular and accomplished authors who have treated of these subjects. Mr. Howitt, in the work named at the head of this article, animadverts with much warmth upon Bishop Douglas for refusing to employ the word "miraculous" in characterizing certain wonderful cures performed in 1662 by Mr. Valentine Greatrakes. The bishop, nevertheless, was perfectly right; for, as Mr. Greatrakes pretended to no divine commission, but exercised his gifts simply as intrusted to him by God, in connection with prayer and faith, his performances, though wonderful, could not be properly called miraculous. It is a source of much confusion that the term "miracle" is so loosely employed. Sir William Hamilton, in one of his metaphysical treatises, complains pathetically of the inaccurate and clumsy way in which the terms most in use in metaphysical science are popularly used; so that it becomes impossible for the mental philosopher to express his meaning with delicate precision. We can not refer to Hamilton's exact words; but the comparison which they suggested and left in the mind was that of a microscope-maker doomed to work with the pick-axe of a navvy and the hammer of a blacksmith. The vague and loose employment of the term "miracle" which is common even among divines, is unfavorable to the attainment, and still more to the expression, of clear and definite views. We may adduce a single instance. An eminent doctor of divinity, about fourteen years since, published a most able book upon America. In crossing the Atlantic, the steamer was met by a westerly gale and heavy sea. The author describes the scene in eloquent terms, and the gallant way in which the ship made head against the storm, and then remarks:

"We decry miracles; what is a steamboat crossing the Atlantic, in the midst of opposing powers, but a miracle? Have we not here a force above nature? Is not a miracle the mastery of natural elements by mind, whether immediately by God, or mediately by commission to man?"

He then proceeds to argue for the probability of the miracles of Revelation. The ocean steamer has now become part of the daily arrangements of civilized life, and has ceased to excite astonishment. Yet even in the first irrepressible outburst of amazement at its powers, it could not be called supernatural, inasmuch as every thing connected with it proceeds in conformity with known physical laws. Still less could it be termed miraculous, for there is no doctrine to be attested, no man's divine commission to be proved; but the *religious object* enters essentially into the definition of a miracle, according to the proper theological usage of the term.

In stating the distinction between the supernatural and the miraculous it is necessary to distinguish, first, what they have in common, and then wherein they differ. That a miracle is a supernatural occurrence—that is, an occurrence for which we are unable to account on the basis of any known natural laws—is generally understood. But a miracle, properly speaking, is a supernatural occurrence with a particular object. It is in its very nature a *sign*, and thus it can not be separated from the thing signified. It is a phenomenon for the purpose of beckoning and attracting men's attention to some particular person or truth—ringing the great bell of the universe, as Foster expresses it—and in this sense it can not be separated from that to which it points; or it is an *attestation* of the truth of some doctrine, or the divine commission of some messenger; or else an integral part of the plan and system of divine truth, not in itself an evidence thereof, but itself a part of the system, and indissolubly bound up with it. Thus a miracle, properly so called, can never be considered as a supernatural event merely; it is always linked with divine revelation.

We have dwelt the more particularly upon this distinction, for the purpose of removing an obstacle which, in the apprehension of many, lies at the very threshold of all investigations respecting the supernatural. There are those who can not readily rid themselves of the idea that every thing supernatural is invested with a peculiar sacredness. Looking upon all supernatural phenomena as direct divine interpositions, they are afraid of incurring the guilt of presumption in pushing their inquiries too far—in curiously prying into

the mystery of the sacred bush. Whereas, in truth, there is no more religious sacredness about these than about any other legitimate subjects of scientific or practical inquiry. An event, or phenomenon, is not necessarily sacred because it is, or seems to be, supernatural. Others, again, are afraid lest the whole miraculous evidence of our holy religion should be put in peril—should be invalidated and, so to speak, vulgarized—as the result of pushing too far such spiritualistic inquiries as have recently occupied a considerable share of attention. There has been, of late years, a marked aversion—perhaps contempt would not be too strong a word—on the part of our most prominent scientific men, for all such inquiries. The church has, in this sense, conformed to the world, till the unseen and the supernatural have been almost banished from many pulpits, and religion has been placed merely upon what Sydney Smith thought was the best basis, “the solid foundation of interest.” There are not wanting, however, some indications of a reaction, and of a more healthy tone of inquiry respecting the unseen.

A grave difficulty encounters us at the threshold of such inquiries. To the everyday mind, unaccustomed to decide upon the value of evidence except in connection with the ever-recurring facts of the outer life, it may appear no difficult matter summarily to pronounce, in any given case, whether the evidence is credible and sufficient or otherwise. Yet this question of the sufficiency of evidence, as applied to subjects remote from, or presumably contrary to, the ordinary experience of mankind, is one which, notwithstanding all that has been written upon it, still continues to occupy the closest thinkers of our own time. The assertions of the modern spiritualists have revived this question. When we are told that all the extraordinary supernatural phenomena which have been recorded in past ages are being reproduced in our own, with certain new appearances besides, to which there exists no parallel in history; that Mr. Home has been seen repeatedly to rise from the floor without any visible force being applied, and to float in the air for several minutes together, with his head touching the ceiling of his apartment; that a table has similarly risen into the air, although half-a-dozen men have been seated upon it; that the hand of an invisible body has appeared,

and shaken hands with the astonished visitors all round; that writing and drawing have been executed, not once or twice, but in hundreds of instances, upon blank paper, by unseen hands, without the possibility of a trick being practiced; that all these things have taken place, not in Honolulu or in Kamschatka, but in the most populous cities of the civilized world; and that these or similar facts are attested, not by a little knot of half-a-score enthusiasts, on whom the suspicion of monomania might be permitted to rest without any glaring violation either of probability or of charity, but by two or three millions of American citizens, and by a much smaller yet still considerable body of persons in England, including lawyers, bankers, scholars, and clergymen—we are absolutely compelled, unless we yield at once a blind and puzzled credence to statements which appear as improbable as they are extraordinary, to institute some kind of examination into the credibility of evidence.

In the religious world these statements have been received with something like contempt. The whole idea of spiritual manifestations has been dismissed as nonsense, or ridiculed as superstition, or rebuked as blasphemy. It is not impossible that this contemptuous tone may, in some instances, be owing to a half-defined, half-unconscious fear. Have not we Christians been taught that the whole proof of our religion rests upon the truth of certain alleged facts, and that these facts are attested to us by the evidence of testimony? Have we not been taught that the evidence of a reasonable number of credible, capable, and disinterested witnesses is a sufficient proof of the truth of any statements as to fact, however contrary to general experience? And if we employ this argument in support of revealed truth, will not logical consistency compel us to accept as undoubted facts all the marvels of modern spiritualism, provided they are attested to us by a number of respectable people? Or, at least, should we not be compelled to acknowledge—which would be a humiliation as great as that of being obliged to believe in American mediums—that the miraculous facts upon which Christianity itself rests are dependent on no better evidence than that which modern spiritualism has to offer? that the miracles of the gospel are attested by evidence no better than that which is

produced in confirmation of a ghost-story? Such are the fears, more or less clearly defined, which prevent many persons from attempting to investigate this subject, and which impel them to treat the whole matter with that kind of derision which, it must be confessed, is often found in company with conscious weakness.

Now without attempting to hazard a conjecture as to the conclusion at which an examination of such books as those of Mr. Howitt and Mr. Home would land us—without wishing in any way to prejudice, still less to foreclose, their examination—we may unhesitatingly say that such fears as those we have just indicated are absolutely and altogether groundless; yet as the subject has assumed some importance, it may not be improper to show a little in detail in what way the evidence for the Christian miracles excels not merely any evidence which actually is offered, but any which can possibly be offered, in support of the marvels of modern spiritualism.

It is a mistake to suppose that the whole proof of the truth and divinity of Christianity rests upon the testimony of eye-witnesses to certain facts. That testimony is only one link—an important and essential one, we admit, yet still only one link—in the chain of the Christian evidences. Take, for example, the great miracle of the New Testament, the resurrection of our Lord. Paley, in his *Evidences of Christianity*, has urged with singular cogency the argument from testimony in support of the reality of the resurrection. Is it conceivable, he asks, that a dozen plain good men, too plain to be capable of inventing an unmatched sophistry, and too good to be suspected of concurring in an unmatched falsehood, should agree to declare that they had seen their Master risen from the dead, should firmly assert it before opposing magistrates and under terror of death, should continue under all circumstances unwavering and consistent in their declaration of the fact in spite of all the blandishments and all the threats which could be employed against them, and that they should continue this statement in the very city where the alleged event occurred, without being substantially confuted—is it conceivable that all this should have taken place on any other supposition than that the statement of the men was true? Yet forcible as undoubtedly this argument is, it does not consti-

tute the whole strength of the case. It is open to this reply: that though exceedingly unlikely, yet it is conceivable that such a collusion might possibly have taken place; that consequently the case must be regarded as one of degrees of probability rather than of absolute demonstration; and further, that the transcendently important issues involved were almost too great to be suspended merely on the evidence of fallible witnesses. Nor, on the hypothesis that the proof of Christ's resurrection depends *solely* on the testimony of eye-witnesses, would it be easy entirely to obviate the force of this reply. But the case is totally altered if we take a broader view. If we bring into consideration the whole facts of our Lord's manifestation upon earth, his incarnation, baptism, doctrine, miracles; if we consider what a sublime spirituality, what an exquisite unity, what an unearthly wisdom, what a marvelous combination of infinite power with infinite tenderness pervades this whole manifestation; if we bear in mind that our Lord's whole ministry was one continued assertion of his own divinity, of his equality with the Father, and of his coming again in supreme power, and that he must have been indeed the Son of God, unless we accept the alternative that the holiest and purest and most graceful and gracious of beings was a deceiver and a blasphemer; if we bring into consideration all these things, we shall find how immensely strengthened is the apostles' attestation of the fact of his resurrection. The doctrine comes in aid of the facts. The harmony of the alleged fact with all else that we know of the character and person of our Lord enables us to receive the testimony of those who saw him risen from the dead, and renders their evidence indubitable. Had the alleged fact of this resurrection stood alone, had we known nothing of Christ but this one circumstance, not even the statement of the twelve might have been sufficient entirely to dispel every misgiving as to its reality. But supported as that statement is by the whole character and life and teaching of the Son of Man, every misgiving as to the fact of the resurrection is obviated, and the risen Christ, like the risen sun, is seen by the light which flows from himself.

The same reasoning will apply to the miracles of the New Testament generally.

We are in possession of outward historical evidence in abundance of the actual occurrence of most of these miracles. The evidence is, to say the least, as strong and as conclusive as any which history can produce in support of its narrations, and on the strength of which the accounts of Alexander and of Hannibal and of Socrates have received universal credence. At the same time we can not but feel that the extraordinary character of the alleged facts demands an extraordinary completeness of evidence; the more so, since men are confessedly liable to excitement when in the presence of what they deem to be supernatural agencies. This does not amount to saying, with Hume, that it is impossible to establish a miracle by testimony—far from it. All that we are here concerned to show is that, as a matter of fact, we are not required to credit the miracles of the New Testament *solely* on the strength of what may be called the outward historical evidence; but that there are other matters to be taken into consideration which immensely strengthen the evidence of the eye-witnesses, and render that evidence perfectly credible, notwithstanding the astounding character of the facts which they relate.

For example: each miracle related in the four Gospels must be viewed in its connection with Christ. We can not be allowed to select any particular miracle, and judge of it by the outward evidence as an isolated phenomenon. Before disproving the truth of any of these miracles, we must dispose of the whole question of the appearance of Christ. For let the fact that Christ was the Divine Son once be admitted, and there can be no longer the slightest difficulty in regard to any of them. And until you have effectually set aside that great fact, with all its marvelously complicated yet harmonious evidence, it is of no use nibbling at the historic evidence or at the intrinsic improbability of this or that particular miracle. Each eye-witness who furnishes his attestation of the mighty works of our Lord, instead of having to submit to a disrespectful cross-examination on the ground that his statement is *prima facie* incredible, comes forward in reality backed by a prepossession in his favor, founded upon the whole character and manifestation of Christ. You are in no theoretical perplexity what to do with these miracles considered as a class of events. With

exquisite aptness they fit into their place in the plan of Christ's manifestation; and so far from being improbable or monstrous, they are so exactly in keeping with the whole manifestation of him whose works they are, that it becomes difficult to decide whether it is the Saviour who more conclusively attests the miracles, or whether it is the miracles which more conclusively attest the Saviour.

The credibility of these miracles is further increased by a consideration of their character. It will not be denied that the fact of a miraculous interposition—or, as we should prefer to put it, the fact of the manifestation of the Divine Son—being once admitted, the character of the miracles attributed to Christ is perfectly in accordance with such a manifestation. Their benevolent, gentle, and merciful character is familiar to all. The variety of power which they display is equally remarkable. There is power over the human frame, power over the mind, power over beasts and plants and fishes, power over winds and seas, power of absolute creation, power over the tenants of the unseen world. The moral and spiritual teaching of these miracles is not less wonderfully varied. Each of them is an acted parable, and a treasury of instruction; and many of them are manifestly and singularly symbolic and prophetic. The miracles viewed collectively present new features which are not to be discerned in them when viewed individually. All this comes in support of the merely external evidence.

It will thus be seen how defective and one-sided are the notions of those who imagine that the evidence of eye-witnesses and of cotemporaries is the only prop which the Christian fabric has to lean upon. It will be seen how irrelevant it is to attempt to invalidate that evidence on speculative and metaphysical grounds. And, what is more to our immediate purpose, it will be seen how the supernatural events recorded in the Scriptures rest on a variety and wealth of evidence which is altogether without parallel. Our belief in the reality of these supernatural events does not rest upon outward testimony alone; but that testimony, in itself intrinsically good and trustworthy, is confirmed to an extent which language can but feebly express, by other considerations entirely independent of the actual witnesses. Nor need a believer in the supernatural

events recorded in the Scriptures fear the taunt of inconsistency, if he hesitates to give credit to all the marvels of spiritualism, although those marvels appear to be attested by witnesses as numerous, and individually (let it be assumed for the sake of argument) as trustworthy, as those who have attested to us the miracles of Christ. The admission of the one does not logically follow from the admission of the other. For even granting the external evidence to be equally good in both cases, there is so marked a difference in the amount and force of that kind of evidence which, in matters beyond the ordinary range of our observation and of our reason, is at least as important as the evidence of the senses, that the force of demonstration may fairly be considered doubtful in the one case, while in the other case it is complete. As the era of the establishment of Christianity recedes further and further into the past, it becomes more and more important to show that our faith in it does not depend *wholly* upon the evidence of the senses of those who witnessed its attendant miracles.

The case is widely different with modern spiritualism. The witnesses of the wonders of mediumship can not in support of their statements rest upon the intrinsic excellence of the new revelation. Mr. Howitt indeed labors hard throughout his work to represent the recent communications with the invisible world with which, according to him, "thousands of sober and intelligent persons" have been favored, as constituting a new evidence of Christianity. He imagines that the historic evidence of our faith, unlike the shoes of the Israelites in the desert, wears away with the lapse of ages, and needs new patches to prevent its falling to pieces. Thousands of people, according to Mr. Howitt, have been reclaimed from deism or atheism, and have become so convinced of the reality of a future life as to exhibit a visible change in their conduct, solely through the impressions made upon their minds after intercourse with spirits! As there exists in every country a numerous class of persons who are more ready to be impressed by visions than to be guided by reasoning, we see no improbability in this statement. We have heard of persons being converted under sermons preached on texts grossly misunderstood: but no one would argue from this that ignorance

is better in a minister of religion than correct acquaintance with the meaning of Scripture. In the same way the thousands of converts spoken of by Mr. Howitt, and the "results in the highest style

of sanctitude" anticipated by the preface-writer in Mr. Home's volume, must go for nothing unless their system as a whole can be otherwise established.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From Chambers's Journal.

GLEANINGS FROM DARK ANNALS.

COMING TO LIFE AGAIN.

ONE of the most beautiful poems in *In Memoriam* speculates upon the kind of reception the dead would meet with from their relatives, supposing that they could resume their life once more, with all their privileges of heirship and of marriage. As for the writer, he avers that whatever change the years have wrought, he finds not yet one lonely thought that cries against his wish for his dead friend; but with regard to others there is some reasonable doubt.

"'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine,
To pledge them with a kindly tear:
To talk them o'er, to wish them here,
To count their memories half divine;

"But if they came who passed away,
Behold their brides in other hands:
The hard heir strides about their lands,
And will not yield them for a day."

Certainly, it would be the height of inconvenience for the widow, who has just given permission to Captain Dangleton to entertain a golden hope of becoming her No. 2, to find her No. 1 resuscitated; and still worse, if she has actually become Mrs. D. in the interim. Nor would it be altogether gratifying to the most devoted of sons to exchange the tangible proceeds of a rent-roll for the old expectancy, or rather for a worse one, since *post obits* would never be renewed for him after such a catastrophe. And yet such resuscitations have happened, not once only but very many times.

In 1685 a miller at Abbeville, passing by the gallows where a robber had been

suspended on the previous day, perceived some signs of life in him. Being moved with compassion, he managed, with the assistance of his servant, to take him down, and convey him home in his cart. Then he tended him carefully until the felon was quite restored to health, with the intention of dismissing him with a sum of money, in order that the poor wretch might be enabled to recommence life in an honest manner. Unfortunately, however, this good Samaritan delayed the execution of this design too long; and on a certain Sunday—of all days in the week—this ungrateful scoundrel left the hospitable mill with as much of the money and valuables of the owner as he could lay his hands on. Now it so happened that the curate of Abbeville had preached an unusually short discourse, and the miller and his men came home from church in time to overtake the robber. This they did; and without wasting any more valuable time in reforming him, they took him to the gallows upon which they had found him, with many apologies for having disturbed him there, in the first instance, and there they hanged him, with particular care; "pulling his wicked legs," adds the chronicler, "to make sure that he should thief no more." Nevertheless, the doers of this most righteous deed had to flee the country, until a pardon was obtained for them from the most Christian king.

This seems to confirm the poet's theory, that in most cases dead people should remain so; keeping in mind the excellence of the saying: "Let bygones be bygones;" nevertheless, here is a case to the

contrary. In the Church of the Apostles at Cologne, there is a large picture descriptive of the restoration to life of Reichmuth Adolch, the wife of a counselor of that city, under circumstances which have been borrowed for materials to construct many fictitious stories of a similar kind. This lady was supposed to have died of the plague, which devastated Cologne in 1571; but being buried with a valuable ring on her finger, the sexton of the church thought it a pity such good jewelry should be wasted, and opened her coffin on the very night of her interment. This conduct she resented by sitting up and collaring him on the instant, whereupon he fled with excusable precipitation, under the idea that he had irritated an inhabitant of the other world. Mrs. Adolch, however, was far from dead; and leaving the vault, at once proceeded, in her grave-clothes, to her own house. She was not, however, "out of the wood" yet, except in the literal sense. The maid-servant, who was roused by her ringing, declined to let her in, although she narrated the circumstances of her reappearance, through the keyhole, in order to still her fears. The girl was either really too terrified, or preferred a situation without a female head to it, for she did not open the door, but ran to her master's room, who informed her, for her pains, that she was a mad woman; and all this time the poor lady was shivering in her shroud, and almost wishing herself back again under cover. At length she was admitted, and by means of proper treatment so entirely recovered that "she afterwards had three sons who were clergymen."

A still more wonderful death-in-life experience is that of François de Cville, who, to use his own words, was "thrice dead, thrice interred, and thrice, by the grace of God, restored to life." The mother of this gentleman, having died before his birth, was buried in her husband's absence without any attempt being made to save her offspring; but upon the return of the good man immediately afterwards, he caused her to be disinterred, when, by means of the Cæsarean operation, a living child rewarded his pious care. This child was five-and-twenty years old and a captain in Rouen when that city was taken by Charles IX. Being dreadfully wounded, and having fallen from the rampart into the ditch, some pioneers threw him, with another dead body, into a hole, and

covered him with a little earth. Here he lay for seven hours, until his faithful servant came at dusk and dug him up, when, finding some signs of life, he was removed to his own home, where he lay for five days and nights insensible and speechless. The city being taken by assault, the besiegers, who required his apartment for their own uses, threw him out of the window upon a dunghill; and from this couch, which seems to have possessed none of those disadvantageous qualities which modern science ascribes to it, he was rescued after a few days by a relative, who removed him to a place of safety, where he obtained a perfect cure. Extraordinary as this story appears, it seems to have at least considerable foundation; nor was François de Cville a Gascon, as may be supposed, but a gentleman of Normandy.

An undoubtedly true experience of resuscitation is that of Margaret Dixon, of Musselburgh, who was hanged at Edinburgh for child-murder in 1728. There seems to be great doubt as to her being guilty of the offense of which she was charged, and therefore her narrow escape is as satisfactory as strange. At the place of execution, while owing to many sins, she avowed her total innocence of the crime in question, and her husband—who had much to forgive—implicitly believed that statement. After the body had been suspended the usual time, it was delivered to her friends, who put it in a coffin, and sent it in a cart to be interred in her native place. The persons in charge stopped to drink at a public-house on the way, and while they were refreshing themselves, Mrs. Dixon gave indications to the bystanders that she should like to take a little something, or, at all events, to get out also. Most of them ran away in terror, but one had the presence of mind to bleed her, and got her put to bed; and by the following morning she was well enough to walk to her destination. By the Scottish law, it seems, that a person upon whom judgment has once been executed can not suffer a second time, while the marriage of the party supposed to have been executed is held to be dissolved. All that the king's advocate could do, therefore, was to file a bill in the High Court of Justiciary against the unfortunate sheriff for omitting to fulfill the law, which was accordingly done. The husband of the revived lady married her pub-

licly within a few days of her resuscitation, and she was living so late as the year 1753.

In the second series of Captain Gronow's *Recollections*, just published, there is a curious narrative of escape from premature interment.

In the retreat of the French army, he tells us that General Ornano, a Corsican, second husband of the beautiful Comtesse Walewska, and a distant relation of the Bonaparte family, received a severe wound from the bursting of a shell, which killed his horse and several soldiers who were near him. The general's aide-de-camp, on looking round, observed Ornano lying on his back, to all appearance dead, with the blood flowing from his mouth. A surgeon soon arrived, and declared that life was extinct. The aide-de-camp and a few soldiers commenced digging a grave; but the ground was so hard, owing to the terrible cold that prevailed, that they could not make it deep enough to cover the body, and being pressed for time, they arranged the supposed corpse in decent order, and covered it with snow instead of earth. After this was done, the aide-de-camp reported to the Emperor Napoleon, who was not far off, the loss that the army had sustained in General Ornano, who was only twenty-six years of age, and the youngest officer of his rank in the army. The emperor, who was very fond of the general, was deeply grieved, and exclaimed: "Poor fellow! He was one of my best cavalry officers!" and turning to one of his orderlies, desired him to go immediately and find out all about the wound which had caused his death. The officer, in order to satisfy himself on this point, had the dead man taken out of the snow, and on looking at the wound, observed that the body was still warm. Furs and flannels were accordingly heaped upon the corpse, which was placed upon a shutter, and taken to head-quarters. After much care and perseverance, he was restored to life, to the joy of the emperor and the whole army.

"General Ornano," concludes Captain Gronow, "is now (1863) a marshal of France and Governor of the Invalides, and related the above anecdote to one of my friends last summer."

The most striking of all known cases of premature interment, however, is that related in the *Causes Célèbres*, and which has formed the text of many a tale, and

the trellis-work of many a moving ballad. Shelley, for instance, has embalmed it in his *Ginevra*, and Leigh Hunt in his beautiful *Legend of Florence*.

Two tradesmen of the Rue St. Honoré, in Paris, being old friends, and possessing one a son, and the other a daughter, had early determined, as their betters have often done, upon the marriage of these two young people. They looked forward to thus uniting their two "establishments" with the same pride that two country gentlemen sometimes feel in joining their adjacent estates by the union of the young squire with the heiress, while they were more fortunate than fathers in a similar position sometimes find themselves, since that which they had set their minds upon, their offspring were equally anxious to accomplish also. Not very long, however, before the time actually fixed for the celebration of these nuptials, a rich banker took a fancy to the young lady, and having won golden opinions from her parents, obtained her hand, all previous promises and contracts notwithstanding. They discovered that uniting the two establishments was not of such paramount importance after all, and that carriage-exercise was essential to the health of their beloved daughter. The dutiful girl obeyed their wishes without much opposition; but so far from improving her constitution, she fell into a state of morbid melancholy, which resulted in lethargy and apparent death; whereupon the banker buried her in a manner that left nothing to be desired. Now, like a virtuous young woman as she was, she had forbidden her former lover ever to present himself before her again, and to this prohibition he had bowed; but since she was interred, and given up by her husband, he thought it no harm to bribe the sexton of the vault in which she lay to let him have one farewell look at her loved face before its beauty withered into dust; and this the more—it must be confessed—since once already she had fallen into a prolonged trance, which gave him a scintillation of hope that she might not be actually deceased even yet.

Having carried the body to his own house, and using every means of restoration he could think of, he really did succeed in bringing her back to life. The astonishment of the lady upon resuscitation was of course extreme, but we do not hear so much about her sorrow; and yielding to the many plausible arguments

he urged in favor of his suit, she consented to accompany him to England, where they married, and lived together in much content. After several years, desiring to revisit his native land, and feeling convinced that nobody would suspect his wife's identity, the husband returned to Paris, and within a very few days the happy pair came suddenly upon the bereaved banker, in the public street. If the young woman had been alone, she might perhaps have pretended to be a spirit, or hit upon some other ingenious expedient to hoodwink the widower, but seeing her arm-in-arm with her former lover, the coincidence was a little too striking to be explained away. The banker, who does not seem to have set any extraordinary value upon her while she was his own, was transported with the desire of repossessing her, and laid his claim at once before a legal tribunal. The cause was argued at length upon both sides. The advocate for the lover argued, that but for him the lady would have now had no existence, would have been dead, and neither the wife of the banker nor of any body else; that her first husband had divested himself of all his rights in interring her; and even that he might think himself lucky in not being indicted for homicide for consigning her to a living tomb. But although the spirit of the law might be with husband number two, the letter was against him; and seeing that the court was inclined to favor his adversary's suit, he prudently anticipated its decision by returning once more to England, where

the lady and himself remained until the banker died. How the law of Great Britain would decide so extraordinary a matter, I can not tell; but with respect to incomplete executions—however it may have been in Scotland at the period of Mrs. Dixon's case—the idea that a resuscitated malefactor is no longer answerable for his crime seems to be the merest assumption; the sentence runs, that he is to be hanged by the neck until he be *dead*; and if he be *not* dead, it is clear that the sentence has not been carried out, and that the offender is still subject to the forfeit. The crown, of course, would be able to remit the penalty, but only by a free pardon, as it might have done before the first execution; and, indeed, there is a case in point.

In 1350, a criminal named Walter Wynkbourne was hanged at Leicester, and having been taken down after the lapse of the usual period, was found to be yet alive. Some were for recommencing the execution, but the more humane took him to sanctuary, in the church of Saint Sepulchre in that town, until the will of the king should be known. Edward III., the then monarch, happened to be with the religious in Leicester monastery at the very time, and an application was at once made to his clemency. The king thereupon forgave the criminal in Latin, which, I hope, was translated to him without delay—*Deus tibi dedit vitam, et nos tibi dabimus castam* (God hath given thee life, and we will give thee pardon.)

T H E W I L L O W B R O O K .

Cold flowing over the cresses,
Cold flowing over the stones,
Cold flowing over the pebbles,
With little rippling moans.

Level over the speckled trout,
Level over the weeds,
And long green tresses trailing,
Whither the current leads.

Glittering over the deeper pools,
Glittering over the sand,
Whene'er the sun comes flashing
From over the Eastern land.

But shining broad and silvery,
What time the moon looks on,
When the cattle cease their lowing,
And the long June day is gone.

From the London Society Magazine.

TRAVELING IN THE AIR.

"ILLI robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus."—HOR. *Ode*, iii, lib. 1.

"Or oak, or brass with triple fold,
Around that mortal's bosom rolled
Who first to the wild ocean's rage
Launched the frail bark."—*Francis*.

HORACE was the timidiest of sailors, and dedicated an ode to the ship in which his friend Virgil was about to venture upon a voyage which nowadays forms part of a gentleman's summer tour. But if he thought oak and triple brass necessary to the breast of the first sailor, how does his horror rise, in the Ode from which we have quoted, at the daring of the "expert Dædalus" who first ventured to tempt the void of air *pennis non homini datis*, with wings not to mortals given! Many mythical and mythological stories of flying are told from the olden times. That of Dædalus and Icarus, though it probably had its truth in adventures on another element, has yet sufficient of interest to entitle it to mention.

Dædalus is reported to have been a most ingenious mechanic, and also the inventor of sails for ships. The romantic tradition concerning him is as follows: Having committed a great crime he fled from Athens to Crete, taking with him his son Icarus. He there constructed for Minos, king of that island, the famous labyrinth with which every one is familiar; but having incurred the king's displeasure, he was himself confined therein. In order to effect his escape, he made wings of feathers and wax, for himself and his son, and with these attempted to fly away; but Icarus soared so high that the sun melted the wax by which his wings were fastened, and he fell into that part of the sea which, by way of testimony, bore his name for hundreds of years afterwards. Dædalus, however, more careful, arrived safely in Sicily.

There is generally some germ of truth as the origin of the most absurd mytho-

logical story. Most likely Dædalus and Icarus escaped in a boat, and the latter fell overboard, which solution the report that Dædalus invented sails would seem to favor. Uncivilized minds are prone to class things unfamiliar to them with those they know about. Thus the South Sea Islanders conceived the ships of the first discoverers to be gigantic birds; and the late Christopher North, in his fine poem of the "Isle of Palms," describing the surprise of a child at the first sight of a ship, makes her say:

"A cloud has fallen from the sky
And is sailing on the sea."

It is said that Archytas, a clever geometer of Greece, who was lost in a storm on the coast of Calabria, fashioned a dove which made its way through the air for a considerable distance. In more modern times, Müller of Königsberg, thence called Regiomontanus, is recorded to have made a dove on similar principles, which extended its wings, and flew before the Emperor Charles V. when he made a public entry into Nuremberg. This story is very pretty and circumstantial, and only fails in one point—namely, that Regiomontanus died sixty years before Charles made his visit to Nuremberg.

Roger Bacon is the first English philosopher who asserts the existence of a machine for flying; but how much value should be attached to it may be judged from his own words. He says "not that he himself had seen it, or was acquainted with any person who had done so, but he knew an ingenious person who had contrived one."

Though men of the highest genius had turned their speculations to the subject of flying, they did not succeed in finding out the means of doing it. After a time a lower class of men, with some smattering of knowledge and much conceit, but little of real ability, appeared on the stage as pretenders to the art of flying. In the sixteenth century a person of this kind visited Scotland, James IV. being at that time king. He introduced himself as a professor of alchemy, and made friends with the needy king by promising to find out for him the philosopher's stone. This charlatan was appointed by royal favor to an abbacy; but having failed in his promise of producing wealth, he saw the necessity of some new excitement, and therefore made a pair of large wings, with which he undertook to fly from the walls of Stirling Castle. As he had probably played his game out, and become desperate, he actually put his foolhardy scheme into practice; but those of our readers who know the situation of Stirling Castle will not be surprised to hear that he broke his thigh in his consequent fall to the ground. The quibbling and sophistical logic of the age, aided by his own cool impudence, sufficed to excuse him from the contempt he deserved. "My wings," said he, "were composed of various feathers; among them were those of dunghill fowls, and they, by a certain sympathy, were attracted to the dunghill; whereas, had my wings been made of the feathers of eagles, the same sympathy would have attracted them to the regions of air."

There were, during the two succeeding centuries, many attempts to fly; all of them, of course, ending in failure, and many terminating tragically. In 1617, Fleider, rector of the school at Tübingen, lectured on the art of flying, but he wisely refrained from attempting to put his theories into practice: however, an unhappy monk tried to do so, but fell down, and, breaking both his legs, perished a miserable victim to a stupid experiment.

About 1680 it was demonstrated by Borelli, by means of numerous comparative experiments on the pectoral muscles of men and birds, that it is absolutely impossible to find adequate force in the human muscles to perform the act of flying, even if wings could be attached. Before this, however, men of genius had, in retirement, evidently hit upon the principles of the balloon, although it was to be so

many centuries before the idea should be perfected. Albert, of Saxony, although his assumptions are erroneous and fanciful, yet foreshadowed the principles of the modern balloon. He assumes that essential fire (whatever that may be) is lighter than air, and floats above the region of our atmosphere; and so conceived the idea of inclosing a portion of this ethereal substance in a light hollow globe, which he imagined might be raised in this manner to a certain height, and there kept floating, while, by an infusion of the grosser fluid, it could be made to descend at pleasure.

How anxiously would Albert speculate upon the means of procuring this "ethereal fluid," which he was convinced would raise his hollow globe, if only he could have obtained a supply! Had he known of the light gases, doubtless the discovery of aerial navigation would have been precipitated by three or four hundred years. In most instances, indeed, the person who obtains the credit of discovery is merely the one who puts the top spoke in the ladder by which the special truth is reached—the said ladder having been built up laboriously by other men, without whose exertions the last operator would never have been able to attain the place where his efforts would have a chance of success.

Mendoza and Schott, Jesuits, of Portugal and Germany respectively, took up the speculations of Albert nearly two hundred and fifty years later. The latter sighed for some supernatural power to bring down the "ethereal essence" which he wanted. Father Laurus supposed the early morning dew to be the condensation of this essence, which had fallen in the night; and put forth many equally absurd propositions, which indicated the extreme shallowness of the knowledge of men at that time, who pretended to learning, and who indeed were learned according to their day and generation.

Cardan, soon after this, and later still Fabry, proposed the use of fire, but they appear to have confined themselves entirely to speculation.

About 1645, Cyrano de Bergerac, an accomplished man in every branch of knowledge, wrote a satirical book, which he calls *The Comical History of the States and Kingdoms of the Sun and Moon*, which we can only allude to here as containing a mass of witty exposure of fallacies, and clever suggestions of truths,

and which, no doubt, gave to our own Swift the idea of *Gulliver's Travels*.

John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, (ob. 1672,) who was very clever as a mechanician, maintains in a pamphlet *Concerning the New World*, that it would be possible to make a journey to the moon if he could be conveyed for a starting-point to some place beyond the reach of the earth's attraction. These "ifs," indeed, are the bugbears of speculators in scientific as in other matters. "If," said Archimedes, "I had whereon to stand, I would move the world;" and "If," said Bishop Wilkins, "you will cause the suspension of an imperative and necessary law of nature, I will go to the moon."

Francis Lana, (c. 1660,) a Jesuit, proposed to make hollow spheres of copper, which being exhausted of air would float in our ordinary atmosphere; but every tyro in natural philosophy at the present day will at once see the utter absurdity of the scheme.

A vacuum, then, or some hypothetical ether, seems to have been the only means of ascension which suggested themselves to men up to this time; and ballooning then seemed to be in a fair way of dying in the protracted throes of birth, for the practical experimenters do not seem to have encouraged the idea of employing fire, though we have seen that it was suggested theoretically by some before this time.

The first persons who tested their aerial theories by actual demonstration, and showed by this best of all proofs the possibility of men rising into the air, were the Montgolfiers, paper manufacturers of Annonay, a town not far from Lyons.

It is singular that the idea which led them to a successful elucidation of their problem should have been rather of a poetical than a practical kind. They observed that smoke and clouds ascended into the air, and thought, by forming an artificial smoky cloud in the interior of some light receptacle, to insure the rising of the vessel in the air. They fancied they could supply the place of the air inside their machine with smoke, which was to be the rising power. However erroneous was this notion in conception, it led to a right practical result—not, however, by supplying the place of the contained air with smoke, but by rarefying that air by the action of heat.

The first balloon they made was in the

form of a parallelopiped. This machine was of the capacity of about forty feet; and there was an opening in the lower part in which was inserted or suspended some burning material, the heat of which rarefied the air inside, and caused the balloon to ascend in the manner now so familiar to every one.

The Montgolfiers, encouraged by the success of their first experiment, proceeded to enlarge the capacity of their trial machines. In 1783 they made one of spherical shape, thirty-five feet in diameter, and containing twenty-three thousand feet. It was capable of raising five hundred pounds.

We have here an instance of the numerous minor difficulties which attend inventors: instead of the sponge saturated with inflammable oil or spirit of our times, they effected their purpose by the combustion of a mixture of chopped straw and wool, the latter ingredient seeming to show that the idea of the cloud was not yet eradicated from the minds of the inventors. This, the first real balloon ascent, was most successful. The bag rose six thousand feet above the surface of the earth, and, after a time, fell nearly a mile and a half from the point of its departure.

Stephen Montgolfier made several experiments under the auspices of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, each time constructing a larger balloon, and achieving a more successful ascent. The inhabitants of Annonay still celebrate the memory of their distinguished townsmen by an annual fête, an indispensable feature of which is the ascent of a huge Montgolfière.

When these marvels were attracting the attention of all the French world, a noted chemist named Pilatre du Rosier first made his appearance as an experimenter in this science, attracted thereto by the success of the Montgolfiers. He was the first to attempt an actual ascent himself, though on several prior occasions small animals had been dispatched to the azure. M. Pilatre du Rosier attached himself to a balloon much larger than any before constructed (namely, seventy-four by forty-eight feet); and after several experiments while the balloon was confined by ropes, at last ventured to cast himself off from earth and commence an aerial voyage. This was a very encouraging trial. He ascended to a height of about

three thousand feet, and came down at the distance of five miles from the spot whence he rose.

We must leave M. Pilatre du Rosier for the present, but shall have to renew his acquaintance under melancholy circumstances; meanwhile we shall conclude this account of air-inflated balloons with a short description of the largest one of which we have any account. This monster was made at Lyons, 1784. It was a hundred and thirty feet high, and a hundred and five feet in diameter, while it would hold five hundred and forty thousand feet of rarefied air. Its lifting power is stated at six men and thirty-two hundred pounds of ballast. On 19th January, 1784, having only taken seventeen minutes in preparation, it ascended with seven persons in the car. After attaining an elevation of something more than three thousand feet, a sudden rent of about fifty feet in extent brought the machine and party quickly to the ground, but happily without injury to any one.

In the succeeding month the *European Magazine* says that eighteen persons ascended from Naples; and in *Cunningham's Cyclopædia* it is stated that in 1784 fifteen persons went up by a large balloon at Rouen, and in the same year Lunardi made his first ascent in London. This therefore brings us to the consideration of gas-inflated balloons.

Hydrogen gas had long been known; but its nature and peculiar qualities were, to a great extent, unknown, especially its weight, as compared with common air. Mr. Henry Cavendish having occasion to experiment upon it about the year 1766, found that its weight was only about one seventh part of that of an equal bulk of atmospheric air. So apparent a method of obtaining the lifting power for balloons did not, of course, escape the attention of aerial philosophers. Dr. Black, about 1768, made some suggestions as to its employment; and Mr. Tiberius Cavallo (name of terrible import!) actually succeeded in elevating, by means of hydrogen gas, some soap bubbles!

The Messrs. Roberts and Professor Charles were the first to make an actual ascent in a balloon inflated with this gas. Several experiments with small balloons by themselves and the Count Zambecari were so successful as to induce them to trust themselves to a larger one of the same kind.

Accordingly one was made about twenty-seven feet in diameter, and possessing raising power sufficient for two persons, with the necessary ballast. On this occasion we find the first use of the valve, for the escape of gas in the elevated regions to which they aspired to ascend, by which they guarded against danger from explosion. On the 1st December, 1783, one of the Robertses and Professor Charles made an ascent from Paris in this balloon; they only attained, it is said, the height of six hundred feet, and came down at the distance of twenty-seven miles, an hour and three quarters having been occupied in the transit. Mr. Roberts having left the car, his companion thought he would have a solitary cruise, and so set out; he found himself, after about twenty minutes, at an elevation of nine thousand feet from the earth. The aeronaut suffered on this occasion very much from cold, and found the expansion of the gas so great that he had to congratulate himself on having provided a valve for its liberation, otherwise doubtless an explosion would have caused the destruction of the balloon and the precipitate descent of the aeronaut from his fearful elevation. The extreme height attained was 10,500 feet.

M. Blanchard made an ascent in 1784, when he tried some contrivances for steering; these consisted of a rudder and two wings. He found them, however, of no use either in this or subsequent ascents; although MM. Morveau and Bertrand reported the same year that they found a similar apparatus to exert a very perceptible influence. The Messrs. Roberts also reported that they found oars useful in a calm, inasmuch as by their aid the balloon described the segment of an ellipse, whose shortest diameter was six thousand feet. On this journey they accomplished a distance of one hundred and fifty miles in six hours and a half. In July, 1784, they made another ascent, in which the Duke of Orleans took part. This was a very perilous affair; for, getting into a region of hurricanes, the balloon became so distended as to be in danger of bursting, and they were obliged to rend the silk in two or three places, and thus at great risk reached the ground again.

Two plans were now proposed for economizing gas and ballast by the use of compound balloons; the first plan was to have a bag of atmospheric air within the balloon, to be acted upon by means of bel-

lows. The Duc de Chartres was the first who experimented under these conditions; but the unfavorable state of the elements prevented the invention from being fairly tried, and the duke had a narrow escape of his life.

The second plan for a compound balloon was to have an upper one of gas and a lower one of rarefied air. It was supposed that by the application of fire to the lower machine which acted as ballast to the upper one, its weight would be diminished and the whole affair would ascend, while a tendency downwards would be produced by merely letting the fire die out, when the air inside the lower balloon would gradually cool and resume its original density, or be supplemented by an influx of the surrounding atmosphere. Pilatre du Rosier, whom we have seen to have been a daring adventurer in the realms of air, with a companion, M. Romaine, anxious to return a visit which had been paid to France by Dr. Jeffreys and M. Blanchard, started, in a machine of this construction, from Boulogne, 15th June, 1785, with the intention of crossing the English Channel. Their ascent was made without accident, and every thing seemed to promise a favorable termination to the adventure; but before long the spectators noticed the upper balloon to swell considerably and the aeronauts to be in some confusion, as if trying to bring the valve into action. Shortly afterwards, at an altitude, as is conjectured, of about a mile from the ground, the lower balloon caught fire. Whether the fire communicated itself to the upper one can not be known, for both the ill-fated aeronauts were killed. No explosion was heard, but the upper balloon collapsed soon after, and came down with terrific rapidity with its unlucky passengers. Pilatre du Rosier was dead when taken up; M. Romaine lived a short time after, but was unable to give any account of the disastrous transaction.

A remarkable voyage was made soon after this time by M. Testu; his balloon was made of tiffany, and was supplied with oars or wings. He started from Paris in the early evening, and after attaining a height of two thousand eight hundred feet, to avoid the waste of gas he endeavored to use the wings for the purpose of descent; he found them, however, of little use, and only after a considerable period came to the

earth. Here he was surrounded by the occupier of the field and his neighbors, who demanded payment for damage, and in default took him prisoner, drawing the balloon along by ropes. The oars having been broken off and his mantle taken from him, he found the buoyancy of his machine so much increased that he ventured to cut the ropes by which he was held prisoner, and left the surly country people to their own disappointment. He reascended to some considerable height, when, hearing the "horn of chase," he pulled his valve and came near the ground. A huntsman rode up, and M. Testu, fearing perhaps a repetition of the farmer's incivility, threw out some ballast and ascended for the third time. It was now night, when, having passed through some dense clouds, he came into a region of storms, and spent several hours in the midst of the most terrific thunder and lightning. He accomplished his descent about four o'clock in the morning, having been afloat twelve hours and traveled sixty-three miles.

Let us now, again retracing our steps a little, see how matters went on in England.

The first balloon ascent in London was from the Artillery Ground, and was launched by Count Zambeccari. It was filled with hydrogen gas, and was ten feet in diameter.

Mr. Tytler of Edinburgh ascended from that city on the 27th August, 1784; and Vincent Lunardi, an Italian, made the first personal ascent in England on the 15th September, 1784. His balloon had no valve, the gas being discharged by pressure from the neck, which was left open. This ascent was also made from the Artillery Ground, and Lunardi took with him two or three small animals. After a two hours' voyage he descended near Ware. Lunardi made many interesting ascents in Scotland, which he described in a series of letters published in 1785.

The next was made by M. Blanchard and Professor Shelden. The latter was landed fourteen miles from Chelsea, whence they started, but M. Blanchard reascended, and made his final descent near Rumsey in Hampshire, a distance of seventy-five miles.

Sadler, of whom more anon, made his first ascent from Oxford in 1784, and in the ensuing winter M. Blanchard and Dr. Jeffreys crossed the Straits of Dover.

The point of departure was the top of Shakspeare's Cliff. Owing to some deficiency of gas it was found that the balloon was scarcely equal to the task of carrying two men, so that nearly all the ballast had to be thrown away before starting. They rose gently, and proceeded slowly on account of the lightness of the winds, and soon after starting had the horrid conviction forced upon them that they were descending. They directly threw out half their ballast, but as that did not check their descent the rest followed, together with some books, by which for a time the balloon was relieved, and they began to ascend. When nearly across the Channel they again approached too near to be pleasant to the surface, and were obliged to part with the remainder of their books and every ponderous article that could be dispensed with. This proved scarcely enough, and they made preparations for cutting away the boat or car, having previously made themselves fast to the net-work by slings. This last resort, however, was unnecessary, for when the balloon felt the land breezes she began again to ascend, and they finally came to the ground in the forest of Guienne. M. Blanchard received from the King of France a gift of twelve thousand livres and an annuity of twelve hundred.

M. Blanchard was the inventor of the parachute; and in the course of a journey of three hundred miles from Lisle, he sent down a dog by means of one of these instruments, and the innocent victim of the experiment reached the ground in safety. Garnerin improved on the parachute, and often used it, both in the way Blanchard had done and by descending himself. On one occasion he went up from North Audley street; and when at such a height as scarcely to be distinguishable in the car, he left it attached to the parachute. The machine came to grief in some way, and so did M. Garnerin. He fell in a field at St. Pancras, and was severely cut and bruised by the fall (1802.)

In the next year we have an account of the first ascent made ostensibly for scientific purposes independent of the science of aërostation itself. This was undertaken by MM. Robertson and Schoest, from Hamburg; and was succeeded by observations atmospheric and magnetic by Mr. Robertson and another coadjutor, M. Sacharof. This kind of inquiry was pursued with greater results by Gay-Lussac

and his assistants, who prepared a great number of data for inquirers into those subjects. They also made many interesting experiments and observations in electricity. During his ascents Lussac attained a much greater elevation than any of his predecessors. In one the barometer marked only 12.95 inches, which he calculated to indicate a height of nearly four and a half miles.

In 1806 M. Mosment fell out of his car near Lisle, and was dashed to pieces.

A proposal about this time by a German to facilitate walking by attaching a balloon to the head of a man, yet not sufficiently powerful to raise him from the ground, produced the following epigram :

"The Frenchman, volatile and light,
Aspires to wing the air in flight.
The German, heavy and profound,
With nimble feet would trip the ground.
Philosophers! do what you will;
But—'Nature will be Nature still.'"

The widow of Marshal Villeron, in her eightieth year, was incredulous, but when she saw an ascent, exclaimed: "There can be no doubt about it: the secret of living forever will be found out when I shall be dead." The prince, who was afterwards Louis XVIII., made the following impromptu on seeing an ascent:

"Les Anglais, nation trop fière
S'arrogent l'empire des mers,
Les Français, nation légère,
S'emparent de celui des airs."

In 1807 Garnerin continued his ascents in France—on one occasion traveling forty-five leagues in seven hours, and on another three hundred miles in about the same time. This speed was much exceeded in one of his excursions from London. He made the distance thence to Colchester, sixty miles, in three quarters of an hour.

Sadler in 1813 attempted to cross from Dublin to England, and commenced his voyage under favorable auspices. In three hours he approached very near to the Welsh coast, but a change of wind drove him off. Fearful of the consequences, he descended into the sea in the neighborhood of some ships that were beating down Channel, but was mortified and disgusted to find that no notice was taken of his perilous position. Having got rid of his ballast, he was fortunately able to rise

again, and after some time to espy some other ships; but when he again descended to the surface he found the wind so strong and his motion so rapid that none of the ships could overtake him. He at last checked the rapidity of his motion by letting out a considerable quantity of gas.

When he was overtaken the sailors were afraid to go near him, for fear of being entangled in the netting; but Sadler's fertile imagination, sharpened by the peril of his situation, suggested to them the plan of running the balloon through with their bowsprit, and at the same time throwing him a rope, by which he was hauled on board. An account of somewhat similar adventures by a Mr. Crosbie, from Dublin, occurs about the same time.

Lieut. Harris ascended from the "Eagle Tavern" in 1824, accompanied by a lady. He had two valves: the cord of the larger one was incautiously fastened to the hoop, so that when the balloon elongated after expansion the line tightened, permitting a considerable escape of gas. The aéronaut, quite ignorant of the real cause of the mishap, fancied the silk had rent near the top, and seems to have been able to do nothing to avert the impending catastrophe. The balloon was precipitated with such force to the earth that Harris was killed on the spot; the young woman, however, afterwards recovered.

Aéronauts were now busy all over the world; but we can do no more than mention the names of Major Money, Zambeccari, and Baldwin, who did good service in the early times of ballooning (1785, *et seq.*); Hampton, Cocking, Captain Lowden, Gale, Gypson, and a host of other adventurers in the regions of air. Even our notice of the veteran Green must be confined to his voyage to Nassau, in company with Messrs. Robert Hollond and Monck Mason. This remarkable adventure took effect in 1836 from Vauxhall Gardens. Great preparations had been made to perform such a journey as had never before been; provisions and ballast sufficient for any emergency had been got together, with passports directed to all parts of the continent; guide-ropes, which were intended to trail on the ground, and fix the distance from the surface, were provided, with hollow floats of copper to be used at sea. The travelers having started in the afternoon, took an easterly direction, and passed directly over Canterbury, then crossing the sea, Belgium,

and the Rhine, finally descended at dawn of day the next morning at Nassau, whence the balloon was afterwards named. The drag and guide-ropes did not answer the expectations formed of them; and indeed none but enthusiasts would dream of dragging ropes over the surface of the earth to the danger and discomfort of the people dwelling thereon.

Mr. Green, during many years of his public life, was the friendly rival of Mr. Henry Coxwell, who is the aéronaut, *par excellence*, of our times, and by far the most ready and experienced manager of a balloon that the world has yet seen. For many years, we believe indeed during his whole life—he has been engaged, though not exclusively, in this and cognate pursuits.

This gentleman is a member of an old county family resident at Abington House, Gloucestershire, in constant succession since the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth.

The aéronaut is the youngest son of the late Captain Coxwell, R.N., and was himself intended for the military service, but disappointed of the requisite influence by the untimely death of his father. He had achieved a continental reputation as an aéronaut many years ago. We have now before us an immense batch of German literature occupied chiefly with descriptions of his ascents. In Prussia he has on several occasions experimented with his war-balloon to the wonder and gratification of the members of the government who employed him. He has frequently, also, been in communication with our own government; but without inducing them to take much interest in the matter.

Mr. Coxwell has made very nearly five hundred ascents. We must content ourselves with noticing only a very few. Perhaps the most remarkable, on many accounts, is that in which he accompanied Mr. Gypson, Mr. Albert Smith, and Mr. Pridmore, 6th July, 1847. The ascent was made with Mr. Gypson's balloon from Vauxhall; and at a considerable elevation a display of fireworks took place from the car, immediately after which a tremendous storm arose, of which Mr. Coxwell writes:

"Grand as our fireworks appeared, we were presently called upon to behold a scene that was more awfully grand and impressive. As if to show the puny effects of man's most skillful methods of displaying fireworks, indig-

nant Nature blazed forth one immense sheet of lightning,"

which extended far throughout the regions of space. The storm passed over quickly and all was fair again; but soon after, from some cause still unexplained, a rent occurred near the top of the balloon, which immediately collapsed and began to descend with frightful rapidity. With admirable presence of mind Mr. Coxwell with his knife liberated the neck of the balloon, which, ascending towards the crown, allowed the machine to assume the form of a parachute. This precaution proved successful, for although they came to the ground with terrific violence, none of the *aéronauts* sustained serious injury.

Another remarkable voyage of Mr. Coxwell's was commenced 16th June, 1857, at North Woolwich, and terminated near Tavistock, the distance (nearly two hundred and fifty miles) having been performed in five hours, or considerably less than the time occupied by the express railway trains. Recently Mr. Coxwell, in company with Colonel McDonald and several officers of the Rifle Brigade, traveled from Winchester Barracks to Harrow (nearly seventy miles) in one hour and six minutes.

Of the ascents made last and continued this year for meteorological observations many papers have lately appeared; ours confines itself more to the history of balloons, and especially are we interested in the Mammoth balloon and its clever contriver Mr. Coxwell, the intrepid manager of those ascents. The last ascent of the past year's series took place at Wolverhampton on the 5th September. Mr. Glaisher's testimony to the ability of the *aéronaut* is hearty and enthusiastic. He expressly says that the power of taking observations at a great height depends absolutely on the skill of the conductor of the balloon. He congratulates the Association on having secured the services of Mr. Coxwell, who has made four hundred and eighty ascents, has great scientific knowledge, and knows the "why" and the "because" of all his operations.

They reached on this occasion to a height of over six miles, and sufficiently ascertained that this was almost the limit to which the endurance of man's physical capacity can carry him. For some time before that height had been reached Mr. Glaisher had been unable to record his observations, and had become insensible,

while Mr. Coxwell was somewhat overcome by the effects of the rare atmosphere in which they were moving; indeed, when he at last became convinced that he had gone as high as was consistent with prudence, and endeavored to reach the connecting cord to open the valve, he found his hands black and benumbed so as to be utterly powerless; and here Mr. Coxwell's never-failing presence of mind availed them in the last extremity—for, seizing the cord with his teeth, he opened the valve, and as a consequence they were soon speeding toward the lower regions. What might have been the result if Mr. Coxwell's teeth had failed him as well as his hands is too horrible for conjecture. The two daring *aërial* sailors might have died, while their ship traversed the vast realms of space, like Coleridge's specter-ship, or the "Flying Dutchman." It is just possible that it might have continued its weird voyage for years in those quiet realms where the action of the elements for the effects of decay in either organic or inorganic substances we suppose to be almost inappreciable.

We are all familiar with Nadar's recent perilous ascent in the "Giant" balloon, which he seems to think destined to solve the *aërial* problem. Since the directors of the Crystal Palace will allow "London Society" to form a judgment at the rate of a shilling a head, we may pass over the "Giant" without further notice in our historical summary.

The French have used balloons in warfare on several occasions. It is said that at the battle of Fleurus a surprise was prevented by a reconnoissance conducted in this manner. In the battle of Liege, during the French Revolution, the success of the victors was for the most part secured by the same means—the weak places of the enemy's lines were detected, attacked, and forced. A balloon was also used to examine the fortress of Ehrenbreitzen, which on account of its height could have been seen in no other way.

Explorations have been undertaken in Australia and America, and many daring ascents made in those countries—but our space is exhausted. Should any one object to the science of ballooning, "*Cui bono?*" we can not do better than reply in the words of Mr. Coxwell, extracted from a recent publication of his:

"If astronomy, geology, steam power, elec-

tricity, and nautical science can not boast of having made one bound towards perfection, why should ballooning? We have only just succeeded in making ships go against the wind, and why should we despair of mastering an aerial vehicle? The difficulties to be surmounted are well understood, and for a time baffle ingenuity; but I would urge renewed attempts, for remember it is not more than eighty years since the first balloon traveled the air, and if we could now inspect a specimen of a boat constructed eighty years after men began to venture on the water, depend upon it we would sooner cross the Atlantic in the Great Eastern than venture to Gravesend in the primitive pigmy of our forefathers. Ballooning as an

art is, I am convinced, steadily advancing; and although the uninitiated may not observe much progress, because the machine does not strikingly deviate from the wind, yet the various appurtenances gradually undergo improvement, and in a short time I have no doubt that balloons, like the old men-of-war, will be cast aside for new models; and then, just as the application of steam requires a reconstruction of our war vessels, so will some new power demand a similar alteration for vessels in the air—so that the difficulties which appeared insurmountable at the beginning of the nineteenth century may be at last dispelled, and the great highroad to all the nations of the earth may be traveled triumphantly."

From Chambers's Journal.

PHENOMENA OF SUN-STROKES.

SOME years ago, when I was living in Bengal, there happened to be an eclipse of the sun which was nearly total. As the weather was cloudless, we saw the phenomenon admirably, and at the period of greatest obscuration observed the twilight-gloom which overspread the sky, deceiving the birds into premature preparations for bed. But the fact which impressed us most was, that at mid-day, during the hottest season of the year, we could stand with impunity bare-headed in the open air. We all agreed that if the eclipse were a permanent affair, India would be a delightful place to live in. Possibly the rice crop, and the indigo crop, and all the other crops would suffer; but we should be relieved from the presence of a personage whom, I am sorry to say, we regarded as a personal enemy—namely, the sun. Can it be wondered at? In the early morning, just as you are enjoying your ride, (the only active exercise you will get during the twenty-four hours,) up pops that luminary—not as in England, with a sober red face, which you can bear to look at, but with a brilliant, blazing, blinding physiognomy, such as he will wear throughout the day. It is advisable to turn your horse's head homewards at once, for the early sun, striking angularly on the face, is more unpleasant,

though not so dangerous as that of mid-day.

In India, for the greater part of the year, the sun acts as a turnkey to the hundred thousand Europeans who dwell between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin. Except at the hill-stations, he locks them all up at eight in the morning, and does not let them out again until six P.M. It is a weary time for those who have no compulsory in-door employment, especially for uneducated persons, such as our private soldiers mostly are. Amusements are all very well, but a man can not be all day at play. Play then becomes dull work. No wonder the rum bottle, or the still more poisonous juice of the date-palm, is brought into requisition to pass the lagging hours. Let us hope that as the system of railways becomes more and more perfected, the bulk of our European soldiers will be quartered at cool stations in the hills; and that no man, from the governor-general downwards, will be compelled to spend more than twelve months together in the burning plains.

Untraveled Englishmen are apt to fancy that the atmospheric heat of India is something tremendous, and that, on this account, their countrymen are confined to the house during the day. But this is an erroneous idea. Save in some exceptional

places, as among the scorching rocks of Scinde, or the furnace-heat of Mooltan, the day-temperature in the shade seldom rises above one hundred degrees. The same thermometer, with its bulb blackened and exposed to the direct rays of the sun, will probably rise twenty degrees higher. But the thermometer affords no true indication of the force of the solar rays, for it is a singular fact, that the further we recede from the equator, the greater appears to be the effect of the sun in raising the mercury exposed to its direct influence. In other words, the difference between a sheltered and an exposed thermometer is less in Jamaica than in Quebec, and less in Quebec than in the polar regions. "The true indication of the force of the solar rays," says Herschel, "would seem to be, not the statical effect on the thermometer, but their momentary intensity measured by the velocity with which they communicate heat to an absorbent body." It is this "momentary intensity" which causes the phenomenon of sun-stroke. When the bare head is exposed to the sun, the scalp, being protected by hair, does not blister, as the skin of other parts of the body would, but its temperature becomes elevated, and the caloric causes inflammation of the contents of the skull. The sufferer experiences intense headache, succeeded by vomiting; he then falls breathless, and, unless instant assistance be given, turns black in the face and expires.

We hear of such cases occasionally, even in our own misty island, during unwontedly hot summers. The victim is usually a harvest-laborer, and long-protracted hours of work, combined with inordinate draughts of beer or cider, are probably as much concerned in his attack as the solar rays. Intoxicating drinks must of necessity tend to promote inflammatory action. I have walked about Calcutta in the heat of the day, protected by a pith hat and a double umbrella, without injury, so long as I abstained from alcoholic drinks; but a single glass of pale ale would induce giddiness, and compel an instant return in-doors. The stocks and tight shirt-collars worn by Europeans—though fashion and military reform have modified them of late years—have a very prejudicial effect, as tending to retard the circulation of blood between the head and the body. The native, while he carefully covers the head with a many-folded turban, (an ex-

cellent non-conductor of heat,) and guards the vital regions of the body from the solar influence by means of the *cummerbund*, invariably leaves his neck bare and unconstrained. A well-known surgeon in the late company's service, of somewhat eccentric habits, always dressed and lived like a Hindu during the hot season. He shaved his head, wore loose-flowing garments, and supported nature's waste on vegetable curries, rice, and water. In the cold season, he put on European broad-cloth, and returned to roast meat and malt liquor.

It is a curious fact that mental depression has a great effect in inducing sun-stroke. I will give two instances. During the rainy season of 1857, a body of European troops, who were engaged in suppressing the sepoy mutiny, encountered an overwhelming force, and met with a reverse. They had been for weeks exposed to the sun at all hours of the day without losing a man. But in that retreat the dispirited men fell by scores, never to rise again, under the burning influence of the solar rays. Again, a much-respected police-sergeant in Calcutta, who had been for years in India, and accustomed to brave the sun at all seasons, received the intelligence of his wife's sudden death. As he sorrowfully crossed the barrack-yard, letter in hand, to communicate the sad news to his superior officer, he fell down, smitten as with a thunderbolt by *coup de soleil*.

It is well known that this baneful effect of the sun's rays varies exceedingly in different tropical and semi-tropical places. In the West India islands, although they are nearer the line than the northern parts of Hindustan, men expose themselves to the sun with comparative impunity. A Barbadoes planter, who came to settle in Madras, insisted on riding out in the sun, as he had been wont to do in "Little England" (so that island is fondly termed by the inhabitants.) He laughed at well-meaning advisers, and lost his life from sun-stroke. Even in Ceylon, though that dependency is nearer the line than Continental India, the Europeans do not dread the sun as they do on the other side of Palk's Strait. On board a ship in the open sea, I have lain for hours basking in the full blaze of an equatorial sun without ill effect. Lastly, I have frequently crossed the Hooghly in an open boat from Howrah to Calcutta. While on the water,

I could stand boldly exposed to the sun's rays, but the moment I set my foot on shore, unless I raised my umbrella, the solar heat began to bore like a two-inch auger into my skull.

These various instances afford a solution to the puzzle, why, under similar latitudes, the effect of the sun's rays should be so different. It arises from the difference between radiation and reflection of heat. Those substances which are powerful absorbers of heat are also powerful radiators and bad reflectors. Dark-colored objects with rough surfaces are good radiators; light-colored objects with smooth surfaces are good reflectors. We all know that polished fire-irons are preferable to unpolished, as they do not become so hot to the touch; they reflect the rays of caloric which strike upon them, instead of absorbing them. On the contrary, a stove, which is intended to warm a room, should be made of unpolished cast-iron, as in that case it diffuses its heat more readily to the surrounding air. Now, earth and water may be taken as two excellent examples of these opposite qualities: earth absorbs and radiates heat; water reflects it. Consequently, on small islands, and on the open sea, we only experience the direct influence of the solar rays, which, even in the tropics, are comparatively innocuous; whereas, in continental regions we have the effect of the solar rays complicated and intensified by terrestrial radiation. In this matter, as we have shown, the thermometer is an untrustworthy measurer of our sensations; exposed to the sun, either by land or by sea, it would—all other things being equal—give a similar result: yet in the one case, a sailor might be mounting the rigging bareheaded without danger; in the other case, a momentary exposure would induce sun-stroke and death.

In no other way, except by this theory of terrestrial radiation, can we explain the peculiar intensity of the solar rays. The position of the earth in her orbit, in other words, the sun's verticality, will not account for it. If it did, the sun ought to be more powerful in London at mid-day than in Calcutta at sunrise; nay, further, the sun ought to be more powerful in London at mid-day on the 21st of June, when it is only twenty-nine degrees from the zenith, than it is at Calcutta on the 21st of December, when it is forty-six degrees short of verticality, or just about half-

way between the horizon and the zenith. I have gone out for a brisk walk on a cold winter morning in India, when the thermometer marked fifty-five degrees, and my feet were benumbed with cold, yet no sooner has the sun risen than the intensity of his rays has been most oppressive.

It is necessary to regard this terrestrial radiation on a very extended scale—that is to say, to view the distribution of land and water over the whole surface of the globe, in order to ascertain its real influence; otherwise, if we select only small portions of the world for our examples, we shall be led into error. I will give an instance from two places which I have visited. The island of Malta is situated in latitude thirty-six north, the town of Melbourne, in Australia, is situated in latitude thirty-seven south. During the heat of the summer-day, the streets of Valetta are deserted by everybody except British sailors, (who, it is well known, bid defiance to the sun all over the world,) the green shutters of the houses are carefully closed, and all the inhabitants are enjoying their *siesta*. During the corresponding season in Melbourne, the streets are full of life and bustle, and laborers are at work paving or laying gas-pipes, with little more inconvenience than they would feel in London in hot weather. Yet, apparently, the difference should be the other way. Valetta is situated on a small island surrounded by an extensive sea; while Melbourne lies fifty miles from the open ocean, and is situated on an island large enough to be styled a continent. But take a common globe, and observe the position of the two places. It is true that Malta is a small island, but it is placed in a sea which is a mere lake in comparison with the continents which bound it on three sides; whereas, the whole mass of Australia appears of but small account in the gigantic basin of the Pacific. Malta, consequently, represents a region of terrestrial influences and exalted radiation; Melbourne represents a region of marine influences and defective radiation. It is fortunate that it is so—that we possess a practically boundless series of colonies, where the man of the North can labor without calling the baneful toil of the negro to his assistance.

I may remark, by the way, that no other race appears so thoroughly fitted for tropical residence as the negro. We

are told that newly-imported Africans do not find the climate of Cuba hot enough for them, and lie naked on the flat tops of the house in order that they may not lose a single ray of solar warmth. In India, on the contrary, the natives complain as lustily of the heat, during the hot season, as we in England do of the cold in winter-time; no man of condition stirs out on foot during the heat of the day; the clerks and writers hire hackney-carriages or palanquins—the palanquin-bearers carry an umbrella over their heads; while the lowest *coolie* rubs himself with cocoa-nut oil, on the strictly philosophical principle which we have mentioned, that polished substances reflect heat instead of absorbing it. Possibly the sufferings endured by the natives of India from the heat of the climate may be explained on the ground of their not being an aboriginal race, but the descendants of northern invaders, whose energies have gradually become enfeebled by intertropical fervor.

In conclusion, let me say that among our countrymen in India, especially of the higher class, there exists an undue dread of exposure to the sun. This is particularly the case in the presidency towns; the indigo-planters and other rural residents spend far more time in the open air: and a comparison of their brawny shoulders and bronzed faces with the wasted

frame and pallid complexion of the city merchant, proves that in India, as elsewhere, want of sunlight brings want of health. All sensible Indian doctors inveigh against the closed shutters and "darkness visible" in which it is still too much the fashion for Indian ladies to spend the hotter hours of the day. My own belief is, that Englishmen and Englishwomen might venture far oftener into the open air in India than they do at present. But in order to do this safely, they should dress in semi-oriental fashion, and eat very sparingly of animal food between April and November. Above all, they should become uncompromising teetotallers during the same period. I have tried it, and found that I could maintain excellent health on tea and iced lemonade. Having cooled the blood by these precautions, a man armed with a *solah topee* and a white umbrella may safely walk out in the sun. And when Europeans set the fashion of walking, foot-pavements will be laid down in the principal streets, while a row of awnings will extend overhead. I am sure the health of the community will be improved, and that the ladies of moderate income will prefer the attendance of a single *ayah*, who walks behind them as they make their purchases, to the lumbering paraphernalia of coachmen, carriage, and footmen.

From the North British Review.

T H E S E A F O R T H P A P E R S . *

In the Castle of Brahan, in Ross-shire, the picturesque seat of the Mackenzies of Seaforth, "Lords of Kintail," is a mass of correspondence, from which a volume has been compiled for private circulation. A larger selection will, we hope, be some day given to the world; but in the meantime we may be permitted to cull a few extracts illustrative of family or general history. It is an obvious remark that from such sources the historian derives his best

materials—true pictures of social life and manners, and traits of character developed only in the confidence of familiar intercourse. The *Seaforth Papers* are mostly of modern date. Clan feuds and Jacobite risings, proscription and exile, were ill suited to the preservation and transmission of such memorials, which probably were never very numerous. The Highland chiefs of old were not frequent or voluminous letter-writers. Even when fully aware of the value of a crown-charter or "sheepskin title"—and most of them were eager to obtain this security—many

* *The Seaforth Papers: Letters from 1796 to 1843.*

disdained the accomplishment of writing. The services of some slender clerk or legal functionary sufficed; and we have, for example, a Baron of Kintail, a Privy Councillor of King James the Fifth, and a man noted for extraordinary prudence and sagacity, signing himself "Jhone M'Kenze of Kyntaill, with my hand on the pen, led by Master William Gordone, *Notar.*" This vicarious style satisfied the

"Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for cartel or for warrant."

The Mackenzies can be early traced to their wild mountainous country. *Ceann-da-Shaill*, the Head of the Two Seas, or two arms of the sea, Loch Duich and Loch Long. They were strong in their alpine territory, guarded by Ellandonan Castle, and approachable only through narrow glens and passes, amidst vast mountain screens, beyond which lie miles of green pasture, wood, and wilderness. By feats of war or strokes of policy, and by intermarriages, the chiefs of Kintail waxed great and powerful. The sunny brae lands of Ross, the well-cultivated churchlands of Chanonry, the barony of Pluscarden, in the fertile *laigh* of Moray, even the remote island of Lewis, a flat, treeless expanse of bog and turf, but surrounded by the prolific sea as with a belt of gold, all these were added to the Caberfae possessions. There were desperate battles with the Macdonalds, the Munros, and the Macleods, frequent raids and irruptions, with letters of fire and sword (which meant power from the Crown to slaughter and exterminate); but in the end the Mackenzies seem always to have been successful, and to have sat securely in their "pride of place."

The last Baron of Kintail, Francis Lord Seaforth, was, as Sir Walter Scott has said, "a nobleman of extraordinary talents, who must have made for himself a lasting reputation, had not his political exertions been checked by painful natural infirmities." Though deaf from his sixteenth year, and though laboring also under a partial impediment of speech, he held high and important appointments, and was distinguished for his intellectual activity and attainments. He represented Ross-shire in Parliament, and was lord lieutenant of the county; he raised and commanded a regiment; he was for upwards of five years Governor of Barba-

does; he took a lively interest in all questions of art and science, especially natural history, and he kept up an extensive correspondence. His case seems to contradict the opinion held by Kitto and others, that in all that relates to the culture of the mind, and the cheerful exercise of the mental faculties, the blind have the advantage of the deaf. The loss of the ear, that "vestibule of the soul," was to him compensated by gifts and endowments rarely united in the same individual. One instance of the chief's liberality and love of art may be mentioned. In 1796 he advanced a sum of £1000 to Sir Thomas Lawrence to relieve him from pecuniary difficulties. Lawrence was then a young man of twenty-seven. His career from a boy upwards was one of brilliant success, but he was careless and generous as to money matters, and some speculations by his father embarrassed and distressed the young artist. In his trouble he applied to the chief of Kintail. "Will you," he said, in that theatrical style common to Lawrence, "Will you be the Antonio to a Bassanio?" He promised to repay the £1000 in four years, but the money was given on terms the most agreeable to the feelings, and complimentary to the talents of the artist—he was to repay it with his pencil, and the chief sat to him for his portrait. Lord Seaforth also commissioned from West one of those immense sheets of canvas on which the old academicians delighted to work in his later years. The subject of the picture was the traditionary story of the royal hunting in which King Alexander the Third was saved from the assault of a fierce stag by Colin Fitzgerald—a wandering knight unknown to authentic history. West considered it one of his best productions, charged £800 for it, and was willing some years afterwards, with a view to the exhibition of his works, to purchase back the picture at its original cost.

In one instance Lord Seaforth did not evince artistic taste. He dismantled Branhan Castle, removing its castellated features, and completely modernizing its general appearance. The house, with its large modern additions, is a tall, massive pile of building, the older portion covered to the roof with ivy. It occupies a commanding site on a bank midway between the river Conon and a range of picturesque rocks. This bank extends for miles, sloping in successive terraces, all richly

wooded or cultivated, and commanding a magnificent view that terminates with the Moray Firth. The place abounds in exquisite walks, wooded dells, and hollows. One spacious promenade extends on high under the gray rocky cliffs, and another lies at the bottom of the valley, where the river Conon sweeps past in a broad stream, shaded by rows of old trees and evergreens. "It is a wild and grand place," says Sir James Mackintosh, "and we were particularly delighted with the rock and river walks." In front of the castle, one day in August, 1725, was witnessed a melancholy procession. In pursuance of the Disarming Act, General Wade repaired to Brahan with a detachment of two hundred of the regular troops in order to receive the arms and submission of certain of the Jacobite chiefs. "On the day appointed," he says, "the several clans and tribes assembled in the adjacent villages, and marched in good order through the great avenue that leads to the castle; and one after another laid down their arms in the court-yard, in great quiet and decency, amounting to 714. The solemnity with which this was performed had undoubtedly a great influence over the rest of the Highland clans." There is reason to believe that the submission was in a great measure delusive; but it must have been a bitter pill for these haughty chiefs to swallow. The solemn march and surrender of the cherished weapons were humiliation enough, but worse than all was the presence of the two hundred Hanoverian soldiers. "Lord Percy sees me fall."

Every old Highland family has its store of traditionary and romantic beliefs. Centuries ago a seer of the Clan Mackenzie, known as Kenneth Oag, predicted that when there should be a dearth of Caberfae, the gift land of the estate would be sold, and the male line become extinct. The prophecy was well known in the North, and it was not, like many similar vaticinations, made *after* the event. At least three unimpeachable Sassenach witnesses, Sir Humphry Davy, Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, had all heard the prediction when Lord Seaforth had two sons alive both in good health. The tenantry and clansmen were of course strongly impressed with the truth of the prophecy, and when their chief proposed to sell part of Kintail, they offered to buy in the land for him that it might not pass

from the family. One son was then living and there was no immediate prospect of the succession expiring; but, in deference to the clannish prejudice or affection, the sale of any portion of the estate was deferred for about two years. The blow at last came. Lord Seaforth was involved in West India plantations which were mismanaged, and he was forced to dispose of part of the "gift-land." About the same time the last of his four sons, a young man of talents and eloquence and then representing his native county in Parliament, died suddenly, and thus the prophecy of Kenneth Oag was fulfilled:

"Of the line of Fitzgerald remained not a male
To bear the proud name of the Chief of
Kintail."

Lord Seaforth himself died a few months afterwards, in January, 1815, and the estates, with all their honors, and duties, and embarrassments, devolved on his eldest daughter, then a young widowed lady:

"And thou, gentle dame, who must bear to
thy grief,
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a
chief,
Whom brief rolling moons, in six changes,
have left
Of thy husband, and father, and brethren
bereft;
To thine ear of affection how sad is the hail
That salutes thee the heir of the line of Kin-
tail!"*

The lady, however, had, as Scott admitted, "the spirit of a chieftainess in every drop of her blood." When, in 1805,

* Mary-Elizabeth-Frederica Mackenzie was born at Tarradale, Ross-shire, March 27, 1788. She married at Barbadoes, November 6, 1804, Sir Samuel Hood, afterwards K.B., and Vice-Admiral of the White. Sir Samuel died at Madras, December 24, 1814. Lady Hood then returned to England, and took possession of the family estates, which had devolved to her by the death of her father without male issue, January 14, 1815. She married again, May 21, 1817, J. A. Stewart, Esq., of Glasserton, who assumed the name of Mackenzie, was returned M.P. for Ross-shire, held office under Earl Grey, and was successively Governor of Ceylon, and Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands. He died September 24, 1843. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie died at Brahan Castle, November 28, 1862, and was interred in the family vault at Fortrose or Chanonry. Her funeral was one of the largest ever witnessed in the North, several thousands of persons being present on foot, and the number of vehicles about one hundred and fifty. The deceased lady is succeeded by her son, Keith-William Stewart-Mackenzie, of Seaforth.

she returned from the West Indies, the young and happy wife of Sir Samuel Hood, her beauty, her varied accomplishments, and fascinating conversation, rendered her society greatly courted. The world of fashion was thrown open to her. The young wife, however, was aware of the dangers of the society of that time. "I know," she wrote, half demurely but all earnestly, "how much depends on my first outset as a married woman." She did not, however, consider it incompatible with her matronly gravity and prudence to visit the opera; and though smitten in conscience at first by the character of some of the dances and dresses, she was charmed with the singing of Mrs. Billington, and could have listened, she said, for days to her heavenly voice. Sir Samuel Hood was a Whig. During the short administration of "All the Talents," he contested the representation of Westminster, and, after a desperate struggle, was successful. "We carried the election hollow as to myself," he writes, "and although they tagged Sheridan to me, we succeeded in that also; but I believe ministers are convinced that his interest alone would never have brought him in." Among the acquaintances of Sir Samuel was the Princess of Wales—the unfortunate Caroline. Lady Hood writes to her mother:

"WIMPOLE STREET, Oct. 15, 1805.

"I am this moment returned from attending the princess to Covent Garden Theater. She was very gracious and pleasant indeed. The Duke of Cumberland was of the party. She did me the honor of introducing me to him, which was a great favor, you know, and promoted conversation. When we attended her to her carriage, she shook hands, and desired to see us as soon as we returned, when she intends to visit us in our new house. She desired us to dine with her the day after in a quiet way. We did so, nobody but ourselves, and very pleasant it was. She did not dismiss us till after midnight, and I had the honor of winning six shillings from her Royal Highness."

The coarser features of the princess's character had not then become prominent, or we should have had them noticed by an observer at once acute and delicate.

A favorite correspondent at this time was the Marchioness of Stafford, afterwards Duchess-Countess of Sutherland. She was countess in her own right—the nineteenth head of the family possessing

the earldom. Her manners, as Byron remarked, were truly *princessly*. She had traveled far and seen much, and had a taste for music and art. Her letters are generally short sensible notes, more hurried and careless, perhaps, because the writer could always command franks. Here is an extract:

"The balls are to me excessively tiresome; indeed I have never been able to bear the *bore* of them since I left off dancing years ago; and I think the best part of London is late in the year, in a smaller sort of society, which one sometimes finds when there are fewer people. I have been to-night at Vauxhall, which is the prettiest thing possible to see once or twice. . . . This beautiful moonlight night turns everybody's head, and makes them romantic. I regret much being so far from Tunbridge, and not having a husband belonging to the Barouche Club, and not being able to see Penshurst along with you. Walter Scott must have been highly pleased with seeing it in such good company. Lord Stafford says he hopes it will set him to write something of a more southern nature than what he proposed to do of our northern clans and their squabbles, which sometimes become a little tiresome to the English ear. I like the Border stories, I own, better than the very Highland ones of Macleans and Macdonalds, which never go beyond their own hills, and I like the hills themselves better than the traditions of a Maclean kicking a Macdonald down one of them, or *vice versa*. I do not, however, mean to say, that when you come to stories of the Thanes of Ross, Sutherland, etc., they are not really interesting; but it is the endless traditions of the Western Highlands to which I object in detail. However, Walter Scott throws so great a charm over what he writes, that he may take any subject he pleases."

This was abundantly verified by the publication of the *Lady of the Lake*, and subsequently by the *Lord of the Isles*. In the latter the poet showed how well and powerfully he could deal with the scenery and traditions of the West Highlands. It is true, however, that in both of these great metrical romances Scott added the attraction arising from popular historical names and events, from the appearance on the scene of the gay and chivalrous James the Fourth, and from Robert Bruce and Bannockburn. Such characters irradiated, as it were, local incidents and descriptions, imparting to the whole a national interest.

Regarding a conspicuous character in the West Highlands, the supposed original of Scott's chieftain, Fergus MacIvor, Lady Louisa Stuart relates an amusing anecdote

told her, she says, by Lord Montagu, and which, in a comedy, would certainly be called *outré* :

"Macdonell, of Glengarry, came with a great staring lad of fourteen to enter him at Eton. The poor boy, almost of a man's size, being lamentably deficient in grammar and prosody, and pronouncing Latin *à l'Ecoissaise*, was placed in the third form with children of ten years old. Meanwhile, the father desired to speak with Dr. Keate himself, and the Doctor left his dinner to receive the laird's commands. These were to observe a point of great importance, namely, that his son should be entered in the books Macdonell, and not Macdonald. 'Sir,' said he, 'Macdonell was the true ancient name from time immemorial. It had always been Macdonell till the invasion of the Romans; then they corrupted it into *Macdonaldus*, but we have nothing to do with the Latin termination.' The little Doctor did nothing but bow and assent to the formidable chieftain; but in repeating it, he said: 'I could have told him, if I durst, that *Macdonellus* was much better Latin than *Macdonaldus*, and thus have exculpated the Romans altogether.'"

Glengarry, like Don Quixote, was born at least a century and a half too late.

Sir Samuel Hood had gone to the East Indies as the naval commander-in-chief. Extraordinary attentions were paid to Lady Hood by the native princes, and some of her progresses through India were marked by a sort of regal splendor. In 1812 she made a journey in her palanquin from Madras to Seringapatam and Mysore, and traditions of her beauty, her high spirit, and love of field-sports, still linger among the people. Of these progresses Lady Hood kept journals, but their interest has been superseded by the accounts of later travelers, and by the vast changes in India.

While the great lady from the West was thus gratifying her enlightened curiosity, and receiving homage in India, her friends at home were assiduous in acquainting her with English occurrences and gossip. Lady Anne Barnard, authoress of the fine Scottish ballad, *Auld Robin Gray*, was one of those friendly and accomplished correspondents whose genial epistles were welcomed at Madras. She was of the family of the Lindsays, a daughter of the Earl of Balcarras; and having removed to England, where her sisters, Lady Fordyce and Lady Hardwicke, were settled, she became the wife of Mr. Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, who was some time secretary

to Lord Macartney at the Cape. Lady Anne was now a widow—her husband died in 1807; she was lively, good humored, and observant, noted for her active kindness, and delighting the higher circles in which she moved by her conversational talents and gayety, which the weight of seventy years scarcely diminished. The fact of her authorship, notwithstanding the immense popularity of her song, she concealed till she was on the verge of the grave, when she avowed it in a letter to Sir Walter Scott. When Lady Hood was at Portsmouth, on the eve of her departure for India, Lady Anne sent her an affectionate farewell :

"When far away, remember if there is any thing I can do for you, command me freely; your order will be accompanied by a letter, and *that* will be something gained. Pray do not exceed your three years. Sir Samuel knows well that the full extent of human good humor is but three years. After a great man has been anywhere, those who were rejoiced to have him, and who looked on him as a godsend, long to see his back, in the hope that they may effect more points with his successor; and if he does not go quite so soon as they calculated on, they become provoked with him."

There is something of native shrewdness, as well as courtly experience, in this estimate of human nature. Lady Anne, like most of the ladies of her acquaintance, dabbled a little in politics, and she predicted truly (February 4th, 1812) that when the restrictions on the Prince Regent were removed, there would be little or no change in the ministry :

"The Houses of Lords and Commons are met to wrangle, and look forward with hope and fear to the momentous day, the 18th of February, when the prince is to be taken out of his go-cart to walk alone. What he is to do no one knows, and I fully believe he himself does not know; for he is not in a state of body or mind fitted to make decisions. I should think, as the H. family, who live almost exclusively with him, and have alone the opportunity of recommending or suggesting, are with the present administration, that he will continue them all in, a very few excepted."

A more general letter of gossip may be quoted :

"BEAUFORT, BATH, NOV. 12th, 1813.

"Last winter London was supposed to be later in its hours, and more expensive in all its ways, than it was ever known to be before. The parties and balls began late; they went on

unremittingly when they did begin; and it is the fashion now to have a side-board covered with all manner of ices, fruits, wines, cakes, and even cold meat. This, I should have imagined, would have made them less frequent, but no such thing. The regent, in spite of his greatness, goes about wherever he is asked; and the quantity of royal dukes is voluminous. It has been supposed, in the course of this last year, that a certain royal heart is not quite so much devoted as it has been to a handsome marchioness; but as we see no new person on the ground sharing the attentions, we can only conjecture about this; all the charms there increase rather than diminish. The Princess Charlotte is a lively, good-looking girl, and seems to long much for an establishment of her own, but that, I hear, is not likely to be granted to her yet. I was at one ball he (the regent) gave at Carlton House—the most splendid thing that could be seen. I went in the full glory of finery, and looked like nothing but a mad old ostrich! However, the fashion of the times must answer for this, not me. The regent having appointed my cousin, Colonel Barnard, to be his aide-de-camp, and done me the honor of letting me know that my strong recommendation had much aided the colonel's own meritorious services, I went to say 'Thank you,' in all the jewels that my friends chose to bedizen me with, together with twenty-two high, white ostrich feathers, and a white satin gown, all embroidered with silver! In short, I was most splendid, and, *of course*, very well received. The whole of the female part of the company were loaded with feathers and jewels. Oh, how sleepy and tired I was! . . .

"You naturally say, 'Where are you?' At the house of Sir James Burges, to whom my sister Margaret was married a year and a half ago. It was late in life for her to change her state, but as she had known him for forty years he could not be called a new acquaintance; and as she is fond of a large and jolly society of young people, he has made her at once mother to seven good-humored men and women, who are all satisfied with her, and with whom she is happy. Since her marriage, a dozen of old couples have led off in the hymeneal dance, which seems to be the fashion at present; but not for chickens—for the old hens and gamecocks. Witness the old Marchioness of Clanricarde and Sir Joseph Yorke, Lady Sligo and Sir William Scott, etc. . . .

"It is said there is to be no opera this season; so much the better; the fine ladies will have money in their pockets. Waltzing, which was begun to be in fashion when you left us, gains ground. It was supposed to be a dance fatal to the interests of husbands, but there have not been any divorces in consequence of it, that I have heard of. . . . I will now close, for I hear the word *dinner*. This is a letter of *chatter*, but not the worse for that to a friend far away. God bless you, you pretty good creature!

"Yours, ANNE BARNARD."

A letter from Miss Berry, the eldest of the dual sisterhood at Little Strawberry Hill, and the friend of Horace Walpole, has the pleasant flavor of antiquated literary gossip:

"GROVE, BATH, Dec. 30th, 1811.

"Of chit-chat, Miss Long's immediate marriage with young Mr. Wellesley Pole is the great subject. A friend of mine, connected with Rundell's house, writes me: 'Her diamonds, which they are preparing, are much more splendid and magnificent than ever were furnished to a subject.' To what a height are the Wellesleys rearing their heads, and decollation is out of fashion nowadays! . . . In Herefordshire I passed three weeks, at the house of a mutual friend, with Mrs. Apreece, and as you know her, you can appreciate the value of three weeks in her society. The following lines were sent me from town. But I have not a guess at their author. It may be as well Sir Harry Englefield himself as any other wit, notwithstanding the sneer at his Catholicism. I hope your ladyship may be pleased with them. I think they are good, especially the first stanza, which seems to me quite happy; but after this estimate of their merit, it would not do for me to be in the same page, and I shall therefore turn over a new leaf

'Have you seen the famed Bas-bleu,
The gentle dame, Apreece,
Who at a glance shot through and through
The Scots Review,
And changed its swans to geese?
Playfair forgot his mathematics,
Astronomy, and hydrostatics;
And in her presence often swore
He knew not two and two made four!

'To the Institution then she came,
And set her cap at little Davy;
He in an instant caught the flame,
Before Sir Harry said an *Ave*;
Then, quick as turmeric or litmus paper
An acid takes, begun to vapor;
And, fast as sparks of fire and tinder,
Was burned, poor fellow, to a cinder.'

"I am anxious to hear of your safe arrival in India, and I shall long to know how you like that country, so different from Europe in many respects, and in few for the better. Ladies are in high estimation there, but your ladyship, who was the admiration of London, will little value attentions at Madras or Bombay. You will, however, prize the conversation of such men as my friends Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Samuel Auchmuty. How I wish the latter had deferred his conquest of Batavia till your admiral might have shared in the spoils! The former, I fear for your sake, and rejoice for my own, is soon returning home. Of myself I will only say (and that because I flatter myself it will be gratifying to your ladyship) that I am really quite well, and had I not,

as I fortunately have, the feeling of health, I should soon be talked into it, so daily am I complimented on my good looks. I pray heaven your ladyship's may continue, and that I may have the pleasure to see you return in spirits, health, and riches to your friends and country. I need not add how much this would delight your obliged and faithful M. B."

This rumored alliance of Davy with the rich widow (which actually took place next year, when the philosopher was also knighted) seems to have astonished the world of fashion and art. Mrs. Apreece was believed to be too ambitious and artificial to marry for *mind* only. She did not mean, it was said, to make so unequal a match, till her long flirtations accustomed her to it. Sydney Smith called it a new chemical salt—*Davite of Apreece*—though he admitted that this was a bad joke. The courtship is humorously alluded to in another excellent letter, which we must quote. Lady Hood had transmitted a farewell note and the present of a book—*Mémoires de la Reine Marguerite*—to her friend Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, who replied by a long and affectionate letter, containing some amusing details, criticism, and information, tinged with a cynical spirit or coloring worthy of Matthew Bramble:

"(1812.)—I have no doubt you will find in India a great deal to amuse, and a good deal to interest, a mind so active and so cultivated as yours; and should you ever feel disposed to communicate the result of your Asiatic researches to two immovable Europeans, whose annual migrations from Yorkshire to London constitute the whole of their travels, pray bestow it on one of us, and you shall hear in return that we live and are grateful. A *recueil* of Indian ghost stories is a desideratum in Western literature, though, as Indian souls migrate from one living being to another, they have not time to make visits to their friends like the spirits of departed Gaels. I rely on your zeal in the cause of the seers for settling this disputable point. . . .

"London just now is overwhelmed with politics, and I am sure they would amuse you as little as they have done me. When there is time for tittle-tattle, I think the most general subject is the announced and approaching union of Mr. Davy and Mrs. Apreece, an event which I contemplate as the triumph of English philosophical courtship over the cautious advances of the Edinburgh Professors. Poor Playfair will be in despair when he finds that the heart which he failed to conquer was not impregnable; but what can resist galvanic batteries and the persuasive powers of oxygen gas? Such are the most prominent philosophi-

cal transactions of the year of grace 1812. Gell is gone on a mission from the Dilettanti Society to Asia Minor with two good draughtsmen, and we expect much fruit from his labors. He was last heard of from Malta, whence he sailed for Smyrna. There are ruins innumerable on the south coast and in the north-east provinces of Asia which are very little known, and of all these we are to have fac-similes in views, architectural drawings, maps, plans, etc. What an antiquarian paradise in prospect for the elect! Walter Scott has again sounded the trumpet, and announced another poem, which is to come out next year. In the meantime the booksellers here tell me he has sold his unborn progeny for £8000, of which £1500 is to be paid in May next, and the other half whenever he publishes. He is not doomed, at least, to meditate a thankless Muse, and I most sincerely hope his fame will keep pace with his profit. He has bought a farm at Abbotsford, near Melrose, is building a cottage, and sowing acorns; and he tells me he never was so happy in his life as in having a place of his own to create. In this Caledonian Eden he labors all day with his own hands, though since the fall he and his wife will not find many luxuriant branches to prune in Ettrick Forest. I sent him a bushel of Yorkshire acorns, which, except docks and thistles, are, I believe, likely to be in three years the largest vegetables upon the domain. The new poem is to pay for all these luxuries; and should it be ranked with the three he has already published, he will have a good right to enjoy them.

"Mrs. Morritt has been at a most amusing scene at Mrs. Stanhope's, where a large party invited to a dance were promised amusement from a very fashionable set of waltzers, who came uninvited to perform, shut themselves up in Mrs. S.'s dressing-room, and continued dancing by themselves to the only music there was provided, and left the dame of the mansion and the rest of the world to amuse themselves in the best manner they could. If this had happened in St. Giles it would have been thought ill-breeding. I hope these European graces have not yet crossed the Pacific. Here we are likely to improve more and more. Lord B. has just announced his marriage with the fair daughter of a washerwoman in Mount-street, whose cruelty, I believe, by no means compelled his lordship to this very decisive measure. The Marquis of W., seized with a noble emulation, has proposed, it is said, to the sister of the new peeress, who is of an equally kind and liberal disposition. How the ghost of Catherine Swinford must rejoice in this second contamination of the blood of Plantagenet. Surely this is the *comble* in the history of *misalliances*. . . .

"All the world here are *émervillés* with a new poem of Lord Byron's: the fashionable world because he is a lord, and the blue-stocking world because he is a poet. It is called the *Pilgrimage of Childe Harold*, and combines a description of a young nobleman,

evidently drawn for himself, and an account of his own tour through Spain and Greece, which he says is to be continued. It is written in Spenser's stanza, and with great spirit and force of poetry. Of his hero's character he lets you know that he is a rake, a misanthrope, a cynic, and an unbeliever; of his tour, that he saw all descriptions of people and scenery without ever being made happy by either. The finest stanzas in the book inculcate the comfortable doctrine of the non-existence of a future state. He celebrates a lady under the name of Florence, who I understood to be no other than Mrs. Spencer Smith, and bewails the loss of another by the name of Thyrsa, who, he says with great justice, had done what others shrunk from, because she certainly was introduced by him in man's clothes to several of his unconscious friends in England under the name of *Mr. Byron*. The feminine appellation of this amazon is not known to fame.* With all this you can not imagine a more beautiful strain of poetry than he has clothed his story with. He has attacked Lord Elgin with fury for dismantling Athens, and nobody feels much for Lord E.; but how he contrives to pour out the vials of his wrath with impunity is singular enough, as few men have gone so far as Lord Byron without at least a dozen challenges and half-a-dozen actual combats. Perhaps the reputation he labors under of being able to hit a half-crown at twelve paces may be the cause of this phenomenon, so creditable to the forbearance of this martial age. His old opponents, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are retiring from the field. Brougham and Horner are swallowed up in politics, Sydney Smith batten on the good things of Foston, and Jeffrey himself too much occupied with Scotch pleadings to anatomize authors any longer. Poets unborn will now come forth in security, and unless they leave a legacy to Lord Byron in their next number, *Childe Harold* will escape their abuse, and the world will not be amused with a supplement to the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

"J. B. S. MORRITT."

Of court gossip we have abundance, some of it pungent enough. The reputation of George the Fourth has been so shattered of late years, that we need not hesitate to pour in some additional small shot:

"(1813).—There was a most extraordinary dinner given at Carlton House, of which every person has some curious story to tell. The host, that he might distinguish himself on the occasion, began by drinking two large tumblers

* Mr. Morritt is correct in his information as to "Florence," but "Thyrsa" was an imaginary heroine. There was, however, some foundation for the scandal as to the nameless amazon.—See *Moore's Life of Byron*, under date of 1808.

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of a liquor stronger than brandy; and thus prepared, he entered on a conversation, or rather such a torrent of abuse of individuals, both absent and present, (some of whom gave him quite as good as he brought,) that at last his daughter, not much accustomed to such scenes, burst out a-crying and ran out of the room. The two Gr.'s, he said, were d—d rogues and scoundrels for throwing him into the hands of the still greater rogues and scoundrels whom he now had to deal with; but he thanked God he depended on nobody but himself! The Princess Charlotte's politics are more violent than ever; and the other night she nearly tumbled out of her opera-box in her great zeal to kiss her hand to Lord Grey. F. P."

"(1813).—You will see that the Duchess of Leeds has succeeded Lady de Clifford, who resigned, they say, for this reason: The Princess was playing at *vingt-un* at the Duke of Cambridge's; she was asked whether she chose a card, and what card; she replied: 'She was happy to declare she had no predilections'—the famous phrase, you know, in the Regent's letter, and in the parody.* The Duke of Cambridge called her saucy, and told her he should get a rod. 'Then it must be for yourself,' she said; 'pray look at home.' For this Lady de Clifford lectured her, and they quarreled."

Another letter says the princess gave Lady de Clifford a box on the ear! The writer states that the Regent addressed the following distich to the "Statira of the moment:"

"Jo n'aime pas ces grands yeux noirs,
Qui disent fièrement, 'I make war.'
Mais j'aime ces yeux languissants e' bien,
Qui disent tout doucement, 'I love you.'"

A courtship and marriage in the royal family may serve as companion pictures:

"You have, of course, heard of the great feats which his Highness of Clarence has achieved *auprès des dames*. First, he proposed to Miss Long, and I think he took a new and singular method to recommend himself. Having painted to her imagination all the felicity she was likely to enjoy as his wife, he finished by saying: 'I understand, ma'am, you have a bad temper; now, ma'am, that would be an objection to many people, but with me it is none at all—quite the contrary. In short, ma'am, it

* In the letter from the Prince Regent to the Duke of York, February 13th, 1813, the Regent is made to say: "I have no predilections to indulge." Moore, in his witty parody, repeats the phrase:

"I am proud to declare I have no predilections."

In this parody Moore has a very happy couplet, in which the Regent, alluding to his father says:

"A strait waistcoat on him, and restrictions on me,
A more limited monarchy could not well be."

shall be no further trouble to you, for I will undertake to manage it for you. Mrs. Jordan, ma'am, had the worst temper, but I managed it for her for twelve years, and she had no trouble with it at all.' In spite of this temptation, the young lady resolutely declined his proffered hand, and so he went home and penned an epistle to Miss M.; there, however, he met with the like success, and it is said he afterwards tried Miss B., but of this I am not certain. I think the story of Miss Long not bad. F. B."

"(1818.)—Have you heard that at the Hom-burg wedding the bridegroom at first only nodded assent to the questions which were asked him? Being desired to express his serene will more explicitly, he bellowed out 'I villy,' which burst disconcerted the poor archbishop so much, that in his turn, when he addressed the princess, he asked her whether she would take this *woman* for her wedded husband, at which her Royal Highness paused. The happy couple then set out for Windsor, and proceeded joyously as far as Hammersmith, when the bridegroom was so sick with riding in a close carriage that he got out, mounted the dickey, though it was raining torrents, and having got his pipe (which is his comfort on all occasions) proceeded most prosperously. E. C."

Lady Anne Hamilton adds some choice touches:

"Prince *Homburg* is married. All the ministers of Europe tried to get him into a bath, but tried in vain. After an hour's consultation they did prevail with him to wash his feet; but to wear, buy, or possess a pair of stockings was quite beyond their art. He said it was very well for us to wear stockings to encourage our manufactories, but he had not the same reason; he had never done it, and never would; his boots were quite enough for him. The princess says she loves him of all things! Love is blind, and is, I suppose, equally deficient of all other senses."

The advent of Lord Byron in London society was an event of supreme interest in the fashionable circles. "I hear of no new books worth reading," writes the Marchioness of Stafford, "except Lord Byron's poem; it has made a great sensation, and occasioned much fuss about him by the ladies, *at whom he appears to laugh in his sleeve.*" A true and shrewd remark. Lady Keith (Johnson's *Queen*) says:

"Lord Byron is the person now that all the ladies are setting their caps at, and are in anxious hopes of a nod or a smile, which are

* In a similar strain Mr. W. Fremantle writes to the Marquis of Buckingham. See the *Buckingham Memoirs*.

not easily obtained from him, and therefore, I suppose, are so highly valued. I never see him speak to any unmarried lady but Miss M., who, you know, is quite a distinct person."

An accomplished correspondent writes:

"There is less of novelty than usual in London this year. Waltzing is quite at an end; and when one has seen and talked over Lord Byron and the new Spanish ambassador, one has nothing to do but the regular routine. Lord Byron, whose very beautiful poem will, of course, be sent to you, is just now the rage. He is a little, sickly, wan, cross, lame youth, who is, however, reckoned (and not without reason) handsome; by some, indeed, quite killing. He bears on his face all the expression of every bad quality belonging to Childe Harold. They say he is very agreeable, very lively, very wicked—in short, he is *la coquette des dames*; and (as Mr. Rogers the poet told mamma, he knew *from experience* to be too true) that distinction of being their favorite is a most transient gratification."

The greatest of all Byron's cotemporaries, Scott, joined in this chorus of admirers and critics:

"(1818.)—By your letter of the 10th January, my dear Lady Hood, I regret to perceive that you have not received a copy of *Rokeby*, packed and sent from the India House, with one for my brother-in-law, Carpenter. I send another, which I shall recommend to the care of my friend Croker, at the Admiralty; and I will endeavor to obtain a few pages of an unpublished volume of the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, containing a brief sketch of Leyden's earlier life. How much do I regret your not meeting him! You would have prized his real merit and goodness of heart, and excused the eccentricities which shocked those fine dames who have more nicety than taste or discernment. But thus passes this weary world. Those formed to associate most happily together are daily separated by fortune or by death, while persons totally unsuited to each other are coupled up like cross-grained spaniels in the strong links of external necessity. I am very glad you have found something to like in my brother-in-law. I never saw him, and am truly happy to think that we shall like each other when it is our fortune to meet. He is quite enchanted with your goodness, and I approve of his taste therefore.

"You ask me, dear Lady Hood, for literary news. There is not much of any consequence. Lord Byron, so quizzed of yore by the *Edinburgh Review*, has shone forth a great luminary in the poetical world. *Childe Harold*, a sort of sketch of his travels, and reflections while engaged in them, has probably reached India. It is a work of great poetical talent, but indicates a gloomy and rather misanthropi-

cal turn of disposition. Childe Harold has exhausted the round of all pleasures, licensed and unlicensed, and wonders to feel the goblet, which he has drained even to its luscious dregs, fall upon his taste when again replenished. And pretty nearly the same course of experience which made Solomon of old proclaim that all was vanity, induces our modern Epicurean to quarrel with the system of the universe, and to disbelieve its being guided by supreme benevolence and wisdom. Another beautiful and eccentric production by the same hand is the *Giaour*, a Turkish romance. It is a poetical fragment, obscurely written, but abounding with high and spirited passages. The tale is the intrigue of a Christian with the favorite of a Moslem. Hassan murders his wife, and the *Giaour*, in revenge, waylays and kills Hassan, and dies a monk, without having the good fortune to become a penitent. The sentiments of this poem indicate the same deficiency of virtuous feeling which throws a shade on Childe Harold's character. The passion, so well and powerfully described, is of an unworthy and bad kind; and I shrewdly suspect Lord Byron would be improved by a drachm of chivalrous sentiment, and a *quantum sufficit* of virtuous and disinterested principle added to his very extraordinary powers of intellect and expression. As he is, however, he has done deadly, or almost deadly execution among the ladies of fashion. Lady Caroline Lamb, despite having married Charles [William] Lamb for pure love and kindness, has fallen desperately in love with Childe Harold, and being disobliged at something he said to her at an evening party about her waltzing, she snatched up a dessert knife, and, after exclaiming against the cruelty of man, attempted to plunge it into her bosom—really did give herself a wound, and cut grievously two fingers of Lady Ossulton, who caught at the instrument of destruction to prevent a catastrophe. Very absurd all this, and a proof that the world is not grown better since your ladyship left Britain. W. SCOTT."

This incident of Lady Caroline Lamb has been related in the recent *Memoirs of Lady Morgan*, but without the clearness or correctness of the description by Scott, or of the following by a lady:

"(1813.)—You heard, I suppose, of the dreadful mad scene which terminated Lady Caroline Lamb's display of eccentricities at Lady Heathcote's. Irritated by some observation of Lord Byron's upon her waltzing, she darted up stairs with a knife which she took from the supper table, and Lady Ossulton, who followed, could hardly prevent her, at the risk of her own life, from executing her design of cutting her throat. They say she was carried home in a strait-waistcoat. I am sure, poor thing, she ought to be under regular confinement, for every one of her actions bears

the stamp of insanity. It is impossible not to blame the indolent good-nature of Mr. Lamb, who sits by a passive spectator of conduct which, in every way, dishonors him. The chief care of all her family seems to be to keep the knowledge of her eccentricities from the Dowager Lady Spencer, who is very fond of her, and just enough aware of her character to be in constant fear of some dreadful scene. There is no accounting for the taste of fine ladies, but certainly one would think that both Lord Byron's appearance and avowed sentiments would prevent his being a very fascinating object to any woman; yet, without seeing it, you can not conceive the set that was made at him by a great many, and among others by Miss M. E., who would certainly have consoled herself for all her disappointments could she but have dispelled the smile of sarcastic contempt which never leaves his countenance, and with which alone he condescends to listen to the advances of his fair besiegers. C. P."

The marriage of Byron with Miss Milbanke, and their separation at the end of a year, gave the ladies their revenge—if any such feeling could have mingled with the general grief and surprise at that utter desolation and destruction of the poet's home and household gods. In April, 1816, Byron's verses, "Fare-thee-Well," and "A Sketch," were published in the newspapers, and immediately afterwards printed as a pamphlet, with the title of *Poems by Lord Byron on his Domestic Circumstances*. A copy of this reprint had been lent to Professor Playfair, and the following is the philosopher's opinion of one of the poems:

"Mr. Playfair returns Lord Byron's Poems to Lady H. Mackenzie, with many thanks. The 'Sketch' is terrible. One would almost say of it that it is the picture of one demon drawn by another."

Madame de Staël had previously, after meeting Byron in London society, applied to him the epithet of "demon." Of Lady Caroline Lamb's abuse of the poet, and of the poet himself, with other matters, Lady Louisa Stuart thus writes:

"June 17, 1816.

"I am like you, I think the *Antiquary* rather inferior to its two predecessors, but better than any thing else. It has been less talked about, and I verily believe less read here than you would expect, from coming out at the same time with Lady Caroline Lamb's precious *Hamarion*, a heap of nonsense, which would have been still-born if not known to be the

work of a mad woman of fashion; but being so, people find out, in the modern affected phrase, 'a great deal of talent in it.' I suppose her character of *Glenarvon*, or Lord Byron, is pretty just. That man must have a black heart. He told Lady Byron, the moment their marriage ceremony was over, that now he had her in his power, he would be revenged for her repeated refusals of him. She took it for a lover's joke, but said she had reason since to recall his words, and think their meaning literal. This, Mrs. Siddons repeated to a friend of mine. She (Mrs. S.) was at Sir Ralph Noel's in the autumn, while Lady Noel went to London to settle the separation, and Lady Byron said much to her on the subject, particularly that the horrible company he brought home, and the conversation she was exposed to hear, had driven her to accept of a parting, first, however, proposed by himself. 'Why, surely,' cried Mrs. Siddons, 'he must be his own Childe Harold.' 'Rather his own Lara,' replied poor Lady Byron. He is Belphegor, I believe, let out for a season, not any thing human; for how beautiful is that 'Farewell,' although one knows it can be dictated by no true feeling, and its being openly published was an insult the more."

Another lion, or rather lioness, appeared about the same time in the London salons, scarcely inferior to Byron himself. This was Madame de Staël, who had contrived to escape from the thralldom of the French police, and reached England by the circuitous route of Russia. Her *Corinne* and *De l'Allemagne* had been extensively read and criticised, and she came heralded by the *Edinburgh Review* and Sir James Mackintosh. The good and placid Marquis of Lansdowne, lately lost to us, thus notices the lady:

"(1818).—Madame de Staël and her work engage the attention of all who like extraordinary books and extraordinary ladies, though I do not think she will make many converts to the German system of metaphysics: *le vague* is more adapted to the regions of sentiment than those of philosophy; and the good Christians of Wilberforce's school will hardly understand a theism which, under the name of religion, begins by rejecting the external proofs of the existence of a Deity to prove the intensity of their internal belief in it. Mackintosh has reviewed the work in the *Edinburgh Review*, and done great justice to its merits, which in point of style, and the most refined and acute delineation of the character and pleasures of social existence, are very great indeed."

A female observer—acute, sensible, and domestic—is somewhat more critical:

"(1818).—London is 'as empty as if the plague were in it. His Royal Highness [the Prince Regent] has been for some time at the Pavilion, enjoying the sea-breezes. The parties he has given there have not been very merry, for Madame de Lieven, the Russian ambassadress, writes to a friend of mine that 'On y pèris d'ennui, toutes les dames d'un côté du salon, tous les hommes de l'autre, le triste intermédiaire entre les deux sexes. Ah! c'est une abominable façon de passer le temps!' Madame de Staël has not joined this merriment. She remains at Richmond, writing books no one can understand, and saying things which every one repeats and pretends to understand, though when you ask them to explain for the benefit of country gentlemen, you find they are as ignorant of her meaning as probably she was who first said these *mots profonds*. She said the other day, 'Bonaparte n'est pas homme—c'est un système.' On being presented to Canning, she said: Ce n'est pas du plaisir que vous me faites, ce n'est pas de l'admiration que vous me causez—c'est de l'émotion que vous me donnez.' What all this means, I profess I can not tell; but it is fine fun to see all the geese going about cackling their delight at these wondrous sayings. She got into some furious mistakes when first she came to London; among others, going up with the most extravagant compliments on her transcendent beauty and figure to Mrs. Bankes for Lady Hortford. She has a Monsieur Rocca, a young Swiss, whom she carries about in the most shameless manner."

"S. S."

We subjoin some scraps of letters by the late Duchess of Wellington—a lady comparatively little known, for she sought retirement, and was in delicate health. All that transpires concerning the Duchess is calculated to add to the high appreciation of her accomplishments and goodness of heart entertained by her friends. The following may be considered as prophetic:

"(1818).—I believe I had better not begin the subject of Lord Wellington: it would be an endless one. I will only just tell you that his noble character rises upon every trial, and that I am more convinced than I ever was, that he will be the savior of Europe. I recollect you once told me the titles which you liked the best were those of viscountess or marchioness. I have tried both and like them equally well, all my titles being acquired, as my little Douro says, 'Because papa does his duty so well.' I am proud of them all, and much gratified by his having just received the Blue Ribbon, vacant by the death of the Marquis of Buckingham. . . . My little boy's title is Baron Douro. They wanted to change his title and raise his rank, but I roared and screamed. The passage of the Douro, the most brilliant

and least bloody of all his father's achievements, shall not be forgotten, and he shall keep the name."

"MONDAY, June 26, [1815.]

"The intelligence of these last two days, or rather of yesterday morning and evening, is of the most interesting and wonderful nature, and, at the same time, the most probable result from the late events at Waterloo. It is not yet official, but it is credited. Bonaparte, after the battle of the 18th, made an effort to collect his troops and rally them; finding it impossible, he hastened with all speed to Paris, and reached it on Tuesday night. He immediately assembled the Corps Législatif, stated with more truth than he had ever told before, although with much lying, that the French arms had been completely successful till four o'clock on the 18th; that at that time, unfortunately, the *New Guard* made a charge to which they were unequal; that they were unexpectedly repulsed by a body of British cavalry, and not being accustomed to fighting, had given way and fled, drawing with them in their flight the *Old Guard*; that some ill-intentioned person gave the word, *Sauve qui peut*, on which the flight became general; and that half his army had disappeared, and his artillery *en totalité*. He concludes, 'Thus terminated this day so glorious for the French arms, yet so fatal!' He desires them to take the measures necessary for the glory of France without delay. Such are the accounts received yesterday morning. Last night arrived the continuation: that in pursuance of the directions received from Bonaparte, the legislative body proceeded to deliberate, and in a few hours came to the determination of informing Bonaparte that, having lost a fine army in a few days, he no longer possessed the confidence of the people, and that he must make up his mind to *abdicate*; that he has accordingly abdicated a second time, and it is imagined, but not asserted, that he is under arrest. Did I not tell you the spurious would vanish when opposed to the true hero? What is he now, if these accounts are confirmed? To those who have lost their friends, this result, which secures, or rather promises future peace, will be the best consolation which Heaven in this world could bestow.

"C. WELLINGTON."

"PARIS, Nov. 15, 1815.

"I have just received the *Field of Waterloo*, and had I expected much, must have been disappointed. But the subject of battles is exhausted, and there are a few beautiful flashes.

"Of Paris there is not much to say. There is no society of French, nor any amusement except what the theaters afford. There are, however, many of these, and most of them very gay, and we go to one almost every night. Lady Castlereagh has a supper every night after the play, which everybody goes to, and nobody likes, for it is indeed very dull. The weather has for these last few days been bad;

and I have been confined with so severe a cold, that I have not been able to see even the shell of the Louvre. I was there last year in its glory, and am curious to see what it is like now that it is stripped. In a few weeks I shall have my children."

Connected with children we have, in a subsequent letter, the following interesting passage:

"I shall have great pleasure in being god-mother to your little girl. I know you will make her good and happy, or rather, if you follow my way, make her happy first, and then she will like to be good. Will you teach her, when she is old enough to learn, the first poetry my mother taught me—seventeen lines of the Golden Verses of Pythagoras, beginning

'Let not the stealing god of sleep surprise,'

and ending

'Rejoice, my soul, for all went well to-day!'"*

"APSLEY HOUSE, February 19, 1818.

"You will have heard of the horrible attempt to assassinate my husband, the preserver of Europe, the first, the greatest of men. But the same hand that has ever protected him in the day of battle protected him now—the same eye watched over him, and ever will, I am sure. Why, then, do I still feel such horror when I think of this attempt? He is now, however, guarded in every possible way, and, I do believe, is more safe than he has ever before been at Paris. I wish for all that he was at home."

"March 4, 1818.

"No discovery is yet made of the assassin. I never trembled for the duke in battle, but now I have not a quiet moment. Yet I hope my trust in God is implicit—God will not forsake him. It is not true that he ran after the assassin. He did not even know that he had been shot at; if he had, the man would surely

* The duchess refers to Rowe's paraphrase of the Golden Verses; and as the piece is now rarely met with, and is invested with some additional interest by the above notice, we subjoin the seventeen lines:

"Let not the stealing god of sleep surprise,
Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes,
Ere every action of the former day
Strictly thou dost, and righteously, survey.
With reverence at thy own tribunal stand
And answer justly to thy own demand:
Where have I been? In what have I transgressed?
What good or ill has this day's life expressed?
Where have I failed in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to man, or to myself I owe?
Inquire severe what'er from first to last,
From morning's dawn till evening's gloom has passed:
If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn:
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy secret self with pleasure say,
Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day!"

have been taken. He thought the report was from a musket of one of the sentries, which he supposed had gone off accidentally."

For this attempted assassination, it will be recollected two men were tried, Cantillon and Marinot; but they were acquitted, as the *corpus delicti* had not been established. No trace of the ball shot at the duke could be discovered. The fact of Napoleon leaving Cantillon a legacy of ten thousand francs, is perhaps the most despicable of all his petty crimes. "Cantillon," he said, "had as much right to assassinate that oligarchist as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena;" a statement, as Scott has re-

marked, striking not merely for its atrocity, but from the inaccuracy of the moral reasoning which it exhibits. "Napoleon has drawn a parallel betwixt two cases, which must be, therefore, both right or both wrong. If both were wrong, why reward the ruffian with a legacy? but if both were right, why complain of the British government for detaining him at St. Helena?" The inconsistency is palpable, but Napoleon did not reason on the matter. He had been baffled, defeated, and overthrown, and all ideas of truth, justice, or morality were lost in his rage and his egotism.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From the Dublin University Magazine.

HERBERT FREER'S PERPLEXITIES:

A LOVE STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"A LUCKY YOUNG DOG."

WHEN Herbert Freer first settled in Severnsbury he would have seemed to you, or indeed to any one, about the most unlikely man in England to have furnished such a title as that which I have prefixed to the story I have to tell.

Perplexities indeed! How should he have any? A young fellow of thirty, he had come down there to manage the Severnsbury branch of the Metropolitan and District Banking Company. He had a salary of six hundred a year, which, as every body knows, is double the income on which (it has been conceded by the *Times*) a man may lawfully marry. Nay, besides this he had, it was known, some interest as partner in the bank itself. His interest, he said, was merely that which Lazarus had in the dinner of Dives. He was allowed to pocket now and then a sovereign which could not be conveniently crammed into the bags of the chairman and directors; but his own profits in that

way were altogether contingent on the success of the exertions of himself and his brother managers to earn more money than these bags could be made to hold. So talked Herbert Freer of himself. But then a young fellow who is doing well in the world is apt to speak banteringly of his income. We know that there are houses where even the post of Lazarus would be sought by many candidates. And every body in Severnsbury knew that the Metropolitan and District Bank was one of those good things in which a share is not to be had by outsiders at any price, and in which a share, being once had, is not lightly surrendered. Then, too, it was known that Herbert's father had died in very comfortable circumstances, and that Herbert had inherited all. Probably gossip was therefore not far wrong in setting down the young manager's income at something like fifteen hundred a year, and in assuming that (though six hundred a year is surely worth looking after) he filled his official post not so much because of the income it gave him as because it gave him some-

thing, without giving him over-much, to do. At the same time it was granted that he did his work in no mere spirit of dilettantism. He had the reputation of being a thoroughly good man of business—not easily over-reached, and yet not over-reaching. Much as his clerks liked him they respected him more. Add to these advantages that he had a frank and winning way, a good temper, good health, and a handsome person, and we may well ask what more need he wish that fortune should do for him?

Herbert Freer, in short, was declared by every body to be "a very lucky young dog;" and, what was more to his credit, (and is not invariably the fact with lucky young dogs as a species,) he was admitted by most people to deserve his luck.

Yet, for all this, we shall see in the sequel that it was not in any serene heaven of his own that he lived; that he had to breathe the common, perturbed air like the rest of us; had his anxieties as we have ours, and walked out often with black care for an attendant; had to wrestle hard with doubts and indecisions; knew how hard is the pillow to which sleep will not come; often "heard the chimes at midnight" while he tried in vain to balance conscience with expediency; in a word, that he too was taken prisoner by the horrid sphinx who tries us all with the riddles that we have to answer on peril of our lives, and was well-nigh drowned in perplexities, as, indeed, too many of us are in this most perplexing world.

Moreover, if a young lady's opinion be of weight, it is undeniable that in Severn-bury there were many estimable young ladies who would have been ready to declare that for a man like Herbert Freer to remain unmarried as he did was nothing less than a clear tempting of Providence, a clear laying of himself open to all manner of troubles and perplexities from which they themselves would, any of them, have undertaken to guard him. For Herbert, it must be admitted, brought with him the reputation of being of a disposition, in matters amatory, vexatious both to mammas and daughters; and it soon appeared that he really deserved this reputation. No angler of course expects to land a salmon as easily as a gudgeon. But allowing that a good fish is worth some little trouble, and indeed has a right

to decline to be caught without giving trouble, yet even the most patient of anglers, of mammas, of daughters, may be provoked and wearied out sometimes; and Herbert, it was complained, would neither take a bait nor leave it alone. No one was more ready than he to join the girls in their pic-nics—to row them on the river—to walk with them—to talk with them—to read poetry to them—even to write verses for them—to dance with them—to take them to concerts and lectures—in short, to be their assiduous dangler in any of the thousand-and-one capacities in which dangles are so useful. But what avail pic-nicings and boat-ings, moonlight walkings, and moony talkings, if they are to be merely their own reward? Ladies of practical habits, alive to the stern realities of milliners' bills and unmarried angels, look on these trivial gallantries as only the necessary preliminaries to more important negotiations. To persist in them too long is a mere "tarrying in the letter that killeth" deeply-cherished hopes. And somehow these charming junketings, no matter how dexterously contrived or how often repeated, did not bring about that softening of the heart, or softening of the brain, (I am really not quite clear which is the more correct expression,) without which even the best-nurtured young men continue strangely obdurate to those tender impressions which are so beautiful on materials of the due plasticity. Herbert, in short, obstinately delayed to "range" himself. As Napoleon, or some other general, complained of English soldiers that they were by nature so obtuse and thick-headed that when, according to all known rules of war, they had been fairly beaten they could not understand it, but out of sheer ignorance and stupidity went on fighting—so an accusation of precisely the opposite nature might with justice have been brought against the young gentleman now under criticism. His fair foes surrendered to him at discretion, laid down their arms, and craved only to preserve life at the sacrifice of liberty; yet he was so dull he would not understand that they had surrendered at all. He went on still in the trivial warfare of an every-day flirtation, and failed to see that serious opposition was no longer offered to him. As for marching home in triumph with a trembling prisoner in chains behind him, as a gallant young conquer-

ing hero ought to march—this was what Herbert Freer could by no means be induced to do.

To drop the fighting metaphor, as this is to be quite a peaceful story—out of his excessive good-nature—out of his obliging disposition—out of his amiability, his friendliness, his general *bonhomie*, there had grown a belief that these very qualities were what prevented and would prevent him from ever seriously falling in love. It was argued (not certainly by very profound logicians) that a young man who was politeness itself would shrink from doing so uncivil a thing as to pass by and give the cut direct to all the young ladies of Severnsbury save one. Again and again it had been announced by the established gossips that he *was* engaged to and about to marry the eldest Miss Fetherfew, the youngest Miss Fetherfew, the second Miss Fetherfew, Miss Bertha Peacock, Miss Woodley (niece to old Colonel Woodley)—nay, he had even been talked about in connection with the venerable Miss Phillips herself (whose age was guessed to be about a thousand, and whose money in the funds about a million.) But he only let this talk ebb and flow at its own sweet will. When its ripples dashed right up against him sometimes, he skipped out of the way of them; sometimes he met the small deluge with a laugh and a joke. As for a serious denial or a serious confirmation he was too wise to give it. For he knew, as we all know, that in all such gossip the word of the supposed principal in matrimonial arrangements is the last word that is believed. So rumor went on prophesying, and he contented himself with simply letting the prophecies remain unfulfilled. Such had been the state of affairs for nearly two years; and Severnsbury had at last become quite incredulous. A settled conviction had grown up in the minds of Herbert's acquaintance that he had not in him the stuff of which a lover is made. For a lover must have his heats and impetuosities, his eagerness, his strokes (it may be almost admitted) of sharp practice against rivals; and Herbert had shown so far none of these qualities. He had exhibited himself only in the character of an easy, good-tempered, clever, and rather careless fellow. When, therefore, it was blown about by old Mrs. Fetherfew that she was *sure* he was "very sweet on Miss Foster," and that she (Mrs. Fetherfew)

was *quite* sure there really was "something in it" this time, Severnsbury only shook its wise head and declined to have its credulity imposed on any more. Mrs. Fetherfew talked, as the winds of heaven blow, just as she listed; but it was said that if she talked as freely as the winds she also talked as idly; and so it came about that she was just as little regarded as they.

CHAPTER II.

"LIKE A HOUSE ON FIRE."

HERBERT's acquaintance with the Fosters was not more than a month old when this latest gossip first began to gain ground; and in order that we may see how far it had really any foundation—how far it merely resembled the many other idle rumors that had gone before it—we shall go back to the beginning of this acquaintance.

Of course when Herbert first came to Severnsbury he came well provided with letters of introduction. And even had he not done so, and had the repute of fifteen hundred a year not been in itself a tolerably good introduction, he would not have been long without acquaintances. Among other notes, he had brought one to Captain Foster; but he had kept it un-presented so long that at last he had become ashamed to present it at all, and so he had, instead of doing so, simply put it in the fire. He had, indeed, met the captain once or twice at other people's houses, and so had come to be on speaking terms with him; but the acquaintance had never become more than a casual one. Wandering, however, one evening down the terrace in which the captain lived, he noticed at the door of his house the figure of a young man, who pulled the bell with, apparently, some little hesitation, stooped down after having done so as if to listen whether it had rung or not, and, seemingly having satisfied himself that it had *not*, descended the steps, and was walking off briskly with that relieved expression of countenance which a man wears when he has suddenly decided to put off a call which he is not over anxious to make; but in turning to walk off he turned face to face with Herbert.

"Do you often do that, Phil? Are you ringing at *all* the doors and running away, or merely taking them in a casual way?"

The runaway was one of Herbert's most intimate companions, by name Philip Grey.

"Oh! confound it," he said, "I have pulled two or three times, and either it doesn't ring or they have seen me through the window and don't care to answer it. Besides, the captain is such a bore I am glad to have an excuse for going away."

Herbert laughed. "Then let us have a walk," he said, and linking arms they turned and had a walk for about two paces, when they found themselves in the arms of Captain Foster himself, who had come on them at that instant unawares from behind.

"Well, I declare," said Philip Grey; "I was just trying to persuade Freer to call with me and see you."

"Were you, indeed? Then I hope he will at any rate be persuaded by the two of us."

Herbert bowed and said, "Very happy."

The captain rang, and having perhaps the knack of ringing his own bell better than any one else, or being perhaps more in earnest than Philip Grey, his ring was answered at once.

"I wonder whether he heard me call him a bore," muttered Philip.

"I fancy he did," said Herbert.

And, so speculating, the young men entered with their host; and this was the manner of Herbert Freer's first introduction to the house of Captain Foster. How often, I wonder, do hosts and guests meet, and chat, and entertain each other with similar frankness and cordiality! Whether Captain Foster really had overheard that remark of Philip Grey's or not, he made no sign of having done so. But how many of us would like occasionally to let our dear friends know that we are aware of the lie they have just told us, only that courtesy condemns us to silence and hypocrisy! The gallant captain led his friends in and seated them at his table. He gave them of his wine and of his cigars; he entertained them with what he sincerely believed to be very brilliant conversation; and all the while, for any thing I know, he was thinking of that unlucky stricture of Philip's and aiming to prove to Herbert how unjust it was. All the while, possibly, both the young gentlemen were interesting themselves less in his remarks than in certain tinkling sounds which they could barely hear, and which indicated that a piano was being played in some distant room of the house.

For Philip at least knew well enough

who the pianiste was. To say truth there had been some tender passages between him and Miss Foster, and the real cause of his indecision as to whether he should call at Captain Foster's house had arisen from doubt how she would receive him; and from a faint conviction on his part that probably it would be better that these tendernesses should go no further. His valor, therefore, had for once exhibited itself in the better shape of discretion, prompting him to run away. But now that he was in the house he wanted to be with her, and fidgeted under the assiduous courtesies of his entertainer. So he said at last, interrogatively, in a break of the conversation, "Miss Foster *is* at home, then?" and pointed in the direction from whence the sound of the piano came—as if he had not been quite well aware of that fact before he entered the house. And by-and-by, after this hint and another or two like it, the captain led the young men to the drawing-room and introduced them to his daughter, who was playing there alone.

Captain Foster was a widower, and it was no secret that his means were only strait. He had indeed but little income beyond the half pay on which he had retired; and though it could not be said of him, as it was said of Lieutenant Luff, that "his half pay did not half pay his debts," it was known that he always lived tightly up to his resources. His daughter Ida was the eldest of his children, and had now come home, at the age of twenty, to take charge of his house. Besides her there was only Arthur left, a boy of ten. Between them there had been four others. Arthur could remember the time when there was only one little green mound beside the larger one in the cemetery. This larger one had always been there as far as he could remember: indeed it had had to be made as soon as he came into the world. But these lesser hillocks had all been made within the last five or six years, and Arthur, himself a delicate child, was left now without a playmate at all.

It happened that Herbert had never met Miss Foster before. She had during the last year or two been much from home, and had only returned to Severnside a few weeks previously. But though he had not seen her he had often heard of her and of her beauty, and he was quite prepared to admire her. And Ida Foster was indeed very beautiful. Tall, dark, healthy,

graceful, and animated, it seemed as if all the vigor which should have been shared by the poor little brothers and sisters had been foreseized by the first-born.

When the gentlemen entered the room she rose, shook hands with Philip, honored Herbert with a gracious inclination of the head; and, being asked to continue playing, did so at once in a ready unhesitating way, which said pleasantly, as plainly as words could have said, that she knew she had a right to play for the reason that she really could play.

There is something very surprising—I had almost said very humiliating—in the way in which music, the most spiritual of all human arts, is often degraded into a merely mechanical work, and the trick of playing made, too evidently, a trick essentially the same in its nature as the sleight-of-hand of a conjuror. We see very ordinary women play, with a dexterity and accuracy that charm their hearers, pieces of music to compose which has tasked all the powers of the greatest masters. They execute the most difficult passages and the most brilliant movements without any apparent effort, and people cry: "What a wonderful player!" And all the while these women may be only clever, trained automata, as soulless and unappreciative of what they do as Mr. Babbage's calculating machine, and as unlike real musicians as that machine is unlike (and unfit to be) a chancellor of the exchequer. Their criticisms on music would probably be the perfection of absurdity or common-place. They have never paused to consider the meaning of what they play, or asked what was intended to be conveyed by the grand passages they execute so readily. Sorrow, joy, anger, love, disappointment, ecstasy, despair—every emotion that thrills our mortal bodies, was felt, it may be, by the mighty master as he swept the chords and brought out these melodies. To the player it is all mere wrist-and-finger work. And yet so wonderfully correct is the mechanical performance that, as the electric current flashes through and gathers strength from the passive insulator, to the hearer all these passions may still come out and live again, evolved by her who neither feels them nor knows them.

Ida Foster was not, however, a player of this kind. Music with her was a true passion and delight, and playing second-nature. Sometimes, it is true, she played, as a certain humble hero whistled, for

want of thought; but oftenest she played because she found in playing peace and calm and better thoughts than came to her in the daily wrestle with the world, in the daily cares and anxieties, the daily plottings and small conspiracies with which, unhappily, young-lady life is often disturbed. At any rate, she never played for mere show. And Herbert Freer, as well as his companion, soon felt that it would have been an impertinence to have formally thanked her as she passed from tune to tune and piece to piece.

There was a little air of her own composing which she played at last, and said archly:

"Mr. Freer, I hear you are a poet; will you listen to this air, and when you go home present my respectful compliments to the Muses and request them to inspire you with words to fit it?"

And Herbert, being gallant, said that if he found the Muses sitting up for him on his return home he really would put Miss Foster's requirements before them; though, on account of the great advance which had lately taken place in the price of oil, they had taken to going to bed early, and he doubted he would be too late unless he were off at once.

So, laughing, the young men took their hats and bade good-night.

There was the tinkle of water in the little air, Herbert thought, as if it were water dropping on glass; there was laughter with tears in it; there was the languor of love with its doubts and fears in it. At any rate Herbert felt he could not be far wrong if he wrote nonsense to it, seeing that new music is so seldom set to any thing else. This, therefore, is what he produced; but not before he had considerably disarranged his hair and his temper, had long sat out his fire, and nibbled the feathers off more quills than seemed at all necessary:

"BROWN EYES.

"Dark brown, dark eyes, speaking ever,
Life, and light, and laughter quiver
In those eyes; ah me, those eyes!
Bright brown eyes; ah me, those eyes!"

"Like a planet richly glowing,
Tender meanings from them flowing,
Full of moving memories;
Bright brown eyes; ah me, those eyes!"

And when Miss Foster received the effusion next day, "with Mr. Freer's compli-

ments," she did not need to ask whose eyes were meant, but began, we are sorry to say, to inquire of herself whether she really had made a mark or not.

• Whether Herbert also began so early to ask himself deliberately any question similar to that of Miss Foster's it would in the present stage of this history be premature to say. Possibly a new pavement had been put down in the direction of Burton Terrace, and Herbert therefore felt more pleasure in walking in that direction than he used to feel. Possibly Captain Foster's chairs had softer cushions and fewer thorns in them than Herbert found under him elsewhere. Possibly (if the supposition be not libellous) Ida Foster's nimble fingers and gracious glances were more to his taste than those of the Misses Fetherfew. At any rate when Mrs. Fetherfew said so positively that she was quite sure there was "something in it," she had this much of foundation for her assertion, that Herbert, namely, had during the month then just past been less often at her own house and more frequently at Captain Foster's than she found at all agreeable to the plans she had herself matured for Herbert's happiness, and than argued appreciation of the hospitality she so generously proffered him on all occasions of their meeting.

Herbert, in fact, found his intimacy with the Fosters pleasant and agreeable, and it thrived apace. It progressed, said Phil Grey, "like a house on fire." And as Phil felt himself a little eclipsed, and as he knew how narrowly he had himself escaped the flames, if indeed he had escaped at all, it is to be feared he looked on with something of the pleased interest and very doubtful commiseration with which good neighbors, who happen to have had their own house burnt down, generally do look on at other people's tenements in that predicament.

CHAPTER III.

SIRENIA REDIVIVA.

IN these days Herbert had a very decided fancy that he was literary; and one of the subjects on which he determined to be especially eloquent was the not very novel one of "The Sirens."

"When the world was very young indeed," he wrote, "and when the heavens

were much nearer to it than they are now—when the father of the gods used to come down and make love to the daughters of men—there was a fair island, in a fairer ocean, and underneath its cliffs of dazzling whiteness you might any day have seen Neptune himself riding on his dolphin in a way you can never hope to see him now. The maidens of that island were very fair to look upon, and their voices were as the hidden soul of harmony. Out of heaven there is now no beauty, nor any music to be compared with theirs. The sailors could not choose but cast anchor and remain always in their blissful company. So none who landed on that island ever returned home with tidings of its wonders.

"In process of time, however, one passed that way who stopped the ears of his crew with wax, and caused them to bind him to the mast, that so they might sail under the shadow of the island, and he might hear the harmony and yet not be induced to stay. Then they saw that the cliffs so dazzlingly white were of the bleached bones of men, and they concluded that the maidens who were so fair, and sang so sweetly, were really no better than they should be; if, indeed, they were not mere cannibal young females.

"Since then the world has grown a great deal older, and its people think themselves a great deal wiser. The stars have gone much further back and become astronomical. That Elysian ocean has wholly dried up. That enchanted island is to be found in no map extant. Only the sirens, under changed names, and wearing modern dresses, still remain, and still retain their old unsocial and disagreeable habits."

That this, and many pages to which it was introductory, was a piece of very fine writing which would be jumped at by any editor in England before whom it might be held up—though unfortunately the essay was apropos of nothing particular—it never entered Herbert's mind to doubt. But that the fable could have any practical moral for himself to take to heart; that sirens did really still exist amongst his own acquaintance disguised in genteel crinoline and playing elegantly on pianos: nay, even that he himself was at that moment in imminent danger of having his own bones clean picked by one—this was a *reductio ad absurdum* which if put before him he would have scouted with disdain.

And yet if he had been asked what it was that attracted him, and made him flutter round Ida Foster, as a moth flutters round a candle, he could have given but poor reasons. He would have said she had a bright eye—yet he had read Tennyson, and might have remembered that so had wily Vivien. He would have said she had a sweet voice—yet he had read Milton, and might have called to mind that the *fallen* angels sang very sweetly. He would have said she had a gentle touch—yet he kept a cat and had observed its habits. He would have said she had a pretty name—yet he would have needed no one to remind him that that was a merit due more to her godfathers and godmothers than herself. The truth must be told. Herbert, the superb—Herbert, the cool, the self-possessed—was really by no means so much himself as he used to be. And Ida, who had angled often in sport, was angling now in earnest. It is painful to us to have so soon to dethrone a young lady who may have been mistaken for a heroine. But the spoils of her skill had been already more than a woman with a heart ever does gain. Hitherto she had practiced only for scientific purposes. She had studied with all the coolness of an anatomist the degree of torture which her unhappy subjects might be made to endure, without making such an exhibition of themselves as would be positively disagreeable to her. And when this stage was reached, it had been her wont to exchange her subject for another one. Cool, clever, and heartless, she had brought flirtation probably to as high a pitch of perfection as it is destined ever to attain. She knew exactly how far she could go to inflict the maximum of mischief without openly compromising herself, and beyond this point she never went. She had never yet failed to enslave when she fairly bent herself to her task, and she had every confidence that she—as indeed any woman to her thinking—could marry any man who came within her reach were she only sufficiently determined. And determined she was to marry Herbert Freer, even before she saw him. Not that to herself she made any pretence of loving him. Love was a passion that she knew only from witnessing its effects—very ridiculous she thought them—in others. But if she could not love, she could act very cleverly, and said contemptuously that private theatricals were more amusing off

the stage than on it—in her opinion. And those who knew her best would have found it hard to tell in which of her doings she played an assumed part; in which she was herself. Music was the one pursuit in which she seemed entirely in earnest, and her love of which was thoroughly sincere. If when she played she charmed all ears, let us hope, too, that she exorcised for a while her own evil spirit, and rose from her piano and her harp with purer and less selfish thoughts than those which so soon resumed their hold upon her. And she knew that in music lay her power; but, alas! without perceiving that her power lay there, because there lay for a while nature and truth.

Herbert, for his part, might never have heard of the sirens—much less have written an essay on them. Whether it was that his hour had fully come—whether for his sins he had been doomed for a certain time to walk this earth in pain and perplexity—whether the gods had really driven him out of his wits, intending in a little while to deal still worse with him—however these things might be, in one short month Ida Foster's scheme had prospered so far that he had become her slave, and waited humbly on her in a way that he had never waited on woman before. And Phil Grey, whose vision had been a little cleared, by the way in which he had been forced to open his eyes, when Ida threw him overboard somewhat earlier than her wont, stood looking on, and making comparisons, like that which was recorded at the end of the last chapter.

Not that even a month had passed over without Herbert's beginning to have some little doubt as to Ida being in all things the "perfect woman, nobly planned," his fancy had at first painted her. But here again his good-nature told against him. When he noticed any fault, he did not so much think worse of Ida for it, as approve his own good judgment, that he could see faults at all in one with whom he already began to suspect he was falling in love.

For example, Phil had told him in a friendly way that Ida had jilted *him*, and had hinted further, that he was, he believed, far from the first whom she had served so. Well, Herbert had admitted that such conduct was very wrong; but it is wonderful how easily we forgive unfaithfulness in love, which we imagine to have

been practiced in our own favor. We think, at any rate, it is some compensation for the fair one's perfidy, that we ourselves should be kind and sympathetic with her victim; and, again, it is surprising how kindly a man really does think of his *unsuccessful* rival. So Herbert readily forgave Ida all her flirtations without even wishing to hear them recounted. And, if possible, he felt more friendly than ever to Philip Grey.

Then, too, one thing that Herbert most thoroughly enjoyed, was a hearty, good laugh, on due provocation; or, failing due provocation, even on no provocation at all. And he winced a little at the impassiveness of Ida. She smiled very sweetly on him, but he could never get her to join him in a real good laugh. Her calm, clear-cut face never so far lost its self-possession—never *seemed* to be moved with common passion; and to say truth, Herbert would have liked better to see it so agitated. Yet he reflected that in all his reading he had never read that the angels themselves laughed; they, too, only smiled, and must, he thought, smile very much as Ida smiled; and a man must be hard to please indeed who finds fault with a young lady merely for being of an angelic temperament.

But there were other glimpses, also, which Herbert got into the life of the Foster household which gave him little qualms, and made him doubt whether there might not be times when his angel did not even smile. The captain always spoke to Ida more meekly than seemed consistent with parental authority. Arthur moved more noiselessly in her presence than elsewhere, and had his little eyes often fixed on her when he was speaking to other people. In a hundred ways Herbert was made to suspect that Ida had a temper, and was accustomed to make that fact noticed at home.

All these things had Herbert seen, and pondered, and laid to heart. But when did love ever pretend to base itself on judgment? He was rather proud than otherwise of feeling that he was beginning to love unwisely. He repeated to himself that line about "not wisely, but too well," and it is to be feared, thought in his innermost heart that so to love was rather a noble action, and one that put him in the category of many of the most charming heroes in the best romances.

When, therefore, he walked home one

night and ruminated on the fact that he had that night made Ida a passionate offer of his hand, and yet had been dismissed in ignorance what the result of that offer was to be, he then realized, perhaps for the first time, that for him, too, as for the rest of us, there was reserved doubt and trouble and perplexity; and that a book might be bound in velvet with gilt edges, as he had fancied the volume of his life's history to be, and yet have in it lines very hard to read.

For feline nature is always the same; and Ida, true to her instinct, and feeling sure of her bird, could not forbear to play with it for a while, much as she would have been grieved to lose it. So she had begun the game of "fast and loose" with Herbert, and had him sent home with such an answer as left him bound while it left her free.

CHAPTER IV.

CONSTANCY.

It happened the day after this crisis had been reached that Ida very unexpectedly, and very much to her annoyance, had to leave Severnsbury with her papa for a week. She could not well write to Herbert before starting, that as soon as he had left her she had made up her mind graciously to accept him. Besides, she had wanted to have a day or two's amusement with him; to have heard a few more protestations and a few more entreaties, and at last to have had the crowning triumph of pronouncing with her own lips the sentence of his happiness. To be hurried away, therefore, at such a time was especially provoking. There was no excuse for sending Herbert her address even. Yet to leave him to himself for a whole week in such a critical state was what Ida by no means liked. She tried to miss the train that so she might have a chance of meeting him by accident and saying a tender word before she started. But though she was late herself the train was still later, and she caught it to a nicety.

When Herbert called that evening, therefore, as usual in Burton Terrace, and learnt that the family had gone off but a few hours before to Clifton, he believed that the "invalid relative" and the "urgent family matters," which were said to be the occasion of this sudden journey,

were equally apocryphal. He did not in the least believe that the journey could really have been an unforeseen and an unavoidable one, but at once concluded that it was a flight deliberately taken for the purpose of getting out of his way after the events of the preceding night. He believed this the more readily as no message appeared to be left for him; and he was too proud to ask the servant for an address which he thought had been purposely withheld.

Herbert's dog, for sitting, as was its wont, in Herbert's easy chair, caught it that night in a way which excited the utmost surprise of that quadruped: and it stood blinking its mild eyes on the rug, and licking its feet thoughtfully, as if seeking in some undiscovered speck of mud for the cause of its master's ill-usage, until at last it gave up the problem and slunked off out of sight. Herbert's cigar would not burn at all; and Herbert's lamp would burn at such a rate that it broke the chimney. Herbert's maid was never so near giving warning as she was at his unusually snappish way. Herbert walked late in the garden. The very moon shone, he thought, with a cold, malicious brightness, not its wont, as if to show how insignificant he and his troubles were. It was an ill-made moon, not at all round. The ground was hard frozen. The few flowers that were left—chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies—hung frostbitten on their stalks with icy tears pendant, as if weeping that they were not released from such a tiresome world. Where was the good of moon, or flowers, or frost? Herbert went in and went to bed dissatisfied with the universe in general, and with this planet in particular, and with himself more than any mortal upon it.

If to go to sleep were as easy as to go to bed what good nights we should all have! Herbert had never known such pillows. He tried them all sides up. He doubled them. He straightened them out again. Then he flung them away and lay with his head in an extemporized pit. Then he dozed off into nightmare. Then he got up and walked about his bedroom and heard quarter after quarter clanged from the minster clock. What could be Ida's meaning? Was he really, after all, such a poor fellow that she merely wished to amuse herself with him as he had heard she had amused herself with others? And if so, was she not for all that really an

angelic creature, and would it not be "sweeter for her despairing than aught in the world beside?" And so the weary night wore away, as the longest nights wear away for those who are more sick than even he was; and he rose in the morning not refreshed, and looking a little—just a little paler than usual. He thought when he looked in the glass that he ought to have appeared worse than he did, and was possibly a little dissatisfied with himself for not doing so. But then he was robust, and hearts are not quite broken, nor hair turned quite white in a single night, and it was imperative, therefore, that he should give himself time.

This was only Tuesday, too, and Ida was not to return till the following Monday: (this much he *had* learnt from the maid;) so that he had a week to grow pale in and to perfect the outward signs of his inward trouble. And certainly in this week he did his best. Those who have suffered from love-sickness will not need, and those who have not so suffered will not care, to read the details of his self-torture. His temper grew worse and worse, and surprised everybody who knew him. Day after day, and night after night, the same wearisome restlessness and mad discontent. Could Ida only have seen him or known what an impression she really had made, her fears would have been relieved, and she would have felt that she could hardly have done better than try him thus, in the old-fashioned way, with absence.

Severnsbury, however, had other inhabitants besides the Fosters; and Herbert having played misanthrope all the week, did really so far recover on the Saturday evening as to take one of his favorite walks. This walk was along the terrace, above which towers Severosbury minster, standing high and looking down on Severn waters. Away over the river lie rich fields; and in the further distance rises proudly the range of hills on which Piers Plowman so many centuries ago took his morning walk, and which offered then the same bold outline as we see to-day. To-night, however, the hills were not visible; for the darkness in December falls down early. The moon had not yet risen; and the stars, though bright, were not bright enough to bring out the hills. So Herbert leaned over the low wall and watched the stars as they lay reflected in the water. How bright and steady they

were! Or if the dancing of a wave but made a star for an instant tremble out of sight, how soon it returned. Even so, he vowed, should his love burn. If it ever flickered, so soon should it resume its steadiness. If for an instant it was obliterated and disappeared, so soon should his true heart again reflect the bright image of his worship.

And then he wandered on into the minister close to where his old friend Canon Woodstock lived, and where he found him at that moment taking his canonical pleasure, walking and smoking, on his own lawn in front of his own house, in the clear frosty air, well buttoned up in his overcoat.

Herbert felt, as low-spirited people often do, unusually moral and decorous. So it jarred on his feelings, and he thought it almost irreligious for a clergyman to be smoking so near Sunday. And for his own part he felt that, thinking as he did with such tender despair about Ida, for *him* to smoke would be a carnal indulgence, almost bordering on profanity. So he at first declined to join Mr. Woodstock in that exercise; and though, on repeated invitation, he relented, he only lit up at last in a melancholy way that compelled his jolly friend to ask, "Why, Freer, what on earth's the matter?" Whereupon Herbert declared that nothing was the matter, and put on a preposterous affectation of gayety which in no way deceived his quickwitted companion.

Canon Woodstock was an ecclesiastical dignitary; but he was, beyond that, "a plain, blunt man, who loved his friend." He had known Herbert almost as a boy; long before Herbert had come to Severn-bury. Before the cigars were finished he had, with a few downright sentences, got to know pretty nearly how the wind lay with the young gentleman, and he had conveyed his sentiments with more point than politeness.

"Don't be a fool," he said to Herbert. "You come in with me. If you are determined to fall in love, I have got the girl for you."

But when people are in a very high-flown and sentimental mood, they resent the exercise of common-sense on the part of their friends as something approaching very nearly to a personal affront. So when Mr. Woodstock introduced to Herbert his niece and ward as "My niece, Miss Margaret Winter," we doubt the

young man met her with some little prejudice, and smiled inwardly, with a lofty pity, at the mind which could hint at the possibility of his ever changing his constancy. And Miss Winter, who had heard Herbert spoken of as a merry fellow, and who was herself merry within all limits of becoming mirth, opened her eyes wide and wondered at the solemn countenance he tried to keep as long as he could.

CHAPTER V.

"TOO LATE."

If this narrative were a mere piece of fiction, the narrator would feel that the lines had fallen to him in very stony places, and that he was hobbling through his plot in a very lame and ungainly manner. For the story-teller who deliberately saddles himself with a hero whose conduct is not at all heroic, and with a presumptive heroine who turns out a flirt almost as soon as she has dropped her first curtsy, can hardly escape being told at once by our modern Touchstones, "Thou'rt in a parlous state, shepherd." But here it is the veracious historian has the advantage over the mere fictionist. If his characters really did this when they ought to have done that, or did that when they ought to have done this—well, the historian may regret it, but he can not help it. Honest Griffiths must write all down as he finds it, happy if only he can blot with a tear the faults and shortcomings which he dare not conceal or extenuate.

From all of which preamble it will have been inferred by the moderately sagacious reader that there is some danger of Herbert Freer falling from his high estate and proving to be scarcely that model of faithfulness he had vowed to be. For pride does, indeed, as in old times, go still before a fall. And Herbert had been so proud of his fervor and devotion, and had gone up so much like a rocket, that we need not be surprised if he presently come down like the stick of that brilliant firework.

Not that we have to relate that he fell without a struggle. Indeed, he tried hard to disregard Canon Woodstock's advice, and to be that fool he was recommended not to be. For example, no two girls could well be less alike than Ida Foster and Margaret Winter. So Herbert very soon

found himself making comparisons to the disadvantage of Margaret. She played, and he thought how much more brilliant was Ida's touch! She sang, and he thought how much clearer and stronger was Ida's voice! She had little fits of timidity, too, and made little blunders; while Ida had a most supreme confidence and never made blunders at all. Certainly, prejudice itself could not but admit that Margaret had, however, a certain nameless grace about her; and that if other people laughed at her little blunders, no one laughed so heartily as she did herself. And though Herbert, remembering to what empress he had sworn allegiance, would by no means have admitted that Margaret was beautiful, he saw that sweetness and good-temper had marked her for their own, and that the little Woodstocks hung about her in a way that was very charming, but that Ida would never have allowed. He found, too, by-and-by, that Margaret could really talk. Nay, further, that when she talked, there were actually ideas came out of her head as well as words; and that though she did not talk very fluently, and had in her speech, as in her playing, those little fits of hesitation we have recorded against her, she even went so far as sometimes to have opinions in flat contradiction to those he had himself expressed, and could tell him when she thought he was wrong, and why she thought so, without making herself in the least like a "strong-minded woman." And in this there was really a great deal that Herbert liked; and before he left her that night he had so far overcome the prejudice with which they met as to admit she was just tolerable above the average of intolerable young ladies; and when Mr. Woodstock said at parting: "You'll come and eat your Christmas dinner with us, Herbert," he answered that "he would see," meaning that if Ida did not invite him, he really would accept the invitation now offered him. "And as soon as you have seen, you had better write me a line to say what you see," said the canon; "for if you don't come I shall have your chair filled by some one else." Then Herbert walked home, reflecting with a grim self-torture on the question whether it would be possible, in the event of Ida's rejecting him, for him to find some small teaspoonful of comfort in carrying his shattered affections to this little maid, and making her the proud possessor of what

he knew he should have to describe to her as an utterly broken heart.

Between the first conception of a dark design, however, and its full execution, there are many steps. Not even to her husband did Lady Macbeth say, bluntly, in the first instance, "Come now, let us go and commit a murder." And Macbeth himself would hardly have recoiled with more horror from such a naked suggestion than that which Herbert felt when he first saw that he had really contemplated it as a possibility that, under any combination of circumstances, he could marry any one but Ida: it was a deliberate suggestion, in fact, that he should commit murder on his own heart's best affections, and he felt all the moral guilt of suicide. Accordingly, when next morning he strolled down to the service in the minster, and having taken his seat in Canon Woodstock's pew, there came in by-and-by Miss Winter, he felt that he was doing quite a meritorious thing to notice how plainly she was dressed, and how small she looked, and how far from distinguished; and, in short, how un-Ida-like she was in every way. But yet, as she sat beside him, and as he tried his hardest to muse on the absent face, he found with impatience that his eyes did wander from time to time to the face by his side, though he hoped it was only for the sake of freshening his mental comparisons. And as he heard her low sweet voice, so tender in its earnestness, murmuring the responses to those solemn petitions for "all such as have erred and are deceived," "for all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation," he thought how good it would be if in *his* tribulation a dear voice could so pray specially for him; if he himself should have erred and been deceived, how good it would be to be put right again by such an one as this. And then, as he looked on Margaret Winter kneeling there with solemn down-turned eyes and without a thought of him, "a spring of love gushed from his heart, and he blessed her unaware." The scales seemed to fall at once from his eyes. He said within himself, (so distinctly and suddenly that he felt almost as startled as if he had said it audibly,) "Here by God's grace is the one maid for me."

He sat out the rest of the service as in a dream; he shook hands with Margaret and parted as in a dream; he walked home as in a dream; the river flowed be-

neath him—it was the river of a dream; and like a dream within a dream seemed to him the memory of his thoughts when he had looked at the stars reflected in it but one short night before. It had all come on him so suddenly, that he could hardly believe he was really awake. Yet he felt that in all this dreaming there was one firm reality, that he did now love really and truly, and that this mad passion he had been so assiduously nursing and cherishing, was but the passion of an idle mind and a foolish eye. And never man felt more humiliated than he felt as he thought of his own weakness. Had he but lapsed gradually, had he fallen away by easy stages, had he had any excuse, he thought, he could have forgiven himself. But to be the slave of passion thus like a brute beast: he blushed as he thought of his own inconstancy as if all the thoughts of his heart were open and could be read by every eye that saw him. He had, it is true, had he known it, the same excuse which the blind man had for seeing, namely, that his eyes had been opened; but he himself was as angry as the blind man's neighbors, and accused himself, as if, though he did not see, he *ought to have seen*, and had merely been blind out of obstinacy.

Bad nights he had had before, but they were nights of bliss, he thought, compared with this Sunday night. Fear, and doubt, and restlessness he had had before. But to-night it was mere blind terror, and as it were a savage craving to put matters right by dashing his head against the bed-post. Whenever he sat himself down and tried to think out his problem, it presented itself inexorably in this shape—that Ida assuredly meant to accept his offer, and that however expedient he might now have found it to run off from that offer, yet his honor bound him to it, and his conscience told him he must keep his word even where it had been given so madly.

Then in the morning he came down to breakfast—weak as a child, and found for him, among his other letters, one which he felt instinctively was from Ida. It bore the post-mark “TOO LATE,” and he could not help toying with the envelope, and thinking how many meanings those words had for him. The letter ought, then, to have come on Sunday morning. Had it done so, with how different feelings he would have opened it! But the joy it might then have brought him—and it would have been joy, though foolish joy—

had come TOO LATE. He himself had come to his senses TOO LATE. He was ashamed to confess to himself what a delight it would be to him if it could only turn out that in refusing to tell him her mind a week ago, Ida herself had let slip her golden opportunity and was now TOO LATE.

Ida had thought she might venture, without appearing eager, to write and announce their return home, and she had thought it best to combine a little jocularity with business, and a little flirtation with both.

“My dear sir,” her letter ran, “if you really were in earnest in the pretty tale you told me the other night, you will be glad to hear that we return home on Tuesday, and that *papa*, at least, will be glad to see you that evening.

“If you were *not* in earnest, then, for fear I should have been so foolish as to think you were, and should have been looking forward to seeing you again, and you should not wish to come, pray send me something to dry my eyes upon.

“Ever yours,
“20th Dec. 18—.” “IDA F.

And she had said to herself that this was tolerably smart, and that if it did not fasten Herbert irrevocably, nothing would.

Herbert felt that there was but one answer he could return, so he wrote on a dainty little sheet of paper:

“Thank you very much for your invitation. I shall not fail to come.

“22d Dec.” “HERBERT.

And then he bethought him of Canon Woodstock's invitation to dinner on Christmas Day, and feeling sure that on that day he would be wanted by Ida, he scrawled in pencil, in a slovenly way, on half a sheet of blotting-paper:

“Sorry I can not come; but thank you all the same for favors intended. I hope you will not have much trouble in finding some one else to put in my chair.

“22:12.” “HERBERT.

And having addressed his envelopes and put his missives into them, he walked off himself and posted them that morning, lest, by keeping them lying all day, he should be tempted to swerve from the path of duty.

CHAPTER VI.

"SAME TO YOU, AND MANY OF THEM."

It was about eight o'clock on Tuesday night when Herbert started off to Burton Terrace with as much exhilaration as he would have felt in setting off on a walk to be hung. He was turning into the terrace when he met Canon Woodstock, who shook hands heartily, and said, "Delighted, my boy, to hear that you have seen your way to come and dine with us on Christmas Day."

"But I wrote you I couldn't come," said Herbert.

"Not if I can read English;" and he pulled out, as he spoke, Herbert's very neat little note.

"Gracious heavens!" gasped Herbert, "what have I done!" for as he saw where his letter had gone he knew also where the half-sheet of blotting-paper had gone. "I have crossed the letters. Oh, what a pickle!"

"A letter for you, sir: I was just taking it to your house."

Herbert looked down, and took the letter which was offered him by Captain Foster's messenger. It ran thus:

"SIR: My daughter told me the nature of the declaration you amused yourself by making to her a week ago, and she showed me the note which she sent you two days ago, and which, though perhaps more familiar than was prudent, surely contained nothing to call forth such an impertinent reply as you have thought fit to scrawl in answer to it. At any rate, I do not suppose that even you can be so vain as to imagine Miss Foster's allusion to her tears could be any thing but jocular, or that there is any probability of your blotting-paper being required for the purpose you intended it; so I have the honor to return it, and to make it my special request that you will consider your acquaintance with my family at an end. And I am, etc., etc.,
A. FOSTER."

Herbert put this letter into Mr. Woodstock's hands, explained the matter to him briefly, and said, "Now I must go to Captain Foster's and explain to him also."

"You must just do nothing of the kind," retorted the canon. "You must thank your stars that you are well out of a mess, and come along with me. Make your apology to-morrow by letter if you are still

inclined to sacrifice your happiness for the sake of your politeness." And he dragged him away almost by main force, Herbert, it is to be confessed, offering less strenuous resistance than he ought to have done.

"What can be the matter with uncle to-night?" said Margaret to Mrs. Woodstock, after the reverend gentleman had for about the twelfth time burst out into inextinguishable guffaws at the recollection of Herbert's predicament.

But Herbert refused to have the mystery explained, and sat, himself alternately merry and angry, alternately blushing and looking pale—glad at any price to be in Margaret's presence, but thinking of the explanation that he must make on the morrow to the Fosters.

And on the morrow he really did set out to make his explanation. It was Christmas Eve, and he heard merry carols in the street. It was Christmas Eve, and footfalls were muffled in snow, and stars shone bright, and merry fires gleamed through the windows of every house; and as he walked up to Captain Foster's door he saw them sitting round the fire inside—the captain, and Ida, and little Arthur, and—yes, actually—Philip Grey. He sent in his name, and had in an instant a peremptory, "Not at home;" so he walked off thinking that if Phil could be happy with Ida so much the better; and that at any rate it would be best for him to make his explanation by letter, and that he could write his letter after Christmas Day was past—which of course he could have done. But we had better say at once that somehow he never did write it; and that to this day the Fosters believe him to have been willfully guilty of the gross rudeness which they so naturally ascribed to him.

When he had learnt in the above way that the Fosters were *not* at home he strolled on to the Woodstocks, and was fortunate enough to find them at home. So he spent the evening with them in many a merry game. And with hearty, genial talk, and with children climbing up his knees, and with good old songs, and good old punch, and flaming snapdragons, and flaming Yule logs, and even with blushing (we had almost said flaming) Margaret (inveigled once under the mistletoe)—with all this, and with much more that good old English gentlemen love in their homes at good old Christmas time, the

night wore rapidly away, and was, as all our pleasures are, alas! pronounced by all to be too short, though the longest (within five minutes) of any night in the year.

And though Herbert had accepted the invitation to dinner by mistake, he went and ate it (as the canon said when he saw the hearty way in which Herbert was enjoying himself) without any mistake at all.

But when dinner was over Herbert thought it a wise precaution, seeing that Canon Woodstock was full to explosion of the great Foster mystery, to take Margaret aside and explain it all to her first himself. And it of course could not be explained properly without Herbert's saying what was the real cause of his feeling it a relief instead of a trouble to be cashiered by Miss Foster. And Margaret did not seem nearly so surprised at the story Herbert had to tell as Herbert thought she would have been, for love is intuitive in its perceptions.

Then when they went back their host really did produce Herbert's two epistles, and Herbert (very improperly) was induced to reveal as much as was necessary to complete the correspondence; and the laughter was louder and longer than had ever before been known in that house, where merry laughs exploded every day. And when the merriment was at its height, Margaret, God bless her! with tears in

her eyes crept round to the back of her uncle's chair, and whispered in his ear that the crossing of the letters had gained her, she was very sure, a good husband.

Years have gone since this Christmas time of which I write. But never Christmas time comes round without the tale of the crossed letters being told afresh, and ever with new merriment.

Margaret—the real original Margaret—is more staid and matronly than she was then.

Herbert Freer's perplexities, he says, have been all so smoothed away that he can hardly think he ever had any. May we all, story-tellers and story-readers, come as happily out of ours! A smaller Margaret climbs up his knee, a smaller Herbert up hers; and smaller, smaller people still clap little hands and raise their little voices merrily when Christmas time comes round. And while their little voices blend so cheerily, and while their little hands are red with clapping, and while their little faces shine in the firelight, and all is glowing in the golden light of love, what can the writer of this story say to each and all who have followed him through it more fitting than the words which are in every mouth this happy Christmas time:

"The same to you, and many of them."

From Fraser's Magazine.

M Y B E A U T I F U L L A D Y . *

IN a world full, noisy, and bustling, where each man jostles the other, seeking to get before; where none can press forward without pushing some other back; where to desire is necessarily to contend; where peace itself is only to be enjoyed through strife—every candidate for distinction must look for rivalry. No one can expect to follow the course of honor without great obstacles in his way, nor to be crowned with success without a

show of opposition. Men naturally expect to see jealousy among their brethren; it is the common lot; but a man occupies a peculiar position when he is his own rival—and this position is Mr. Woolner's; for the world, more ready to pluck a leaf from the laurel crown than to add a branch to it, looks askance at one who claims an uncommon share of eminence, and competes for the prizes of two distinct callings. There will probably be much hesitation and criticism before the great sculptor is acknowledged as a poet; he will not be met with indulgence as a

* *My Beautiful Lady.* By THOMAS WOOLNER. London: Macmillan & Co. 1863.

young aspirant; he will be tried by a stern jury, as men are whose fame is already made, and who are responsible for the marring of it. But whatever prejudice he may have to encounter, there is no essential reason why a sculptor should not also be a poet. Indeed, a sculptor, to be truly great, must have many of the poetical qualities; he must have the creative power, the sensibility to beauty, the pathos, the vivid perception of hidden analogies, the vigor of conception, and the patience in execution.

It is, however, true that few have brought their genius to bear well upon two distinct arts; and it remains to be considered whether Mr. Woolner is one of the few.

An extraordinary amount of energy, physical and mental, must be demanded to reach excellence in both; but those who have studied the works of Mr. Woolner's chisel will not be surprised at any amount of energy that he may develop. And here it may be observed that the most vigorous of painters and sculptors was also a poet; for the sonnets of Michael Angelo are so full of passion and music that in those qualities they have seldom been surpassed. Poetry since his time has gone through many different phases, which may be called changes of fashion; though it is strange that there should be a fluctuating form and fashion for such a substance. There is not space here to pursue this as a subject of inquiry; but it may be not unfitting briefly to notice the variations in the poetical atmosphere of England which are to be traced from the time of Chaucer down to the present day. In Chaucer the love of nature, the attentive noting of all her seasons and all her sweetness, is a prominent feature; and the truth of his pictures, felt through his obsolete, difficult language, makes his pages still dear to the studious reader. This sentiment, genuine and robust in Chaucer, appeared again in Spenser's honeyed strains—diluted, fainter, less truthful, but very tender and very graceful. Sidney, too, had a fine sympathy with nature, and drew inspirations from her, which lend passion and truth not only to his sonnets, but to many scenes of the *Arcadia*, marred and smothered though they are by over-lying conceits and a tedious parade of learning. A parade of scholarship was then the fashion in poetry: it was thrown off by the passionate dra-

matic poets of the Elizabethan period, and the period of their greatness yet remains our greatest in literature. To its inexhaustible wells of passion, and profound thought, and unalterable truth, the student must apply his lips when he would renew his vigor in enterprise, and drain fresh draughts from nature's hidden sources. From this abundant poetry Milton's genius was partly nourished with its full harmonious flow, tempered by the gravity of the puritanic epoch. A blight fell upon England in the reign of Charles II. The king who stained his hands with the touch of French gold, and bargained away his country's greatness, corrupted its literature too with a debased French taste—and licentiousness and epigram took the place of love, earnestness, and passion. Dryden's immense genius broke at intervals, indeed, through the trammels of convention, and burst into unbidden floods of song, overflowing, fertilizing, turning the cold plains into flowery valleys; but fashion still prevailed. After a swell, those great waters subsided, and Dryden himself—with his vast power, his fine ear, and his mastery over a language copious, harmonious, and prolific—was content to be the author of a long line of dramas, imitating all the faults of the French school, with other faults especially his own—monotonous, flat, tedious, cold, and turgid; blots upon the history of our letters, though made eternal by the signature of an immortal name. The art of numbers—for it ceased to be poetry—dying slowly of starvation, fell almost to the point of inanition in the reigns of the first two Georges, and was only kept alive by the life there was in Pope. He, like Dryden, moved freely and strongly at times; but, with a few exceptions, in accordance with the taste of his time, he is epigrammatic rather than passionate, witty rather than imaginative. His verse has the fault of monotony, his imagery is more careful and exact than fertile, his scene-painting grows more out of the reading of the scholar than out of the anxious watchings of the interpreter of nature, and it is as a satirist that he is truly great.

In later days, Akenside made a little struggle to express some natural feeling; but he was too weak to carry out his intention, and only groped, seeking his way towards the light which Cowper, and Goldsmith, and Gray afterwards found. Dating from their day the darkness was

gradually dispelled, and poetry warmed our world again after that long and cold eclipse. Reviving from torpor, she seemed to exult in her life, and to delight in showing the vigor of her system in all kinds of ways, in new exercises and attitudes. In the poetical romances, or romantic poems of Scott, something of the old Homeric spirit was rekindled, with the sound of martial music, with much adventure, with the devotion of chivalrous love, and the moving incidents of the battle-field. On the other hand, in the poems of Byron, the movement of the narrative was subordinate to the movement of the passionate spirit within. He was brooding and introspective, as Shelley was mystical, metaphysical, and fanciful. Wordsworth was the pure lover of nature. He worshiped at her shrine with singleness of devotion: she was his passion and his religion. He meditated on her beauties, and assimilated to himself all her moods with untiring devotion; and it is greatly to the influence of his works, though they begin now to decline in popularity, that the worship of nature—which is assumed by many false priests, and paraded as a fashion—in the present day is due. Wordsworth cared little to follow out the actions and combinations of a story or plot: his mind was of that subjective order which more willingly follows the course of its own deep thought uninterrupted. He has had many disciples, and the subjective may be considered the favorite school of this age. But the greatest of living poets, who belongs not to an age but to all time, has given, in his *In Memoriam* and his *Idylls of the King*, a perfect example in each kind; and in the works of the author of *Philip Van Artevelde* treasures have been added to the full storehouse of our dramatic lyrics worthy to be ranked with those of the best period; admirable alike for skill in construction, for vigor and grace in poetical diction, and for a penetrating wisdom and knowledge of mankind. It is time, however, to bring these general observations to a conclusion, and to enter upon a particular investigation of the contents of Mr. Woolner's volume. This poem belongs to the subjective type: the love of the poet for the Beautiful Lady and her death being the only story it tells. It depends, therefore, for its interest upon the power of the author to project out of the working of his inward emotions the

substance of a narrative, and to supply out of the changing moods of his own mind events that are to arrest the attention, and to kindle the affections of his reader. With this love and this death for his only incidents, there is an evident risk of falling into excess in the sentimental direction; but it is a risk which has been completely avoided. Mr. Woolner is strong, bold, original, and fervent; his pictures are the pictures of what he has seen and known, and not the reflection of other men's experiences; his theme is enriched with various and unexpected harmonies; and with the skill of a true artist he rises from a low tone to the passionate climax, and sinks with a sweeter music to the close. The introductory lines of the poem—meditative, serious, and calmly sad—contain some beautiful passages; for instance, these in the very beginning:

"In some there lies a sorrow so profound
It may not find a voice in words; and never
Throughout their daily tasks, or bountiful
And willing converse born of souls allied,
Reveals itself as sadness.

But they are not as others: not for them
The bounding pulse, the ardor of desire,
The rapture and the wonder in things new;
The hope that palpitating strikes a world
Where gladness floats upon eternal wings;
Nor do they with elastic enterprise
Forecast delight in compassing results;
Nor, having won their ends, fall godlike back
And taste the calm completion of content.
But in a sober, chilled, gray atmosphere,
Work out their lives:"

where the alternations of longing, of toil, and of hope, ending in that perfect peace which is the completion of labor, and which can only come to mortals as a reward after pain, are traced with a hand so true and strong, that the reader's expectations are set high for what is to ensue. The introduction, which is in blank verse, is followed by a discourse called "Love," in the same metre, dwelling on Love's influence with great sweetness, and ending in a sigh which suggests the tale of sorrow that is to come; and then the story opens with a description of the lady's beauty, and the feeling it inspires: it is given in alternate couplets and triplets, and has an easy and graceful flow. The following lines are quoted from it, as remarkable for the forcible and distinct image they present in few words:

"A hawk high poised in air, whose nerved wing-tips
Tremble with might suppressed, before he dips,
In vigilance, scarce more intense
Than I; when her voice holds my sense
Contented in suspense."

And rather in contrast with these for the charm of its melodious and careless felicity, that tender passage may be dwelt upon which opens with the lines:

"We thread a copse where frequent bramble spray
With loose obtrusiveness from side roots stray,
And force sweet pauses on our walk."

This canto concludes with the avowal and acceptance of the poet's love. A short *strophe*, called "Love," tells how he was then raised above envy and above pain and above all evil; and it is followed by "Noon," which is a full rapture, a perfect sunlight, a summer day of warm airs and languid sweet delights, where the birds sing their rarest melodies, and the fields and flowers yield their richest scents: where the poet recognizes the joy of all life linked with that highest life of love which throbs in his own heart. The movement of the verse here is very musical, so that rhyme, which is absent, is not missed in its melody. Night comes next, with meditations poured out from the fullness of a happy heart, rejecting the belief in wrong, discerning good in all things, and calling up some pictures of great beauty, from which the passage:

"This silent night-wind bloweth heavenly pure;
Like dimpled warmth of an infantine face.
Lo, glimmering starlike in yon balmy vale
The village lights; each tells a little tale
Of humble comfort, where its inmates, sure
In hope, feel grateful in their lowly place.
And here My Lady's lighted oriel shines
Before me, pretty glowworm, from the gloom.
Ah, stands she smiling there in loose white
gown,
Hearing the music of her future dawn
The stillness and hushed whispering of the
vines,
Whose lattice-clasping leaves o'ershade her
room!"

may be singled out for its sweetness and grace. In another lighter measure, "My Lady's Glory" is sung: it is followed by her shadow. The lover, in a lover's fantastic mood, longs to see the effect of his lady's shadow, to see how the daisy's light and the velvet green will show through its

light veil; but as it moves along the grass he is seized with a sudden shock of fear. With strained nerves and stretched vision he pierces into futurity, and there sees the shrouded form of his love; but he is soothed by her gentle voice at his side, and by the scenes of rural peace they are rambling through together. Next comes "Her Garden," with a pretty picture of the Lady tending her lilies, which are injured by sharp blasts from the east; and her lover, as he looks, thinks that he sees her droop with them. This faint apprehension, growing to a deadly fear, is told in the canto of "The Tolling Bell," where the passion rises—where the poet, distracted, chafing at fate, assails the dispositions of Providence, and is admonished by the Lady, resigned and saint-like in her suffering:

"She bowed her head in stately tenderness
Low whispering as her hands my brow did
press:
'I pray that He will your lone spirit bless,
And if to leave you be my fate,
Pray you for me while I wait.'"

He leaves her presently, with seeming calm but with a troubled heart, to seek the stillness of his own solitary house:

"I lay, and ever as my lids would close
In dull forgetfulness to slumberous dose,
Lone sounds of phantom tolling scared re-
pose;
Till wearied nature, sore oppressed,
Slowly sank and dropped to rest."

Fitful hopes, described under the head of "Will-o'-the-Wisp," and storms of anguish lead up to "My Lady in Death," which may be said to end the action of the poem, and which brings the passion to its highest point:

"She passed like summer flowers away.
Her aspect and her voice
Will never more rejoice,
For both lie hushed in cold decay.
Broken the golden bowl
Which held her vital soul:
It was an idle boast to say
'Our souls are as the same,'
And stings me now to shame:
Her spirit went, and mine did not obey.

Earth had one quarter turned before
My miserable fate
Pressed down with its who'e weight.
My sense came back; and shivering o'er
I felt a pain to bear
The sun's keen cruel glare,

Which shone not warm as heretofore;
And never more its rays
Will satisfy my gaze:
No more; no more; oh, never any more."

After this we fall gently to the close. An excess of sorrow is softened by a vision of the Lady appearing to her lover while he sits at her grave in rigid despair; and the tones of her voice sounding from heaven exhort him to submission and duty.

The next and last division of the poem, containing the portions called "Years After," and "Work," exhibits a mind chastened and strengthened by affliction, disciplining itself in works of duty, looking to the great final result, casting off the sickness of lamentation, and drawing health from activity, and consolation from faith. And so the poem, opening with a sober sadness, ends with a serene hope:

"And glory born of Duty is a crown
Of light.

And all thus crowned illumine their work
In splendor that no earthly eye may pierce,
And know that every seed they set, and stone
They fix, and truth they reach, unite to found
A well-planned city in a governed land
That rising bases high a Temple built
Firm in its center to the praise of God.
And each beholds his labors glorified,
Alike the toiler at a desk, the king
Upon his throne, or builder of the bridge:
The desk in luster shines a kingly throne,
The throne diffuses radiance like a sun,
The bridge spans death—a pathway to the
stars."

It has been a pleasant task to follow the poet through his charms and his beauties, and the working out of his high purpose; but such an indulgence is not to be granted without check or hindrance to the admirer of genius, and the true artist is not to be addressed in the language of unqualified praise. He, who of all philosophers was the most subtle in thought, and the most vigorous and felicitous in expression, has expatiated with his usual force and truth on the damage that may be done by a panegyric:

"Praises, [says Lord Bacon in the *De Augmentis*,] when moderate and seasonable, and expressed on fit occasion, contribute greatly both to the reputation and fortune of men; but when immoderate, noisy, and unseasonably lavished, they do no good; nay, rather, do great harm. For, in the first place, they openly betray themselves, as either springing from excessive partiality, or got up and affected for

the purpose of gratifying the object of them by false encomiums rather than of honoring him with his just attributes. Secondly, sparing and moderate praises generally invite the audience to add something to them; whereas lavish and immoderate praises provoke them to take off and detract."

Now praises unaccompanied by censure in criticism must necessarily be immoderate, for the work of no human hand is without its fault; and it is right here to point out to Mr. Woolner some lines where his imagery, generally faithful no less than original, is forced beyond all semblance of truth. Thus:

"As there she listless lay and sang my rhyme,
Wrapped up in fabrics of an Indian clime,
And looked a Bird of Paradise
Languid from the traversed skies.
A dawn-bright snowy peak her smile. . .
Strange I
Should dawdle near her grace admiringly.

The "dawn-bright snowy peak" is a far-fetched, unnatural illustration of a lady's smile; and the "dawdling near her grace admiringly" sinks into the totally commonplace and trivial. Of an overbold character is:

"The moon that like a happy shout
Called forth my Lady's name
In sudden splendor on the stone."

It is to be understood that a gleam of light flashing upon the sculptured name brought it so vividly to the poet's mind, that it seemed to him to be syllabled in sound; but the idea is strained, and the resemblance of the moon to a "happy shout" is so remote as to require interpretation. Again, in "The Wild Rose" there occurs a curious conceit:

"To call my Lady where she stood
'A wild-rose blossom of the wood,'
Makes but a poor similitude.

For who by such a slight would reach
An aim, consumes the worth in speech,
And sets a crimson rose to bleach;"

which, if it were found in a poem of George Herbert's, would be in keeping with his artificial manner, but which is not in harmony with the rest of Mr. Woolner's work. Again:

"The violet poise of her most graceful head,"

is obscure; and, on the other hand, the poet should be warned against analogies carried too distinctly into detail, for then they become prosaic, as in:

"Every service touched by hidden springs
Oiled with intelligence;"

where the attention becomes fixed upon mechanical action, and diverted from the spirit of poetry.

Mr. Woolner is at times abrupt in his transitions, and falls too suddenly from a high eminence to a dead flat; but his faults are never those of a flat or languid

spirit—they are the excesses of a fervent, not the deficiencies of a frigid imagination; so that at the conclusion of his work the reader feels that out of his strength there is more to come, and that he has not yet done his best.

With these words, musical and singularly appropriate, it may be well to take leave of *My Beautiful Lady*; and, in parting, let the hope be expressed that several of the many high qualities of the poem have been indicated, and that the attributes of the poet have received something of the honor which is due to them.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A CHAPTER ON CROAKERS.

WE like a grumbler, but we utterly hate and detest a croaker. *Distinctionem facimus*. We make a distinction, as the cardinal did when the pope asked him at dinner if he liked soup: "*Distinctionem facio*; I like soup, but I detest dish-water." A grumbler is like soup: he has substance in him: but a croaker is worse than dish-water. By a grumbler we mean one who, dissatisfied with something, expresses his dissatisfaction, and does all that in him lies to remove the cause of it; whereas a croaker thus far resembles a frog, that he croaks for the mere pleasure of croaking. "It is their nature to," as good old Isaac Watts expresses it, in a brief zoological sketch in one of his hymns. Our antipathy to croakers may be partly owing to the sufferings they caused us in Barataria. We happened to have taken a lease of a house which had once belonged to the ambassador of an Eastern prince, known as the Imaum of Muscat. He had dug two deep ponds, one on each side of the house, and replenished them with fish. The fish had long disappeared; they had given place to a race of bull-frogs, which began their songs in the night as soon as we tried to sleep. There are certain sounds provocative of sleep: the ripple of the waves beneath your cabin at sea, the monotonous song of the Indian watchman as he goes his rounds

at night, the nursery lullabys familiar to childhood, serve more or less to invite the approach of the leaden-winged god; but there are two things which render him proof against your most solemn invocations and ardent prayers: the buzzing of a mosquito within your curtains, the croaking of a bull-frog beneath your window. You may expel the mosquito, but we defy you to silence the bull-frog. You lie down to rest, and draw the muslin curtains carefully around you; sleep is gradually creeping on with silent tread, and shedding his balmy influences over you; you are in that delicious state midway between waking consciousness and hazy dream-land, when a tiny trumpet begins to blow, and visions of Queen Mab and all her fairy retinue flit before the view of your mind. You are floating fast away into the region of shadows, when a sting, sharp and sudden, on that tenderest of all places, the tip of your nose, restores you to yourself, and elicits a cry of pain—we hope it elicits nothing more emphatic. By an instinctive movement you bring your extended palm down upon the injured organ, but it is too late: your assailant, gorged with blood, has found refuge among the folds of the curtains. You light a candle, and search diligently till you have found him; once caught, you slaughter him without remorse. It is

your own blood that you are shedding, and we have high authority for saying that every man may do as he likes with his own. You make certain that no other midnight intruder has found an entrance within the curtains, and you lie down again with that mild feeling of self-applause which ever accompanies success. Again you invoke *πόντος ὕπνος*, and feel the balmy breath of the god breathing upon you, when a harsh discordant croak from some quinzied bull-frog dispels his presence, and dissolves the charm he has been spreading over your eyelids. Croak! croak! croak!—there are hundreds of musical frogs *et cantare et respondere parati*; the once silent pool becomes instinct with life; from its surface many a rounded head emerges, and gives forth discordant notes. For a time you can not choose but listen; you are under the same spell as the bridal guest when he met the Ancient Mariner, as Tam O'Shanter when he listened to the sound of the bagpipes played by no mortal hand. But at length surprise gives place to indignation; it were better to listen to the music at a witches' Sabbath than to have your nerves tortured by that incessant croaking. The window stands conveniently open—you spring from your bed in the lightest of drapery, and clear it at a bound. You mark the spot where the leader of the orchestra is lifting up his sweet voice—you can distinguish it from every other, just as you can distinguish that of a *maestro* in a grand chorus—you can even perceive his head in the silvery track of moonlight. You arm yourself with a sharp pebble—you have no pity—you take deliberate aim. Such is your savage humor, that if it is death to him it will be sport to you. A sudden splash, and all is silent. You return to bed, happy in the thought that he is gone to Hades—you are dropping off again, when a solemn croak, followed by a choral pæan of triumph from the pond, rouses you to desperation. But why dwell upon the horrors of such a night, the varying fortunes of such a contest? Homer has sung of the battles of the frogs and mice: we feel that simple prose can not do justice to the contest we have hinted at, rather than described. No occasional attack will ever silence the croakers: you can only get quit of them by draining the pond and diverting its waters elsewhere.

Now the man who has spent not one but many such sleepless nights will have

little sympathy with croakers, whether they have four legs or two, whether they hop or walk. He may get quit of the four-footed ones, but who will deliver him from croaking bipeds? They shoot up their ugly heads in every place; they utter their discordant sounds in every society. You can not travel by land or by sea, you can not enter club-house or private dwelling without meeting them: every family, every society, every class, every profession, every age has its croakers. As we have already said, the croaker is not to be confounded with the grumbler. The English are a nation of grumblers. Grumbling is our privilege and our birthright, which we value quite as much as *Magna Charta* itself. We grumble at every thing and every body. Grumbling is the safety-valve by which we allow our pent-up humors to escape, and thus avoid those *bouleversements* to which other nations more compressed are liable. We grumble at the streets because they are muddy; at the *Times*, because at this season of the year we can toss it aside after ten minutes' reading; at our servants, because they are not quite so punctual as we should wish; at our friends, because they are less considerate than we expect them to be; at ourselves internally, because we feel that we do not quite come up to the mark. In short, we all have our little grievances; we don't find the world quite as we should wish it to be, and, using that freedom of speech which is our birthright, we speak out boldly what we think. But this freedom of thought and of speech lies at the foundation of all the progress we have made as a nation. We discover a grievance—we expose it to the public gaze—we grumble over it, and try to bring others to our own way of thinking—when the right moment is come we make a rush at it, and remove it forever. And thus, individually and nationally, we grumble, and get on. We do not stop short at every difficulty, and say, "There is a lion in the way." We growl a little at the lion beforehand, and then we walk straight up to him and pull him by the beard. We find that when thus accosted he is a harmless creature, formidable only in appearance.

And yet no one can remain blind to the fact that there is much evil in the world, and that much of this evil seems, under the present order of things, to be irremediable. There is much of sickness, of

sorrow, of poverty, of disease, of death in the world; there are many other phases of human suffering, on which we need not dwell. The tangled web of human life has its black threads as well as its white; and no doubt it was intended that it should be so. There is no use lamenting over what is irremediable. What is done can not be helped, so there is no use croaking. If we can not make the world such a world as we would have it to be, is that any reason why we should sit down and wring our hands, and begin to croak like bull-frogs? Let us try rather to make it a little better than it is; and if grumbling relieves our feelings, let us grumble by all means. But let there be no croaking: leave that to old men and old women, and tropical bull-frogs. Those may croak who can do nothing else; but it is for us to grumble and to work.

Grumbling is expressing our dissatisfaction with something which we think could and should be remedied by ourselves or others; croaking is howling over those things which can not be mended, or creating for ourselves imaginary evils, that we may indulge in all the luxury of woe. A case or two in point will do more to illustrate the distinction than any definition. Some years ago a benevolent lady had assembled all the children of a charity school on her lawn, for the purpose of regaling them with the good old English fare of roast beef and plum-pudding. Such entertainments have no small interest for the infant mind. It was only recently that we met a little fellow, for whom a similar treat was being prepared, on the stairs of a certain barrack-room: he had only one idea in his mind, and, like all one-eyed people, he could only speak of one subject; so with easy familiarity he thus addressed us: "I say, sir, when are we to have that 'ere jolly blow-out?" He was, as the reader will perceive, a very vulgar little boy, but that was not the moment to correct his vulgarity; so we set his mind at ease by giving him the fullest particulars regarding the expected "blow-out," to which we know he did ample justice. The charity children were gifted with equally good appetites, and the lady found much pleasure in visiting the different tables, to see that her guests were properly entertained. In going her rounds she found one little fellow with a large lump of pudding on his plate, crying as if his heart would break. She

gently inquired into the cause of his grief: "I can not eat my pudding," was the ready reply. "Never mind—put it in your pocket." "But," said the urchin, with a howl which bespoke the intensity of his grief, "my pockets are full already." The evil was not irremediable; the lady enabled him to carry off the pudding, and the young grumbler had his reward. We are inclined to believe that that boy will make a distinguished figure in the world, and obtain more than an ordinary share of the good things of this life. We accept him as the representative of grumblers in the first stage of their development, and beg now to introduce to our readers a juvenile croaker. A friend of ours had recently an addition to his family. He was already the happy father of several children, who of course had to pass through all the diseases incident to childhood. On this occasion there happened to be some sickness in the family, but not of a serious character. The doctor, a bluff, hearty old fellow, (we never knew a croaker in that profession, though none are so familiar with human suffering,) met the eldest son of the family, a boy of some eight or nine years of age, on the stairs, and, patting him on the head, said: "Well, my boy, I congratulate you. You have got a little brother." The urchin seemed far from overjoyed at this announcement; on the contrary, he burst into tears, and dolefully said: "Well, I am sure there is little need of that, with Lucy still in bed with the measles." He did not rejoice that a man-child was born into the world; that event seemed only to elicit a fit of croaking. It was nothing to him that Lucy had the measles—the birth of a child could detract nothing from his comfort; but he was born a croaker, and croaked accordingly. "It was his nature to," as good Dr. Watts tells us it is the nature of lions and bears to growl and fight.

Few can recall their school-boy days without seeing the image of some young croaker in the background of the past. Croaking is not confined to the old, the poor, or the sick; its harsh discordant sounds are often to be heard on the playground, at an age when all should be joy and contentment. No doubt there are certain evils inseparable from school-life. There is the sudden disruption of all the ties that bind us to home, the parting with the shaggy pony we have daily ridden,

the dog which has been our playmate, the gun with which we brought down our first bird. We have to say "farewell" to a spot so familiar to us that we know almost every tree in the wood and every flower in the garden; we have to launch forth into a new world, where all is strange and unknown; we have to submit to new restrictions, and to leave the disposal of our time to others; we are no longer free; we are the subjects of absolute rule. All this, no doubt, is keenly felt at first; but boys have a wonderful power of adaptation, or of coming out strong under trying circumstances, as Mark Tapley did. A few hidden tears may be shed at first; but the school-boy, if he is made of the right stuff, will soon learn to laugh at such weakness, and to find himself tolerably happy in the new society of which he has become a member. But, unfortunately, all boys are not made of the right stuff: there is as much difference amongst them as between two such characters as Uriah Heap and our friend Mark Tapley. There is a sneak in every school, and there is also a croaker: the first is abominated by all; the latter has usually a certain influence over the minds of his fellows. There is naturally a sort of antagonism between teachers and taught, which predisposes the latter to imagine that they are not treated quite so well as they ought to be; still we were on the whole a happy set of fellows at Mr. Tawse's establishment for young gentlemen, till Pickle joined us. We were as much superior to him in scholarship as he was to us in experience and knowledge of the world: he had been at many schools at home and abroad, and spoke knowingly as one who knew a little of life. Mr. Tawse's modest establishment met with his unqualified disapproval; he and the other teachers were decidedly snobbish; the commissariat was far from satisfactory; the liberty of the subject unduly interfered with. He found listeners, and a spirit of dissatisfaction began to spring up among the young gentlemen. The masters were not treated with the same respect as before; lessons were neglected; the excellent meat we had at dinner was left untouched, as being too fat or too lean; the old woman who sold cakes and sweetmeats at the gate had more customers than ever. Mr. Tawse's orders were no longer obeyed with cheerful alacrity; all was gloom and discontent; we were

rapidly degenerating into a race of croakers. One or two boys, at the instigation of Pickle, wrote home letters of complaint, which were not read by old Tawse, and contained no eulogiums on that worthy pedagogue. Matters were fast hastening to a crisis; we were all but metamorphosed into young bull-frogs, when, luckily for us, Pickle got into a scrape, which led to his expulsion from school. We need not specify his offense: it was one which found no favor in the eyes of school-boys, and destroyed at once the influence he had acquired over our minds. The cloud of discontent soon passed away; we discovered that Tawse was not such a bad fellow after all; no more meat was left on our plates at dinner; the apple-woman had fewer customers, and we had better appetites.

No class are more addicted to croaking than the passengers on board ship during a long sea-voyage. We say no class, for there are always some exceptions. There are few passenger ships without a Tapley, a cheerful, happy fellow, who believes that the wind is always blowing in the right direction, and that the captain is the most skillful of mariners. Such a man on board ship is invaluable: his bright, genial nature tends to check the croaking propensities of others, to whom all is barrenness from Dan to Beersheba, from the heaving of the anchor till the moment we land. No doubt a three months' voyage at sea is a severe ordeal to the temper of all on board. There is the forced idleness, the constant monotony, adverse winds and occasional calms, jealousies and rivalries, if not downright quarrels, especially among the lady passengers. We had rather undertake the temporary management of a menagerie than the amusement of the passengers on board a homeward-bound indiaman. There are shades of rank, and consequent rivalries among them, such as none but an Indian can understand: the state of their lives has deprived them of that charity which hopeth all things, and believeth no evil. The first heavy gale or long-continued calm is sufficient to evoke all their croaking tendencies, and the cheerful voices of the Tapleys on board are almost lost amid such discordant sounds. The whole voyage is a constant croak till the white cliffs of old England appear, when there is a sudden revulsion of feeling: the habitual croak is changed into a sort of cackle of

hilarity—at least it was so in the case of old Tiffin, a civilian from Hyderabad, who came home with us on board the *Agamemnon*. The old fellow had got a bad liver and a still worse temper: he quarreled with every body and every thing, and made himself generally disagreeable. The captain did not know his business; no more did the cook, the cabin boy, the crew, or any one on board—old Tiffin alone knew his business, and that was to croak. The *Agamemnon*, instead of being *A1*, as advertised, was a regular old tub, and any thing but sea-worthy; the provisions had made several voyages round the Cape, and were unfit for use; but *that* was of little consequence, as he expected the old hulk to go down one of these days, and bad feeding might be a sort of enforced penance to prepare us for our latter end. It was of less consequence to him, as he had insured his life for a round sum before embarking; and it would be some consolation, as the waves closed over his head for ever, to know that he had done the company and provided for his family. When reminded by Tapley that we had abundance of poultry on board, he declared that that was in itself a grievance: he had already consumed so many, that he felt the feathers issuing from behind his shoulders. There was some consolation in that, certainly: if the vessel went down, of which he had little doubt, he might attempt the flight of Icarus, and avoid his fate. There was no danger of his wings melting, ha! ha! they were too firmly fixed to his body for that. He would hover over us for a moment, till he saw us all comfortably disposed of, and then wing his flight to other and happier lands. Poor old Tiffin! there was not a day that he did not discover a fresh grievance. He was an institution on board, and I am afraid that there were some of us who took care that his woes should not be altogether imaginary, and felt a wicked pleasure in hearing him croak. But the first sight of dear old England worked a wonderful change in the man. It was a bright moonlight night when we first sighted land; one or two of us had not gone down; we could not sleep, and watched on deck for the first peep of the white cliffs. We raised a hearty cheer, and before it had died away one of us was seized round the waist, and forced to take part in a *pas de deux* up and down the deck, to the immense amuse-

ment of all who witnessed the scene. It was old Tiffin, who, hearing the cheer, had rushed up the cuddy ladder in the same airy attire which Marshal Bugeaud once displayed before his soldiers during a night attack in Africa, and expressed his joy at the sight of land by pirouetting round the deck with his unwilling partner. From that hour the whole nature of the man changed. No longer a croaker, he became an optimist: the ship was something more than *A1*, the provisions were unexceptionable, the passengers the most pleasant people he had ever met, and he actually shed tears when he proposed the captain's health in a special bumper after dinner. On parting, he invited us all to visit him at Bungalow House. We have not yet availed ourselves of that invitation; but we have not lost sight of our fellow-passenger, who is now as much a croaker as ever. He may be seen daily at the Oriental Club, abusing the weather, quarreling with his dinner, cursing the waiter, and croaking over things in general. We all know old Tiffin, with his atrabilious countenance and his cynical expression. His counterpart may be seen at every watering place in England.

A little croaking is pardonable in old people who have survived the pleasures and the companions of their youth, and feel the infirmities of age weighing somewhat heavily upon them. We do not find fault with Nestor, who had outlived three generations of articulate-speaking men, for thinking that the world had deteriorated since his younger days. It was natural for him to think so; and we ought all to be very tender in dealing with the prejudices of old age. We may feel with Sthenelus that we are a vast deal better than our fathers, but it would be very unpolite to tell them so. If the greatest reverence is due to children, it is equally due to old people. There is a saying in the North to the effect that you can not put an old head on young shoulders; it is equally true that you can not put a young head on old shoulders. Between the old and the young lies the great gulf of experience, which neither can pass; but we like to see both looking across to one another with sympathy and love. We like to see the old remembering that they once were young, and the young mindful that they will soon become old. The gulf that separates them may, in some measure, be bridged over by deeds of char-

ity and love. There is not a more pleasant sight on earth than that of an old man playing with his grandchildren; and, thank God! such sights are often to be seen. We have always loved that French marshal who was found by the prime minister of the day engaged in a game of romps with his children on the floor, and who took care to finish it before entering on the discussion of affairs of state. A foolish man would have been afraid of compromising his dignity, but the good marshal knew that no position could be more dignified than that of a father playing with his children. The only kind of croaking which we hold to be intolerable in old people is that which leads to an undue interference with the enjoyments of children. It is in every case the proof of a bad heart and a narrow intellect; it springs from the selfish desire to deprive others of that pleasure which they themselves can no longer enjoy: at least, it usually does so, though not always. Some people, especially in the North, regard every exuberant outbreak of childish joy as something sinful, which must be checked and suppressed. They mistake croaking for religion, or imagine that religion requires them to croak. This tendency is peculiarly manifest in the enforced observance of the Sabbath. On that day children are debarred from all their usual employments. To whistle would be esteemed a sacrilege, a deed without a name; and we know one case where a boy of ten years of age—a minister's son—was severely flogged because he had whittled a piece of wood on Sunday. Of course such treatment did not tend to enhance his reverence for that day, as was evident from his conduct when he escaped from home control. There are some miserable old creatures, in whose breasts the milk of human kindness has turned so acid that they can not witness any ebullition of childish joy without an immediate fit of croaking. "Ah! you little know what the world means;" we have heard one of them exclaim at the sight of a happy child. Of course it did not; it was its blessed privilege to be thus ignorant. Nothing is more hateful in a child than a precocious knowledge of the world; in such a case, ignorance is a delightful ornament. And in this very ignorance lies much of the happiness of childhood, which no one but an inveterate croaker would ever wish to disturb. Knowledge of the world means

the knowledge of evil; and the more ignorant a child is in this respect, the better. We would not have it to be supposed, however, that all old people are or need be croakers—far from it. We know several of both sexes who have retained all the freshness of youthful feeling, and who, by their bright, genial, cheerful humor, cause it to be forgotten that they are old. What a wonderful woman that Ninon de L'Enclos must have been who was as much admired at eighty as at eighteen. Such a woman could never be said to be old; she shook off the weight of years, and enjoyed a perennial youth. There are others, less known than the French beauty, equally bright and cheerful. We know one venerable old lady whose sitting-room is the favorite playground of her grandchildren, and whose society is preferred by them to any other. She is as canty and lively as if she were a girl in her teens, and yet she is a sort of fossil relic of generations long faded away. She enjoys life far more than I or you do, my dyspeptic brother. It was only the other day that we heard a young lady of weak digestive organs and melancholy temperament lamenting over this world as a bleak howling wilderness which she would cheerfully leave as soon as she received the route. The world was nothing but one vast Sahara, without a single green oasis for her soul to rest and refresh itself; as soon as she received the word, she was ready to strike her tent and to depart. The dear old lady listened quietly till she had finished, and then said, "Well, I differ from you; for the longer I live in this world I feel more grateful to God for the many blessings I enjoy. I am now eighty-four years of age, and I feel that his goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. The world has been any thing but a wilderness to me, and I should think it wicked to speak of it in that way."

It is to be hoped that the young lady will learn to think a little better of the world, and that instead of striking her tent she will share it with some one who will convince her that her estimate of life was wrong. We wish that all old people were like our venerable friend; but it is not and can not be so. Some old people started in life with unhappy tempers; others have been soured by misfortune. A little croaking is pardonable when old age is accompanied with poverty. We should

not like to be the chaplain of a poor-house, who has to administer spiritual consolation to old creatures whose only work in life is to die, and whose death is looked upon as a deliverance. The only subject, we fancy, these homeless, friendless creatures are eloquent on, must be their own misfortunes; and yet few of them, we believe, are willing to die. They cling to life as a drowning man clings to a plank, though he knows that by so doing he is only prolonging his sufferings. They are like the man in the fable; they profess to long for death, and when he appears, they would willingly bid him away. A poor creature of this class was recounting his misfortunes to a clergyman; he was friendless and childless, his home had been broken up, he had been brought to the Union, where the fare was poor and the society far from select; he suffered from the cold of winter and a countless host of infirmities; he actually waxed eloquent as he descanted on his sufferings. At length he was forced to halt from pure exhaustion. "How old are you?" said the parson. "Seventy-three," was the ready reply. "Well, in the course of that long life have you nothing to be grateful for?" There was silence for a minute or two, and then came the significant answer: "It is a mercy that I am still alive." Bad as life had been to him, he was still loth to part with it.

More frequent communication with other countries has done away with much of that croaking which springs from national antipathy. Ludicrous representations of English character may still occasionally be seen on the French stage; but, on the whole, we have formed a truer estimate of our neighbors on the Continent. There are few veterans in the British service who would express the same feeling as the old soldier in Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*, "I hate the French for they are all slaves and wear wooden shoes;" or adopt the energetic language of Goldsmith's bailiff, "Curse the French, the Parle-vous, and all that belong to them. Taste us, madam! Give Mounseers but a taste, and my word on it, they'll come in for a bellyful. What makes the bread rising? the Parle-vous that devour us. What makes the mutton five-pence a pound? the Parle-vous that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence-halfpenny a pot?" Of course it was the Parle-vous that drank it; in the honest bailiff's opinion, they were the

cause of every misfortune; and no doubt such views were generally prevalent among that class of people. It is no longer so at the present day. There may be some inveterate political croakers who still believe that the French are ever conspiring against our liberties and striving to work our overthrow, as there are others of the same class across the channel who are always discovering some fresh act of treachery on the part of *perfidious Albion*; but all such croakers are decidedly in the minority. The Crimean war did much to heal up old wounds: the soldiers of both nations learned to respect one another's bravery; they shed their blood in the same cause and were often buried in the same trench. This change of sentiment has elicited a certain amount of croaking, as was only natural; all great changes must do so. Every innovation in politics, in religion, in art, in science, or in social life, must ever alarm the fears of those who have formed their opinions, labeled and packed them away with the intention of bequeathing them to their heirs. There are always some people in the world who think with him of old that they have seen an end of all perfection, and begin to croak as soon as their peaceful pool is agitated by the tide of advancing opinion. We know some old fellows who believe that the whole service is going to the dogs because we are trying to treat our soldiers as if they were rational beings and not mere machines; others, who see the hand of Providence in every railway accident, and take care always to travel in their own carriage. There are some who object to the use of chloroform as a means of lessening human suffering because they think that it interferes with a divine ordinance, as if it could ever be an ordinance of God that his creatures should suffer unnecessary or avoidable pain. There are croakers, like the late Colonel Sibthorpe, who threaten to die upon the floor of the House if certain measures, just and equitable, are adopted. We know that these measures are often carried, but we have never heard of any *felo de se* in St. Stephen's Hall. There are religious croakers who fix the very day, and that at no distant period, when this world shall be dissolved; but we have never heard from any one but *Punch* that they have begun to take in coals by the sackful. There have been such fanatics or impostors in all ages and countries,

and they have never failed to gain an audience. The truth is, there are many people, naturally timid, who like to be frightened, to have their religion doled out to them hot and reeking, as they say in the North.

"I like my minister to look me fairly in the face," said an aged Highlander, "to shake his fist at me, and to tell me that I am an old scoundrel. The more he abuses me the better I like him; I dinna even object to his taking me by the nape of the neck and giving me a shake over the pit; I feel it does me good. Ah! there is no minister like Mr. Macilwaine; there is something heavenly in his very grunt." We would place in the category of croakers all those ministers who aim at notoriety or fame by working upon the fears of their hearers in representing the world as being now at its last gasp, or who take a special and savage delight in expatiating upon the sufferings of the lost. We went the other evening to hear a popular preacher of the day. He had chosen as his subject the last judgment, and began to describe the punishment of the wicked. He was quite justified in doing so, though we question whether any will be won over to virtue by the mere dread of punishment; but it struck us forcibly that he felt a personal and savage pleasure in dwelling on their sufferings. He spoke as a partisan, and luxuriated in their woe; if he had been a red Indian scalping his enemies, he could not have displayed a more cruel or relentless spirit. There can be no doubt that such subjects have an irresistible attraction for certain minds; and there may be as much cruelty in a church as at a bullfight. It is so pleasant to be told that we are safe and that others are lost; *on trouve toujours quelque consolation dans les malheurs d'autrui*. At least, Rochefoucauld says so, and he knew something of the weaknesses of human nature.

We have already seen how a bad spirit may be introduced into a school by one young croaker. People more advanced in years are subject to the same influence. Sailors are usually supposed to be the happiest and jolliest of human beings; but one croaker or sea-lawyer on board a ship is enough to create a spirit of dissatisfaction among all the crew. We have seen the same effect produced in a regiment by the enlistment of two or three idle dissipated fellows who had belonged

to a different branch of the service, and taken their discharge under peculiar circumstances. One croaking servant may poison the minds of all the rest, rendering them sullen and dissatisfied; and the same thing often occurs among workmen. We all require to guard against our natural tendency to believe that the world has not used us quite so well as it should have done. We are all inclined to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think, and to croak a little because society does not take us at our own estimate. We may rest assured that the world will not deal more gently with us if we are constantly taxing it with injustice. It is a very dangerous thing to look or speak as if we were ill-used, whatever our private opinion may be. It is far better, as the sailors say, to grin and bear it. A man without a grievance is sure to be liked, while another who is always croaking, will certainly be voted a bore. Most men's minds are so full of their own private grievances that they have very little sympathy to spare for those of others. Every man must bear his own burden in this world, and he will gain nothing by croaking out that it is heavier than his neighbor's. If he bear it cheerfully and patiently it will soon become lighter. The young soldier staggers beneath the weight of his knapsack before his first long march is over, but if he complains he will only be laughed at by his comrades: let him bear it without murmuring, and use will soon make it easier. It is the same with every other burden; each man has his own; he may imagine that it is heavier than his neighbor's, but he will only expose himself to ridicule by saying so. If on the other hand he bears it as if it were no burden at all, and talks as if his shoulders were free from every weight, the world will begin to smile upon him, and to assist him in every way. We know of the case of two merchants who had amassed considerable fortunes abroad, and had returned home with the intention of winding up their affairs and enjoying the fruits of their labors. It so happened, however, that owing to an unexpected commercial crisis, the firms to which they belonged were involved in bankruptcy and they lost every thing. Both returned to their former field of labor, and resumed business; but their bearing was different. One assembled his creditors and told them, with a sepulchral voice, that he was a monu-

ment of misery, a bark stranded on the sea of life, and so forth; his creditors took him at his word and kept aloof from him. There is nothing which commercial men detest so much as 'croaking': a merchant must be hopeful and sanguine or he will never succeed. The other treated his misfortune lightly, told his creditors that with a little time and patience he could soon regain his position, and ended by obtaining their confidence and support. He sat down cheerfully at the old desk which he thought he had left for ever, and worked there patiently for ten years; at the end of that time he found himself possessed of a larger fortune than before. The other is still a struggling man; his constant croaking has exhausted the sympathy of his friends and exposed him to the ridicule of the careless and indifferent.

Now the lesson taught by this fact is applicable to every department of life. If we have been unfortunate, there is no use sitting down wringing our hands and bemoaning our hard fate. Ill-natured people will say that it serves us right; our friends will let us sit there, excusing themselves on the ground that it would be foolish to help those who can not help themselves. And the longer we sit, the more difficult it will be to rise. If we start up at once, we may shake off half the weight of our misfortune; but if we sit long, it will be like the Old Man of the Mountain on the back of Sinbad the Sailor, we shall never get quit of it. Begin to work, for there is a positive pleasure in the putting forth of all our energies and faculties in any department of labor. We are speaking, of course, of the young and energetic; it is different with those who are old and worn out. Still, even in their case, it is better to work a little than merely to croak. It was a noble sight to see Scott, with failing memory and partially clouded intellect, seating himself in the old library chair at Abbotsford, determined to win back with his pen the fortune he had lost. What though he did not altogether succeed? Was it not better thus to brace himself to his task, with a mind prepared for either fate, than to yield to despair? Though he had never gained a sixpence by his writings, he was far happier working the rich mine of his own fertile imagination than living in helpless, hopeless inactivity. The greatest of all croakers is the man who has nothing to do. It will never do

to be idle. We must all go in for something, and work for it as if our lives depended on success. Even if it should lead to nothing, the putting forth of all our energies in the pursuit is a source of enjoyment. The small annoyances of life can not reach a man whose mind is earnestly occupied with some idea, or some favorite pursuit: he is proof against all the arrows which the world can shoot at him. A friend of mine was wounded in the ankle at the battle of the Alma, but his mind was so intently occupied with fighting that he only discovered his wound when all was over. Pitt often came down to the House suffering all the tortures of gout, but no sooner did he become heated with his subject than he forgot his bodily pain; so powerful is the influence which the mind exercises over the body. But the mind can exercise almost the same influence over itself. Something has occurred to annoy us, and the mind broods over it. If we yield to this tendency it will be the source of much unhappiness. We may not be able to rase out the painful impression all at once; but if we fix our minds intently upon some other subject which requires the exercise of thought, it will be very much weakened. The unoccupied mind feeds on the flame of its own discontent; idleness, even for an hour, is an invitation to all the fiends to troop in and to take possession.

"A little rift within the lute
Will soon make all the music mute."

A little indolence, a brief vacuity of thought, may enervate the mind for the labor of a whole day. If you feel its poppy influences spreading over you, start up and shake yourself; be intent about something, however trivial it may seem, and the insidious languor will soon pass away. John Leech, in one of his sketches, has well illustrated the distinction between croaking idleness and self-contented activity. Two young men have gone out to spend their annual holiday in fishing. The rain begins to pour down in torrents; one of them throws aside his rod, but the other continues to fish with stern determination. "*Do* come home," says the croaker. "Well," says the happy fellow, "I never see such a precious disagreeable old chap; *you* come out for a day's pleasuring and *you* are always for going home." Of course the rain was far from

pleasant, but he knew that a day of enforced idleness was still worse, and clung to his rod as a protection against *ennui* and discontent. He knew the value of the words of the wise man: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might;" he had come out to fish, and fish he would, though a waterspout should burst upon his head. We should all act on the same principle, and many of the clouds of life will be dissipated; the lion in the path will be found to be only a jackass; the mind once set in motion will find happiness in the play of its own faculties, and be proof against the corroding cares of life. No matter what the employment may be so long as it is innocent; read, think, write, fish, shoot, paint, farm; go down in a diving-bell or up in a balloon; do any thing you choose; but, above all things, never be idle, or you will soon become a croaker. We were traveling the other day with a gentleman who had made a large fortune in one of the colonies and returned to England to enjoy it. It is the manner of our countrymen, Froissart tells us, to take their pleasure sadly; it certainly was so in this case. He was traveling for pleasure, but pleasure seemed to elude his grasp; like the old man in Rogers' poem, "he looked for something he knew not what," and seemed grievously disappointed at not finding it. With all his wealth he was a man to be pitied; he felt so himself; the change from active employment to listless idleness had embittered his mind. "I have nothing to do," he said, "but to spend my money, and I had far more pleasure in making it." Of course he had, because the making of it elicited all his powers and gave a healthy tone to his mind, which became morbid when it had no longer any thing to occupy it. The spending of money conferred no pleasure because he felt no interest in the objects on which it was spent.

Croaking may be regarded as the normal condition of the agricultural mind. The British farmer is always at daggers drawing with the clerk of the weather, whom he looks upon as his natural enemy. It is impossible to please him; the sun is not without its spots, and the finest day has a flaw. England has rarely been blessed with a more abundant harvest than the present; it seems as if a provision had thus been made for the wants of those who are suffering from the folly of others.

The most inveterate croaker has been compelled to admit that he had never a better crop of wheat; but he shakes his head when you talk of the hops. He has his doubts and fears, the dread of the future mars the enjoyment of the present, and he can not restrain a slightly subdued croak. But the truth is that croaking may be heard among all classes and on every possible subject. There is the croaker, deeply versed in geology, who foresees the day when our rich coal mines shall be exhausted, and the earth so weakened in her productive powers as no longer to supply her inhabitants with food. There is the political croaker, who foresees ruin approaching his country and the New Zealander already mounting the bridge. There is the literary croaker who can see no beauty in the works of living authors, who professes to believe that all genius has died out amongst us, and who finds no comfort in the cheering assurance of the poet:

"Yes, there are hearts prophetic Hope may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordained to fire th' adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordained to light, with intellectual ray,
The mazy wheels of nature as they play,
Or warm with fancy's energy to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below."

There is a close connection between criticism and croaking; a strong tendency on the part of every critic to believe himself a being far superior to the author who has to submit to his scalpel. He thinks himself entitled, in virtue of his office, to look down with calm superiority upon every author of the day, though he himself may never have written a line that the world took note of. And not only does he look down upon him, but he invites every blockhead that reads his lucubrations to do the same. We know of one periodical that has gained a certain ephemeral success by trying to play the devil with every thing and every body, like the M.P. in *Nicholas Nickleby*. It tells us that Thackeray has no constructive power, that Dickens never *could* write English, that nineteen out of every score of authors are presumptuous blockheads, worthy of the contempt of all its readers, who are thus flattered into the belief that they are extremely clever creatures, and that the critic has great powers of discrimination.

No young author of talent need ever be frightened by the croaking of these critical bull-frogs; real, genuine merit can never be kept down by adverse criticism. Jeffrey and his compeers assailed every author who differed from them in politics; Gifford retaliated in the *Quarterly*; but the large-hearted generous public, unswayed by their miserable carplings, has done justice to the great men whose living fame they tried to destroy. We would say to every young author as Paul said to Timothy, "Let no man despise thy youth. Cultivate the gift that is in thee." Be true to yourself, and if you have the root of the matter within you, you will be sure to rise. The bright flame of true literary merit can never be snuffed out by adverse criticism, which is only dangerous when it is deserved.

Goldsmith in one of his plays has given us an admirable picture of the social, religious, and political croaker, all rolled into one. He calls on his friend, and every subject of conversation enables him to indulge in his peculiar vein. He discovers that his friend is looking miserably ill, and ascribes this change to the weather. He is assured that there is no ground for his apprehensions, and that the weather is unexceptionable. "Perhaps so," he rejoins; "indeed, what signifies what weather we have in a country going to ruin like ours? Taxes rising and trade falling, money flying out of the kingdom, and Jesuits swarming into it. I know at this moment no less than a hundred and twenty-seven Jesuits between Charing Cross and Temple Bar." It is hinted that there is no danger of their perversion; but this remark serves only to elicit a croak on the general state of religion. "Indeed, what signifies whom they pervert in a country that has never any religion to lose? I'm only afraid for our wives and daughters." He is assured that the ladies are not exposed to any danger, and indulges in a croak at the expense of the sex. "Indeed, what signifies whether they be perverted or no? The women in my time were good for something. I have seen a lady dressed from top to toe in her own manufactures formerly; but nowadays there is nothing of their own manufacture about them except their faces." (A modern croaker would not even give them credit for *that*.) It is insinuated that the ladies of his own household are an exception. "The best of them," says Croaker, with

candid impartiality, "will never be canonized for a saint when she is dead." An allusion is made to the authority he should exercise as the head of the household, and a fresh grievance bursts forth. "My dear friend, you know but little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in a morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all's well within; but I have cares within that would break a heart of stone. My wife has so encroached upon every one of my privileges, that I am now no more than a mere lodger in my own house." A little spirit, it is hinted, might enable him to regain his authority. "No," says Croaker, emphatically, "not though I had the spirit of a lion! I do rouse sometimes; but what then?—always baggling and haggling. A man is tired of getting the better before his wife is tired of losing the victory." All this talk begins to tell upon his friend, and betrays him, through sympathy, into an incipient croak on the miseries of human life. Croaker is in ecstasies, and discovers a likeness between him and Dick Doleful, who drowned himself. "Ah! he grew sick of this miserable life, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, dress and undress, get up and lie down; while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our side, falls as fast asleep as we do. Life, at the greatest and best, is but a froward child, that must be humored and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over." The friend is so affected by these words that he croaks louder than Croaker himself, who says: "It is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. I'll just step home for my son. And what if I bring my last letter to the *Gazeteer* on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit, from London to Lisbon, from Lisbon to the Canary Islands, from the Canary Islands to Palmyra, from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Constantinople back to London again." The author shows his knowledge of human nature by making Mrs. Croaker one of the jolliest and happiest of women; as her husband says: "I believe she could spread a horse-laugh through the pews of a tabernacle." People condemned to listen to constant croaking are obliged to be jolly in self-defense, otherwise life would be-

come intolerable; and they usually succeed. Have you not observed that the husband of a carping, querulous, discontented woman is usually a good-humored, kindly fellow, who tries to humor the whims and fancies of his better half, and will not admit to himself or others that she is any thing but the best of wives? Such men are the Tapleys of conjugal existence—often sorely tried, but superior to all their trials.

Now it strikes us that Croaker is not altogether an imaginary being. Let the reader reflect for a moment, and he will be able to recall some one in the circle of his own acquaintance who might have sat for this picture—some miserable, yammering, croaking, carping creature, who is always laboring under some imaginary evil, or anticipating some future woe—who has exhausted the sympathies of others by his constant complaints, and no longer excites their alarm by announcing approaching calamities. It is part of their idiosyncrasy to weep while others rejoice, and to rejoice while others weep. The enjoyment of the present is marred by visions of future evil; but actual misfortune is almost a source of satisfaction. "Did I not always say so?" is the semi-jubilant croak frequently uttered by one of this class, when he sees his friends or his family overwhelmed by some great sorrow. "There's the advantage," says Croaker, "of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand—we never feel them when they come."

It may be objected that such a croaker is to be seen only on the stage, and never to be met with in real life; our own experience would lead us to an opposite conclusion. We had occasion recently to pass through some of the more intricate and less frequented streets of Westminster. While there is much in that district to interest the antiquary or the student of history, we may as well confess at once that no higher motive than a desire to economize space and time brought us into the vicinity of the Broadway. Our eyes and ears, however, were open to the strange sights and sounds around us, the strangeness of which can only be realized by an actual visit. On turning a corner, our attention was arrested by a large placard fixed on a pole fronting the street. It stood inside a sort of wooden railing which surrounded an open court in front of an old house that stood back some yards from the street. On this placard was a

representation of John Bull—not the round, rosy, well-conditioned old fellow familiar to us all, but John Bull in the last stage of deceased respectability and disreputable seediness. His once ample person was so attenuated, that his clothes hung loosely around him; his battered hat was driven violently over his ears; his stockingless toes were peeping through the points of his unpolished boots; to each foot was attached a weight, marked "Four Hundred Millions of National Debt;" in each hand was a blacking-bottle, with a lighted farthing candle stuck into its mouth. Beneath was an inscription, far from complimentary, demanding if the old dotard would still go on illuminating and rejoicing with a burden of eight hundred millions on his back. There was a sort of coarse, rude humor in the sketch, which we began to transfer to our note-book. We forgot that we were in a crowded thoroughfare, and that it was impossible to use our pencil in such a place without attracting notice. In a moment or two we were surrounded by an unsavory multitude, whose curiosity brought them into unpleasant contact with our person, so that we began to close our note-book, and to think of retreating, when an elderly man, of some seventy years of age, with a jolly, good-humored face, and that certain something in his air which marks the old soldier, advanced from the house, and pointing to the placard, said, "Do you see the amount? Eight—hundred—millions!" He drawled out each word in an unctuous tone of voice, as if he felt an intense satisfaction in the largeness of the amount. We nodded assent. "Well," he continued, "you may safely add another hundred millions, without going beyond the mark." We looked incredulous. "But I'll prove it," he said; and rushing into the house, he returned with a couple of pamphlets, which he placed in our hands. We thanked him for the gift, and made off at once, to the evident disappointment of the mob, who had been expecting a passage of arms between us and the British Slave. We mean nothing offensive to one who treated us with much courtesy; we merely use the name which he bestows upon himself. On the outer page of the pamphlet is a portrait of the British Slave, with his large head resting on his ample palm, and an air of intense thought in his somewhat ponderous countenance. In this pamphlet the British Slave, with some in-

consistency, calls himself a medical, political, and social reformer. His own abject state has not swallowed up his sympathy for others, or blinded him to their sufferings. As to the State, like Pangloss, he would "reform it altogether." Hamlet more than hinted that there was something rotten in the State of Denmark; but the British Slave has discovered that there is rottenness and nothing else in the State of England. His soul is bent on reform, and his remarks are "addressed to the world at large, friend or foe, and especially dedicated to those patrician political patriarchs who, like himself, have passed the age usually allotted to human nature, three score and ten, but (as he charitably hopes and trusts) not all imbecile babblers." He begins with a croak at Mother Church, which compels him and other British serfs to pay twelve millions annually, whether they believe her doctrines or not. He asserts his right to rank among the great inventors of the age, and mourns over the ingratitude of his country. "In 1852, at the commencement of the Russian war, at great expense, labor, and anxiety, I invented and constructed a war-machine, which would (if brought into action) have effectually stayed the further effusion of blood, as its destructive powers would have instantly annihilated both armies and navies, field-works and fortifications." If the war-machine would really have annihilated both armies, we need not be surprised that the government refused to adopt it. It would certainly have stayed the further effusion of blood, as there would have been no more blood to effuse. But mark the reward which an ungrateful country bestows upon inventive genius. "I patented the invention at great expense, and the sole reward I reaped for my patriotic labors was eleven months' imprisonment in the Queen's Bench!" In the future history of science the name of the British Slave will rank with those of Kepler, Galileo, and others, of whom the age in which they lived was not worthy.

The sight of a lawyer's gown has the same effect on the British Slave as a red cloak on a turkey-cock: it rouses him to such a state of frenzy that his utterance becomes somewhat incoherent. He looks upon the Lord Chancellor as his personal foe, and expresses his utter abhorrence of "his brigade of horse-hair whigamores, y'clept the 'Devil's Own,' independent of the squadrons of legal Mawworms who

live and thrive on the rotten, putrid state of society." We feel curious to discover the cause of the hatred every where expressed against "the hewigged, useless humbugs called the Bar." On reading on we hit upon the secret cause of all this soreness. On one occasion the Slave had availed himself of the professional services of an attorney: their intercourse ripened into the semblance of friendship, and the legal adviser borrowed his client's pamphlet to read. "I told him he might take as many as he needed, and he staggered from my house with a whole armful, and absolutely had the audacity to charge me, in his so-called 'Bill of Costs,' £1 1s. for perusing the same." This was the unkindest cut of all. No wonder that from that hour his deluded victim began to wince at the very thought of a lawyer, and that the horse-hair wig became to him the very abomination of desolation.

The British Slave has inventions for curing as well as for killing: his genius, like the spear of Achilles, can heal the wounds it causes. The curative and the destructive powers of nature are equally obedient to his call: he can wield the lancet of *Æsculapius*, or the bow of the far-darting god. "When the cholera was raging in 1852, and hundreds of poor white slaves, nicknamed Free Britons, were dying around me, I offered to the government to cure man, woman, or child for 3d. or 8d. per head, and to forfeit £5 for every death which occurred under my treatment." This was something better than "No cure, no pay." But did the government accept this patriotic offer? If the British Slave succeeded, it was not too much to pay 3d. or 8d. for saving the life of a "man, woman, or child:" if he failed, the Treasury would gain £5 by every death. But what was the result? "I was summoned to Chelsea Hospital, and told that if I did so I should lose my pension." If he did what? Why, if he cured man, woman, or child he was to lose his pension, which eventually he did lose. And we call this a free country. No wonder that after meeting with this rebuff he should begin to expose the fallacies of the Faculty, and place lawyers and doctors in the same category.

"I'll explain to you the difference between dying from law and dying from physic. It is this: the lawyer lingers you to death, and the doctor, being licensed to do so, kills you at once." The British

Slave, not being licensed to kill, professes only to cure; and that he is successful in doing so "can be proved by thousands and thousands whom nature has afflicted with every fearful malady that flesh is heir to." In pursuing these labors of love he has to work harder than any black slave on a cotton plantation. "I am at my post fourteen hours daily, from Sunday morning at ten o'clock till twelve o'clock on Saturday night, and often called up in the dead of the night." We are afraid that his labors are not of a highly remunerative character; but if any of our readers are afflicted with toothache, it may be satisfactory to them to know that he "hauls out a grinder for 3d.," and is prepared to deal on more liberal terms. "Send all your superannuated molars, grinders, etc., to me, and I will take them all out, without trouble, for a penny each—a dozen out in five minutes." The meaning of this request is not quite clear: it seems to imply a double process of extraction—one by the patient, the other by the operator. All our superannuated grinders and molars are to be sent to the British Slave; but how can they be sent without being extracted? If they are extracted, how can he take them out? But a certain incoherency is pardonable in one who works fourteen hours a day all the year round. To extract a molar or a grinder for a penny must entitle the operator to rank as a public benefactor: yet there are depths of poverty to which his beneficence can not reach. What a pang his generous heart must have felt when he penned the following lines: "There are hundreds of poverty-stricken serfs whom I have to turn from my door every week, they not having means to pay for relief from their sufferings." Will no one take pity on them? We have penny subscriptions for building churches in destitute districts: will no one subscribe to extract the molars and grinders of the poor at a penny a head?

An old Covenanter left a dying protest in which he denounced most things animate and inanimate; the British Slave is as

sweeping in his denunciations. Unlike the virtuous man of the poet, who finds good in every thing, he finds good only in himself: all besides is anathema. He finds nothing but rottenness in the Senate, the Bar, the Church, the medical profession. No wonder, then, that he lifts up his voice and cries aloud against existing evil. No wonder that he has written to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Lord Chancellor, and Dr. Brady, pointing out the abuses of which he complains: his voice has been as the voice of one crying in the wilderness: they receive his letters, but they answer them not. There is one exception he writes to Lord Palmerston thus: "My Lord, I write to you, rather indignantly, but still, for the sake of common-sense, on account of the gross ignorance which I see daily among the *medical profession*, which is, literally, and not figuratively, disgusting. I have asked repeatedly both yourself and your colleagues to visit my cabin, and to test my systems and plans, but no notice has yet been taken of my serious applications." This serious application met with the following answer: "I am desired by Lord Palmerston to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, but, to inform you that her Majesty's government have no control over the practice of the *medical profession*." Ordinary people would regard this answer as a cool rebuff; but it rejoiced the heart of the British Slave, who, on reading it, exclaims: "This letter of courtesy from Palmerston will add another feather in his cap, which will last from generation to generation." If we were disposed to be critical, we might ask, "Which is to last from generation to generation—the feather or the cap?" But we are sick of the Slave, as perhaps our readers are, and leave him with the concluding remark that the best answer to his groundless croaking is the fact of such an inveterate croaker being left at large. In any other country of Europe he would be consigned to a mad-house or a prison.

P. C. B.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

"PLAYING at Soldiers," a disease from which many princes suffered during the last century, had taken the strange turn with Frederick William I., King of Prussia, that he insisted on having, not only the most but the tallest soldiers. Owing to his exertions, one of the great curiosities of his capital was the Potsdam Guard—a collection of giants such as the world had never seen before or since. As recruits of such a size were naturally scarce, the king not only sent out recruiting-officers to look them up, but had special agents in foreign parts, with orders to enlist tall fellows for the guard. No expense was spared in the matter, and improper means and representations were not despised. Mr. Carlyle has collected a good many anecdotes on this head, to which we are enabled to add another curious assortment, not generally known, from the copious archives of the Saxon Court, which Carl von Weber has recently published, under the title of *Aus Vier Jahrhunderten*.

A young Courland gentleman, belonging to a very rich and respected family, went to Germany at the age of nineteen for the purpose of studying; his great height attracted the attention of a Prussian recruiting-officer, who joined him on the journey, feigned great interest in him, and induced him to pass through Berlin, where he promised to show him the sights. When they arrived, he took the young man to a wine-house, where they drank the king's health; then a picket entered, seized the recruit, as the officer declared him to be, and led him to the main-guard; he was really compelled to enlist, and regarded it as a great favor that it was promised he should be a non-commissioned officer within a year, and an ensign in three.

Another instance of a similar nature occurred at Genoa in 1739. A Prussian officer, who had been residing there for some time, formed an acquaintance with the family of the Marquis de Brezé, and became intimate with that nobleman's

son, the Chevalier d'Argentera, who was remarkably tall. He often talked to him about the Prussian army, the brilliant career that offered in it, and induced the young gentleman to accompany him home. Several months elapsed ere his family heard any thing from him, and they at last applied to the Saxon minister, Von Wackerbarth, who made inquiries, and really found him a prisoner in the guard-house. The Prussian officer had made him a present to the Margrave Frederick von Schwedt; but no persuasion would induce him to enlist. Hence he had been locked up to break his temper. All the consolation Von Wackerbarth could offer his despairing family was: "It seems to me that he will have no better chance of escape than the other foreign marquises, counts, and barons who have been brought here through great promises, and after all were put in the ranks."

When there was any extra-fine specimen of food for powder, who could not be got hold of in another way, the recruiters did not hesitate to employ force, even if they had to invade foreign territory. Thus, in 1724 a captain of Prince Leopold of Dessau's regiment carried off a tall man from the neighborhood of Darmstadt. He was gagged, and thrown into a cart; but he contrived to raise an alarm. People ran up, and prevented the cart from starting; the commandant of the garrison arrested the Prussian officer, and sent him to Cassel, where he remained a prisoner till the affair was arranged.

In January, 1733, Prussian troops crossed the frontier of Anhalt-Cöthen to seize a tall shepherd; they succeeded in carrying him off, but he made a desperate effort to escape. The cornet in command rode after him, and shot him dead.

On another occasion the recruiters laid an ambush in the road between Harburg and Lüneburg for a Hanoverian postillion, who had resisted all their persuasions. When he arrived with the letter-bag, they dragged him off his horse, and carried him away; but they let the horse with

the bag go. The latter event occurred shortly before the king's death; and Frederick the Great, immediately after ascending the throne, ordered the postilion to be liberated, and his abductors severely punished.

The king had a regular inventory drawn up by his spies in Electoral Saxony, in which every man a few inches above the average height was entered. With this "*liste des grands hommes qui se trouvent en Saxe*," Frederick William regularly surprised Field-Marshal von Flemming, who, himself an amateur, had no idea what a treasure in giants Saxony contained; at the same time the king begged to have the individuals. Count Von Flemming replied that although he was prevented by the laws from executing the order perforce, he would do his best to satisfy the royal wish. He collected twelve men "of the height of the third rank of grenadiers," whom he sent to the king perfectly armed and equipped, according to the Potsdam regulations. This present was not made in perfect disinterestedness; for Count von Wackerbarth was expressly told to drop a hint that the Court of Dresden expected a return, in the shape of rarities from the Berlin Museum; but the appearance of any formal exchange must be avoided, "*pour éviter*," as Count Flemming wrote, "*de troquer des raretés contre des figures vivantes*." This bashfulness, so extraordinary for the age, was, however, not recognized at Berlin. The recruits were thankfully received; but the rarities were not offered. Some time after, a hint was dropped to the Saxon Resident at Berlin that the king felt disposed to swap his museum, cabinet of medals, and library for tall men. Suhm went through the collection with Privy-Councillor von Marschall, and selected several things which he fancied adapted for a barter. Among these, fifteen in number, we may more especially mention—the coins; the collection of an old Duke of Pomerania; four marble statues (Diana of Ephesus, a large and a small Priapus, and a Momus); an equestrian statue of Frederick William; a St. George in bronze; and, finally, "*des peaux extraordinaires des Indes*." These articles were valued at the sum of five hundred thousand thalers by Von Marschall; while, on the other hand, he offered a very low price for the objects taken in exchange—but three hundred thalers for the very

tallest recruit. Suhm, in his dispatches, turns up the whites of his eyes at the low estimate placed on Saxon human flesh, and the whole affair fell to the ground.

Flemming still continued his private dealings with the King of Prussia in long fellows. On one occasion he sold him four men for five thousand dollars; on another, gave him two, in order "to obtain the pardon of M. de Sparfeld." With a similar object he wrote to a Saxon officer: "If I can get hold of that handsome tall fellow, Andreas Hessen by name, of Crieger's regiment, I shall be pleased; and better still if he does not cost much. I intend to exchange him with the King of P. for a bassoon-player; but he must not be in uniform." This musician was one of the first *virtuosi* on his instrument, and a great favorite of the Queen of Prussia; but though she deeply lamented his loss, Flemming secured him for his private band. As early as 1716, Flemming resolved to make the king a present of six fine fellows; and ordered Von Manteuffel, at that time Saxon envoy at Berlin, to inform the king of the fact. The envoy considered it, however, thorough extravagance, and resolved to economize. At the next audience he imparted to the king that Count Flemming begged to lay himself at his Majesty's feet and implore a favor. To the query, What is it? Manteuffel replied, with a serious look: "Your Majesty has several fine fellows in your guards." The king interrupted him in alarm: "I am sure he wants to get one off." "Not at all," the diplomatist made answer; "on the contrary, the marshal desires to augment their number, and begs permission to offer your Majesty three or four picked men." The king testified the greatest delight, embraced Manteuffel, and begged him to offer Flemming his most hearty thanks. Flemming was much pleased with the saving, and ordered General von Wostromirski to deliver three of the men to the king, and keep the other three "in store" for him. The Saxon cabinet-minister Von Wackerbarth also managed to gain the king's favor in the same way. On his Majesty's birthday, August 14th, 1715, he sent him, by the hands of a tall, well-built man, a large bundle of tobacco-leaves, with two handsome Turkish pipes, and an embroidered bag of fragrant Latakîéh, and begged him also to accept "*le cupidon qui en etait le porteur*." The king was highly delighted

at the polite attention; and we read in a letter "that he was in such good humor, and his companions the same, that they did not spare the wine, and the majority of them drank more than they could carry." Field-Marshal Count Seckendorf also presented the king, in 1733, with a Tyrolean as tall as his native mountains, for whom he declared he had paid five thousand thalers. In 1725 Flemming again presented the King of Prussia with two "tall fellows," for whom he stated he had been offered four thousand thalers by dealers who wished to drive a bargain with the king.

When the man-hunt proved difficult, the recruiters did not hesitate to violate the Saxon territory; and serious disputes arose in consequence. When, in 1727, a Prussian non-commissioned officer was arrested in Saxony, and sentenced to be hanged, the King of Prussia at once intimated to the Saxon envoy at Berlin, Von Suhm, that "he would have to answer for it in person." Whereupon the envoy fled with his family to Lübben until the difference was settled. The King of Saxony wrote that he did not insist upon the punishment of the culprit, because he "was not naturally inclined to cause any body annoyance, much less his Majesty's subjects;" and Frederick William thanked him very heartily for his generosity. But the quarrel was renewed in 1739. A Prussian captain of Prince Eugene von Anhalt's regiment went to Warsaw under the pretext that he had left the service: he secretly enlisted several *gardes du corps*, and made off with them; but was followed and arrested. In vain did he offer five hundred ducats to be set at liberty; he was carried back to Warsaw, and kept in prison for a lengthened period.

In England, which country supplied a number of splendid fellows, though at a high figure, the Prussian ambassador, Von Bork, had played the go-between on several occasions, and aroused great dissatisfaction among the public. When he went to Berlin on leave, the English government expressed a wish that he might not return to his post, as there was reason to fear that the mob would insult him. The King of Prussia, who had yielded to England before on a similar matter, was very angry at the hint, declared that he would not recall Von Bork, and "if any thing happened to him in London, he

would take it out of the English ambassador at Berlin." The king was repeatedly urged to check the behavior of his recruiting agents. Wackerbarth, writing to Flemming in 1732, says: "I know that the empress, as well as Prince Eugene, has made serious representations to his Prussian Majesty on his passion for tall men, and the means he employs and the expense he incurs to get hold of them: and it is believed that this remonstrance has made an impression on his mind." This hope, however, was not confirmed, although the most serious conflicts with neighboring states were impending. The Elector of Cologne, from whose states several men had been carried off perforce, had an equal number of Prussian subjects arrested "until he could get his people back again." The same elector entered into negotiations with the Elector of the Palatinate, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and several other governments, for the purpose of forming an offensive and defensive alliance against the Prussian recruiting agents. The emperor, too, who had permitted the king to enlist "long fellows" in his states, was compelled to recall his sanction in 1737, in consequence of the excesses that took place. The King of Prussia was beside himself on hearing of this. Without informing his ministers, he issued an order forbidding his people to supply any imperialist soldier with quarters and provisions, no matter what sum he might offer for them. At the same time he sent his minister, Von Marschall, who had the management of the recruiting chest, and hence obtained the sobriquet of "Sanctus Recrutius," to the Austrian envoy at Berlin, to inform him of this measure. The result was that the king was compelled to recall the decree willy-nilly, and gave the excuse that it had arisen from a misunderstanding.

In the Netherlands the repeated excesses of the recruiters had aroused equally great bitterness; and the Saxon minister, Flemming, all but became an innocent victim to it. While traveling through Holland, in 1724, with a numerous escort, he was taken in a town for his Majesty of Prussia traveling *incog*. A mob collected before the inn where he had put up, and whenever the count showed himself at a window, they shouted mockingly, "Right face, left face; twenty-five stripes." Tall recruits were offered to one of the escort to get him into a trap, and thus

give occasion for a row; and the mob was not appeased till the mistake was cleared up. As the most earnest representations remained ineffectual, a Prussian officer and sergeant were shot at Mästricht, and a recruiter hung. In reprisal Frederick William I. arrested several Netherlands officers who were accidentally in his states, and demanded a compensation of two hundred and fifty thousand thalers, under menace of laying an embargo on all Dutch goods. The difference, it is true, was made up for the time; but the recruiting excesses did not cease, and consequently a Prussian officer, caught red-handed at Liège in 1739, was hung in full-dress uniform, with the order *pour le mérite* suspended round his neck. Such examples naturally created great alarm among the recruiters in foreign parts, and many gave up a profession in which zeal received such a reward. This, however, caused great embarrassment to the captains of companies, because the king expected that each of them should have long fellows at the right wing, and, as far as possible, foreigners: if he missed such ornaments on parade, cashiering or Spandau was the usual punishment. According to Manteuffel, the king, in November, 1739, sent a major to the fortress for six years because he had no foreign recruits. General von Forcade once implored Marshal von Flemming to help him out with a few tall recruits, because "the king," he wrote, "has declared that the man who had no good recruits should be broken like a glass." That this threat was meant seriously is proved by a letter from the Saxon secretary of legation, dated from Berlin, June 16th, 1739, in which he states: "H. M. has broken, in front of their companies, two majors, one of the name of Katt, of Glasenapp's regiment; the other belonging to Prince Charles. No other reason can be alleged than that they had not a sufficient number of recruits of great height. M. de Katt had spent out of his own pocket, during the last year, upwards of ten thousand crowns, in order to have good recruits." To escape such a fate, the officers were constantly compelled to make large pecuniary sacrifices, as a single man frequently cost them several thousand thalers. Manteuffel tells us, *inter alia*, that an Austrian gentleman sold his son, a lad of seventeen, to a captain at Magdeburg for four thousand thalers, and a monthly pen-

sion of ten thalers. They were consequently expensive parade articles, whose loss through death or desertion was a serious affair. Thus, during 1739 the fugleman of a regiment at Berlin drank too deeply at an inn. On his return he fell into the Spree, off a bridge whose railing was broken, and was drowned: he was a foreigner, and cost the captain of his company fifteen hundred thalers. The latter applied to the king, represented that the accident had occurred through the neglect of the officials, and requested that the culprit should be compelled to repay the fifteen hundred thalers. The king agreed to this; and at once ordered that, until the money was paid, the official should have a corporal and six men quartered on him.

The crown-prince was also obliged to try and satisfy his father's wishes in this matter; but, strange to say for the period, spurned all violent and illegal steps. In 1735 the Council of Danzig had promised him *deux Colosses*, but they did not arrive; and when an officer of the prince's suite brought up the subject without his knowledge, he received an answer from Danzig, that, to their great regret, they were unable to fulfill their promise, because the men declined to enter the Prussian service. At the same time, Count Manteuffel was requested by the town-council to support this excuse; but when he spoke to the prince on the subject, the latter was extremely angry at the unbidden zeal of his officer, and added, "I should be very pleased to have these two men, if they would serve the king willingly, but I do not desire the magistrates to force them, or incur expenses in order to procure them for me. I would sooner give them up." On one occasion, however, the crown-prince had a most unexpected addition to his income to cover the expenses which his recruits entailed on him. We will describe the scene in the language of the Saxon secretary of legation:

"When, last week, his royal Majesty, with the whole of his royal family, as well as the other princes of the house, and the chiefs of regiments, was seated at dinner at the royal table, General von Schwerin rose and said, how every faithful subject would feel delighted, if he could see the royal family thus happy together. Upon this the king turned to the crown-prince, and said to him, 'Fritze, I love thee from my heart; I have now at length learned

to know thee thoroughly ; there is a Frederick William in thee, and I will give thee whatever thou mayst wish to have.' The crown-prince, upon this gracious speech, rose, in order to kiss his Majesty's coat ; but the king did not allow it, and rose from his seat and embraced the crown-prince, saying, 'Thou art my dear son ; tell me what thou desirest, and thou shalt have it.' Upon this the crown-prince made answer, that he would implore his Majesty's constant love and favor, and returned to his seat. They had scarce seated themselves ere General Von Schwerin began speaking again, and said, 'Your Majesty, the annual recruits cost a deal of money.' 'Now, Fritze,' the king said, 'I give thee, in the first place, one hundred thousand thalers ; and if that is not enough, tell me so.' Upon this gracious statement the crown-prince rose again, in order to kiss the coat and express his thanks ; but his Majesty embraced him once more with the same tenderness, and other matters were spoken about."

A curious bargain, in which the king swapped a horse for recruits, is also told us by the Saxon Resident. King Frederick I. had bought a Spanish stallion, for which he paid fifteen hundred thalers ; but it did not reach Berlin till after the monarch's death. Wackerbarth was greatly pleased with the splendid animal ; and Frederick William, who noticed this, expressed his readiness to let him have it for twenty-four recruits, and Wackerbarth offered twelve grenadiers. After the deal had been going on for some time without any settlement, the king, after a dinner at which all had drunk stoutly, brought the matter up in the presence of the Duke of Wurtemberg, the Prince of Anhalt, and other generals, by saying, "Come, to oblige you, Wackerbarth, I will knock off four fellows ; but you won't have the horse any cheaper." Wackerbarth replied that his Majesty had certainly allowed him time to reflect ; but he had scruples of conscience, because his grenadiers were baptized, which the stallion was not ; still he would give twelve grenadiers. The Prince of Anhalt here interposed by saying, "What the deuce, your Majesty, are you about ? The Spaniard for twenty grenadiers ? I'll give you thirty, and all of the first height." The king looked at Wackerbarth, and said, "If he does not make up his mind

at once, I shall accept the prince's offer." The count politely remarked that he should never pardon himself if he let slip so favorable an opportunity to oblige the king and the prince at the same time. The prince, whom Wackerbarth suspected of "standing in" with the king, fell into his own trap ; for Frederick William accepted the offer, and the prince really obtained the horse for the thirty recruits. When the Duke of Wurtemberg shortly after offered one thousand florins for the animal, Wackerbarth told him that he desired to secure the stallion for the King of Saxony, and begged that he might have the refusal. The prince assented, and the count obtained the horse for three hundred ducats.

How the king took advantage of every opportunity to increase his collection of giants is proved by the events of 1735. When the last battle of Stanislaus Leczynski for the Polish crown ended with his flight, many of his partisans followed him to Königsberg, and saw that there was no better way of securing Frederick William's favor than promising to procure him tall recruits. A number of these Poles consequently signed agreements, by which each of them bound himself to procure the king a certain number. The Bishop of Wilna did this too, and pledged himself not to quit the Prussian states till he had fulfilled his obligations. He was unable to do so, however ; and when he wished to return to Poland after the treaty of Vienna, he attempted flight, but was stopped at Königsberg. Manteuffel, who was entreated to intercede for him, declined to do so for the following reasons : "I would readily attempt to help him were he accused, for instance, of having tried to dethrone the King of Prussia, or attempt his life ; but to interfere for a person who had promised tall men would be exposing myself to the most unpleasant consequences without the slightest hope of success." The bishop and his companions in misfortune finally applied to the King of France, who, "in a strong and very dry letter," seriously besought the King of Prussia "to let them go, without asking any thing of them." The French ambassador, De la Chetardie, was ordered to hand this letter to the king ; but he preferred evading the unpleasant audience, and sent the letter to Potsdam, accompanying it "by a few sugared lines in his fashion." But the king was stung to the

quick, and sent back the letter without any answer.

Although, as we have seen, Frederick William was forced to overcome his saving propensities in enlisting foreigners, he used to enrol his own subjects at slighter cost, and personally interfere. If he met in his walks abroad a good-looking citizen or peasant, he attempted to enlist him; and if he did not find a readiness to obey, "H. M. fastened him to a long whip which he generally carried, and hauled him off thus to the main-guard." A respectable position was no protection against such force. Von Arnheim, a wealthy gentleman in the Uckermark, had an only son, remarkable even in his sixteenth year for height and good looks. The Margrave of Schwedt, whom Manteuffel describes as "naturally very brutal, and the scourge of the gentry whose estates border his," had noticed the lad, and begged the king to induce him to enter his regiment as ensign. The king told the father of this, with the words, "he had made the margrave a present of his son." Though Herr von Arnheim was most loyal, such a disposal of his son in favor of the detested margrave seemed to him to go beyond the bounds of the royal power. Hence he went to Berlin, in order to effect the recall of the promise; and it cost him a very large sum to do so.

The grown-up generation did not suffice the recruiters, and they anticipated the rising one. The officers hunted down all boys who promised to be tall; sent non-commissioned officers to their houses; had their names entered in a list; gave them a pass; and made them wear a red cravat. Although these cravats might be regarded with pride by some of the boys, their parents liked them the less, because they had to pay a heavy sum to buy them off. Thus no less an amount than four thousand thalers was demanded of a privy councillor for his son's discharge. Excesses and collisions of various descriptions were the result. A cobbler, whose son came home delighted with the new ornament a captain had given him, drove him back with his strap, saying that the captain might feed him, as he did not mean to support soldiers; whereupon the officer was induced to take his present back. A peasant behaved much more tragically; for he cleft with a hatchet the head of a sergeant who had enlisted his

son, and fled. The matter was hushed up, and an order was issued that the recruiters should refrain from entering houses, and content themselves with the lads they found in the streets.

The king's passion for "long fellows" was played on, not only by officers who wished to obtain promotion in that way, but also by others; for it was notorious that the presentation of a few giants to Frederick William would insure his assent even to the most unjust propositions. How far this went is proved by Manteuffel. A rich man living at Amsterdam had relations in Prussia, with whom he quarreled; the result was, he resolved to leave his fortune away from them. They consequently applied to the king, and promised him a number of tall fellows for the Potsdam Guard, if he would imprison the rich cousin for life in Spandau. The proposal was accepted; the Amsterdam cousin was induced to move to Cleves, where he was arrested; and he had been some weeks in the fortress, when the king's death probably liberated him. We hardly think that he left much to his Prussian cousins. The King of Denmark had the greatest difficulty in procuring the extradition of a runaway criminal who had murdered Count von Rautzau, and he was positively compelled to exchange twelve tall recruits for him.

It need not surprise us to find that soldiers who had been enlisted against their will showed no devotion to their colors, or that desertions were frequent. In spite of all the precautions, escapes were made now and then. One of the handsomest fellows in the front rank of the Potsdam Guard, a Bohemian by birth, had gained the heart of a well-to-do widow in Potsdam; but permission to marry was refused him, and the couple resolved to fly. They took their measures cautiously; they left the city before daybreak in a carriage drawn by swift horses, and had relays in readiness as far as the Saxon frontier. The deserter was not missed till eight o'clock P.M. The king was in the Tobacco College, when a sergeant arrived to make the report privily to him; and the eye-witness who reported the facts to Manteuffel declared "that he never saw a more marked terror than this communication caused his Majesty." The king turned pale, heaved a heavy sigh, and let his pipe fall. Without saying a word he left the room; a few minutes after, he

sent for an officer, to whom he gave secret orders, and remained profoundly silent the whole evening. The guests assembled in the Tabagie racked their brains in vain about the heavy misfortune which must have befallen the king and the monarchy. Two detachments of hussars were sent after the deserter, one along the road to Saxony, the other towards Magdeburg; and the strictest investigation was made, in order, at least, to discover who had helped the couple to escape; but it was all in vain. They were never seen again in Prussia.

Less successful were those deserters who fled from Magdeburg by letting themselves down the town-wall by the aid of a rope. Their flight was discovered the next morning, and the alarm-gun gave the signal for their pursuit. Four mounted officers followed them, and found them in a village belong to Anhalt-Zerbst. A captain, whose fugleman was among the deserters, went into the village to try and induce the fugitives to return voluntarily; but his exertions were in vain. In the interim, however, the other three officers had ridden off to the Duke of Anhalt, and obtained his permission to surround the village with Prussian grenadiers who had come after them. No attempt was made to storm the village; but the state of siege was protracted until the deserters were compelled to surrender. A tall Englishman, who had been led to enlist by the misrepresentations of an officer of high rank, took personal satisfaction. The fugleman met his tempter, whom he had not seen since in the palace-yard of Potsdam, just as he was going to the king. Regardless of subordination, he challenged the gentleman; and as the latter would not listen to his complaints, the fugleman gave him such a thrashing that he was compelled to keep his bed for a week. The king was reluctant to give greater publicity to the affair by punishing the culprit, and ordered it to be kept a profound secret.

In another letter we read of a regular plot on an evening in September, 1724. The king was smoking a pipe in the palace-square of Potsdam, when a drummer approached him, and on being asked what he wanted, replied that he had a secret communication to make to the king. After his Majesty had retired with him to a secluded spot, the drummer stated that upwards of twenty soldiers, mostly Frenchmen, had sworn to escape together, to de-

fend themselves to the utmost if pursued, and that they had consequently tried to supply themselves with ammunition. The accused were at once arrested, and a large number of bullets was found upon them; but they had been unable to procure any powder. When the king had one of the leaders brought before him, and questioned him, "the latter stuck his hat on his head *à la Morbleu*, stemmed his fists in his side, and said that he could not stand it any longer; he was heartily tired of his life, and the sooner the king had him hung the better." This wish, however, in which several of his comrades joined, was not satisfied. The chief criminal did not lose his life, but his ears and nose; the second was flogged by the hangman; both were declared infamous, and sent to Spandau for life, while the remainder ran the gauntlet.

Several of the impressed wretches even sought relief by killing themselves, while numerous cases are reported to us in which desperate men murdered others merely to suffer death. A young noble belonging to a rich and respected family had completed his studies, and was making a lengthened tour, when, to his sorrow, his great height attracted the attention of a recruiting officer. He was carried off by force, and made a non-commissioned officer. He bore his melancholy lot for a whole year, but then earnestly implored his discharge. It was refused him; and he then threatened to commit a crime if he were kept any longer. His parents hastened to console him, and induce him to wait a little while longer. Their departure heightened his desperation, and he rushed into the street with the resolve to stab the first person he came across. A child was his unhappy victim. Covered with its blood, he went and denounced himself as the murderer, while openly confessing the motive for the awful deed. At the beginning of 1738 a fugleman at Potsdam slew his landlord, and also declared, upon examination, that he had only done it in order to be executed, as he was wearied of life, and had not obtained his discharge, though he had served his time. He was condemned to death; but the king, who was not disposed to make a tall guardsman a head shorter, would probably have pardoned him, had it not been objected that an example was indispensable. Notices had been found in the streets of Potsdam to the effect

that the soldiers of the tall guard who could not obtain their legal discharge had sworn to fire the town, and desert *en masse*, unless their claim was conceded. As this did not take place, one of the soldiers discharged his ramrod at the king during a review held on May 15th, 1739; but as the firing was very rapid, he could not take steady aim, and hit a person in the ribs instead of the king. Reports of similar attacks in earlier years are also hinted at by Manteuffel.

It is a pleasing feature to find that Frederick William, towards the end of his life, earnestly repented the cruelty to which his liking for tall soldiers had led him. Shortly before his death he conversed with the crown-prince about the Potsdam Guard, and recognized how wrongly he had acted "in making the regiment his hobby, and expending above seven hundred thousand thalers upon it. He also declared that he should have broken up the corps long before, had not a false *point d'honneur* prevented him. To this confession he added, he hoped that the prince would act more wisely on succeeding him, and dismiss the fellows." On the day after his father's death, Frederick II. informed the regiment of guards, before they took the oath of allegiance, that any men who desired their discharge should step out of the ranks, and it would be granted at once. Only one man, however, came forward, stating that he had intended to desert, but should now remain. According to Manteuffel, only one battalion of the giant regiment was in existence in July, 1740; the rest had been picked as heyducks, discharged, or told off to other regiments.

Frederick William's example was followed at several courts, and a regular hunt began of those who had the misfortune to be a few inches taller than their fellow-men. The Saxon princes, Frederick Augustus I. and II., shared in their royal neighbor's passion. In 1721 an or-

der was issued to the Saxon regiments to send in all their tall fellows; but the colonels hesitated, and hence only two were supplied. The harvest, however, was more productive in Poland, where the nobility eagerly strove to satisfy the royal wishes. With this assistance the Rutowski Battalion was formed, which was supposed at Dresden worthily to rival the Potsdam Guard. In order to have something extra good, the King of Poland sent two officers, in 1730, to Venice, to visit the Dalmatian Provinces, which he fancied had not yet been drained by recruiters, and select at least twenty-five of the finest and tallest men. But just as nowadays you are sure of meeting with English travelers in the remotest districts, so it was in that day with Prussian recruiters. Such had already penetrated into Dalmatia, and sought in every possible way to foil the dangerous competition of the Saxons. The latter, therefore, resolved to "send dragomans campaigning," and with their aid they succeeded in obtaining twenty-five Morlachs of the tallest breed, at an average rate of thirty sequins—a ridiculous sum according to the prices ruling at the time. They were secretly conveyed to Trieste; but it was a tough job to guard the fellows, for the further they got from home, the more they desired to return to it. There was almost a rebellion; for the giants were half-naked, and exactly resembled a band of robbers. The Saxon officers hesitated to pass through Germany with such a ragged company, and hence bought cloth, probably for its cheapness, of a yellow color, and dressed their men in it. But the Morlachs, who, as one of the officers said, "although beggars, are as proud as peacocks," would not stand this galley-slave color, refused it, and insisted tumultuously on being attired in red and blue; and this had to be done, for the sake of peace. When this concession had been made, the Morlachs continued their journey to Dresden like lambs.

L. W.

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THE POLISH WOMEN AND THE INSURRECTION.

IN *Fraser's Magazine* for November, I gave a short account of woman's influence during the present Polish insurrection, and her aptitude for the rôle assigned her in the political programme of the Secret National Committee. As the subject is not, I think, an uninteresting one to an English public, to whom reports are daily presented in the public papers of women being sent to Siberia, imprisoned, fined, and otherwise ill-treated, and that generally without any special cause for their punishment being mentioned, I propose in the present article to give a short sketch of the peculiar character of the Polish women, backed by a few illustrative facts, to show how vast her power has been, not only now, but throughout the long fight between Catholic Poland and Orthodox Russia.

In all the great struggles of a people for national independence, women, indeed, have ever played an important, though secondary part, whether we look at that between the Celt and the Saxon, the Italian and the German, the Greek and the Turk, the Pole and the Russian—all the Slavonic races and the German; or even that which has sprung up in our own day between the Southerners of America and the Yankees. But it is chiefly when we find a difference of religion, as well as a difference of race, between the oppressor and the oppressed,* when the antipathy

has been embittered by religious persecution, and fanaticism is once aroused, that we find *woman* entering into the struggle with all the fervency of her more excitable nature, and exerting an influence which is just in proportion to the status her sex occupies in the society of her country. Now it is a well-known saying that, among people of the Latin race, men and women are equal in their mental qualities; that in the German race it is the men who are superior; but in the Slavonic that it is the women. Be the truth what it may concerning the first two, the remark is perfectly adaptable to both Polish and Russian women, and may account for the part played by the former in public events. In both Poland and Russia, whether a woman be virtuous or degraded, whether she be like an angel or a demon, she always exerts greater influence over the man, whatever may be her class of society, than can be said to be the case in other countries. There is only one man, indeed, to whom a Polish woman can be said to be thoroughly subjected—and that man is the priest. In no country in Europe, not excepting Spain, Belgium, or Ireland, has the Roman Catholic religion taken deeper root than in Poland. In no country either is woman more fervent in her belief, so reliant on, and so obedient to, her spiritual instructors. And the greater part of all that influence to which she is subjected by them, she imposes on the men of her kindred and friends. In-

* Educated Russians consider themselves of the same Slavonic race as the Poles; the Poles, in their literature, completely ignore the relationship, and look on the Muscovites not only as heretics but as a mongrel breed of Tartars and Finns, with very little Slavonic blood to ennoble them. The Ruthenians—that is, the inhabitants of the disputed western and south-western provinces of Russia—say, they are the only true Slavones, Russians, or Russians. The Muscovites only became so by ukas of the Empress Catharine II. It is a great mistake made in Western Europe—a mistake which the celebrated remark of Napoleon, "Rub a Russian, and you see the Tartar," has done much to strengthen—to suppose that the Tartar element is so predominant in Russia. It is only in certain districts, and in certain families of known Tartar origin, that the Asiatic

descent can be perceived by the eye, and then easily so, for Tartar blood and peculiarities are so stubborn that generations will hardly get rid of them. When the Russian princes finally subdued the Tartars, they acted wisely in this, that they did all they could to efface as quickly as possible all distinction of race and religion between the two families, although they only succeeded with the higher classes. The people, Orthodox and Mohammedan, remained very stubborn both to their race and creed, and do so to the present day. The Finnish element prevails mostly in the north, the Mohammedan in the south-east; yet there are whole provinces of pure Slavones in Russia, quite free from a commingling of either blood.

separably bound up with her religious feeling is her patriotism. The final triumph of Poland over Russia, its restoration to its ancient limits, a great swaying, proselyting Catholic Poland is her grand idea. And that this may be one day accomplished, she strives with all the passionate and exciting energy of her nature, and devotes herself body and soul to all the plans and instructions of the National Government and clergy. This same idea she instils into the dawning minds of her children; and when they are old enough, sends them with her blessing to the ranks of the insurgents, to drive the hated *Moscal* from Polish soil.* A Polish writer, exalting his country's cause in one of the French magazines, thus speaks of his countrywomen: "At that age, when other mothers usually begin to teach their children of God, honor, and duty, the Polish mother already instructs hers in the duties of patriotism. On her knees the fair-haired child first learns that he is born accursed, and his imagination is filled with bleeding images of the sufferings of his forefathers, with pictures of dungeons, exile, and death. Every day in his young heart she renews the agony of the Three Partitions."

With all her undisputed excellence and force of character, the Polish woman is yet subject to the same laws as all other women. Her actions are prompted by the heart, seldom by the head. Serious reflection soon confuses and tires her. Her convictions are reached by jumps and contradictions, but once reached, they remain stubborn against all authorities or proofs. More poetical than logical, she mingles passion with all she says and does, and regards the events of life only as they take a dramatical or poetical form. Her passionate nature makes it a necessity to personify in itself all that excites her sympathy or attracts her love. If she meddle with politics—and in Poland almost every woman is a politician—her imagination and feelings are alone consulted. Converse with a Polish lady on liberty, national rights, or popular institutions, she will be at no loss for eloquent or poetical language, but will repeat to you long strings of ideas, which are sublime

in all but their possibility of being carried into action. Ask her what she wants for her country? if she would be contented with a small, but united, independent, Catholic Poland? if her patriotism would be satisfied that Poland should resemble Holland or Belgium—a quiet, unobtrusive nation of prospering people, cultivating commerce and those arts and sciences which make a country peacefully glorious and morally preëminent? You may be sure she would soon grow impatient at your questions. The picture of such a peaceful, sensible existence for her country would seem utterly inglorious, and not at all harmonize with her ideal. She would tell you in a burst of vigorous language that her ambition and patriotism were too great for such a narrow field; that the idea of a Catholic Poland of six or seven millions, was a satire on her aspirations; that nothing less would satisfy them than the old Slavonic land of her forefathers, extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea, from the Oder to the Dnieper; and that, to acquire this, she was willing to make her life a long struggle, and her death a martyrdom. Converse with her on those two sacred subjects, Patriotism and Religion, and she bounds to the farthest of extremes, and her religion becomes bigotry, and her patriotism fanaticism.

This psychology of the Polish women, as is now presented to actual observation, can be traced far back through history. Their passionate, heroic, daring, but fanatical character, was well exemplified in one celebrated woman of the seventeenth century, who may be taken as a model by many of her sex at the present day. I refer to the celebrated Marina Mniszek, a member of the powerful family of that name, who, when Poland was about serving Russia as Russia has since served Poland, was crowned Tsarina in the old Kremlin of Moscow. The Jesuits had chosen her as a fit bride for the young page whom they were putting forward as the son of the Muscovite Tsar Ivan IV., a youth who had been murdered by the friends of the celebrated Boris Godonov, and who is known in history as the first false Demetrius. She accompanied her bridegroom, a Polish army, and a retinue of priests, to Moscow. At that moment it was a grain of sand in the balance of fate whether such a country as Russia should ever exist. The proselyting zeal

* *Moscal* is the name of contempt given by the Poles to Russians. The corresponding name given by the Russian people to the Poles is *Lakhi* or *Lakhietsi*, the abbreviation and diminutive of the word *P.lakhi*.

of the Jesuit clergy decided in favor of Russia. The marriage of the young pair, their coronation, the behavior of the Poles, the crusading of the priests, violating all the feelings of the Muscovites, roused up in their bosoms those two sentiments, patriotism and religion, which are there quite as strong and far more stubborn in their more sluggish natures than even in those of the Poles. The mob rose, the false tsar was murdered, and his young wife fled. But she was soon consoled; his life was devoted to a cause, and not to one or another instrument of that cause. A second false Demetrius was soon found, and Marina became a second time a wife and a tsarina. But this time the whole of orthodox Russia was roused, and led by two celebrated men, one a noble, the other a butcher, whose statues now stand in the square of the Kremlin, the Russians drove the Poles from their country. But Marina still proceeded undaunted in her ambitious career. When her second husband died, she married a third, a Cossack, who continued the pretensions of the first two husbands; and this, together with the Catholic standard which he raised, brought thousands of partisans to his call. For years, leading more the life of robbers than of princes, this pair carried on in the Steppes of Russia the struggle of Russia against Poland, of Romanism against Orthodoxy, and if they did not succeed, it was only, as I said before, because they had passions opposed to them as strong, if not stronger than their own. Marina Mniszek I take to be the very type of her countrywomen even at the present day.

In 1770, about one hundred years later, we have evidence of the powerful influence of the Polish women on public affairs. Immediately before the first Partition, when Russia, Austria, and especially Prussia, were just pouncing down on their prey, the only government which perceived the danger to Europe of Poland's annihilation, was that of France. The Duke de Choiseul, at that time the minister of Louis XV., sent to the Polish Confederates a commissioner to aid them with money and advice. His dispatches home give a pretty accurate description of what Poland then was, and merit reading by all who wish to thoroughly understand the Polish question. After complaining of the anarchy of the country, and the incapacity of those in authority, Dumouriez,

speaking of the women, thus writes in one of his dispatches: "All capacity and energy in Poland," he says, "seem to have passed from the men to the women, who are occupied in action, while the men are leading the life of women."* All those who have themselves seen any thing of the present struggle, or who have critically examined many facts reported in the newspapers, must come to the conclusion that the Polish women of our day are in no wise degenerated when compared with the Marina Mniszeks, or with those of that time when Dumouriez wrote his dispatches.

Can we be surprised, therefore, when, in the present fight, like in all former ones, we find the women standing forth as apostles and champions of their religion and country, that the struggle should be as prolonged and as deadly as it is? When we find mothers nourishing their infants' minds with vengeance almost as soon as they cease to nourish their bodies with their milk; when we see them sending forth their stripling sons, with scythes and stakes to rush on the revolver, rifle, or bayonet, of disciplined troops, as was the case at the commencement of the insurrection (for they are better armed now); when we find wives, with tears of supplication or bursts of rage, goading on their husbands to rebellion or sedition; when we see young girls mounting on horses like men, putting on uniforms, handling lance or revolver, and sharing with the hardier sex all the dangers and fatigues of an ever-changing camp; when we darkly hear of others almost sacrificing personal honor and virtue to the public cause, in spurring on the young to action, or rewarding their valor, or in seducing their allegiance; how can we wonder, when women do these things, that men withstand not their influence? When they see their women trailing their mourning to the churches, which had been appropriately put in mourning also; when they see them sorrowful, sobbing, invoking heaven before the altars, and in that position sometimes receiving injuries not intended for them in the excitement of insurrection; when in the intimacies of home they hearken to their lamentations or their taunts, their cajolings or their

* These dispatches of Dumouriez are much quoted by Soloviev, the Russian historian, in his late history of those times.

promises; when their caresses are even adulterated with political instigations; is it not almost an impossibility that men should not be maddened to a similar enthusiasm for the great cause of fatherland and religion, and at least rival their women in that disregard of life which a mystical people like the Poles consider as an accessory to obtaining their desires?

As the woman thus stands behind the man, so the priest, shrouded in mystery, stands behind the woman. In most European countries we see the Romish Church hand in hand with the civil power against the aspirations of the people. In Poland it is the great prop of the people against the government; and from the Pope downwards, through every grade of the hierarchy, it has given more trouble to the Russian authorities than all the eccentric pranks and tricks of the Secret Revolutionary Committee. Ever since the first partition, it has been the priest who has kept alive, and that principally through the women, the hopes of the glorious restoration of a Catholic Poland, and has fanned the smouldering embers of fanaticism when the sun of tranquillity began to beam too brightly on that unhappy country. And his power may be easily understood, when one for a moment reflects on the aid which religion, combined with what certain Irish are still pleased to call their oppressed nationality, even now gives to the priesthood in Ireland and America. In the kingdom of Poland, and grand duchy of Lithuania, it is not only the tyrant but the Antichrist which the priest has the opportunity to point at. So stubborn is this sentiment of religion, so well organized the power which upholds it, that I am convinced, if Catholic Poland remain united to Orthodox Russia, even though the church be as unmolested and even as protected as it is at the present day in Ireland, the last we shall ever hear of the Polish question will only be when there remains not one single priest or one single Polish woman in Poland. What agitations in central Europe an independent Poland would probably give rise to, I will not touch upon, for to do so would at least double the length of this article.

Being tolerably well acquainted with both Russian and Polish character, I have had from personal observation, or from creditable eye-witnesses of the scenes they described, many an illustration of

the above remarks. And lest the reader should ascribe to me an idealism as great as that which I ascribe to the delicate subject about which I am writing, I will give a few incidents taken from a number of the same character, and for the truth of which I can vouch, which I will so arrange as to give him some idea as to how I came to my conclusions.

That mothers should order out their sons of tender years to fight, with the prospect of certain death or ruin before them, paints the heroism of a Cornelia, or the callousness of fanaticism, just as the feelings of the reader will lead him to regard the act. No sooner had the insurrection once commenced than the University and Gymnasiums of Polish Russia became half emptied of their scholars. From one military school in St. Petersburg all the Polish students ran away at the same time, and most of them were either killed or taken prisoners in subsequent engagements with the Russians. But one incident which was enacted during the present summer in the streets of Kiev, will serve to show the influence of Polish mothers. A youth of a noble family of that government had been persuaded to run away from the University of Kiev, and join an insurgent band which had made its appearance in the neighboring province of Podolia. After a very short campaign he was taken prisoner, and sentenced, with many of his companions, to exile in Siberia. As the melancholy convoy, of which he formed part, was leaving Kiev for that destination, the mother, who had not been allowed to see her son during his confinement, was waiting in the streets to embrace him once more before his departure. Making her way through the crowd, she fell on his neck and kissed him, when the melancholy spectacle was afforded to a surrounding public of a son repulsing his own mother and upbraiding her as the cause of all his misfortunes. It was certainly not the act of a hero—indeed, it may be taken as an exception to the general behavior of the Polish youth under similar circumstances—but it suffices to show how powerful has been woman's influence during the present insurrection.

It is impossible to know in how many cases Polish wives have driven their husbands to rebellion or to deserting their colors. Besides their superior mental qualities, Polish women possess great and

very seducing physical beauty, heightened by all those arts of manner which are so attractive to the opposite sex. Hundreds, not only of Russo-Poles, that is, Poles of the frontier provinces, but of pure Russians, take their wives from among them. Very many of these husbands, occupying an official position in the Russian or Polish service, have passed over to the insurgents; and those who had the misfortune to be taken prisoners were invariably hanged or shot. Among others was a certain S——, a captain in one of the regiments of the emperor's body guard; and as his person and character are somewhat familiar to me, I will take him as an example of most of those who met such a fate. Captain S—— was of a noble Polish family long settled in the government of Kiev, and, as is tolerably well known, all the noble families of the frontier provinces consider themselves Poles and not Russians. He was a man of very superior talent, but, like all his countrymen, very mystical in his ideas, and a great enthusiast in politics. During the last autumn he had been employed at St. Petersburg, as the youngest member of the Imperial Commission for studying the various reforms about to be carried out in the army and navy; and had been sent to travel in England and France to collect information concerning the different modes of inflicting punishments in the forces of those countries. He had only just returned to St. Petersburg when the insurrection broke out. In the month of March he left St. Petersburg for Wilna, to fetch his young wife, to whom he had been married only a few months, away from that place, as he feared—so he said at the time—that she might be led into trouble by the heat of her patriotism. When he departed his most intimate friends had no idea that he had any ulterior plans—indeed, he afterwards avowed to them that he had none. But a few days of his wife's society turned him into a patriot, and, not a month from the time he left St. Petersburg, he was in command of an insurgent band. An officer of experience was then an acquisition to the cause; and, under his training, the band he commanded became one of the most troublesome to the Russians. But the first serious engagement was unfortunate; he was severely wounded and taken prisoner, as it so happened, by some of the soldiers of the very regiment in which he

had formerly held a command. "When I saw the advancing 'Kepies'* of those men I knew so well, some of whom had been under my actual command"—said the unfortunate man afterwards—"I lost all presence of mind and wanted energy, was seized with a giddiness, and forgot to give the necessary orders to my men." While lying a prisoner at Wilna, and almost dying of his wounds, many efforts were made by his former friends and comrades, among whom he had been much beloved, to save his life. His wife came to St. Petersburg for that purpose, and waited on Prince Suvarov, the military governor of the city, to beg him to intercede for her husband.

"Prince," said she to him, "you are a soldier and a man of honor; tell me what will be his fate if he recover from his wounds?"

"Madam," replied Suvarov, "your husband is not likely to recover; if he do, I am grieved to tell you his crime and example are too serious for him to expect the emperor's pardon."

"In that case, Prince, be sure he will never recover from his wounds," replied the heroic woman, as she thanked the prince and retired.†

Her husband, however, was closely watched, and rallied enough to undergo his trial by court-martial: was sentenced, and suffered his fate. His sentence would probably have been mitigated to Siberian exile by the kind-hearted Emperor Alexander, but the superior authorities at Wilna anticipated any such act of clemency. The unfortunate man had involved himself so deeply that his execution was

* Keping is the name for the light forage-cap which has lately replaced the heavy Roman helmet as the headdress of the Russian infantry.

† In the *Times* of November the 7th was a dispatch from Wilna, wherein it was stated that this lady, her sister, and brother had been sentenced to Siberian exile, *only* because they were related to the insurgent leader who was hanged at Wilna in June, 1863.

The *Posen Zeitung* also contained an account of the infamous manner in which Madame S——, who, poor woman, was near her confinement, was treated by order of General Mouraviev. He is there said to have given instructions that her child, as soon as born, should be taken from her and placed in the foundling hospital at Pakov. Since lying has become so systemized for exciting the sympathy of Western Europe, it is almost impossible to know at a distance what truth there may be in such a report. If true, Mouraviev richly deserves all that has been written or said of him.

deemed a political necessity, and an example to others in the same position. For, during the time he remained at Wilna, he had served as aide-de-camp to the governor, had dined every day at his table, and after dinner had been accustomed to ride out of town and convey to the insurgents all that information which his official position enabled him to get so well.*

That young girls mount on horseback

* This leads me to say a few words on the Polish officers in the Russian service. Certainly no men are more to be pitied. Those among them who look upon their country's restoration as hopeless, or those who will not palter with their consciences by wearing the uniform and taking the money of the Russian government, while serving the opposite cause—and there are many of both—are placed between two fires. Nearly every Polish officer in the Russian service received his special orders from the National Government: if he took no notice of them, or showed them to his superiors—as many did—a threatening letter was sure to follow. For example, an acquaintance of mine received a menace to the following effect: that, although he did not possess property in Poland, he was not to think he was out of the reach of the National Government; he must remember he had still parents, or a sister, who would be made to answer for his actions—a threat which, as he had a young sister, almost sent the poor fellow mad. On the other hand, most of these officers were looked upon with suspicion by the Russian government—and not without reasons—and were sometimes ordered into positions where they could be under strict *surveillance*. Although Russian society in general, and their comrades in particular, did all they could to soothe their susceptibilities, still their position was most pitiable.

The Russian government acted humanely enough in permitting Polish officers of regiments ordered for duty in Poland to remain behind if they pleased. But many, with an obstinate contradiction of character, persisted in fighting against their countrymen, in order to show their zeal. By so doing they were certainly none the more honored by their comrades, however much they may have been rewarded by the government; while, if they were unfortunate enough to be taken prisoners, and refused to join the national party, they were sure to be hanged or shot. One evening a few weeks ago, it was my fortune to meet and converse with such a Pole, whose escape had been almost miraculous. The eight or nine patriots who took him prisoner had led him off to hang him; but as all the trees in the neighborhood were saplings, they wandered for some time in search of a convenient bough. The officer—the love of life strong within him—having a few roubles in his pocket, proposed to his captors to enter a road-side house and drink them away before his death. "Good," said they, "we are patriots, not robbers; but if you choose to treat us before you die, there is no harm in that." So they all got drunk except the officer, who only pretended intoxication. When they had finished drinking they sallied forth, and at last found a suitable place. "You're surely not going to hang me now," said the officer; "who ever heard of such a thing as a lot of drunken men

and take part in the expeditions of the bands, witness the celebrated female aide-de-camp of Langievicz. The following incident of the active heroism of the Polish women was told me by an officer who had commanded a detachment of cavalry in Lithuania, in the early days of the insurrection: One day about twenty of his Cossacks surrounded the house of a lady, living in a retired part of the country, whose daughter was the betrothed of one of the chiefs of bands known to be in the neighborhood. At that very moment he and several other leaders were in the house, consulting with the two ladies over their plans. Alarmed by the arrival of the Cossacks, the men hastened to escape from the back windows, and fled to the woods; the two women actually protecting their retreat by keeping up a fire from their pistols from the front. When the Cossacks at last forced their way into the house, they found only the two women, whom they do not seem to have molested, but contented themselves, after their manner, with filling their pockets with all the portable valuables within reach. On retiring, they picketed their horses a short distance off, yet in sight of the house. Presently the young girl was seen to come out, and proceed to the stables, from which she soon again came forth mounted, when she set off in the same direction her lover had taken. One of the Cossacks having a sorry beast of his own, and admiring that which the girl rode, galloped after her, took hold of her bridle, and, as good-humoredly as his rough nature allowed, proposed an exchange, observing that as she was going to join the band she had no need of such a good horse. The reply was a bullet from her revolver which sent the Cossack reeling from his saddle. Meanwhile his companions, who had followed him, had come up, and seeing the fate of their comrade, surrounded her.

hanging another man as drunk as themselves?" This reasoning had the desired effect, and they all agreed to wait till the next morning. On camping for the night they were not too drunk to bind his arms behind his back, and place him in the middle of a little square, their bodies lying two deep on every side. "In the middle of the night," said the officer, "when they were fast asleep, I gently raised my head: no one stirred; I got on one knee. One man had his legs sprawling apart; I put my toe between them, gave a spring, and then ran for two or three hundred yards without stopping; but there was no pursuit. I had, however, had enough of the Polish campaign, and, on rejoining my detachment, got leave to return to St. Petersburg."

The intrepid girl then snapped her pistol at one after the other, and when all the chambers of this one were discharged, flung the empty weapon at the head of the nearest, knocking him from his horse, and immediately drew forth a second. This was too much for the politeness of the Cossacks, of whom three or four were already on the ground; they lifted the poor girl completely off her horse on the points of their lances, and so she perished.

As a further example I will translate an extract from a private letter lately received from an officer serving in the kingdom of Poland: "Yesterday," says the officer who wrote it, "we defeated a band and took nineteen prisoners, one of whom was a woman. There were altogether seven of them belonging to that band, but we do not as yet know if the others were killed or escaped. All the women, our prisoner tells us, were dressed as *Chasseurs*, wearing the same uniform of coarse cloth as the men, only without the red epaulette. Their caps, such as are worn by all the Confederates, were more coquettishly made, and decorated with a white ostrich feather. We captured her by the merest chance. She was a girl from Cracow, finely built, with broad shoulders, a muscular hand and arm, which showed she had been used to gymnastic exercises, while her weather-beaten complexion proved she must have belonged to the band for some length of time. Her features, without being pretty, were regular and agreeable. On our asking her reasons for serving with the band, she confessed she had followed her lover to the woods; adding, that when he was killed, she would have gone back home, but was prevented by her comrades. Somebody asking her if she had not served as aide-de-camp to C—, (the chief of another band,) she blushed deeply, and indignantly denied the imputation. After this reply she was very haughty and retired for a time, but seeing that we were all respectful to her, she gradually became more at home with us, and confiding in her conversation. As she had lost her boots and was bare-footed, we furnished her with a pair of our long boots and some stockings, for which the poor girl was very thankful. The next day she was released and sent home, her male companions being forwarded on to Warsaw."

Many further instances might be mentioned to show how in the most varied manners the women of Poland have actively intermingled themselves in every step of the insurrection. Indeed it is only necessary to take up a newspaper to read at least the results of their interference; although it would be much more satisfactory to an English public to hear at the same time something more of the causes which lead to those wholesale punishments of women. But the examples I have already given are quite enough to show the furious zeal of the Polish women to their country's cause, and their fanatical attachment to the Roman Catholic religion. One more example I will give before I conclude, which will serve to show the combined influence of woman and priest.

In the month of July, 1863, quite a rebellion and schism broke out in the Orthodox Government Institution for young ladies in Warsaw. A number of the young girls, daughters of Russian fathers in the Russian service, who had been brought up all their lives in the Orthodox faith, and were actually receiving their education gratis on that account, suddenly declared they were Roman Catholics.* Here was a pretty uproar to add to all that was going on among the adult population! A general with big epanettes, with breast and stomach covered with crosses and orders, was foolishly sent to awe them into a retraction. But the little maidens it seemed only laughed at him. A lady of the *suite* of the grand duchess was then sent to try on them her powers of persuasion. The first rebel, a girl sixteen years old, who was questioned, boldly declared she was a Roman Catholic.

"But your father is a Russian Orthodox, and you have been brought up all your life in that faith," remonstrated the lady.

"Yes, but mother is a Catholic, and so will I be."

The second, a little maiden twelve years old, also pronounced herself a Pole and a Catholic.

"But your father is a Russian from Volhynia," said the astonished lady.

* By the laws of Russia no marriage of an Orthodox man or woman with a person of another sect is permitted or celebrated, but on the express condition that the children of such a union be brought up in the Orthodox faith. Most of these girls came under this rule, being daughters of Orthodox fathers and Polish Catholic mothers.

"You mistake, madam," retorted the well-schooled little puss; "Volhynia is Poland and not Russia; besides, mother is a Pole and a Catholic, and so will I be!"

The same answer was got from all the others. "Mother's a Pole and a Catholic, and so am I;"—and from this they

would not depart. I am sorry I never had the opportunity of learning if any further steps were taken to bring the little women to change their ideas, or if they remained obstinate in their declaration. The latter, I think, was most probably the case.

From the London Quarterly.

"THE SITUATION" IN POLAND.

[Concluded from page 108.]

Now for a few words about these *provinces*, of which we have already spoken as mentioned in the treaty and in the constitutions of 1815, but without *definite* guarantee as to their future: it was for the grand duchy alone that the Congress of Vienna established a distinct position.

Now Russia claims these provinces as *reconquests*: is she correct in doing so? Had Alexander I. any right to dream about Panslavism, (as it has since been termed,) and to wish the czar placed at the head of a federation of Slavic peoples? In a word, are the actual Russians Slaves at all? If we go back to the early part of the ninth century, we find the vast country now called Russia in Europe unequally divided between two great races, the Slavic and the Finnish. The Slaves (of whom Nestor, the chronicler of Kiew, following Jornandes and others, says that the Wallachs drove them from the Danube) were along the Vistula under the names of Pomeranians, Mazovians, Loutiches, (Lithuanians,) and Polanians (Poles, from *pola*, "a level plain"); about Lake Ilmen and the Western Novgorod they kept the name of Slaves; along the Dnieper they were Drevlians (*drêvo*, "forest"); and Polanians again down through the Ukraine. Posen, Gnesna, and Cracow were already founded; the native Piast dynasty is recorded as commencing in 842. East and north of these Slavic tribes, the vast country watered by the Volga and its tributaries was inhabited by people whom the Slaves knew as *Tschudi* ("strangers"—just as the Germans called Italians Britons, and all west-

ern people *Welsh*.) Modern ethnologists term these Tschudi Finnish and Uralian tribes, and recognize a thorough distinction between them and the Slaves, who belong to the Indo-Germanic race. These tribes were being continually overrun by and mixed up with fresh hordes of Tartars and Mongols, who, though they continually pushed on into the Slavic country, left very little trace there amongst an entirely alien population; while on the other hand they kept making the Finns more and more Tartar. Such was the state of things in 862: west of the thirty-seventh meridian, a Slavic population, tolerably homogeneous, gravitating towards union under the Piast princes, and forming at any rate a far more effectual barrier against Tartar inroad than Europe had on the side of Hungary; east of the same line a series of tribes of kindred origin with the Tartars, courting rather than resisting each fresh invasion, and often joining with the invaders in their inroads westward. In 862, Ruric and his brothers appear on the scene. They conquer in all directions: Novgorod, or New Holmgard, (mark the Norse form of the name,) becomes one of their capitals, Kiew another; Smolensk and other towns are wrested from the Slaves: while Tvor, Souzdal, Mourom, and other towns are occupied or founded in the Finnish land. Thus we have Norsemen—Warangers, as history calls them—doing in the valleys of the Dnieper and Volga just what they did in our island. We find them here, fixing themselves as the aristocracy of the country, not in England only, but through

a large part of Wales, more widely than we suspect in Scotland, and generally through the center and south of Ireland. In England various circumstances kept them pretty true to their suzerain; but in Eastern Europe there was no check either to the spirit of insubordination which they always brought with them, or to their old rule of subdividing inheritances which in Normandy (and therefore in England) had yielded to the Frankish law of primogeniture. Thus there were two Norse conquests, that of which the subject population was Slave, and which corresponds to the Ruthenia of later times, (comprehending Red and White Russia, etc.,) and that whose subject people was Finnish or Tartar, and which answers pretty well to the later Muscovy, the cradle of the present Russian governing race. Of these the most aggressive was the Eastern or Finnish settlement; the Western portion contained large and important towns, and a peaceable population; the Eastern tribes were readily united under any enterprising chieftain, and hurried off either against the Greek empire, (as, for instance, by Igor son of Ruric, who attacked Constantinople itself,) or against the Western cities, of which Kiew fell, and Novgorod was nearly conquered by Andrew Bogoloubski in 1169. Now what we contend for is that these fighting Warangers, who (we have seen) belong alike to Muscovy and to what are called the Polish provinces, (that is, in general language, to Wolhynia, Podolia, the Ukraine,) were the true Russians. To come then to history: "Russi quos alio nomine Northmannos vocamus," says Luitprand. The author of the *Annals of St. Bertin*, (circ. 838,) the first who uses the word *Rhos* or "Russians," assigns Sweden as their country. To this day the Swedes are called in Finland and Esthland *Rootsi*. So it seems that your Pole in the eastern provinces, in fact in almost all Poland except the "kingdom" and the Prussian portions, has just as fair a title to the name of Russian as the inhabitant of Moscow. In the former case the Waranger (that is, Russian) governments ended with the conquest of Kiew by the Lithuanians in 1320; in the latter the line of Ruric became extinct in 1598, at the death of Fedor Ivanowich. The modern Russian ought to be called a Muscovite; he is not properly a member of the European family at all. "Skin him,

and," according to the true old proverb, "you will find a Tartar underneath."

So much for the question of race: the fact that the Waranger princes of Souzdal and Moscow (a Finnish hamlet chosen in 1147 by Jouri or George Dolgorouki as the seat of his government) were constantly bringing the eastern hordes against the Warangers of Ruthenia, is paralleled by the Anglo-Normans turning southward and overrunning France: it was just as if the Geraldines and other Norman Irish had headed the wild tribes of Connaught and Munster, and conquering the Pale, had crossed to attack the cities of England.

This, then, is the Polish theory as to the "provinces," and it seems to bear on it the stamp of historic truth. The "provinces," the seizure of which by Russia in 1772 the Russians now affect to call a *reconquest*, are not Muscovite, but Slave. True, they were severed from the great Slave populations of Poland and Lithuania, and governed by Norse rulers from 900 till 1320; but then they became united, not to the Norse-Muscovite empire which was gradually forming under Tartar protection at Moscow, but to the Lithuanians under Gedimin, and to the Poles under Uladislaus IV. and Casimir the Great. Few governments (as the Polish Lelewel remarks) can show an older title to their present possessions than Poland can to the "provinces," even if we go back no further than 1320, and throw overboard the question of consanguinity altogether. There remains the difficulty that the present Russian, or rather the principal of the thirty different languages which are spoken in Russia, is in the main a Slavonic language. It is the *Rouski* dialect, which as late as Peter the Great's time supplanted the old *Slavinski*. The explanation seems to be, that the influence of Christianity, which alone saved the Muscovites from total absorption into the Tartar hordes, was strongly and constantly exerted to separate the people as much as possible from their still heathen conquerors to the north and east. This, combined with the fact that both came under the Norse rule, drew Ruthenia and Muscovy together; and thus, gradually, a new Slave dialect, largely adulterated with Finnish and Tartar, was introduced. It is very much like the case of Ireland. Norman rule and Protestantism brought the English tongue;

just so Norse rule and Christianity brought the Slave tongue: not the Norse; for (as we see in Normandy and other instances) the conquering Norsemen constantly adopted the language of the conquered. Add to this the great facility (noted by Strabo, and exemplified in various branches of the Turkish and Mongol families)* with which these Uralian races adopt a new language; and we have enough to account for the phenomenon that your Muscovite of to-day speaks Slave and not Finnish; enough to answer the common objection: "Oh, after all, in the reconquered Russias, which Poland now claims, you have only a fifth or so of the population really Polish; the rest are Little Russians, Great Russians, White Russians, and Lithuanians."† We have answered this by showing that almost all these "Russians" were Slaves who became subject to Waranger chiefs, and eventually gravitated to Lithuania when the Muscovite Warangers fell under the Tartar horde; ‡ while Lithuania itself, united to Poland in 1386, when Hedwig married the Grand Duke Jagello, grew gradually more and more closely bound to it, until the nobles of the two countries took the same armorial bearings, ("ut sub umbrâ caritatis quiescamus," as the joint diet has it;) and the king came to be crowned at Cracow without any distinctive sign of his being Grand Duke of Lithuania as well. It is absurd to say that Lithuanians and men of the "provinces" are not to all intents and purposes Poles: the Czartoryskis and Radziewills are Lithuanian families, and such names as Sobieski, Ostrogski, Zaleski, Mickiewicz, and many more—all from different parts of Ruthenia, none from the

"kingdom"—prove to us that the "provinces" are even more Polish than the district about Warsaw.

If any evidence were wanting, it is abundantly furnished by the conduct of the two Mouravieffs in part of the district in question. They are exiling the land-owners wholesale and ravaging their estates; a sufficient proof of what are the feelings of the intelligent class in what Russia chooses to style "her ancient provinces recovered from the grasp of Poland." This, then, is the question at issue: Which is to be the capital of the Slavic race? The Emperor Alexander wished to put himself at the head of this Pan-Slavic movement, which has long been leavening the whole of these doubtful districts more or less; the Poles, on the contrary, will have nothing to do with the house of Romanoff; they would relegate Muscovy back to the Finnish outer darkness, and make Warsaw the rallying-point for all Slaves to gather round. The course of events in the "provinces" seems to show that the Poles are in the main supported in their claim. It is only by the sternest repression, and by exerting to the utmost the power which the possessor always has, that Russia has been able as yet to hold her own in districts like the government of Wilna. What will be the result, it is not easy even to prophesy. The great development given to the Baltic and Finland provinces since Peter the Great's time makes them more than a match, in this war of races, for the Slaves, divided as these latter have been for centuries, and kept back in the career of progress both by the feeling that they had no national existence, and also by their almost unceasing struggles to regain that existence. We can not expect Russia to give up these provinces without a fearful struggle: if the Poles get any more effectual help than what diplomatists can give them, some portions, more or less, of old Ruthenia and Lithuania will be refitted to the "kingdom." Whatever is the result, the fact remains: these districts in question are not Muscovite at all, they are Slavic. It is impossible in writing about Poland to wholly ignore the morality of the case. And, first, though it is an old story, it is not a whit the less true, that Poland sacrificed herself for the good of Europe. The terrible nature of the Mongol invasions may be imagined from the fact that in one inroad (c. 1250) they led away

* Perhaps Japan, where the language and writing of China is used by the natives to supplement their own, is a case in point. Sir Charles Lyell (*Antiquity of Man*, chap. 23) has some valuable remarks on the fact that *language* is far less persistent than race.

† See a work recently published, *Bevölkerung des Russischen Kaiserreichs*. (Gotha: Perthes.) Once for all we may remark that as any French treatise on the subject is sure to be written in the Polish interest, so the Germans (disliking the Poles intensely) are almost sure to misrepresent matters in favor of Russia.

‡ Some of our readers may not know that Red Russia is the district about Lemberg (now Austrian); White Russia that of which Vitebsk is the chief town; Little Russia around Kiev; Great Russia about Smolensk; Black Russia about Novogrodek. The only Slave cities remaining to Moscow in 1480 were Pskov, Novgorod, (the western,) and Jaroslav.

over twenty thousand women into captivity. The Muscovites were wise in their generation in bowing before such a storm. The Turkish wars were not less desolating. In 1498 the Turks are said to have carried off one hundred thousand prisoners. Yet these wars were necessary: the evil is that the nation which bore the brunt of them found little sympathy or help from those whom she helped to protect. We know how scurvily the Austrian emperor treated Sobieski in 1680: when, by-and-by, Sobieski was forced to seek Muscovite help against the Turks, he had to buy it by signing the treaty of Moscow, (1686,) by which he gave up Little Russia and the Zaporog Cossacks.* This was the first step in the downward course, the first fruit of the terrible mistake which (when the race of Jagello ended in 1572) had made the crown elective. Thence came perpetual troubles at home, and distrust and interference abroad. A foreign prince, elected to the Polish throne, was almost sure to be tempted to employ his warlike subjects in an attempt to seize the crown of his own country. Thus Sigismund II., of the house of Vasa, tried to become king of Sweden, and some time after the Swedes in revenge reduced Poland to the verge of ruin. And so in several instances the strength was wasted on absurd and injurious efforts abroad, which should have been husbanded for seasons of need at home. Still, though the despoiling of Poland dates at least from Sobieski's time, though her having no "natural boundaries" facilitated the work, there was no talk until Catharine II.'s day of "provinces reincorporated with Russia." True, Ivan III., in 1492, calls himself *Czar of all the Russias*; but even when Catharine adopts the same title, she takes care to say that she does so without prejudice to Poland or to the grand duchy of Lithuania, not meaning to claim for "herself or her successors any right over those countries which, though bearing the Russian name, belong to Poland or to Lithuania." Indeed, from 1795, when the last partition was made, till after Alexander I.'s day, the "provinces" were constantly spoken of as

conquered; Alexander himself in 1811 uses the very word. The theory that they were *Muscovite* of old, and have merely become so again, was brought forward in order to aid the efforts of Nicholas at their *denationalization*.

As to the Muscovite origin of the Russians in general, (as we ordinarily use the word,) it became necessary that this should be *proved* when the partition of Poland began to be foreseen. The German Müller had been commissioned to write a history about the origin and early times of the Russian people; but his work was found too little in accordance with the *required* theory, viz., that Muscovy was the cradle of the *Russian* race, instead of being the chief center of those *Finnish-Tartar* peoples who (though they had, in common with the various Slaves who got to be called Russians of all colors and sizes, been subject to Waranger, that is, to Ruszki princes) did not rise to permanent greatness till Ruric's dynasty had come to an end. Müller did not make out the case strongly enough in favor of Moscow; and his work was suppressed by the Empress Elizabeth in 1749. At the same time the official account of the matter was put forth by authority, and, in Mirabeau's words, "la question de l'origine des Russes fut tranchée en vertu d'une définition déclaratoire de leur souveraine."

Nothing can be more odious than the worse than oriental perfidy of Russia throughout this eighteenth century. Only eight years before the first partition, Catharine writes: "So far from claiming the Polish provinces, known as '*the Russias*,'" (to which her claim was about as good as that of France would be to England and Scotland, because they are called Great Britain, and France has a province named Brittany,) "her Majesty recognizes in full the ownership of Poland, and will help her in maintaining her rights against all comers." Thus, though the question respecting the provinces is a question of *fact*, it also decidedly affects the morality of the case. Perfidy is even more unbearable than oppression; and when the two have long gone hand-in-hand, we need not wonder at the distrust and aversion which the Poles have felt for their conquerors. It was bad enough to take away the provinces; it is even less bearable to try to prove that they were, of right, never Polish at all.

* The treaty says, that the Cossacks of the Ukraine are given to Muscovy "in *favorem Christianitatis*," to give help against the Ottoman. The Cossacks found they had changed for the worse, and were so dissatisfied that the Russians by-and-by, fearing they would come back to the Poles, transported most of them to the river Kuban.

"But," say the Russians, "England can say nothing; for, not to speak of India, she holds Ireland; we have no abuse in Poland half so indefensible as the Established Church of Ireland." We have said already that that unfortunate Treaty of Vienna, proving (as it does) too little or too much, destroys all parallel between these two cases. A part of Poland at least has *quasi* national rights guaranteed to it. It is just as if Louis XIV. and all the other princes of the time had been parties to the Treaty of Limerick. The other answer is, that in the case of Russia and Poland we have a lower civilization crushing a higher; in England's dealings with Ireland we have a higher civilization, wisely or unwisely, endeavoring to regulate a lower. Let us always hold firmly to this. However dark a picture pro-Russian writers may draw of the state of feudal Poland, let us never forget that Russia was at the time immeasurably worse. Purely Russian historians are forced to confess how thoroughly the Tartar nature got ingrained into the Muscovites, how corporal punishment became universal, and was not considered *disgraceful*; while men like Haxthausen have shown the oriental influence in the more compact, more centralized organization, and in the village system which puts the Muscovite serf on a different footing from him of the "provinces," where Western ideas about property have always prevailed. This is just why Poland refuses to cease to be, because the struggle is always harder when the conqueror is really in all but brute force inferior to the conquered.

Let us remember, then, when we are told about the disorders of old Poland, what sort of a man Peter the Great was, and what kind of people they were whom he took in hand to govern; let us remember, too, what the Russian princes have generally been, men of whom Ivan the Terrible is an example, madmen, or, at best, oriental despots with a thin varnish of "civilization." Their own Karamsine says of them: "Après avoir rampé dans la horde, nos princes, devenus aussi Tartares eux-mêmes, s'en retournaient chez eux comme des maîtres terribles." Their first act when, pushing westward, they conquered a Slavo-Russian town, was to destroy the liberties which had outlasted the Norse invasions. The big town-bells which used to summon the people to their popular assemblies, their town-diets, were

taken down and carried off. Let us remember, again, when we speak of serfdom, that it has been extended by Russia into provinces where it was previously unknown; that it has by Russia been until just lately perpetuated, and perpetuated in its worst form, in spite of several attempts made by the Poles to mitigate it.

From the earliest, the Russo-Muscovite dominion has been a steady tyranny, at times encroaching stealthily, at times violent in its attacks. Like rulers, like people. Take any honest account of the state of the great mass of the Russians, and we shall not wonder at the invincible dislike which even the poor Podolian and Volhynian peasant still entertains for the *Moskales*, as he calls them. He is low enough in the scale; but he is many degrees above the wretch whose habits are in several districts more degraded than those of the lower animals.* While the Polish and Slavo-Russian peasants can not forget that their countrymen kept for centuries the frontier against Turk and Tartar, the Muscovite has nothing to remember but a long period of groveling subjection to the Mongols, followed by a national life which has been one long conspiracy against the independence of neighboring states. It is as if the flood of Eastern invasion, stemmed to the southward, had burst through the Ural passes, and carried further and further west that aggressiveness in the government and stagnation in the people which are the rule in Asiatic countries. The Polish historians (at the head of whom we may mention Mickiewicz, who in 1845 lectured at the Collège de France) tell us that their government as well as their institutions have been systematically depreciated, till at last Europe has grown to take them at the valuation of their enemies. They point to the readiness with which Lithuanians, Livonians, and others used to put themselves under Polish rule. They show that their monarchy was the easy old feudal suzerainty, unhappily made elective after 1572; that it continued to the last without being affected by that universal tendency to despotism which was brought about in Western Europe by the evils of unsettled government and the oppressions of the nobles. We in free England took this epidemic of despotism, in a mild form, under the Tu-

* Vide passim *Les Paysans Russes*, par Achille Lestrelin, (Paris: Dentu, 1861,) especially the account of the Snokhary sect, p. 208.

dors; and it needed the troubles of Cromwell's time to enable us to shake off institutions which most of Europe quietly accepted up to the time of the French Revolution. The epidemic never spread into Poland; had it done so, it would have given cohesion to the parts of the nation. But (say the Polish writers) the king had little time to think of attacking the liberties of the country, for he was almost always wanted on the frontier; and the nobles were kept on the alert by seeing how uncompromisingly the czar dealt with his nobles.

One thing the Poles have managed to preserve in far larger measure than most conquered peoples — their self-respect. You find your educated Irishman ashamed of "the Irish," your Greek giving his countrymen a bad name; but a Pole is never ashamed of Poland. The wonderful working of that National Committee which for some time has been mysteriously directing the movements of the insurgents speaks greatly in their favor. Prisoners are knouted to death to force them to tell the names of members; they die and are silent. A man can hardly live in Naples without almost thinking it was scarcely worth while to free such a set from Bourbon rule; but few have ever visited Poland without sympathizing with the people more deeply than before. Since 1831 they have been on their trial before Europe, and have shown forth a noble example of calm and dignified suffering; and however the revolt forced on them by that savage conscription may end, their conduct since it began will not have weakened their title to our respect. It is a sad struggle. We read, "So-and-so defeated the Russian advanced guard. . . . Three hundred Russians fell, the Poles lost one hundred and seventy;" or again: "So-and-so's corps was dispersed by the Russians near —: seventy Poles were taken prisoners." We do not think what that means. On the one side you have the stolid brutal soldier, whose miserable *inhuman* military life is just a shade better than would have been his existence as a peasant; on the other the Pole, mostly very young, often highly educated and delicately organized, fighting without discipline, often almost without arms, because by his death alone can he prove that there is life still left in Poland. Surely the contest is unequal, surely it is mockery to count the dead on each

side, when the two classes of combatants are so distinct. The Poles have a terrible alternative before them; they must either fight and perish in detail unless help comes, or they must submit to see their national name and national characteristics die out.

And now as to the morality of the question. We have said enough to remind our readers that the insurgents make out a very strong case in favor of a Pan Slavism which, embracing the Russo-Slaves, shall have its center at Warsaw.* We have shown further how the Treaty of Vienna left Poland and Russia in the most difficult of positions, a position such that any move was sure to be to the disadvantage of the weaker party. Russia has utterly disregarded the treaty; Siberia and the Caucasus frontier have been filled with exiles; the popular Polish song: "Mother, use thy son betimes to instruments of woe: let chain and rope and gibbet be his toys, even as the cross was our Saviour's plaything at Nazareth. For his battle will not be like that of the old knights who used to carry the cross to Jerusalem, nor like that of the soldiers who nowadays plow the fields of liberty and water them with their blood. He will be egged on to conflict by a spy in the dark; he will have to wrestle with a forsworn judge; his battle-field a dungeon; his monument a gallows; and no death-song but the stifled sobs of women and the whispers of his brethren"—contains a true picture of the Russian system of repression; the natural result of which is the contest which diplomatists are endeavoring to bring to an end. It does not appear, from Prince Gortschakoff's answer, that diplomacy will be able to do much. France is restless; the pamphlet just published by Dentu, *L'Empire, la Pologne, et l'Europe*, if it be (as the press says it is) semi-official, undoubtedly promises a great deal; but its promises are conditional. In any case it is a matter which might, not right, must decide. We may prove to everybody's satisfaction that the true *Russians* of the provinces are Slaves like the Poles, and kindred to the Lithuanians, while the mass of the so-called Russians (that is, Muscovites) is Finnish-Tartar,

* The recent proclamations of the National Committee call on all Lithuanians and *Reussen* to help. The "Russians" have given up the idea of race, and substituted that of religion. Theirs is the "*holy empire of Russia*," with the czar for God's viceroy on earth.

with a nobility of foreign origin ; we may prove this beyond question : but still, if these Muscovites can hold the spoils of 1772 and of 1795, England will not say them nay, nor gainsay their ruler's title to be called Czar of all the Russias. We may show clearly enough that Russia's influence on Poland and the provinces has not been for good, that it is a case of the lower race lording it over the higher ; but if the lower is the stronger, it will, we may be sure, be suffered to maintain its hold. Historical right and abstract morality have very little to do with such questions. The Poles have been for some

time quietly appealing to the collective conscience of Europe ; but collective consciences are always weak. What is done must be done by the strong arm. If France helps the Poles, our faith in their cause will, in spite of ourselves, be weakened. It is worth while, then, in any case, while this final struggle is going on, to put the matter, as history and ethnology determine it, before Englishmen ; that so we may know at least what value to set on those pro-Russian doctrines which have been abundantly put forth with the express purpose of leading public opinion astray.

From Bently's Miscellany.

M A D A M E D E B R A N D E B O U R G .

A BRILLIANT cavalcade, composed of officers and courtiers belonging to the aristocracy of Turin, was moving along the leafy forest rides that led to the royal hunting chateau "La Veneria." The center of this brilliant train was occupied by two coaches filled with splendidly-dressed ladies. In the first coach were four, who represented three stages of life. Two of the ladies bordered on old age, one appeared just to have attained her fortieth year, while the youngest seemed twenty at the most. This young beauty was the object of continued homage from a most chivalrous-looking officer, who wore the brilliant uniform of the Brandenburg troops of the Elector Frederick III., and was scarce two-and-twenty years of age. His features were noble and regular, and revealed the scion of an exalted family. His extremely tasteful uniform made his handsome face look doubly prepossessing, and the only surprising thing was that so young an officer already bore the insignia of such high rank in the army. This, however, could be easily explained, for the officer was the Margrave Charles Philip von Schwedt, step-brother of the Elector of Brandenburg, and general in the auxiliary army which the elector had sent to the aid of the Duke of Savoy, who was pressed by the French troops.

The fair lady was the Countess de Balbiani Salmour. She was the widow of a colonel belonging to one of the noblest families in Italy, and was both mentally and corporeally one of the most highly endowed women of her age. The young margrave divided his time in Italy between the two contrasting occupations of love and war. The Elector Frederick III., afterwards first King of Prussia, had, in a correct feeling of the danger which menaced Germany through the attacks of Louis XIV., sent his great father's veteran troops to the help of the oppressed prince. The men of Brandenburg fought under the banner of their elector on the Rhine, and carried the fortress of Bonn by storm. Brandenburg troops shed their blood in distant Hungary against the birth-foe, the Turk, and decided the sanguinary action at Salankemen. Six thousand Brandenburg warriors crossed the Channel and helped the Prince of Orange to maintain his position in England, until the fugitive James II. was declared to have forfeited the throne, and the Oranger ascended it as ruler over a free people.

Faithful to his defensive policy, the Elector Frederick had sent an auxiliary corps to Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, who was sorely pressed by Catinat. They fought with great distinction under the

command of Prince Eugene. The general commanding this corps d'élite was a French refugee, Monsieur de Varennes. Under him Margrave Charles Philip served as a volunteer, after he had distinguished himself in earlier combats by his personal bravery.

Immediately after the arrival of the Brandenburger in Italy, the troops went into winter quarters. Turin became the rendezvous of the different regiments that would shortly play their bloody part in the field. Victor Amadeus, who was himself of a chivalrous temperament, gallant, and fond of luxury, regarded it as a special duty to render the stay of his guests in his capital as agreeable as possible.

While on one day the newly-raised regiments were inspected, or parades were held, on the next splendid masked balls gathered together all the commanders, without distinction of rank; from the wild music of the martial strains and the rattling of drums, they passed to the seductive sounds of the sarabands performed by the ducal orchestra, and, exchanging the heavy riding-boot for the silken shoe, they moved through the dance with the beauties of the court and city.

Here it was that Margrave Charles first formed the acquaintance of the Countess Salmour. As he was young and fiery, the lovely, witty lady naturally exerted a powerful charm over him. In that age, which was already corrupted by the frivolous tone of the French court, a woman so gifted must seem doubly attractive when she was seen to keep aloof from any coquetry, and retained the unstained name of her family.

Of this the margrave very soon convinced himself when he made her the proposal to become his without the blessing of a priest. An allusion to the idols of the age, Louis XIV. and Charles II., was of no avail. The countess declined the proposal nobly and simply with the words: "Monseigneur, I am too poor to be your wife, but belong to too good a family to become your mistress."

Still the handsome, amiable prince was not indifferent to her. Some time passed, during which the lovers devised every possible plan which the happy future suggested to them. After the margrave had pledged his princely word that he would never leave her, they agreed to be married privately. The countess admitted her relations, Count Salmour and M. de

Balbani, as well as their wives, into the secret. Although they shook their heads at first, the prospect of the brilliant alliance aroused the ambition of the family, and they confidently awaited the clearing away of the last dark spot that showed itself on the love-horizon of the margrave and the beautiful Salmour. This dark spot was the consent of the Elector Frederick to a marriage which did not at all harmonize with his brilliant projects for the future. Still it was believed that after the marriage had taken place, and in consideration of the countess's unsullied reputation, the elector would hesitate to demand its dissolution. They were well aware of the attachment at Berlin, for the margrave had been some time at Turin; but they merely regarded the affair as one of those transitory liaisons such as were to be seen at all the courts of Europe during the last half of the seventeenth century.

In the first outburst of joy, which the fair countess yielded to on receiving the margrave's troth, she soon discovered a way which would lead to their object. Her brother had succeeded in winning over by a bribe a poor advocate to perform the requisite legal functions at the marriage. In the same way a priest by the name of Lea had been found, who expressed his willingness to perform the ecclesiastical rites. Both men had the reputation of having been mixed up in similar intrigues before. They were both strangers to the countess, and she only thought of the fulfillment of wishes which she desired to see realized as eagerly as did the margrave.

Charles Philip had at once given his consent, but, as the day drew nearer, he felt a growing dissatisfaction with the position of affairs. His chivalrous character revolted against secrecy. The only objection to his affianced wife was her inequality of rank; he felt convinced of the sincerity of her feelings, and he was a soldier, respected not only because he bore a princely name, but because he had shown himself worthy of it by his bravery; why, then, should he hesitate about openly leading to the altar the woman whom he had so dearly loved, and who promised to form the happiness of his life? He considered it an act of cowardice to slip into a chapel by night with the wife of his heart. Still he did not conceal from himself what a varying impression the ceremony would produce on

his military entourage, the majority of whom, being acquainted with the pride of the elector, must openly avow their disapprobation. The margrave reckoned up the small party of men unhesitatingly devoted to him. The army adored him as a youthful hero, and, as regarded the opponents of his marriage project, he resolved that they should be present when the ceremony was performed, as through the mere presence of officers of high rank the business must assume an official stamp. As it might be assumed that none of the opponents would be willing to act as witnesses of the marriage if they learned beforehand what was about to happen, the margrave formed the bold resolution of working on their surprise, and thus rendering them involuntary accomplices.

He prepared a banquet at the ducal hunting château, La Veneria. The highest officers received invitations, and host and guests proceeded to the château in the brilliant procession, to which we alluded in the opening of our article.

On reaching the hunting-lodge, which the duke had placed at the margrave's disposal, the guests were led into the large gallery, where a magnificently-laid table awaited them. Before dinner commenced, however, the margrave proposed to his guests a stroll through the pleasantly sequestered gardens. The brilliant crowd spread about the walks, and Charles Philip remained alone with the countess. The restlessness which had seized upon both of them admitted of no witnesses. They cheered each other, and again went over the list of their devoted partisans. The countess could calculate on the unhesitating adhesion of all her relatives, but the margrave, on the other hand, was only certain of his three adjutants, MM. Despreuves, De Péras, and Style. This small body was opposed to the far larger party of general officers and diplomatists, at whose head stood the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, the margrave's cousin, M. de Varennes, general of the Brandenburg auxiliary forces, Major von Hoffman, M. de la Motte Fouqué, and the ensign cavalry colonel Von Hackeborn. There was, however, no time for further consideration. The dinner-hour was approaching, during which the coup was to be attempted. The countess walked up and down the gallery with her ladies in a state of feverish excitement, while the margrave tried to conceal his feelings by

pretending to pay extreme attention to the most trifling details in the arrangement of the table, and so on.

A shrill braying of trumpets at length summoned the guests to table. The margrave had posted his cavalry band in the gallery, whose arch reëchoed the fiery notes of the wind instruments.

The conversation soon became animated. The choicest dishes, the most costly wines heightened the pleasures of the table, to which the truly princely scene, and the architectural beauty of the gallery, imparted a certain dignity.* The officers, who freely yielded to the enjoyment of a magnificent banquet, proposed toasts to the elector in Berlin, the margrave, Duke Victor, and the allied army, and on each occasion the drums and trumpets pealed forth in answer. The guests had not the slightest idea of the surprise that awaited them, and the pleasure had attained its extreme limit, for every one confessed that he had not for a long time enjoyed such a splendid and at the same time social festival. Suddenly the margrave rose, for he believed that the right moment had arrived. He stood, glowing with excitement, courage, and love; with his left hand on his hip, a goblet of noble wine in his right hand, and his handsome head slightly thrown back, he offered the spectators a glorious picture of youthful confidence and grandeur. He expressed, in a few words, the joy he felt at having so many dear guests at his banquet: he alluded to Duke Victor, and his brother in Berlin, and concluded in the following words, raising his powerful voice as he did so: "This goblet, however, my friends, I drink to the health of her whom I love, to whom my heart will belong, and with it my hand. I drink it to the health of the noble Countess Salmour, whom I have selected as my consort, that she may share my princely title with me. And I have invited you all hither, my friends, that you may be witnesses of the solemn ceremony, which at this very hour will eternally unite her to me."

The effect of this revelation was almost indescribable. The Brandenburg officers seemed almost to be petrified. Some uttered hollow sounds, or cries of surprise, while others sank back on their seats in amazement. Immediately after the margrave

* The château was destroyed in 1706 by the French under La Feuillade, but afterwards rebuilt.

ceased speaking a deadly silence brooded over the whole company, and the glad merriment of the festival was checked. Charles Philip supported the almost fainting countess in his arms. But the silence of the guests did not last long: it had been the calm that precedes a storm. The anger of the officers broke forth loudly, and M. de Varennes shouted: "That is contrary to the will of our gracious elector, whose soldiers we are." This cry was the signal for loudly-expressed opposition. "Treachery! We have been drawn into a snare! No recognition!" the deceived gentlemen shouted.

Heated by wine, they were led to make such menacing gestures, that the friends of the margrave thought it advisable to take him and the countess in their midst. The opposite party regarded this in the light of a challenge, and in a moment swords were drawn, an example the margrave and his friends thought themselves justified in following. The tumult increased, with each moment; with the shrieks of the ladies were mingled the abusive shouts of the men, among whom the Prince of Hesse and M. de Varennes took the lead, by accusing the margrave of disobeying his prince, brother, and superior officer, as well as of want of respect to his exalted name. Charles Philip, on the other hand, swore by all the gods that he would sooner let himself be cut to pieces than give up the countess. "Follow me, madam," he cried. "I will show you that I am worthy of you and my great ancestors."

The moment had arrived which, it appeared, must infallibly lead to a sanguinary collision. Attempts were made to prevent the margrave and his companions from leaving the hall, and swords were already clashing, when an officer of Duke Victor's suddenly appeared at the head of thirty men, and requested the officers most politely, in the duke's name, not to disturb the peace of a royal château. The swords were at once sheathed, and the two parties contented themselves with abusing each other; but as they did not dare to give the margrave further cause of irritation, the ducal officer contented himself with arresting Lea, the priest, and the notary, the responsibility of which step M. de Varennes took on himself.*

Once more a deep silence followed this turbulent interlude. The long gallery was deserted, night set in, and all that could be heard was the rolling of coaches or the galloping of horses bearing the guests back to the city.

The same night De Varennes sent off a courier to Berlin to inform the elector of all that had occurred. The next day he waited on Duke Victor and demanded the arrest of the margrave, his subaltern, and the countess. The duke promised to carry out the latter part of the request, but decidedly refused to act in opposition to the margrave, to whom he was attached by the bonds of hospitality and personal esteem. Varennes sent off a second courier to Berlin, who announced the duke's refusal. We must allow, however, that Varennes acted as an honorable soldier. In his report he spoke with the greatest respect of the margrave and the countess, and only appealed to his position as superior officer, by virtue of which he could not tolerate any action that opposed the interests of his sovereign.

The margrave had plenty to do in consoling his lovely betrothed, but their mutual love seemed to grow through obstacles and dangers. The scenes at the Veneria could not fail to become generally known to the lovers of scandal. But though evil tongues were so busily at work, the character of the countess and the chivalry of her exalted admirer stood above any calumny, and in a few days the scandal was converted into unfeigned admiration. The romantic incidents imparted a double charm to the whole liaison, and Varennes soon saw what a difficult position he would hold against public opinion, as even the officers were only impeded by the bonds of discipline from openly displaying their sympathy with the margrave.

Charles Philip soon acknowledged to himself that, if he wished to keep his plighted troth, no other way was left him but a private marriage. During his strolls about the neighborhood of Turin he had formed the acquaintance of some monks belonging to the Calmaldulense monastery, and to one of these, Father Colombar, the prince became sincerely attached. He did not hesitate to avow every thing to the

*It was never known how this military help arrived so opportunely, but it is supposed that Duke

Victor was aware of what was going to happen, and had made arrangements for all events. The priest and the notary remained under arrest for a year.

monk, and this confession made such an impression on the worthy padre that he did not long repel the margrave's entreaties. In a word, the pair were married by the rites of the church, with a careful observance of all necessary formalities. As witnesses were present the countess's brother and brother-in-law, and for the margrave, MM. de Peras and Stytle. Peras drew up the legal marriage contract as "auditor of his Electoral Grace of Brandenburg," and all the witnesses signed it. The die was thus thrown. The newly-married couple reveled in their felicity, and carefully avoided gazing northward, whence the lightning might be expected.

Every effort was made to keep the marriage a secret; but how could any secret have been kept in an age when everybody was involved in intrigues of a similar nature? The margrave himself was possibly to blame for the discovery, for he at times found a relief in imparting his anxieties to some friend. The presence of the young Prince Leopold of Anhalt Dessau (afterwards the old Dessauer) had an especially cheering effect upon him. The prince came to Turin in the course of his tour through Italy, and in this city he formed a friendship with the margrave. Charles Philip poured out his heart, and found a willing auditor in Leopold. The young Dessauer was in the same position, for before his departure he had formed an engagement with Anna Föhse, a chemist's daughter at Dessau. He gave the margrave his assurance that nobody in the world should prevent his marriage with the girl of his heart, and he carried out his pledge.

The margrave, encouraged by the prince's example, began talking about his own marriage openly, and ere long the whole affair, with marginal references, was reported to Berlin.* The elector was excessively annoyed at the discovery, and we can not blame him for being so. Apart from the fact that he regarded his brother's marriage as an obstacle to his own lofty schemes, he was too remote from the scene of the affair to be able to judge with perfect impartiality. He had, however, answered Varennes' first report about the occurrence at La Veneria with great moderation, and commanded "that

as little importance as possible should be given to the affair." It is also certain that the margrave took no steps to come to any possible understanding with his brother. He waited with resignation for what would happen. At Turin the court was divided into two parties: while the margrave's friends did all in their power to express their approval, the opponents of the marriage kept aloof from his house.

While the clouds were collecting in this way, and darkening the sky of the margrave's nuptial felicity, the political horizon was becoming covered with equally menacing clouds. The fury of war was already raging again in the fertile valleys of Savoy. It is a twofold glory for the margrave that he did not allow himself to be held by the silken fetters of love, but, remembering his name, rushed into the field at the first call of the bugles. Unhesitatingly liberating himself from the arms of his wife, he behaved most daringly. In all the actions he led his men, and at the storming of Casale he planted the flag of Brandenburg on the conquered redoubt, and as he fell, from a dangerous sword-cut, he clung to the flag-staff, while waving his sword dyed with the blood of the foe in his right hand. Borne from the field to Turin, he enjoyed the tender care of his wife.

In the mean while three dispatches had arrived from Berlin. The first, addressed to Varennes, commended his zeal and conduct in the affair, and ordered that the couple were to be separated, by force if really married, but the utmost caution must be exercised. If the Savoyard authorities offered any opposition, Varennes received orders to withdraw his troops immediately from the allied army. The second letter was addressed to the duke, and contained a solemn protest against the marriage, which had been effected without the knowledge or assent of the elector. The third letter, intended for the margrave, represented to him, in serious terms, the impropriety of the marriage; the elector implored him to remember his ancestors, and the excellent destiny for which Providence intended him. The elector fraternally exhorted him to act as a man, and sacrifice his love to the interests of his country. In conclusion, he was ordered to lay down his commission as officer of the auxiliary corps, and proceed without delay to assume a command on the Rhine.

*It took a considerable time ere the veil was raised from the secret. The young couple had been married above a year when the order for their separation arrived.

The crushing blow was dealt. Love struggled against the iron duty of the soldier and the subject. It gained the victory, and the wretched fate of the lovers was decided. After Varennes had imparted to the duke the elector's positive commands, and Victor Amadeus was compelled to yield to the well-founded objections, while the margrave adhered to his determination, the commander resolved to act.

The most lovely moonlight, such as is only to be seen in the tranquil sky of Italy, was expanded over Turin. The church clocks announced the hour of midnight. In the deserted streets only a solitary passenger was here and there visible; in the distance could be heard the strumming of guitars, but this soon died away, and the small mansion of the Margrave Charles Philip was perfectly quiet, overshadowed by the tall trees and shrubs. Only one window, looking out into the garden, was faintly illuminated: it was the window of the room in which Charles Philip was slumbering, watched by his wife, who, resting by his side in an arm-chair, anxiously watched every movement of the sleeper.

The poetic silence of the night was suddenly disturbed by dull sounds. They were the regular footsteps of a heavy patrol, which echoed unpleasantly through the silent streets. The soldiers wore Austrian and Piedmontese uniforms. In front of them marched four officers in the Brandenburg dress. On reaching the margrave's hotel, sentries were posted round the building, and when this was done, the remaining troops passed through the open gateway into the garden, and approached a back door in the house, on which an officer tapped lightly. It was slightly opened, and the pale face of a valet peered through the crack.

"Is that you, Herr Von Hackeborn?" the surprised man groaned.

"Yes, it is I. According to our agreement, you must open the door. Quick. By order of our gracious elector!"

The door was thrown open, and the officers stepped in. They gently ascended a flight of stairs, and came to a door masked by heavy curtains. Hackeborn pulled the latter back, and laid his hand on the latch. "It is here," he whispered.

Charles Philip, who on this night was suffering more seriously than usual from

his scarce closed wound, was being anxiously watched by his faithful nurse. Under her guard he fell into a slight sleep: the countess carefully noticed his every movement, raised her beautiful head, and looked expectantly at her beloved husband's pale face, ready to do him any little service he might need. The sleeper threw his head about restlessly, as if tortured by a bad dream. The countess started up, and he grew calmer again. The silence was only interrupted by the ticking of the clock. On the margrave's pale face played the reflection of the light burning in a blue lamp. The countess listened for a few moments, but then laid her head back on the pillows. Suddenly, she fancied that the door of the sleeping-room was being noiselessly opened, and she peered sharply into the semi-obscurity. No, it was no mistake; the door was moving on its hinges, a man stepped into the room. Could she be dreaming? But it was impossible to have such a distinct dream. She raised her hand to the bell-rope, she held it between her fingers, it was reality, and then several men had entered the room. Light fell into it through the open doorway, she recognized uniforms and weapons. With a loud shriek she sprang up, the bell rang, and there was a busy movement in the corridors.

The countess's cry of terror awakened the margrave, and he at once surveyed the threatening danger. He leaped out of bed, and stood before the officers. At the same moment the countess's women rushed into the apartment from the opposite door, voices and cries burst forth, a scene of confusion began, and the margrave's thundering voice could be heard above the disturbance. But amid all the excitement, Hackeborn remained firm and unbending, with his left hand on his sword-hilt, and holding the duke's order of arrest open in the other.

"In the name of the duke and my elector," he cried, "exempt, I order you to secure the person of the countess with all respect."

"Not a step nearer her," Charles Philip shrieked, who had drawn his sword, which was leaning against the bedside. He stood like a tiger prepared to spring.

"Most gracious lord, it is the order of your brother and elector."

"You are a hangman."

"My lord margrave, I can pardon your excitement. You are a soldier like my-

self, and I ask you whether a soldier dares to hesitate when he has an order from his master to perform?"

"Well, then," the margrave shouted, "if we are soldiers, let us act as such. Man against man! Draw your sword, and we will fight."

The gleaming blade in his hand described a circle, and the margrave stood before the unconscious countess, who was being supported by her women.

"For Heaven's sake, my lord," Hackeborn cried, "come to yourself. I implore you not to cause any Brandenburg blood to flow. All may turn out for the best yet. Reflect, that we are bound to obey."

"Come on! Come on!" the margrave roared.

"Let it cost my life," Hackeborn said, "sooner than his."

With a bold leap he reached the margrave's side, and his muscular hand clutched Charles Philip's sword-hilt. The two men struggled together.

"Help me, gentlemen," the colonel commanded. "His highness is beside himself. Hold his sword."

The officers hurried up, and Charles Philip, who was still weak, was soon disarmed. He defended himself desperately against his assailants, who patiently endured every blow, and strove to hold him. Suddenly, with a loud shriek, and a last convulsive movement, Charles Philip sank back exhausted into Hackeborn's arms. The blood poured over his night-dress. The wound of Casale had broken out afresh. The colonel allowed him to sink gently on to a pillow.

"Heaven be thanked!" he muttered. "No Brandenburg sword has touched his heroic person."

Charles Philip opened his eyes: he gazed at the spot where he had last seen his wife. "Catharine," he groaned; and as if his low moan had reached the ear of the beloved woman, the parting cry of "Philip! Philip!" rose painfully from the garden. It was lost in the rolling of the hurrying coach, which bore the countess away from her husband to the convent of Santa Croce.

A stately catafalque rose in the center of the cathedral church of Berlin. Upon it lay the insignia of princely dignity. Hat, sword, and spurs, gloves, and scarf, were surrounded by a gilt laurel wreath.

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The members of the electoral family were sorrowfully offering their last prayers at the richly-decorated bier of Margrave Charles Philip von Schwedt.

Five days after the separation from his wife he was carried off by a violent fever, which the breaking out of the wound and the terrible shock had brought on. His love was his death.

Catharine de Brandebourg, as the Countess de Salmour henceforth called herself, was set at liberty immediately after her husband's death. She had no fortune, and had only the protection of her relatives to trust to in the world. The elector offered her one hundred thousand crowns if she would lay aside the title of Brandenburg.

When the coffin had been let down into the royal vault, the elector and his family remained for some time in the deserted church. Frederick stood in deep thought by the grave of his brother-in-law. He waved his hand over it in farewell, and quitted the church. On reaching his cabinet he threw himself into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and hot tears poured from his eyes. A few hours later, he was deeply immersed in business again. One letter especially attracted his attention. He held it close to his eyes, as if to convince himself that he had read correctly. It was a letter from Countess Salmour, and she subscribed herself "Catharine de Brandebourg." The poor young widow declined the hundred thousand crowns offered her.

"Monseigneur," she wrote, "the honor of being able to bear the name of Brandebourg is of more value to me than all the treasures of the earth. You are too affectionate, too noble-hearted, to feel offended at my imploring you to keep your money, and leave me the name of my husband, which is beyond all price."

Frederick let the paper drop. "Noble-hearted woman," he at length said to himself. "She was worthy of him. Yes, it is a name beyond price; and when I no longer bear it, it shall ever glisten as a gem in my kingly crown, and whoever bears it shall be dear to me. Such be the reconciliation between us, my poor beloved brother! I too suffered, when I was compelled to sacrifice your happiness and love to the future elevation of my house!"*

* I deeply regret that I must spoil this pretty picture, by stating that the Countess de Salmour married again twice, making four husbands in all, and lived very comfortably till the year 1719.

From the North British Review.

ENGLAND AND EUROPE.

SINCE those February days, when the news ran like wild-fire throughout England, that the seventeen years' siege of the July monarchy had at length ended in its fall, the interest taken by our countrymen in the affairs of the Continent has greatly increased. Every one now travels, and every intelligent person brings back some interest in the history and condition of the peoples among which he has been wandering. It is only necessary to turn to the columns of the newspapers to see how important a personage "Our own Correspondent" has become. Indeed there have been many periods during the last few years, in which he has seemed to occupy the position of an ambassador extraordinary, accredited by the public of this country to those who were moulding opinion, or more directly guiding events in other lands.

Before 1848 such a slight summary as we propose to give of the existing state of political relations, and the probabilities of the future in Europe, would have been out of place, because we could not have reckoned upon any considerable number of readers having sufficient acquaintance with coteremporary history to follow the rapid and imperfect review which is alone possible within our limits. Now we may fairly calculate upon sufficient knowledge on the part of many, to let hints do the work of statements, and allusion of exposition.

The political map of Europe is, it can hardly be doubted, in a course of gradual reconstruction. We English have ourselves no territorial ambition to gratify, and we have always religiously respected the arrangements of 1815. For these arrangements, however, we have no special affection, and of many of them we greatly disapprove. If our statesmen have gained the character of being fanatically devoted to them, it has only been because comparatively few public men in this country have given very serious attention to European questions, and a reference to the

lex scripta of international arrangements has been the easiest way of arriving at a decision. The English people does not wish to see these treaties torn, with a general scramble for territory as the result, but it is quite willing to examine upon their merits all proposals which may be brought forward for their alteration; although there are many, even desirable alterations, which it would be sorry to see attempted by force of arms, and some which it would be bound to prevent at the sword's point.

No event which has occurred since the conclusion of the great war has so materially modified our relations with France, as the establishment of the volunteer force. We are not of those who believe that the present emperor had ever any fixed purpose of attacking this country. On the contrary, we think that it has ever been his anxious desire to remain on friendly terms with us. That desire, however, has been subordinated to his determination to retain his own position, and to transmit it to his descendants. He would never have gone to war with us, except at the bidding of a powerful party in France; but while we were in the state of imperfect preparation from which we were roused by the panic of 1859, he might have received that bidding at any moment. Nothing can be imagined more alarmist than the talk of many circles in Paris four years ago. Since the establishment of the volunteer force, and the generally increased naval and military activity, the danger of any sudden attack has passed away. If we are true to ourselves, there will be no risk of war with France, except upon some really grave cause of difference; and no one, we may be well assured, is better pleased by this result than Napoleon III.

But are there any probable causes of national dissension which may really require to be settled by arms? Far fewer, we think, than many are apt to believe. If we could once see a strong Italy and a strong Germany, we might cease to trouble ourselves about the aggrandizement

of France. To imagine, however, that the possession of the frontier of the Rhine is not an object most passionately desired by the great majority of Frenchmen, would be to deceive ourselves wofully; and, as long as the "contradiction of thirty-five wills," or, as we now ought to say, of "thirty-four," goes on at Frankfort, we can never tell when we may be forced into a position of antagonism to our ambitious neighbor. It is undoubtedly true that the old hatred of England is unabated amongst large classes in France; but are we altogether blameless in this matter? Was the tone of "society" in London during the Italian War either just or generous? We know, from one who was in constant intercourse with Louis Napoleon through that campaign, that he was haunted by the fear that he should wake up some morning and find that the Derby government had declared against him. Every year that the Commercial Treaty lasts will knit more closely together the interests of the two countries; and a party will ere long grow up on the other side of the Channel strong enough to push further the principles upon which it is founded. We must not, however, reckon too much, in the case of a people so impulsive as the French, upon the ties of interest. We mistake very much if we suppose that they have any very extraordinary influence even upon ourselves. More is to be hoped from the extended acquaintance with each other's language, and from the closer personal ties which are constantly being formed between natives of the two countries. In the meantime, the race of writers which grew up under the influences of the Napoleonic wars is passing away, and is being succeeded by a generation which studies and understands us. The policy of France toward her other neighbors is more disquieting, but perhaps not unnatural. The emperor was, at the time of General Ortega's abortive attempt, bitterly accused of wishing to stir up strife in Spain. In Italy he has allowed the temptation of doing a great historical action to overpower those traditions of France which induce her to wish that Italy should be weak. Guided, however, partly by these traditions, he has paused in his own work, and has even restrained his natural and laudable hatred toward the Court of Rome and the priestly government.

Brought up in a school which took little account of religion as a motive power in

human society, Louis Napoleon was startled when he returned to France, by finding that the clergy was far more powerful than he had supposed, and had contributed not a little to his own election. To this hour, he does not seem to have made up his mind as to what he may and may not venture on. No one who does not know the provinces as well as Paris, ought to tax him lightly with being too timid. We are inclined to think that he might safely do more than he does; but the aspect of M. Villedieu and M. Guizot fighting for the Pope is not encouraging. The influence of the empress, whose devotion is of that bad Spanish type, which "transacts rather than works out the business of salvation," by attention to external observances, is as prejudicial as possible.

In humiliating Austria, he has not only gratified his own personal and dynastic antipathies, but has remained true to an ancient policy of the country which he governs. And who can grudge him the pleasure of humiliating her still further, by tossing the refusal of the Mexican crown to a descendant of Charles V.? To Belgium he has ever been petulant and menacing, and to Switzerland he has not shown the generosity which might have been expected from his antecedents. But in both these cases the instinct of self-preservation must be admitted to have given him some excuse.

The opinions which are prevalent in England with respect to Belgium were very well reflected last year by an article in the *Quarterly Review*. If they were strictly correct we might fold our hands and dismiss all fear of future trouble arising with regard to that country. There are not wanting, however, persons in Belgium who aver that we are too apt to see the affairs of King Leopold through the spectacles of the government newspapers. Such *frondeurs*, if we must call them so, maintain that the heir to the throne has but slender abilities, and is in the hands, not only of the priests, but of the Protectionists; that the fortifications of Antwerp have excited profound discontent, and have increased the jealousy of England, which is usual among the nations which she creates or defends. They say, further, that not only are Hainault, Namur, and part of Liege anxious to be united with France, but that the Flemish population is disgusted by the neglect of its language,

and begins to murmur at the Walloon revolution, casting longing eyes toward Holland. If all this be true, we may one day have a rude awakening. The frontier of the Rhine involves the annexation of Belgium, and if Belgium were once annexed, how long would it be ere we should be again told that Holland is the alluvium of French rivers? What is the meaning of the gigantic works at Antwerp, if it be not that there should be a fortified district into which the Belgian court and army may retire until England comes to help them?

It is not probable that in any European contest, Holland would be found in a different camp from ourselves. Till recently, the heart-burnings caused by the part which we took in the Belgian revolution, and the strong Russian influence at the Hague, tended to keep the two nations apart, but the force of common interest and common ideas has been too strong for intrigue and prejudice. "In all that relates to her external policy," said on one occasion an eminent Dutch politician to the writer, "Holland may be regarded as a part of England." This is true, because it can hardly be that our paths are likely to divide; not because Holland is weak, for the countrymen of Van Tromp and De Ruyter are by no means likely to yield to dictation. The ideas of the two peoples are moving in the same direction. English literature exerts a prodigious influence throughout the whole educated class in Holland, and we only require to be more familiar with Dutch thought, to be in our turn considerably influenced by it. In elementary education the Dutch are far ahead of us, and hardly less so in all that relates to ecclesiastical affairs, while they can look back as upon a period of danger that is past, upon that change, from a middle age and feudal to a modern and democratic organization, which with us is still in progress, and may not inconceivably, before it is accomplished, give rise to serious inconvenience. Ere long the last blot upon their scutcheon, the perhaps profitable, but bad and oppressive "culture system" will disappear from their eastern, as slavery lately disappeared from their western colonies. It would be well for the progress of liberal ideas throughout the world, if the European subjects of the House of Orange could be quadrupled.

The friendly and almost protective rela-

tion in which we have long stood to Portugal, gives us an interest in her prosperity, or at least in her immunity from external dangers. Nothing that is menacing to her appears at present on the horizon; her difficulties for the moment are all internal. Few countries in Europe have lagged so far behind in material improvement. The strife of factions has been almost as prejudicial to her as despotism has been to some other countries. Now, however, there seems reason to hope that a better period is opening. The state of the finances excites the attention and uneasiness which it should do. Railways are being pushed forward. A great change has been made in the tariff, and with the exception of the not unnatural disturbances which broke out when the sudden and unexplained deaths of the king and several of the royal family made the people fear treason near the throne, there has been no interruption of the public tranquillity. The marriage of the reigning monarch with the daughter of Victor Emmanuel, puts the seal upon the liberal policy of the House of Braganza, and nothing but the maintenance of order, and the increase and good distribution of the wealth which the great resources of the soil ought to supply, is wanted to make Portugal a useful ally to Great Britain.

We must not, however, unless indeed the example of Colonel Sibthorp may give us comfort, be too sanguine in anticipating the future of a country, in which a prominent member of the legislature within the last decade observed: "Roads; what do we want with roads? they will only facilitate a Spanish invasion." The late king, who was somewhat too much oppressed by the sense of his responsibilities, was, we trust, in too desponding a mood when he observed to an English naval officer: "I have honest men, and I have able men, but honesty and ability are not very often found together in Portugal."

There is no country in Europe which has, during the last ten years, made so marked a progress as Spain. Its resources are so enormous that it only requires peace and good government for a quarter of a century to make it a power of the first class. There is but one reason which should make us look with any uneasiness upon this resurrection of an old antagonist. Spain can only acquire real power by following the same path which has led

us to power; and if she does so, we shall have a new market for our manufactures, and a new reservoir from which to draw a great number of products of which we stand in need; we shall have a new outlet for our accumulated capital, and we shall have a ready ally against any too ambitious designs which may be formed beyond the Bidassoa. We must not flatter ourselves, however, that Spain will be otherwise than hostile to us as long as we hold Gibraltar. The possession of that place is valued by the Spaniards, not so much for any real advantage to accrue from it, as because it is the point upon the acquisition of which all their patriotic hopes have concentrated themselves. Even if their empire were as great as it was in the days of Philip II., the presence of the red-coats upon the Rock would be like Mordecai sitting at the king's gate, to the jealous Castilian; and therefore we think that those writers have done wisely who have tried to force the consideration of this matter of Gibraltar upon the English public. It should be studied in a fair spirit, and with the help of all the lights which military knowledge, political expediency, and a far-seeing, not merely penny-wise economy, can bring to it; for sooner or later it will become a practical question. If we deliberately determine that the fortress is to be kept at all hazards, by all means let us fight for it; but if we come to the opposite conclusion, let us solve the difficulty, not by the rude arbitrament of war, but by some arrangement which may be profitable not only to England, but to Spain, and to Europe. Religious toleration, free trade, and slave emancipation, are all lessons which Spain, if wiser, would learn without a bribe, but which it is better she should learn with a bribe, than not learn at all. Of course, it may turn out that the material and moral revival which we witness will not go very deep. The influence of Sister Patrocinio is a bad symptom, and the base compliances of the O'Donnell cabinet are even worse. More than one local insurrection has broken out in the midst of the general tranquillity, and it has been observed that these, unlike the numerous military revolts which we witnessed down to 1854, have had something of a Socialist character. More information about Spain than is readily accessible to any one not living in the political circles of Madrid would be

necessary, in order to give any very positive opinion about her future; but, excepting always the question of Gibraltar, her future, whether happy or the reverse, can hardly have any but an indirect influence upon ours. To those who are not aware how much Spain has advanced within the last few years, we should strongly recommend the work called *Das Heutige Spanien*, by M. Garrido, translated by the editor of the once famous *Hallischen Jahrbücher*, M. Arnold Ruge. After making all allowances for the fact that M. Garrido is an ultra-democrat, and a very sanguine politician, there is much in his book to rejoice over. Readers who have little time at their disposal will find many curious statistics bearing upon this subject in the third number of the *Home and Foreign Review*.

Of the many difficulties which still lie on the path of Italy, far the most important are the question of Rome and the question of Venetia. The first of these might, no doubt, be settled easily enough by the Emperor of the French, if he were not deterred by two considerations. He fears, at least for the present, to do any thing that may excite a more violent outbreak of hostility on the part of the French clergy; and he is unwilling to incur the obloquy of abandoning an outpost which gives to France great influence in the affairs of Italy. His tenacious and patient intellect has never relinquished the idea that the prosperity of the country for which he first bore arms, is to be sought in federation rather than in union; and he bides his time, fully believing that his anticipations will yet be justified by events.

It is very probable, however, that this question may, after all, receive a peaceful solution. We wish we could be as sanguine about the other. But although the arguments of those who maintain that Austria has a moral right to the Quadrilateral are no stronger than those which can be advanced for the possession of the Rhine by France, or of a large intrenched camp on this side of the Vosges by Germany, we are inclined to think that the considerations stated for English hearers by Mr. Price, in his lecture at the United Service Institution, have so much weight with Austria, that she is extremely unlikely to retire from Venetia without having suffered a defeat such as will paralyze the forces of the empire. "The Quadrilateral," says Mr. Price, "is perhaps the

most magnificent economy in Europe, for it makes every soldier do the work of three." Nor must it be imagined that the monstrous pretensions of Austria have no sympathizers in the non-Austrian parts of Germany. A writer in the July number of the *Home and Foreign Review* aptly quotes, with reference to this subject, a speech of the Prussian General Radowitz, who will not be suspected of having desired the aggrandizement of Austria. Speaking of what would result from the loss of Verona, he said: "Our expensive system of defense on the Upper Rhine would be useless; the positions in the Black Forest, the strong fortress of Ulm and the Upper Danube, would be turned. The conflict would begin in the plains of Carinthia and Bavaria, instead of the Upper Rhine. One third of the German empire would be lost without firing a shot, simply by the strategic disposition of the two parties. . . . If Germany is to be safe at a point which has been menaced for centuries, the territory of Venice, and the country as far as the Mincio, must not fall into the hands of strangers."

As long as the four fortresses remain in the hands of the Austrians, Italy will be obliged to turn towards military objects those revenues which she might far better leave to "fructify" in the pockets of the people or expend in promoting the internal prosperity of the country; and the compensation to be gained from the spreading of a warlike spirit through the whole of a generation is at least equivocal, and may produce in the future disastrous effects. If the Quadrilateral is won for Italy by war, war will seek also to win the Italian Tyrol and Istria. If, on the other hand, the Quadrilateral is used by Austria, at some future time, as a means of reconquering her ascendancy in Italy, it will be hardly possible to avoid a European war, into which we ourselves are pretty certain to be drawn, unless a most unexpected reaction takes place in English opinion.

The security of Switzerland has been more than once menaced since the year of revolutions. First by Prussia, in the affair of Neuchâtel, and next by France, in the annexation of Savoy. On both these occasions she has shown great patriotic ardor, and an almost too great readiness to resent any infraction of her rights. The indignation excited by the treaty which transferred Chablais and Faucigny to

France, found an echo, as will be remembered, in our own parliament; but the strong things which were said there only feebly reflected the fury of a large party in Switzerland. Others took a less excited view of the question; and the pamphlet of M. Dubs, called *Savoyer Frage*, which had an enormous circulation in German Switzerland, summed up the whole question better than any other paper on the subject that we have seen, and materially tended to dissipate unnecessary alarms. In the end of 1860, the small squabble about the Valley of Dappes threatened Europe with another sensation; but this, too, happily passed over.

The first question with respect to Germany which the English politician has to decide is, whether or not there is any valid reason to prevent his being willing to see that transformation of the existing confederation of States into a federative State, which is so ardently desired throughout the Fatherland? We do not think that there is. Germany, strong and united, would not, perhaps, be so peaceably inclined as some are apt to suppose. The Teuton is a bad master, and his nationality has shown itself very much inclined to be aggressive upon every frontier; in Hungary as in Schleswig, on the Mincio as on the Vistula. A united Germany, however, would be surrounded by united and powerful neighbors, and her strength would have enough to do in repelling aggression. There is great force in the warnings which have been addressed to ardent centralizers beyond the Rhine, by M. Montalembert and others; but still we must give the Germans credit for understanding their own affairs, and admit that, on the whole, the evils of their present divisions are greater than those of the state of things which they aspire to bring about. Their interest is our interest, for we shall hardly be expected to combat the suspicions of those who think that England is averse to see united Germany from jealousy of a possible new rival on the seas.

More important is the question, to which of the two parties into which German constitutional reformers are divided, we ought to incline. Are we to be "Klein-Deutsch," or "Gross-Deutsch?" Are we to wish for a smaller confederacy with Prussia at the head, or a larger confederacy under the lead of Austria? We have no hesitation in choosing the former alternative. When the Emperor Francis elected to be

Emperor of Austria, and abandoned his proud ancestral position as German Kaiser, with all its shadowy and mysterious attributes, as well as its acknowledged powers and duties, he took a step on a road upon which there is no returning. Sooner or later, his descendants will have to wake up to a consciousness of their position, and to see that when their ancestor turned his back on the Rhine, he turned his face toward the Danube. In the valley of the great river, the House of Austria must make its future, if that future is to be a prosperous one. Austria, if she were to step out of the German Bund to-morrow, resigning Venetia for an equivalent upon the Lower Danube, might still play a part in history greater than any which she has played before. For Prussia, on the other hand, the hegemony of Germany is an absolute necessity, if she is not to sink into the position of a second-rate power. The present king, when he ascended the throne, had all the popularity necessary for the task that lay before him. The alarm of 1859 brought to his assistance the powerful organization of the National Verein. Nothing but folly the most insensate has prevented him playing the part which Austria has lately essayed at Frankfort, with this difference, that he would have been supported by the ardent sympathies, not to say by the revolutionary energies of the whole of Northern Germany. He has chosen another part. He has rallied round him whatever was petty in Prussian bureaucracy; whatever was rude, brutal, or interested in the Prussian military caste; whatever was stolid or selfish in the Prussian squirearchy; for of nobility, in the sense in which the term is used in Scotland or France, in England or in Italy, there is, in Prussia, very little to rally. He has done all this, not so much from evil will as from sheer stupidity. Nevertheless, if the unity of Germany is to be achieved at all, it must be by Prussia. The puppet of the infamous Bismark may conceivably undo all that has been done for the House of Hohenzollern since the days of the great Elector; but he can not interfere materially with the great destinies of the Prussian people.

The majority of Englishmen settle the Schleswig-Holstein question quickly and easily, and they settle it in favor of Denmark. This is very natural. They feel that Denmark is weak and brave, while Germany, though strong and inclined to

bully, is yet half-afraid to strike. They remember also that they once did the Danes an involuntary wrong, and would willingly make them reparation. Our national habit of compromise, and love for "practical" solutions, makes in the same direction. What on earth have the Germans to gain by acquiring Schleswig; or, if they must meddle with it, why can not they be satisfied with the proposal long ago made by Lord Palmerston: draw a line across the peninsula, and add one half to Jutland, letting the other go with Holstein? So say many, and it is difficult to give any quite satisfactory reply. Leaving on one side, however, the large historical question, as to the respective rights of Germany and Denmark, and merely indicating by the use of the compound word Schleswig-Holstein, that we think that there is very much more to be said for the German view of the matter than most Englishmen imagine, we come to the immediate subject of dispute, and with regard to this we have little difficulty. We are bound by the Treaty of London of 1852 to respect the integrity of Denmark, and we can not recognize the right of the German Bund to order a Federal execution in Holstein, for the purpose of enforcing a claim which, if admitted, would give to the Bund an indirect control through the estates of Holstein, over the proceedings of the Danish Parliament sitting at Copenhagen. Assuredly the Danes are not blameless; and there is much in their conduct toward both the duchies, since the suppression of the rebellion, which can not be defended. But the demands of the Bund at this particular conjuncture are extreme, as well as singularly ill-timed. The Schleswig-Holstein question, unfortunately, is not one which is likely to be soon decided. Grounded in history, it has become identified with the national pride and aspirations of the German people, and as their language extends up the Peninsula, it is likely continually to become more formidable. It is clear, however, that at present, the maintenance of the independence of Denmark, except in so far as her federal obligations in Holstein and Lauenburg extend, has been determined upon by all non-Teutonic Europe, and the attempt to enforce the claims lately put forward, if seriously made, can only lead to war. Denmark will meet that war, strong in her naval superiority, in her easily de-

fensible position, in her great material prosperity, and in the rising enthusiasm of her people, inflamed as it is by the sympathy of the whole of Scandinavia. For many months the government has been looking to the probability of a rupture. Fortifications have been repaired, ships have been built, and preparations have been made for opposing to an invading army the terrible barrier of an inundation. We would fain hope that the powerful alliances of Denmark may yet avert by diplomatic means the calamities which will be entailed even by a successful resistance, and allow her to pursue unchecked a career of improvement, which, commencing with the great and sudden changes of 1848, has gone steadily on, and has enabled her to occupy so respectable a position in the family of nations, in spite of the continued peril to which she has been exposed by the hostility of powerful neighbors, united in little else but in hatred to her.

Sweden has, within the last few months, attracted the attention of Europe, first by her attitude towards Russia, and secondly, by her diplomatic support of Denmark. The young king, more impetuous than discreet, the Victor Emmanuel of the frozen zone, seems to long for some opportunity of showing that the descendants of Bernadotte have not forgotten the career of their ancestor. In spite of Prince Dolgouroukow, who enlarges on the "Question Finnoise," we are not persuaded that the anxiety of the Finlanders for restoration to Sweden is so great, as to make us wish to see the modern Charles XII. go to war in this quarrel, unless a combined movement against Russia be ever resolved upon by the other powers. A war with Germany in support of the cry "Denmark to the Eider" would be a far safer outlet for his energy. Sweden, however, has a great deal to do at home; her cumbrous constitution, her unsatisfactory relations with the all but independent Norway, and the furious intolerance of her church, are stumbling-blocks upon her path, which she will do well to remove before she again seeks for warlike renown. A contest, however, brought on for the assistance of Denmark, might be regarded by her as a defensive one, more especially if the projects which have found favor with the courts both of Stockholm and Copenhagen, are ever translated into acts.

The Polish question is perhaps the most difficult and painful which has arisen in our times. Russia has indeed done much during the last few weeks to take away one element of difficulty; she has so conducted the war as to make armed intervention perfectly justifiable *in foro conscientia*. Whether armed intervention would not be a political impossibility is a very different matter. We derive some comfort from the pamphlet on the Polish insurrection, which has been republished from the columns of the *Spectator*. Its author tells us, that the common belief that the Poles will accept no terms short of the limits of 1772, is, in his opinion, a mistaken one. Fresh from the seat of war, and from conference with many of the patriots, his judgment is worthy of all attention. If there is the chance of compromise, there is hope. Indeed, nothing but the quintessential folly and baseness of the King of Prussia prevents that hope being a confident one. If, however, it is to be a war for all the vast countries which once were Polish, nothing can be attempted, for it is vain to expect, it would be perhaps unjust to desire, that Russia should withdraw further from the west than the line of the Niemen and the Bug.

What would be the real character and tendencies of a reconstituted Poland is a curious subject of speculation. Are we to believe, with a writer in the *Revue Germanique*, who has ably sketched the persecutions of the Unitarian Protestants in unpartitioned Poland, that the fierce sectarian animosities of old days have entirely passed away; or are we to fear that that intense religious spirit which gives so much romance to the Polish movement, whether reflected in the *Nation en Deuil* of the great French orator, or in the soberer pages of the *Recent Traveller*, would crystallize in quieter times into stern and oppressive bigotry? Would Poland be a real barrier against Russia, an outpost of western civilization, or only a weak and turbulent tool of France—a new *point d'appui* of the religious reaction? Certain it is that under no circumstances can Poland be now so dangerous to Europe as she would have been if the schemes of the Marquis Wielopolski had succeeded; if all the progressive elements of Polish life had been swept away, and he had been enabled to glut his hatred of Germany and of the West, by

fusing together all that was essentially barbarous in Muscovy and Sarmatia, and hurling it against Europe. It is difficult to know even what we should wish for. Every day must be exhausting the military power of Russia, and that is good; but every day is increasing the fanaticism of her masses, and giving to the struggle the character of a national and a holy war; while it seems probable that the present contest will hardly end without the loss to Poland of half her "ablest and best gentlemen."

The peculiar character of the war has prevented the attention of the English people being arrested by it as much as could be wished. There have been no great battles. Nay, there has not even been one engagement as important as that which took place in Hungary after the war of 1849 had virtually ceased, when the gallant Kmetz struck one last blow at Lugos for his fallen land's good right. A different system of tactics on the part of the insurgent leaders might have, or indeed may yet permit us to consider them as belligerents, and materially to aid them during the winter months by recognizing them as such. Every day, however, that passes seems to diminish our hopes.

Our relations with Russia, even in the immediate future, are sufficiently doubtful to make us speculate with caution upon the chances of coming years; but there is one thing which seems pretty certain: Russia is no longer to be dreaded as a powerful and semi-barbarous empire, contemptible in all the arts of peace, but transcendently accomplished in all those which "urge Bellona's iron car."

The disasters of the Crimean war broke the system of Nicholas far more completely than would have been done by a whole series of battles as bloody as Friedland or Borodino. In the gigantic body politic, corrupt from base to summit, there are no forces which can be restorative of despotism, and the only hope lies in a frank abandonment of the course of policy which was entered on in 1825, and in a thorough transformation. What the Crimean war began, the Polish war can hardly fail to complete. Poland, as has been truly said, "is a vast bridge stretching from the Vistula to the Black Sea, for the solemn entrance of revolutionary opinions into Russia."

It is curious to contrast the abject terror with which so many Germans were in

the habit of looking upon Russia, even so lately as the spring of 1854, with the tone which now prevails. Many a man would then have accepted, as a true description of the actual state of affairs, these bitter words: "L'Allemagne n'existe que de nom, ce sont de provinces *Baltiques*, aux quelles on a laissé, quelques droits illusoires, par exemple celui d'être non seulement sujets de Nicholas, mais en même-temps sujets de leurs petits princes." Nothing but the most inconceivable folly on the part of the princes or peoples can now cause any danger to Germany from her huge neighbor. Of course, if we are to be presented throughout the whole of the next fifty years, from time to time, with such phenomena as the present King of Prussia, or the present Elector of Hesse, it is impossible to say what baits may not be held out to Slavonic ambition; but that is, we trust, improbable.

It should not be forgotten, however, that there is another possible future for Russia. What if she develops into a vast State organized upon a socialist basis? There is a school which sees in the Russian village not only one of the earliest forms, but one of the last lessons of civilization. If the pedantic military system which now prevails, and which is in no way Slavonic, but purely German, breaks down, what then? Is it to be anarchy or a new form of human society? And if the result is a new form of human society, will it have no sympathies for the socialist aspirations of Western Europe? These are questions which such works as M. Herzen's *Du Développement des Idées Révolutionnaires en Russie* make us ask, but which few perhaps will venture to answer. Yet, like all the problems connected with that "enfer frappé à la glace," which extends over one sixth of the globe, they are full of grave import for our children's children.

To prevent Russia reaching Constantinople has long been, as we trust it will long continue to be, a favorite object with English statesmen. It may be doubted, however, whether their efforts have not of late taken an unfortunate direction; and it is certain that the impression in most continental countries is, that England is ready to protect the Turk, not only against Russia, but against his own Christian subjects. Lord Palmerston evidently thinks that there are only two alternatives in the Eastern Peninsula, the rule of Turkey or

the rule of Russia. Of these, the first, however bad, is *not* dangerous to Europe, while the second *is*. He despises the anti-Mussulman cry, which is rarely heard in this country, but which is the key-note of Russian policy, and is familiar enough to those who have mixed with the reactionary circles of Germany. We can perfectly comprehend his view, and all that we have to object to it is, that it is becoming impossible to act upon it. The Christian races are gradually growing too strong, while Europe is beginning to realize more and more what Turkish rule means. No one in this country asks for any sudden change of policy, much less for any demonstration of hostility against the Turk. All that is wished is that our moral support should not be given to his domination. Mr. Layard last session made a very long and interesting speech on the subject, but how did he meet, and in what way did he detract from the force of Mr. Gregory's awkward revelations about the pro-Turkish pressure put by Sir Henry Bulwer upon our consuls in the East? Do these officials receive a hint to look at Turkey, whenever they possibly can, through glasses which give to all objects a pleasant rose-tint?

We do not say that much might not be effected if a long succession of really able and honest men were to rule in Constantinople; but who will seriously maintain that there is any chance of this? How many statesmen equal to Fuad Pacha does Turkey possess? And is it such men as Fuad who regenerate a nation?

The task which has just been intrusted to the young king of the Hellenes is one of the most difficult that can well be imagined. It is not only that the whole edifice of good government has to be built up, but the materials with which it is to be built are extremely bad. "Not to mention other defects," says that admirable historian, Mr. Finlay, quoting Polybius but obviously expressing his own mature judgment, "no Greek who is intrusted with public money can refrain from peculation, even if ten commissioners be appointed to watch over the expenditure, and although ten bonds be signed, with twice as many witnesses, as a security for his honesty." M. About's opinion is hardly more cheering. It is said that Count Sponeck, who is, we presume, to be the virtual king of Greece for the next few years, has much the appearance and bear-

ing of Cavour; let us trust that he may have something of his power of political construction, for, after all, there is one great difference between the Greeks and the Turks—the state of both is deplorable: but the Turks are sinking into death; the Greeks are rising slowly into a new life. The one is a conquering horde, which never had any virtues except those of warlike barbarians; the other is a race in whose veins, in spite of much foreign admixture, nevertheless flows some of the blood which flowed in the veins of those whose intellect is

"Still the fountain-light of all our day,
Is still a master-light of all our seeing."

Full of faults as is the Greek people, we trust we may yet see them succeed in putting down brigandage within their borders, that chief curse of their country; in making the roads which are hardly begun now when they ought long since to have been finished; and in taking their place among the solvent communities of Europe. If perfect honesty in high places is substituted at Athens for the perfect dishonesty which has been hitherto in fashion there, much may be done to promote that useful virtue among the officials; and, when all these good things are accomplished, the sooner that Greece annexes Thessaly and Epirus, the better will England be pleased.

Egypt has of late years become so closely connected with the political system of Europe, that it is hardly possible to pass it by without some notice. There are not wanting persons who would fain see us once for all settle the question of our communications with India by landing troops at Cosseir and Suez, and by marching upon Cairo. Many now living will remember to have heard such sentiments from the mouth of one of the greatest of our Indian warriors, whose mind was continually disturbed by the fear of a French occupation of Egypt, and by the vision of an army of Fellahs, superior not only in discipline but in most other military virtues to the Sepoys. Who can forget the splendid prophecy in "Eöthen" of the day "when the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful?" We trust, however, that our rulers, who in less enlightened days than these were not tempted by the dazzling prize of Sicily, which was so nearly in their grasp, will not be

led astray by this apparently more desirable, but still more invidious acquisition. It will be, however, as necessary for us to enforce in this matter self-denial upon others as to practice it ourselves. It is difficult to look forward to any state of things, under which, if we continue to hold India, the freedom of transit through Egypt will not be of vital importance to this country, even although the railways of the future may restore much of the commerce of the East to the countries of Western Asia, and any attempt on the part of France to infringe that neutrality would probably be the signal for a desperate war. We do not, however, anticipate any thing of the kind. The same maxims of prudence and far-sightedness which are beginning so much to influence our policy, are slowly winning their way in France, and we think that it is not Quixotic to look forward to a time when she may be willing to coöperate with us, with a single eye to the prosperity of Egypt, and when we may be willing to avail ourselves of her coöperation undeterred by that distrust which we now feel, and which, although it is often just, is, we fear, not less often unreasonable. Turkish rule is in Egypt what it is every where else; and to get rid of it, or to compel it so completely to change its character as to make it virtually cease to be Turkish, is absolutely necessary. No one can read the extracts from Mr. Senior's Journal, which are now being published in a monthly cotemporary, to say nothing of the even more remarkable original, which can not yet be given to the world, without praying that the system which barbarizes the Valley of the Nile may speedily come to an end. Egypt should be placed under some European ruler, who should carry out his reforms in the way which he thought best, but after a distinct understanding with the great powers, as to the objects which it was desirable to attain. It should be treated as one of the highways of commerce, and its neutrality should be guaranteed by solemn treaty. In the meantime, the more that can be done to prepare the way for this the better. The transit has done much. The annual influx of travelers is doing much, and the Suez Canal will, if the obstacles which impede its construction can be successfully and permanently overcome, do much also. It is true that all these have their dark side. Yet the brutality of ignorant young officers,

the occasional exactions or violence of privileged travelers, and the forced labor which the impudent speculators of the Canal Company vainly seek to conceal or gloss over, are not, after all, very enormous items to be set against the vast benefits which will accrue to the subjects of Ismail Pasha, if the interests of Europe once become so closely connected with theirs as to oblige the great nations of the West to insist, ere very long, that Egypt must be governed on European principles.

We have in the preceding pages pointed out several European arrangements which seem to require alteration. Let us now inquire how far England should interfere in any of these continental quarrels where she is not obliged to do so by distinct treaty engagements. It may be safely assumed that it is so desirable, not for Englishmen only, but for the general advancement of the human race, that this country should remain at peace, that the considerations whether of interest or duty urged in favor of any interference, not obligatory, ought to be of a most cogent description. We say advisedly, of interest or duty, for we are not of those who think this island has a right to take up the attitude of "a modern Corcyra."

The doctrine of non-intervention, about which so much has been said, has no real claim to be called a doctrine at all. There are periods in history in which it is an excellent rule of conduct; and that in which we live is one of them. This generation has witnessed an outbreak of political passions as strong as the outbreak of religious passions which followed the Reformation. We have learnt to know well, what has been so aptly called "that friendship of political opinion, which sticketh closer than the brotherhood of citizenship;" and they must have attended but little to the teachings of their time, who do not see that we have more than once been on the verge of a great war of opinion. No one who knows the strength of the reactionary forces in almost all countries, and the imperfect organization which is to be set against the number and power of their opponents, should be anxious, if he be a friend to liberty, to precipitate a trial of strength; and so, on the whole, the feeling in favor of non-intervention has been useful to progress. To subscribe, however, to the opinion of those who preach it as a gospel, might be to cripple the action of this country at some moment when

it would exercise a decisive influence for good. Accordingly, we by no means put out of the question an armed voluntary interference in the affairs of continental Europe, if such interference is nearly certain to settle one of the great questions, to the general benefit of the political state-system in which our lot is cast.

Such occasions, however, must always be very rare, and all statesmen of liberal and progressive inclinations ought profoundly to distrust their own impulses to draw the sword. Reformers and Revolutionists are too apt to be born like Lammenais, "with repeaters in their heads, which are always striking the hour," and their teachings and exhortations must be scanned with a searching and somewhat skeptical glance by those upon whom falls the terrible responsibility of bidding a nation pass from thought to action.

Our chief dependence must be upon moral force reposing upon an adequate reserve of physical strength, to make it possible for us to resort without fear to the "last argument of kings." It is the fashion to sneer at our "moral force," but we can hardly see how any one can do so who knows the *dessous des cartes* of the Italian movement, to say nothing of what has recently passed in Greece, before the eyes of all the world. Our moral force is even now very great, but it is susceptible of almost indefinite extension. Every English *savant* who pushes on human knowledge; every English scholar who takes away our reproach of being in classical learning mere pupils of Germany; every English theologian who states fearlessly the conclusions of Biblical criticism; every English artist who shows that if we only apply ourselves earnestly to painting, or architecture, or sculpture, we can hold our own against others; every English manufacturer who produces goods which no foreigner can equal; every English merchant who opens new routes for trade; every English politician who throws over prejudice and looks at things as they are, ready to learn from the Continent as well as to teach it; every English author who enriches our literature; every English traveler who carries into foreign society a higher culture, or a loftier standard of right and wrong than he finds; every Englishman, in short, who makes himself respected by men of other nations—increases our moral force.

Our physical strength, whether consid-

ered absolutely or relatively to that of other European powers, has, we trust, by no means reached its *maximum*. All internal reforms, all increase of real enlightenment, all equitable settlements of outstanding political or social grievances, will tend to make it greater. The conciliation of Ireland would alone be worth fifty thousand additional troops in a really serious struggle.

The attention which has been given since the Crimean War to the health and comfort of our soldiers has already added several regiments to the army; and some obvious reforms which are now talked of will add several more. It is difficult to say what advantages we may not gain from bringing the knowledge of nature which is now possessed by our *savants* to bear on several departments of the nation's business. We doubt if there is one man in the present cabinet who has even a moderate acquaintance with any one of the natural sciences, excepting, of course, mathematics.

If the great reforms in Church and State which are desired by our really consequent Liberals are carried out in this generation, we may—without indulging in any dreams, or imagining that "here is the way to virtue and to wisdom" will be found written over "the evening gate of this century," any more than, in spite of Jean Paul, they turned out to be written over that of the last—confidently trust that England will maintain her proud European position for many a long day to come.

Unless, indeed, the conservative and reactionary forces in this country are far stronger than we believe them to be, there is every reason to hope, that the distance between us and other European nations will for some time continue to increase. Holland, the only considerable European State which can claim to rest her prosperity on the same ground as ourselves, the enlightenment and happiness of the people, is prevented by its size, by its language, and by the terrible physical difficulties with which it has to contend, from entering the lists as our rival. Prussia, at the head of a united Germany, might run a great career, but before her hegemony is assured, she has many a struggle to go through, and even if she could step to-morrow into her proper place, there is a bureaucracy to remodel, an army to reorganize, and fifty years of

leeway to make up in refinement and civilization. No Catholic power has any chance whatever, until she frankly accepts the advice conveyed in the words of the dying Cavour to Padre Giacomo: "Frate, Frate, libera Chiesa, in libero Stato!" Nor would she, even after the attainment of that desirable state of things, be at all in a position to compete with a nation whose Protestantism was free from the superstitious alloys which now too often mar its luster.

We are speaking of course only of the next few generations. A time may come when our great mineral resources will have been worked out, when every avail-

able acre of land will be cultivated, when our wise maxims of government, or others even wiser, will have become the guiding rules of all civilized nations, when many superstitions which are now respectable and powerful in foreign countries will have gone the way of the belief in witchcraft, when we shall have nothing to teach our neighbors either in physical or political science. At that far-off period, the scepter may pass to other hands; but if we only press forward now, every year gained upon our rivals before the end of the century will be ten years more of pre-eminence to Great Britain in the years to come.

THE INFLATED GIANT BALLOON.

THE latest novelty (at the Sydenham Crystal Palace) is the *Géant* balloon, with which M. Nadar and eight companions, at the end of last month, performed their perilous voyage from Paris to Nienburg, and which all but carried all the passengers to death's door. This leviathan of the ether now floats, fully inflated with atmospheric air, in the center transept, nearly filling the southern end; and over and above the interest it excites from the dangers through which it has passed, its enormous yet graceful proportions will attract general admiration. The novel car—which is, in fact, a small cottage in wicker-work, such as Robinson Crusoe would have counted almost a palace—is suspended from it, and round it are ranged the anchors, buffers, hoops, axes, and all the various rigging with which aeronauts provide themselves for the navigation of the heavens. The *Géant* is by far the largest balloon ever yet made. Its entire height, including the "compensator"—a small balloon under the large one, containing a reserve of condensed gas—and the car, is close upon two hundred feet, and when fully inflated it will contain 215,363 cubic feet of gas. By way of comparison, it may be remembered that the great Nassau balloon, in which Mr. Green made his famous voyage from Vauxhall to Weilburg, in Nassau, in 1836, only held eighty-

eight thousand cubic feet. For greater security it has two skins, both of white silk—the outer colored a yellowish white—of the finest quality, and of which more than twenty thousand yards were consumed in the manufacture. All the gores are entirely hand sewn, and the work occupied three hundred men and women for more than a month. M. Nadar tells us that the towers of Notre Dame would only overtop it by about forty-five feet; but perhaps we shall give the best idea of its magnitude to English readers by saying that it could not be got into one of Captain Fowke's great domes. It seems here almost to knock its head against the high roof of the center transept, and, looking at its vast bulk, one can imagine the mingled terror and wonder which seized the Hanoverian peasants when they saw the giant monster tearing through the air at the rate of sixty miles an hour, dashing down every thing before it, and apparently hurling its living freight away to certain destruction. It is easy to understand, too, how hard it must be to control this enormous body of gas so as to manage a safe descent, and novices in aeronautics may be permitted to doubt whether, until the valve machinery is improved, safe voyages can be performed by balloons of such a size. M. Nadar himself attributes the unfortunate issue of his last trip more to

the deficiency of the valves, which did not permit the gas to escape with sufficient rapidity, than to the failure of the anchors. The *Géant* is calculated to lift four and a half tons, but the utmost it actually has done is to raise thirty-five soldiers, who were crammed into the recesses of the car on the day of the last ascent from the Champ de Mars.

The car will, probably, be with many a chief object of interest, and it certainly is a great curiosity in its way. In its outside appearance it is not unlike, on a small scale, one of the caravans to be met with at the outskirts of country fairs or by the side of a gipsy encampment; and its interior may remind many of those singular sojourning places which shippers facetiously advertise as commodious saloon cabins. It is about fifteen feet long by twelve wide, and is partitioned off into a 'captain's cabin, with sleeping-berth, four small cabins with berth, washing-room, and printing and photographic operating rooms. It is fitted with wheels on movable axles, so that there may be no difficulty in the return, supposing a descent to be effected far from ordinary means of transport. There are windows and doors on each side, but after all there does not seem much room for nine people to turn in comfortably; and the sensation must have been something like being slung up to the top of one of Pickford's warehouses in a good-sized wine hamper. For those who prefer the open air there is the roof, with which a strong high bulwark running round makes a kind of airy terrace or quarter-deck. It was here that the whole party were huddled together in the last half hour of their perilous journey, in

which they were whirled more than twenty miles, clinging for dear life to the cordage, bumped violently against the ground every two or three minutes, and expecting at every bound to be crushed to death. Our readers have no doubt perused with interest the vivid account of this perilous flight which we extracted from the foreign journals at the time, and M. Nadar, though still smarting, grows quite enthusiastic in relating their hair-breadth escapes. "*Après tout c'était beau*," he cries, as a soldier might sum up the compressed excitement of half an hour's hard fight. The balloon itself, though it frequently beat the earth with its head, does not show many signs of its wild career, beyond the rent which was made by the axe of the courageous Godard, and one or two others which it received in tearing through a forest. The car, which is strongly built of ash, rattans, and osiers, with internal stays of inflated india-rubber, is more seriously injured, and the side which was dragged so long along the ground, banged against trees, and finally burst through the telegraph wires, bears evident marks of its ill-treatment.

M. Nadar has accompanied the balloon to this country, but does not contemplate making any ascent with it here, at least for the present. In fact, he is still hardly able to move from the effects of his accident; and, moreover, before trying another voyage it will be necessary to make some improvements in the machinery of the balloon, particularly in the valves. An adventure like the last would not terminate so harmlessly in a thickly-populated country like England, as in the sandy plains of Hanover.—*Times*.

PHœNICIAN KEY TO ASSYRIAN RECORDS.—Sir Henry Rawlinson has made a discovery which promises to be of material assistance in reading the monumental records of Assyria. "I have found," he says, "that a considerable number of the contract tablets have a memorandum in the cursive Phœnician character scratched upon their margin, intended, as it would seem, to assist the Nineveh librarian in the arrangement of the documents. These Phœnician legends are rude and in many cases nearly illegible; but wherever I have been able to read them, I have found them to give the same names as are inscribed in the cuneiform character on the body of the tablet—the much-desired test of bilingual writing being thus at length obtained."

SHIPWRECKS IN FRANCE.—The *Courrier du Havre* says: "The maritime world was astonished at the number of 1160 disasters at sea during the first half of the month of November; that is, 230 total losses of vessels, and 930 accidents, more or less serious. It is now no longer astonishment, but stupefaction and consternation which we shall provoke, in announcing that for the first fortnight in December of this same year, 1863, we have to enumerate 1158 accidents of different kinds, including the wrecks of vessels more or less susceptible of recovery; 230 vessels irrevocably lost; 27 missing with all hands, their fate being unknown; and 13 fishing-boats completely wrecked; or a total of 1428 maritime disasters of all kinds."

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CHARACTERISTICS OF GREEK IMAGINATION.*

IN glancing at the generic type of the Greek head, antique and modern, the peculiarity which specially strikes the observer is the straightness of the profile, and the great breadth between the eyes, to which portion of the cranium phrenologists have assigned the organ of individuality and form—an organ, however, whose action reciprocates with the predominant faculties of the brain, of which it is a development; thus while the ancient Greeks were illustrious in art, of which form is the foundation, the modern race, whose blood is half Slavonic since the incoination of the fifth century, are now eminent for the calculating powers concomitant with their character for commercial enterprise and speculation. While the rude exercises of ancient Greece afforded its artists a perpetual study for statuistic art and painting, in which their characteristic organ of form found a natural field for exercise, it is no less marked in their literary compositions, logical and poetic; from both of which we may gather that the upper story of the Greek head, where the reflective, ideal, and imaginative faculties reside, exhibited a preponderance over the general observing, and that hence, in virtue of the excess of the organ referred to—although in philosophy, for example, the results were always symmetrical—their speculations not being based or conducted on the positive method, soon came to revolve in the same fruitless, metaphysical circle.

A sort of statuesque symmetry distinguishes the antique Greek mind in its best epoch. In the different orders of composition, prose and poetic, the action of the imagination seems always restrained by the principles of taste and art in the production of orderly forms. The structure of a Greek temple, a Greek drama, dialogue, or epigram, in their simple majesty and restrained beauty, have all a reciprocal resemblance. It is the earlier poets only whose genius evinces an affinity to the unchecked luxuriance and extravagance of Asian imagination.

Whether the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were the work of one or several rhapsodists, is a question which must now for ever escape decision. What we, at this distance of time, dealing with a composition in a dead language, recognize as unity of style and manner favors the first supposition; the number of anachronisms and contradictions which Müller has detected—such as Ulysses dining three times the same day, with Agamemnon, Achilles, and Diomedes—the second. There seems, however, good grounds for supposing, despite the similarity of ballad style which the successive members of generations of Ionian Aoidoi may have attained, that the "Iliad," at least, is the composition of a single national poet, who, culling his materials from the popular songs, traditional and written, in which the characters and events of the great war waged by the Greek States with the Babylonian satraps of the Northern Asian mainland, were vaguely conserved, reduced them to order, turned them to shape, animating the details by his genius—at the same time painting the life of his day, just as Shakspeare dealt with the early theatrical literature of England. Such mistakes and absurdities as those alluded to might easily have escaped the author of so long a composition—add to which that passages may have been omitted or altered during the transcription of the poem which occurred throughout the many centuries before Lycurgus carried it to Greece. Homer possessed the strongest order of imagination—the objective imagination for character and action. He is not an artist, but a great natural story-teller, evincing alternately the simplicity—the fire and enthusiasm of the poetic character. To his mind the subject of the seven years' siege was endless and inexhaustible; but while he exhibits the Greek organ of order and form in the connection and keeping of his story, which is as varied, yet as uniform, as a line of battle, or sacrificial procession on a temple pediment, it is only occasionally that the occurrence he details

seizes on his heart and imagination in a transcendent degree, and that the traits he embodies are everlastingly reflections of nature, true as the shadow of a pine-plumed mountain on still water—of a noble tumult of morning vapors—of the evening star looking from the clouds of the west, mirrored in the placid ocean. Such are the scenes between Hector and his wife, the battle scene after the death of Patroclus, that where Helen passes by the old men to view the day's war from the battlements, where Priam comes to beg the corpse of Hector from Achilles, etc. Homer's imagination, indeed, gives as much animation to his entire poem as the connective details of one so long admit of. "He sleeps sometimes," as Horace says. His dull repetitions are the simple resource of a mind dominated by a sense of form, and thus endeavoring to give unity to his endless song; while its higher exercise is displayed in the grand consistency of lines in which his characters are drawn, all whose developments are true to their ideal.

The conceptions of the imagination of Æschylus are remarkable for a sort of colossal sublimity and power resembling the poetry of the Book of Job; and those poems of his, none of which is a complete drama, but which embody a connected story, may be said to resemble the stupendous avenues of the temple of Elora—with the vast scenes and vistas, its strange, daring, though rude, sculptures, its awful shadowy impending horrors. Like the architecture, the poems, too, seem hewn out of some massy region of mountain rock. Æschylus appears as an austere poet-soul, brooding among the grand, awful, and terrible myths which have floated from a primeval world, in which traditions of the deluge, of the early rudimental struggle between barbaric power and nascent civilization, were still vital. The drama which he originated was regarded by his cotemporaries as a religious ceremonial; and by them their gods, ghosts, furies, and *dramatis personæ* were looked upon as existences absolute and historic. It is strange to consider the condition of the old Greek mind, and the influences by which its imagination was affected in this epoch, when Strength and Force were supposed to have a spiritual personality; when the Titans had still a life in the earthquakes; when the old god of the ocean was supposed to have a

visible existence; when the Gorgons were believed in as firmly as witches in Elizabeth's time; when the awful realm of the dead, with its ministers and shadowy multitudes, extended under the ground the people trod; when the volcano had its deity, the woods, mountains, rivers, the seasons and passions, each its presiding one. The object of Æschylus was to inspire his audiences with terror, hence he selects the gloomiest passages of mythic and heroic history, and crowds his poetry with fearful, sublime, and beautiful images; his thoughts and language are not unfrequently bombastic; and in the choice of themes, and in the elevation and irregular fire of his genius, he bears a close resemblance to the originator of the English drama—Marlowe. The "Prometheus," from which Milton possibly derived his idea of Satan, is his finest play, both in its scenes and its ideal. Prometheus represents the first human civilizer and savior; and his contest with, and overthrow, and tortures by Jupiter, the combat between the brute force of a savage world and intelligence. Like Satan, his speeches breath alternately the deepest anguish and the most unshaken intrepidity; and nothing can be more sublime than the last scene, in which, while the frame of the world is being convulsed, and earth, torn asunder, is opening to launch him into the tortuous abysses of Tartarus, he utters his defiance to the king of brute power, and triumphing in the consciousness of immortal being, appeals to the sun—the principle of light—to witness the wrongs he suffers, etc. There are some beautiful traits of description in his soliloquies, and some of the chorusses are full of imagination. The whole play, however, has an uncouth primeval air;—what prodigious geography appears in his prophecy of the wanderings of Io, in which all quarters of the world are jostled in juxtaposition. In the poetry of Æschylus may be noted the unconscious conception and art of a great imaginative soul, as in Shakspeare.

"Æschylus does what is right without knowing it," said Sophocles. Thus his greatest drama, like all highest poetry, was the result of the trance insight of the imagination, rather than the principles of art. The other dramatists, Sophocles and Euripides, produced tragedies; but the Prometheus is tragedy itself, as Schlegel remarks. Sophocles, indeed, whose criti-

cal spirit is strongly marked in his creative efforts, displays a fine power of rendering imaginative nature, but the turn of his genius was less to the terrible than the beautiful and pathetic. His imagination always energized under the direction of art, and none of the Greek dramatists have displayed so noble and graceful a union of these relative powers and principles. He is always thinking of making his subject ideally perfect, addressing himself to the finest minds in the community, and never deviating into an attempt to attract popular applause by lowering his genius to his audience—a respect in which he differs widely from Euripides—ever on the *qui vive* to introduce wise, beautiful, and brilliant thoughts into his dramas, to the loss of imagination, conception, and nature.

The nearest approach to the strong poetic power of *Æschylus*, as regards description, image, exaltation, and a sort of primeval Asiatic intensity, is to be found in *Pindar*, several of whose odes, despite the want of arrangement, subordination of parts, etc., which they display, are magnificent bursts of eulogistic poetry, embodiments of the full force of a fiery spirit dealing with a class of themes which required all the resources of his mind to acquire animation and variety, while their images, metaphors, and language generally, are highly imaginative. Several of these may truly be compared to the singing flames of *Dante*. *Horace* has announced the impossibility of reflecting the metres of *Pindar* in Latin, and from the arbitrary nature of his imaginative images, and the poetic combinations of words which gave such originality to his diction, it is alike difficult to convey an impress of this poetry in any language. So also, from the same cause, it now is with respect to *Aristophanes*.

For versatile beauty and natural grace, the fancies of *Anacreon*—for, unlike his nearest modern parallel, *Herrick*, he seems to have been devoid of imagination—are incomparable in their order. His fancy plays with the various themes which present themselves to his mind or sight—a rose, a dream, a pigeon or grasshopper, a drinking-goblet, a medal, with an image of *Venus*, a spring day—with the airy ease of a zephyr sporting with a laurel leaf in the sunshine. Nothing can be more simply symmetrical and charming than those little songs and effusions which the poet would seem to have written, soft-

ly laughing, stretched in some grape-shadowed cavern or bower of a summer noon. Of *Anacreon*, no passable translation exists; and the best way to realize the natural beauty of the original would be to render his songs as literally as possible, in their seven-footed, unrhymed lines.

Sappho appears to have had a fine imagination for the sensibilities and feelings—the amatory chiefly. At present few specimens of her writing exist; the celebrated ode, however, which *Horace* and *Catullus* have imitated, was, perhaps, one of her most perfect emotive efforts; though whether those were the verses which that exquisite judge, *Pericles*, said “he would not be content to die until he had committed to memory,” it is now impossible to say. We are inclined to think, that from the passionate, subjective style of her best poetry, *Sappho* was a sort of female *Byron* of antiquity, whose verses are marked, however, by more nature and the exquisite natural grace so peculiar to the Greek intellect in all branches of art—whether manifested in the grouping of statuary, the moulding of a vase, or the setting of a thought.

The sense of beauty, which is the basal element of the idyllic, and even elegiac genius, was eminently possessed by *Theocritus*, whose imagination brooded not in the mythical past of the dramatist, with gods, ghosts, heroes, and heroines, or the heroism of Olympic contest, but with the simple rural life of pastoral society in his own day. The fancies he puts into the mouths of his shepherds and shepherdesses are delightfully natural, and in many places his painting of scenery is distinguished by picturesque selection, truth of tone and color; but, like all the Greeks, his orderly sense of beauty in this respect was extremely narrow—his selection of objects limited; nor were the latter drawn in the ideal or emotional relations. The landscape of *Theocritus*, with its open green plains, group of pines, fountain, cave, and bed of flowers, is not more extended than that of *Homer*. For correspondence between sound and sense, however, the diction, in which he expresses the murmuring of his streams, the whispering of his pines, and buzzing of his summer bees, etc., is unequalled—a merit due in a great degree to the various music of the wonderful Greek tongue. Lines and passages, also, conveying such impressions (origi-

nally taken off in some happy moment of sensuous imagination) he is fond of repeating; such marvels of music being impossible to be surpassed. Wherever a picturesque imagination, such as that of Theocritus, exists, it is capable of higher themes than the erotic eclogue or elegy, an evidence of which we have in his heroic idyls, in which he displays an elevation as little anticipated from the general tenor of his poesy as that said to have been exhibited by the soft, rich, diffusive genius of Ovid in his tragedy of "Medea." Theocritus having exhausted the themes of pastoral life, and such series of pictures and images as are recognizable by the antique mind, left little for Virgil to do but eclecticize his beauties, and render them in the ivory beauty and mild splendor of his Latin verse.

As the themes of Plato were philosophic, etc., the vast imagination which he possessed energized in the exhaustless speculative sphere of ideality, not in drama or picture, passionate or objective; and had thus no other scope for display than in the sublimity and brightness of his thoughts and images, and the oceanic beauty and majesty of his style. His was the imagination for thought—for endless excursion into the domain of combinative ideas. The most glorious monuments of this power are the *Phædo* and *Banquet*; the latter, the most beautiful effort of his spirit which has reached us, remains the noblest and most perfect dissertation in literature; never were philosophy and poetry so marvelously allied. Even the followers of his school seem to have inherited in a degree this fine, imaginative

faculty of their master, such as Porphyry, Plotinus, and Iamblicus, whose phantast genius has eliminated conceptions and ideas not a few, which for mystical sublimity resemble the remote splendid meditations of Sir Thomas Brown.

Long after the works of the great age of Greek intellect had assumed an eternal unapproachable prominence, throned in the empyrean of time; and in the second and third centuries, the imagination of Greek writers, though incapable of approximating, as far as poetic conceptions were concerned, tragic and comic, to that of their mighty forerunners, was, nevertheless, still remarkable for its vigorous inventive power. This, of course, is chiefly evidenced in the romancists, Heliodorus and Achilles Tatius, who display great versatility of fancy in dramatic incidentation, with considerable power of objective painting, and the latter exhibits no little knowledge of passion and feeling. But both those works of the later Greek mind—the materials of which were, perhaps, derived from the Milesian tales—are surpassed by the *Pastoral* of Longus, which for original invention, variety of incident, diverse and charming scenic painting, for fine keeping of tone and the delightful naïveté—a little exaggerated for artistic purposes—with which it is written, still remains unapproached—the first, as it still is the most beautiful essay of romantic pastoral genius. This, with the exception of the charming legend of Cupid and Psyche, in Apuleius, is the last literary work of antiquity in which this exquisitely characteristic symmetry of the Greek intellect is manifested.

From Chambers's Journal.

A D O O M E D P E O P L E .

THERE is a certain group of islands in the North Pacific the approach to which is perhaps as beautiful as mariner ever beheld. The first objects he discerns are two magnificent mountain-peaks capped with perpetual snow, and contrasting grandly with the blue of the tropic sky.

"A rude and irregular outline of high lands then presents itself; and on the north side are seen, on a nearer view, the dark forests which clothe the lower region of the mountains; while giddy precipices front the sea, of from one thousand to three thousand feet in perpendicular

height, against whose walls the waves beat, and surge, and thunder through the caverns which they have hollowed for themselves in their ceaseless war. In some places, streams which have united their waters on their way, rush together over one of these palis, or precipices, into the ocean. Still nearer, the white foam is seen pouring in sheets over coral reefs, of which there is sometimes an outer and inner ridge."

These islands are all lofty, with elevations from one thousand to four thousand feet above the sea. Once through the reefs, or anchored in a leeward roadstead, scenes of gentler beauty are discovered—"pleasant bays, with sandy shores, a native village, often with its small chapel, and generally with its school, sheltered by groves of palms and cocoa-nut, and the deeper green of the bread-fruit tree; rivers running to the sea, down some of whose cascades the native girls and youths cast themselves with laughter, and take a bath which must exceed any douche ever experienced at the severest of our water-cure establishments. At the mountain foot grassy plains meet the forest, roamed over by herds of cattle, which, in many instances, have become wild." These beautiful islands are but domes that roof in seas of fire. In one of them is the largest active crater in the world. The dimensions of another, which has not given any dread signs of vitality within the recollection or tradition of man, is nine miles in diameter, and two thousand feet in depth. In another extinct crater lies a salt-lake a mile in circumference, but whose average depth is but eighteen inches, and its elevation above the ocean only a few feet. Upon this, at certain seasons, a crust of salt forms so abundantly as to bear the weight of a man; the level of the pool is affected by the tides, which appear to act through some hole that exists in its center, to which no bottom can be found. Earth and sea play weird and wondrous antics around these isles. Ships sometimes feel a blow from beneath while traversing midmost ocean, as though they struck on ground. Marine geysers not unfrequently occur, in the neighborhood of which the water is scalding hot. During the present century, not only have water-spouts burst upon these island shores, but the sea has, no less than three times, receded and gathered itself up into one overwhelming wave, to rush back on the

land and sweep before it houses, canoes, and trees, and human beings. The inhabitants were following the retreating waters full of delight, (picking up the stranded fish,) when suddenly they rose like a steep wall, "its height being twenty feet above high-water mark," and "rushed towards the shore with a noise like thunder." These awful visitations are not the fatal calamities in these enchanted isles that they would be elsewhere. To the islanders, male and female, grown folks and children, the sea is their native element, and drowning a death unknown. They go

"All naked to the hungry shark,"

but not to die; only to evade and taunt him; and finally to slay him with their daggers. In this land of wonders the people are not less singular than the scenes which they inhabit. "The biography of the nation is so circumscribed, that its story from its pre-historic period to the present time embraces scarcely more than eighty years; yet so extraordinary is the aptitude of the people for civilization, that from a state of savageness and idolatry they have already attained to a government which, youthful as it is, will bear comparison with those of the best ruled states of Europe."

In 1779 Captain Cook first landed on these islands, to meet his death (with the manner of which we are all more or less acquainted) at the hands of naked barbarians, and in 1860 we have this account of their chief city.*

"The central portion of the town consists of regularly laid out streets, many of the houses standing within gardens. There are two stone churches belonging to the American Congregationalists—a native church, and the Roman Catholic cathedral. A distinguishing feature of Honolulu is, that this large town is built without a single chimney—a cheerful city, under its brilliant, unclouded sky; the blue sea spreading at its feet, with a silvery line of breakers on the distant reef. The masts of shipping in the port rise into view, the spreading roofs of the houses and stores; the flags on the fort and at the consulates flutter in the fanning breeze;

* *Hawaii: an Historical Account of the Sandwich Islands.* By MARLEY HOPKINS, Hawaiian Consul-General. Longmans.

and the sound of hammers—welcome indication and type of industry—comes from the ship-yards of the harbor. People of all nations are meeting in the wide streets; English, American, French, German, Chinese, South Polynesians, are represented here, busy with commerce, with politics, with dinner at the very excellent hotels, or in that rest-inviting climate, busy doing nothing. The Queen's Hospital is to be visited; or a salute from the battery on Punch-bowl Hill announces that a foreign man-of-war—in the neater American form, a national ship—has arrived. Numbers of Hawaiians, more or less in European dress, fill the streets, giving a smile, and the cheerful aloha or greeting as they pass you."

The Royal Hawaiian Theater is open this evening, and brilliant theatrical stars are announced; though, like those of the Southern Cross, they are unknown in our northern hemisphere. The Equestrian Circus also invites to its new and amazing "acts;" and it will not be left empty by a people devoted to horse-flesh, and among whom that animal is so plentiful that a mare and two fillies have been actually sold for a quarter of a dollar, or one shilling sterling! The full particulars of these amusements may be ascertained by consulting the advertisement-sheet of the *Polynesian*, the government official organ—a paper of many years standing—published weekly. There are three other newspapers published in English, two of which are devoted to the interests of the American missionaries; and there are two in the vernacular, the *Hae Hawaii*, weekly, and the *Hokulua*, monthly. Perhaps if the visitor be fortunate, he may catch a glimpse of Emma, Queen of Hawaii, in an open carriage—from Longacre—preceded by outriders, and followed by King Kamehameha IV. on horseback, attired as a field-marshal. His usual court-dress is, however, the Windsor uniform. The royal palace is tastefully ornamented after the European fashion, and possesses, among other things, a very beautiful billiard-table!

Of the rapidity of the progress of civilization there is certainly no other such example as is here presented. Some such spot as the Sandwich Islands the poet has described very graphically, and with scarce any touch of exaggeration, in the well-known lines:

"Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming
 bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole
 year of flowers;
 Where the sun loves to pause
 With so fond a delay,
 That the night only draws
 A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that
 we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can
 give."

But even the imagination of Mr. Thomas Moore never added to all these delights the charms of a billiard-table!

The monarchy of Hawaii, which comprehends that of the other islands which make up the Sandwich group, is hereditary. The second person in the kingdom is called the Premier, and is always of the female sex. The administration is distributed in three portfolios—those of the Interior, Foreign Relations, and Finance. The government is really paternal. Education has been more diffused—has embraced a larger proportion of the population—in the Sandwich Islands than it has ever done in Great Britain, in Prussia, or in New England. This last most singular fact is of course owing to missionary enterprise; but the emancipation of the islanders from idolatry appears to have been their own voluntary act, and forms one of the most extraordinary national episodes on record. The principal originators of the movement were the two dowager-queens, the young King Liholiho, (at that time a very Prince Hal for wild dissipation,) and—strange to say—the high-priest Hewahewa! The women and the priest were very determined, but the king, although yielding to them, was alarmed at his own impiety, and *put to sea* to avoid the consequences thereof. He returned, however, in a few days, and finished the work already begun. He broke various superstitious "taboos," which had been a long time abhorrent to the whole nation; among others, a very ungallant one that separated the gentlemen from the ladies at meals. "A feast was prepared, after the customs of the country, with separate tables for the sexes. A number of foreigners were entertained at the king's. When all were in their seats, he deliberately arose, walked to the place reserved for the women, and seated

himself among them. To complete the horror of the adherents of paganism, he indulged his appetite in freely partaking of the viands prepared for them, directing the women to do likewise; but he ate with a restraint which showed that he had but half divested himself of the idea of sacrilege and of habitual repugnance. This act, however, was sufficient; the highest had set an example, which all rejoiced to follow. The joyful shout arose — 'The taboo is broken! the taboo is broken!' Feasts were provided for all, at which both sexes indiscriminately indulged; orders were issued to demolish the idols; temples, images, sacred property, and the relics of ages were consumed in the flames. The high-priest, Hewahewa, having resigned his office, was the first to apply the torch. Without this coöperation, the attempt to destroy the old system would have been ineffectual. Numbers of his profession, joining in the enthusiasm, followed his example. Idolatry was for ever abolished by law, and the smoke of heathen sanctuaries arose from Hawaii to Kanai. All the islands uniting in a jubilee at their deliverance, presented the singular spectacle of a nation without a religion."

No less than forty thousand idols were destroyed on this occasion, and as many more left contemptuously to decay. Such a revolution, however, was not to be accomplished without opposition. A civil war arose, and when the military champions of orthodoxy were overthrown, its ecclesiastical supporters still held their own, and continued to do so even after Christianity had taken the place of skepticism. "In the vast and wild region, occupied by the great mountain, Monna Loa, its summit indented with a gigantic crater, its sides rent with other openings, through which at times the liquid fire flows, the priests of Pele, the dreadful deity of the volcano, lived in an almost inaccessible seclusion. . . . The ancient worship clung there, nursed by groanings and utterances of the tormented mountain, rocked by the fierce, wild winds and storms, sheltered by clouds and mists, lighted by sudden spectral fires, and terrified by quakings and rendings of the soil." Even to educated Europeans, this spot is terrible enough. A Mr. Hill and his companions visited the place, and thus report of it:

"We looked into the crater, which

nothing could exceed in frightful desolation. Its form is oval, having the length of three miles and a half, and a breadth of two miles and a half, giving a circumference of nine miles. Its height above the sea-level is about six thousand feet. Within, two high black cones rose in the midst of a rude plain of black and pink colored lava, rocky substances being thrown up into hills of no mean dimensions. Around the cones lay a lake of liquid fire, which appeared ready to overflow the cool beds forming the more even part of the lava plain. A curious fibrous substance, resembling threads of flax, but brittle as glass, is found adhering to the bushes around the banks of the crater. In many places it covers the shrubs like cobwebs. *Pele's* hair is the appropriate name given to these fibers found so near the dwelling of that most dread divinity."

Yet even hither did Kapiolani, a converted chiefess, dare to penetrate in 1825, and against the threats and vaticinations of the assembled priests, and against traditions which, till that time, formed a part of her own nature, exhibited the courage of a Christian woman. "She invaded the fiery sanctum of the goddess, ate the sacred berries, and cast them into the heaving lava; and having there praised God aloud, amidst the most stupendous instances of his power, she reascended to reprove the idolatry of the amazed worshippers of Pele, and to urge them to forsake it." Nor were the terrors this woman dared imaginary only, for no less than four hundred persons, the wives and children belonging to a native army, had perished in a moment near that dreadful spot. The rest of the troops imagined they had but halted—"some of them apparently sleeping on the ground, whilst others were sitting upright, with their children embraced in their arms, or pressing their faces together in their usual manner of salutation. They spoke to them, but there was no reply; they touched them, but there was no motion: they were in the camp of death. Every human being of those four hundred was stiff and lifeless, killed by the mephitic vapors that issued from the mountain!"

Captain Cook had arrived at Hawaii a year or two before this catastrophe, and was welcomed by the simple islanders as a god—their own god, Lono, the Hawaiian Hercules, whose arrival had been promised from generation to generation.

"Heralds announced his approach, and opened the way for him through the crowds that thronged him. Those among the people who were more fearful, peeped at him from the houses, from behind stone walls, and from the tops of trees. As he moved, the assemblage covered their faces, and those nearest to him prostrated themselves on the earth in the deepest humility. As soon as Lono had passed, the people sprang up erect, and uncovered their faces, and some among them not being rapid in their movements, got trodden down by the advancing crowd. The evolution of prostration and erection was found at last so inconvenient, and to require so unwonted an agility, that the practical-minded people found that they could best meet the case by going permanently on their hands and feet; and so, at last, the procession changed a good deal in character and appearance, and ten thousand men and women, having little else on them than their nudity, were seen pursuing or flying from Captain Cook on all-fours."

In return for this, the famous navigator behaved in a very unhandsome manner; he permitted his crew to indulge in every license, and at last fell a victim to a not unnatural act of retribution. His men had fired upon and shot a native while he himself was on shore. The account given by the Hawaiians narrates that "when the crowd which was about Cook and the king, Kālanipuu, heard of the death of Kahniū, the chief who was shot in the canoe, it became clamorous for revenge; and one of the people, with a short dagger in his hand, approached the captain, who, fearing danger, fired his gun at him. A general contest began, and Cook struck a chief named Kalaimano-Kahoowaha with his sword. This powerful warrior seized him with one hand to hold him, not with any idea of taking his life, for, supposing him to be the god Lono, he believed him incapable of death. Cook, being about to fall, cried out, which dispelled the chief's belief in his divinity, and he therefore killed him. The seamen in the boat fired on the natives, many of whom were cut down, and guns were discharged from the ship, by which more of the people were killed. The king then fled inland to the precipice with his chiefs and people, taking with them the bodies of Cook and four of his slain companions. The king presented Cook's body in sacrifice. The flesh was afterwards removed from the bones in

order to preserve them, and the flesh was consumed with fire. Three children, whose names are known, found the heart, and mistaking it for that of a dog, ate it. Some of Cook's remains were returned to the ship; the rest were retained by the priests, and worshiped."

Vancouver seems to have been a man infinitely superior to Cook, and his memory is held dear among the islanders to this very day. In token of their king's great love for him, he was intrusted with the royal war-cloak, pierced with spear-holes, as a present for George III. "A bird inhabits the mountainous parts of the islands having under each wing a single feather of yellow color, one inch in length. The birds were caught by means of a viscous substance smeared on poles, and the two precious feathers were secured. Of such feathers alone was the *mamo*, or war-cloak, of Kaméhaméha composed. This invaluable mantle was four feet long, and eleven feet and a half in width at the bottom. Its formation occupied nine successive reigns." When this Kaméhaméha died, there perished a king who, in his limited sphere, was worthy to be ranked with Alfred or Peter the Great. It was his boast that no man had suffered injustice beneath his rule. The whole nation mourned for him as for a father. As soon as he had drawn his last breath, a consultation of the chiefs was held in the chamber of death, and one of them, in the agony of his grief, proposed that they should eat the deceased monarch—raw! This method of testifying respect was rejected, but its proposition evidences how far even the Hawaiian court must at that time (1819) have been removed from good-manners.

In the next reign, however, civilization made astonishing strides. While yet a young man, the king and his favorite wife visited England, with the most unhappy results. On reaching London, they occupied apartments at Osborne's Hotel, in the Adelphi. "Their time was occupied in sight-seeing and receiving visits. The nobility showed them many attentions; their likenesses were found in the picture-shops; they dined, they traveled, they saw sights; in fact, they lived in a whirl of engagements and excitements, which a delicate London girl might bear, but which was destructive to the robust denizens of the Pacific. Before an opportunity took place for an introduction of the king and

queen to George IV., one of Liholiho's household was attacked by the measles. Next day, the king sickened, and by the end of a week, the whole party were suffering from the same malady. The queen became seriously ill. She was attended by Sir Henry Halford, Dr. Ley, Dr. Holland, and Mr. Peregrine; but, in spite of every care, the original disease degenerated into inflammation of the lungs. The chief, Boki, and two more of the suite, recovered rapidly; the king, too, made some progress, and, on the fourth of July, was able to give audience to the newly-appointed English consul to his kingdom. On the eighth of July, the interesting queen, Kamamalu, was seen to be sinking. Her parting with Liholiho was very touching. All that her sorrowful soul had prophesied when she bade farewell to her native shore, had come to pass: she was dying—far from her land and her beloved country. The royal pair held one another in a long last embrace, their tears flowing unrestrained. In the evening the queen died. The king is described as standing by the lifeless body, and apparently receiving some comfort from the new religion, of which he had been but a partial scholar. Lifting upward his eyes, he exclaimed: 'She has gone to heaven!'

The poor king himself was so depressed at this event, that the partial recovery he had himself made was lost, and he too sank. The bodies lay in state in that London inn, after the Hawaiian fashion, with the room hung with feathered tippets. Their remains were carried back to Honolulu, and received with the most poignant grief by their subjects. Old warriors wept like children, and "the air was filled with such lamentation, that it almost drowned the roar of the surf," notwithstanding that the Hawaiian language is so soft as "rather to be compared to the warbling of birds than human speech."

There is not a more interesting people under heaven than these children of the Pacific; they have an æsthetic love of the beautiful beyond what is found in the most highly-cultivated circles. Some three years ago, there landed on the wharf at Honolulu a beautiful stranger, the native of another island of the group. "This Aphrodite stepping on shore from the lapping waters was instantly recognized as superlatively beautiful. She was immediately surrounded by unaffected ad-

mirers, each of whom, in his unsophisticated adoration, saluted her with his lips. Never was a first-born child more 'petted with sallies of his mother's kisses.' The news of her arrival spread like wild-fire. Men left their anvil and their *poi*, and crowded round the lovely stranger. She stood there like the moon within a colored halo—only the halo pressed rather close, and came near stifling her. The police were obliged to interfere; and even then a fate like that of the late Miss Verey, who was looked to death by admirers, became imminent, when the happy thought occurred to the chief constable, or (but we hope not) to the lady herself, of placing a tariff on her ruby lips of a quarter of a dollar for each salute. The money was cheerfully paid, but the pull against the public had gradually the desired effect, and the beautiful stranger in a few hours was released." The whole Hawaiian race are brave, and kind, and beautiful, and lastly—which enlists our sympathy more than all—they are doomed to disappear from the face of the earth. In no country is greater safety to person and property; crime is almost unknown among them, with one sad exception—that of infanticide. The mothers are idle, they dislike the trouble of bringing up families, and they desire above all things to preserve their charms, which the nursing of children diminishes. They are very far from cruel.

Taking the lowest estimate of the population at the time of Cook's discovery of the islands, the native race has diminished to *one third* in the last eighty years. They are very licentious, and new elements of destruction have certainly been introduced by their European visitors; but even had this not been the case, it is the opinion of Mr. Hopkins, the Hawaiian consul-general, that they would still have been a doomed nation. The inhabitants of the whole of the Polynesian group wither and die while the white man flourishes, but the depopulation of the Sandwich Islands increases with fearful rapidity. Less than a fourth part of the population of one district is under the age of eighteen; whereas in England the proportion of those under twenty to those above twenty, is as nine and a half to eleven and a half. The rising generation is in the ratio of but half a child to each couple of grown men and women; and the population of the whole group does

not now exceed seventy thousand. It is sad to think that a few generations hence, such a people as Mr. Hopkins has described shall have "faded away like a

beautiful dream" from their island homes. But even now, as we read *Hawaii*, it seems more like a fairy tale than the biography of a nation.

From the London Society Magazine.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

NEW-YEARS' Days are the milestones on the journey of life. What a weary journey it would be without those milestones! The traveler over the waste of time would be like a mariner on a trackless sea without rudder or compass—a castaway! Just imagine mankind without a calendar—seasons following seasons, and years gliding into years without a resting-place from which to look back upon the past, and forward into the future. I do not know how we can realize this except upon some desert journey, where there are no landmarks to tell us how far we have traveled, and how many weary miles yet lie beyond. He who has traveled such a road can tell how long the miles appear, how heavily the time hangs; how weary become the feet! As you trudge onward, seeing nothing to give you assurance that you are nearing the goal, your heart sinks for want of hope. You do not know how far you have come; you can not guess how far you have yet to go. Oh! for a stone or post to tell you that you have accomplished some definite portion of your journey, if it be only one single mile; for then you know the extent of your toil. At such landmarks you sit you down, as on an oasis, and bathe your wayworn feet, and dry your tears, and rise refreshed and strengthened for the next stage on your journey. How infinite is the mercy of Heaven in adapting times and seasons to man's estate and condition! Let us suppose a sudden change, and that the earth occupied two years in revolving round the sun—that the four seasons were doubled in length. How the tedium of opening spring would provoke us! how the glory of summer would pall upon us! how the lingering promise of autumn would make

the heart sick! and how terrible would be the dread of the coming winter! But to realize this more forcibly, let us imagine a day of forty-eight hours—twenty-four hours of day, and the same number of night. As it is, many of us talk of killing Time. But in such a case, would not all mankind be in league to put an end to him once and for ever? So intolerable does the bare idea of such an arrangement appear, that the order of things in the inhabited regions near the poles may almost be regarded as a defect in the Great Scheme. These regions are apt to give us the idea of out-houses attached to the Great Building which were never intended to be inhabited except by reindeer and bears. Tell a fashionable cockney of a place where they never draw down the blinds and light the lamps for five months and he will faint. Perhaps the seven months when the blinds are permanently drawn down, and the lamps are always burning, would suit him better; but he would get tired even of that. The fool's paradise of eternal night-revels would be a pandemonium. Nature has set us an example in the ordering of seasons, and the marking of time, which we have followed in our own small way by instituting minor subdivisions. It may be said, God made years and days, and man made hours, minutes, and seconds. It is well that the plan has been thus artificially extended, for we stand in need of the most frequent reminders of the flight of time. Without these bells of warning, clashing for ever around us, the sands of life would steal away like a thief, robbing us of many wholesome seasons of thought and sober reflection. But we take small note of these minor warnings. *Carpe diem* is a maxim little

heeded. A miserly maxim. As if a day were of any account! A youth with many years in store for him throws away a day as a rich man throws away a guinea. "There are plenty more. The sun will rise to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, and my purse will fill with days as fast as it is emptied." Weeks! what do they mark but a brief period in our course of toil or pleasure? Months! Do we not sometimes forget whether it is August or September? Years! But here we pause. Days, weeks, months, may preach to us in vain, but years will make us hold and listen—especially when we have turned thirty. Before that age most young men are proud of the fact that they are growing older. They hear their seniors prate of their age and experience, and they envy age and experience as, at another period of their existence, they envied whiskers and tail-coats. But when thirty years are passed, and the figures are rapidly leading on to two-score, a man becomes as unwilling—aye, as unwilling as any woman—to confess that he is as old as he really is. He would like to be thought younger—he would like to be younger.

This is about the time of life when men begin to exclaim

"Eheu fugaces anni labuntur!"

It has been but a line from Horace hitherto, something to scan, something to quote to show off your Latinity. But now it is a stern, inexorable voice, challenging you on the threshold of a new year. You have serious thoughts now; you are wise now—now that half of your three-score is gone. Why were you not serious, why were you not wise before, when you were one-and-twenty, entering upon manhood and life, ten years ago? "Fool, fool, fool! If I had had such thoughts then as I have now, what might I not have accomplished ere this?" Well, it is no use biting your lips, and stamping your foot. It is a true and wholesome proverb which says you can not put an old head upon young shoulders. There is no fitness in the thing: man must have time to develop his head, as a cabbage must have time to develop its heart. I for one do not believe in William Pitt, prime minister at twenty-three. He might have been as learned as Bacon, but what could he have known of the philosophy of life? How could he have known that which he

never saw? Solomon was not wise because he read books.

According to my experience of life, derived from observation, and the perusal with the keenest interest of many biographies, "thirty" is the golden number in the years of a man's life. This is the middle mile-stone upon which he rests to survey the past and contemplate the future. Woe to him who does not rest and think now! for at this time the mind is more candid and the heart more open to the touch of truth and tenderness than it ever will be again, until, perhaps, the day when there is no hope left. If you look around in your society, and mark the men who have passed the Rubicon of forty-five or fifty, still retaining health and strength, you will find that the *fugaces anni* trouble them little. Men at this age think less of death than youths of half their years. They seem to look upon the midway of their age as the crisis of a disease, and that when they have passed this bridge they have got over the worst. I remember, when I first began to think seriously of the fleeting years, asking a boisterous old gentleman if the thought of his narrowing span ever troubled him. I can recall our brief colloquy word for word.

"Ever trouble me! not in the least; not half so much as when I was your age."

"But," I said, "does it never occur to you that your time is getting very short, and that you must go some day soon?"

"Not at all," said he; "I am strong and hearty, and I feel to have just as good a prospect of life as ever I had. When I was twenty I thought I should die before I came of age. Now I am sixty-three, I see no reason why I should n't live to be a hundred."

I know my friend well, and I am not going to hold him up as an awful example, for that would be to mistake his case altogether. He is not a man hardened in sin, but a man hardened in years. He has got used to living, and thinks he will live on indefinitely just the same, as a man used to wealth thinks he will always have turtle and champagne for dinner. I don't say that this is not a comfortable state of feeling to arrive at, so as you carry with you a pure heart and a clear conscience; but I think you miss the lesson which chasteneth a man to most profit, and teacheth him most fully the philosophy of life, if you escape over the bridge

of mid-life without passing through the valley of the shadow of serious thoughts.

Age does not alone blanch the hair and wrinkle the cheek. I will not say it hardens the heart, but it dulls the feelings and blunts the sensibilities. Neither very young nor very old people feel the loss of friends so keenly as do persons of middle age. The young are too buoyant of spirit to be deeply touched by grief: the old have stood by many graves. At thirty you feel the loss of friends and companions keenly. You set out with them on the journey, full of strength, and life, and hope; and now they have fallen by the wayside, one by one—those you loved best perhaps—and you are alone with strangers. There was a time when you could not have imagined life tolerable without those friends of your heart; but what have you done when they sank beside you on the road, but paused for a moment, and said, "Poor fellow!" dropping a single tear, and passing on. There is a bitter but profitable reflection in this. A man of great mark, much esteemed, and held in high regard by the circle in which he moves, sinks into an untimely grave. Just for the moment there is a hush among those who knew him; a few tears are shed, a few grave looks are interchanged; but to-morrow brings dry eyes and cheerful faces, and his friends eat and drink and make merry before the week is out. The persons who do this are not more heartless than the rest of their kind. It is a failing common to humanity. It is hard to grieve enough. Often and often I have caught myself laughing and making merry when I felt that I had yet a heavy debt of tears to pay to a dead friend. So it will be with you. You will die, and the friends who now "grapple you to their souls with hooks of steel" will be gay of heart with the next sun. There are some who ridicule the conventional ensigns of grief, "the trappings and the suits of woe." They are wrong. It is the only way in which poor weak humanity can give permanence to its sorrow. Let us show it on our hats, if we can not in our hearts, that we are grieving for a friend. Let crape redeem our cold stint of tears. I hold that the least we can do for a friend when he is dead is to pay all honor to his remains. When he is alive, do we not set our house in order to receive him; do we not place the choicest viands before him,

and allot him our best room? Does he need all the superfluities which we press upon him? No. But we are lavish in our attentions that we may show him respect. And shall we have no further regard for him when the spirit has fled, and his clay—that clay which we honored so much in the warmth of life—has grown cold? Away with your hard shopkeeping maxims! Leave me to pillow the head of my dead friend upon the softest satin, and furnish his last house with becoming state. It is the last service I can render him. I can not pay him all the debt of grief I owe him. Let me wring my purse-strings if I can not wring my heart-strings.

I am reminded of Queen Elizabeth's injunctions to the discursive preacher at Paul's Cross. "To your text, Mr. Dean—to your text!"

Well, my text is "Turning over a new leaf," and I am coming to the point in my own way. This night when the last days of the year are ebbing away, a fair hand playing with my dark locks has discovered a gray hair—the first gray hair! I had never seen such a thing—never dreamt of such a thing! At *my* age: I could not believe it.

It was laid upon a band of black velvet and placed before me.

I can resist conviction no longer. There it lies, blanching and white—white as the driven snow! And it is *my* hair. It seems but yesterday that I was at school, wishing I were a man. And now to-day I am gray, and growing old. What have I done in all this time? Have I fulfilled a man's mission upon earth—have I made any step towards it? Have I done any good in the most infinitesimal degree, for which the world is wiser or better? I can not answer my own questions. I am dumb, and sitting here contemplating that white hair, with the sense that another year is gliding away, I feel that it is time in right good earnest to turn over a new leaf. I have made the resolution often before, but never under the sense of obligation which now weighs upon me. I remember a certain "Hogmanay" night, ten years ago, when half a dozen young fellows sat round a certain hospitable fire, which has, alas! been quenched. We were not, any of us, in good heart, and we resolved with the new year to turn over a new leaf. It was a trifling proceeding—little better than sport. When twelve o'clock struck, one laid down his pipe,

and said, "From this moment I give up smoking;" another threw his box into the fire, and said, "I will snuff no more;" a third said, "I forswear billiards henceforward;" a fourth resolved to master the German language before that day twelve months. These were small leaves to turn over; but the result was not unimportant. These vows made in concert, at the midnight hour of the last night of the old year, were kept for twelve months. The smoker and the snuffer relapsed; but the billiard-player broke himself of a passion for play, and was a richer man for it. The aspiring linguist learnt German well enough to read it, and has been a man of more value in his vocation ever since. Would that I could meet all those friends again on the last day of this waning year that we might resolve anew, and on a broader plan! I would say to them: "Let us begin the new year with chastened hearts, and with a resolve to shape all our actions by the rule of Christian charity; let us measure all we do by the gauge of truth, for then, whatever be the result, we shall have the consolation of knowing that we have striven to walk in the right path! "But, alas! that same company will never meet together on earth again.

It is the fashion with many persons to dance the old year out, as if it were a matter for rejoicing that another period of life is gone. I hold it is no time for dancing nor for mirth. It is a time for thought and serious reflection; a moment to pause and gird up our loins for a fresh start on the journey of life. The time is peculiarly favorable for making new resolutions, and if they are solemnly made by a family, or social circle, by the fireside, as the bells ring out the knell of the old year, they are more likely to be remembered

and kept than if they were made at a less impressive moment.

Thirty years ago, a young man began to feel the burden of a rapidly increasing family. His companions in the race of life pitied him, and prophesied that he would never get on, with so large a family dragging upon him. The young man himself quailed before his responsibility, and almost lost heart, for he had already seven children, and was little more than thirty years of age. But on the last night of a certain year he made a resolution. He said, "I will do my duty by my children; I will strain every nerve to give them a good education to fit them for making their way in the world."

For this end he toiled and slaved, and denied himself; and when his friends and associates saw him in rusty clothes, and with careworn looks, plodding on year after year, getting poorer rather than richer, they sighed for his hard lot, through the *curse* of a large family that weighed upon him and crushed him.

That imagined curse became a blessing. That man is now in the sere and yellow leaf, happy, contented, and well provided for by his sons and daughters, who, through the superior education they received, are now occupying positions in life which may almost be termed brilliant. This is no parable.

I have preached my sermon, and have only to add one "lastly" to my congregation. Don't dance out the old year; don't let it slip away amid mirth and thoughtlessness. Seize the moment to be sober and thoughtful—to make good resolutions for the future. When these are made, with a strong heart and a firm will, then may we truly wish each other a Happy New Year. A. H.

CURE FOR SMALL-POX.—The *German Reformed Messenger* has received a letter from a friend in China, in which it is stated a great discovery is reported to have been recently made by a surgeon of the English army in China, in the way of an effectual cure of small-pox. The mode of treatment is as follows: When the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body, to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking the

internal organs. This is said to be now the established mode of treatment in the English army in China, by general orders, and is regarded as a perfect cure.

TIME AND ETERNITY.—A Christian traveler tells us that he saw the following admonition printed on a folio sheet in an inn in Savoy: "Understand well the force of the words—a God, a moment, an eternity; a God who sees you, a moment which flies from you, an eternity which awaits you; a God whom you serve so ill, a moment of which you so little profit, an eternity which you hazard so rashly."

From Chambers's Journal.

ASTRAY AT RAPPAHANNOCK.

WE talked again of Brock Edmunds. His strange disappearance had been the theme of the mess, since his departure for Rappahannock, a week before. Brave, scrupulous, and loyal, all who knew him well rejected indignantly the imputation that he had gone over to the enemy. He was a Virginian, it was said, and must forsooth be false; his affianced was the daughter of a Confederate colonel, and to be true in love, he must forswear his country. Meaner men had superseded him in the staff, and he had revenged himself by perjury and desertion. But though these paltry libels had obtained general circulation and acceptance, we—his staff companions—who had known him in camp, in perilous enterprise, and in the painful march, defended his honor as our own.

We were sitting beneath the canopy or "fly" of the mess-tent, recreating ourselves with whisky and pipes. It was the eighth night since the departure of our comrade, and we missed his ready jest, his loud, infectious laugh, his uniform courtesy and generosity. The war had come at last to Warrenton Springs, and the encampments of an immense army whitened the surrounding hills. Federal sentries paced up and down the massive portico of the hotel; cannon were planted in all the lanes; cavalry horses trampled garden and orchard; and the Spring was become a lavatory for thousands of wanton soldiers.

We had been a fortnight at the Springs, and the monotony of our tenure had been varied by but a single incident—the loss of Brock Edmunds. The circumstances relating to his departure were mysterious and alarming. He had been called to the general's tent late in the afternoon, and intrusted with a verbal order to one of the brigade commanders, whose quarters were at Rappahannock, a railway station on a river of the same name, eighteen miles distant. He had reached his destination at nine o'clock, delivered his instructions punctually, and obtained the countersign of the day. Returning, he had passed a guard five miles from Rap-

pahannock, and had stopped to light a pipe at a picket-fire, still further on, complaining, in the latter case, that his horse was a trifle lame. He was, to all appearance, sober, and expressed himself as resolved to get back to head-quarters by midnight. But subsequently, no man in the army had encountered him, and traces of neither rider nor horse had been discovered, though diligent inquiries were made far and wide. His capture by the enemy was improbable, for our picket-posts were so close and continuous, that the lines were considered to be impervious. No bodies of Southern troops were contiguous; and though the Virginians within the lines were sullen and hostile, it was believed that only a few aged and infirm people remained, as the young and able-bodied had departed to join the Confederate armies. The only plausible alternative was, that Brock Edmunds, knowing the location of our pickets, had avoided them, and escaped in the darkness to his Southern friends. The Richmond newspapers, however, which our out-riders brought in daily, made no mention of Captain Edmunds, and no recent prisoners had heard any thing of his desertion.

The conversation beneath the fly had turned upon the absent one. Thirteen young fellows were we, who had thrown up our several professions at the call to arms, and, unacquainted before, had met by assignment upon General B.'s staff. Five of us were Yankees, two were from New-York, four were foreign adventurers who loved war for its own sake, and I was a Pennsylvanian, of Quaker descent.

"Heigh-ho!" said Wicklowe, turning off his fourth draught of spirits, "how we miss Brock's jolly laugh."

"Camp has become so insufferably dull," said Bigswig, "that I shall resume the old 'biz,' and throw up my commission."

Bigswig had been a junior partner in a dry-goods house, but took to the sword as naturally as to scissors.

"If it isn't positive conceit to repeat any thing that Brock—poor old boy—has done so well before, I will sing his Chick-abominy song," said Chockmer, ever anxious to exhibit his vocal powers.

"I pray ze," said Saint Pierre, with a supplicatory grimace, "do not, Monsieur Chockmâre."

"Go on," said Wicklowe, drinking again: "any affliction is preferable to this horrible silence."

As Chockmer's wheezy notes rang on the night, I saw the glare of camp-fires reddening the woods and sky; I heard the clatter of bayonets at the hour of guard-relief, and some of the negro servants singing sweetly sonorous choruses. The faint, hollow roll of a distant drum blended mystically with the rustle of leaves overhead, and I saw in the dimness the cloaked and stalwart sentry striding before the general's tent. A horse stood saddled in one of the broad graveled aisles, and I could hear the "tick, tick, tick" of the telegraph instrument in a Sibley canopy adjoining.

A month had thus transformed one of the pleasantest of solitudes, and the hospitable grounds had been trampled by innumerable hoofs. There were great gaps in the fences, and coarse pencilings upon the walls of the fine old mansion. The furniture had been broken and used to feed Vandal cook-fires. Desolation, following in the wake of armies, had despoiled alike the fertility of nature and the improvements of man. How soon might retaliation affect our Northern homes as we had ruined these?

"Left'nant Mintlin!"

I turned toward the voice, at the repetition of my name, and recognized a tall, athletic orderly. As I faced him, he respectfully saluted, and said: "The general nades ye, sir, immadiately, at his quarters."

The mess broke into a loud laugh, anticipating that some onerous duty would devolve upon me.

"There's twenty pages of a report to copy," said Bigswig.

"I'll lend to you my leetle *cheval, mon ami*," said Saint Pierre; "you take one dam journéy!"

"Hadn't you as well worry down another 'smile' before you go?" said Wicklowe, copiously imbibing himself.

I replied carelessly, refilled my pipe, and following the sergeant across a grass-

plot and through a broken wicket, stood in the presence of the general. He was seated at a pine table, covered with maps, diagrams, and manuscripts, and the candle threw an imperfect light upon his handsome bronzed face, and broad, prominent forehead. A trunk, marked with his initials, and a small iron bedstead, with two camp-stools, and a short wooden bench, comprised his furniture; but there was a picture of the Madonna, which never left him, suspended from a nail in the rear tent-pole. This picture had survived all mutations. He had carried it in the Mexican war, when but a lieutenant. It had hung in the halls of the Montezumas, when employed at clerk-duties therein. At Fort Yuma, the Siberia of military stations, he had kept it in his quarters for five monotonous years; and when appointed a colonel, early in the civil war, he had brought this picture across four thousand miles of plain and prairie.

"Sit down, Lieutenant Mintlin!" he said curtly; and as I took one of the chairs, he resumed his writing. I looked at the richly-quilted saddle that lay at his feet, at the splendidly-mounted sword thrown carelessly across his bed, at the holsters and silver-plated pistols beneath his rubber-pillow. I studied the angles and fullnesses of the fine indurated form, and the severe and wrinkled countenance before me: and from the starred shoulder-bars and silvered beard of this hero of a score of battles, my eyes wandered magnetically to the pensive, melancholy picture of the Madonna—his companion in triumph, reverses, trial, and promotion. I trust that every soldier carries some such picture through his journeyings. My own Madonna was in Pennsylvania.

"Lieutenant," said he, in his quick nervous manner, looking me directly in the eyes, "your horse is fresh and saddled!"

I looked through the opening of the tent at the sharp beat of hoofs, and beheld my pony, led by my own servant.

"I would not trouble you till it was necessary, but gave you a part of the evening with your friends. There is your horse; here is a sealed envelope. You are to ride with all speed to Rappahannock."

A little leap of my heart, and a slight tremor of my lips, followed the announcement of this ill-omened name.

"I may say," continued the general, in his curt sententious way, "since I com-

monly take my *aides* into my confidence, that this paper contains the details of an order for an immediate advance. You are to ride direct to the quarters of General H., to deliver the envelope, and return to-night with his receipt and reply."

I bowed silently, and turned to go.

"Stop!" said he again. "It is eight o'clock: you must deliver the message by eleven. I shall not retire to-night. You will be back at three."

"It is a long and stony way," I said hesitatingly, "and forty miles can scarcely be made in seven hours."

"It must be done," said he, shaking his beard; "the troops must be under way before midnight. Return upon a fresh horse. Good-night."

I returned his salutation, but had scarcely got a yard from his quarters, when I heard the sharp call to return. As I stood before him again, he stared piercingly into my eyes, half impeachingly, half inquiringly.

"Am I to lose another aide?" he said slowly and sarcastically.

The blood rose to my temples, and I felt my hands closing. "Not unless you insult him twice," I returned.

"I ask your pardon," said he, in his old dry manner; "you are not a *Virginian*!"

I bit my lips at the reflection upon my late comrade, but concluded to remain silent.

"Will you have an orderly to accompany you?"

"Not after the doubt you have expressed."

"Forget it," he said, with irresistible frankness, "as the weakness of a suspicious old soldier. Give me your hand. God bless you! Be prompt. Good-night."

I repaired to the mess-tent, hastily examined my pistols, and buckled on my sword-belt and spurs. Joining my comrades in a parting health, I leaped into my saddle, and at seven minutes past eight o'clock, started at a sharp canter for Rappahannock.

The ride for five or six miles of the way was enlivened by belated teams, couriers, and occasional squads of officers returning to their regiments. Camp-fires lit up the whole horizon, till it seemed a great belt of flame; mystic serenades floated dreamily from invisible fields and copses; confused voices of shouting and singing

were wafted from tented hillsides, and grouped batteries, ambulances, and army-cattle came dimly in view at intervals. The moon shone full and brightly; but I saw with some solicitude that it was sinking slowly behind the woods; and at nine o'clock, as I heard the tattoo beat from a dozen quarters, I turned obliquely to the left, and was soon involved in complete darkness. For nine miles I met no human being, and heard no sounds but the ring of my horse's hoofs, the rattle of his curb-chain, and the clink of my sword in its scabbard.

There was nothing of peril involved in my journey; but the times were irregular, the country expansive, and thousands of reckless men were abroad with arms in their hands. How had Brock Edmunds disappeared? His route to Rappahannock had not differed from mine. The night was not less fair. As horsemen, we were well matched; and that he had been faithful, I would pledge my life. How, whence, and wherefore had the stillness and mystery of the grave fallen upon him? I could not surmise; I only know that, as I remembered his goodness, pleasantness, and usefulness, I resolved, if chance should give me a clew whereby to follow or revenge him, I would do it at all risks. My way led mainly through scrub-timber; the road was little more than a cow-path, so sinuous that I was compelled to trust entirely to the instinct of my steed, and so dark that I was not without fear of pitfalls and prostrate trees. Fortunately the route had been seldom traveled, and the clay roadway was hard, level, and unencumbered by the slush and *débris* that usually mark the route of an army. There was much of romance, and pleasant feverish excitement in the ride. The hoofs of my horse struck sparks from stony places, and the whistle of night-birds, the scream of owls, the whine of wild pigs, and the long shrill chirp of crickets and lizards made strange and eery music. Weird likenesses of beings colossal, hideous eyes that shone from thickets, and glimpses of spectral sky breaking through boughs and leaves; starlight reflected in slimy pools; deserted homesteads staring black and ghostly from hill-tops; clumps of negro cabins, that looked half-human through their great windowy eyes; clearings across which the night-winds blew dismally; and quaint old stacks and hay-barracks—

these were some of the spectacles that greeted me on the way. And when, at eleven o'clock, I answered the challenge of a patrol, and found that I had almost reached my journey's end, I drew a sigh of relief, and reining my horse into a quiet pace, soon dismounted before the quarters of General H.

He had not anticipated my message, and was about retiring to his bed. But after swearing roundly once or twice, he resumed his garments, summoned his aides, and ordered his brigade under arms. In a few minutes, lights were twinkling here and there, great wagons laden with tents and field-utensils went lumbering across the fields, and mounted men loomed away in battalion. The multitudinous camps had folded themselves noiselessly, and were off.

I resolved to return with my own pony, for he seemed yet fresh and unwearied, and obtaining a sealed reply to my communication, accepted the offer of a drop of brandy and a cigar, and remounted my horse. The general called out to me as I moved off: "Have you heard any thing of Captain Edmunds?"

"Nothing."

"He was a fine fellow," said the general, turning away. "I gave him the proper countersign just at this hour of the night, and he took some spirits, as you have done, before departing."

"Pardon me a moment, general," I replied, "but as a matter of curiosity, will you tell me the countersign for that evening?"

"Ticonderoga," he answered shortly. "Good-night." As a rule I give no regard to coincidences. I do not believe in signs; I despise dreams and omens; but there are moments when reason, in spite of itself, gives way to superstition, and such moments were mine, as I turned my face toward Warrenton Springs, and ground my horse harshly with the spur. Not only had my journey corresponded with that of Brock Edmunds in all essentials of time, route, and object, but the circumstances had tallied, not excepting the otherwise insignificant item of the countersign, for the password on this evening was "Crown Point," and that of the previous evening its associate battle of "Ticonderoga." In addition to these resemblances, I could not forget that the disappearance of my friend had pressed upon my mind for days with peculiar and

intense interest; I had dreamed fitfully of his return, I had talked incessantly of his virtues, I had loved him with the fervor of a brother; nay, I had felt a conviction, too subtle to be explained, too positive to be mistaken—and on this evening oppressive beyond melancholy—that with his fate my life was in some way bound up. It was in vain that I puffed vigorously at my pipe, and strove to recall lighter topics—my mother, perhaps awake even now, and praying in the dim watches for her errant boy; my betrothed, who might be murmuring my name amid her dreams; my mess-companions, roaring at their revels; the grim old general awaiting my return, with the blue eyes of his Madonna ever upon him; the troops on the march, roused up at my unwelcome summons—but one by one these cheerful themes faded away, and the fate of Brock Edmunds resumed its place in my fancies. His face, like a specter, glided before me in the darkness; his name, like a ghostly refrain, came up to my lips with every hoof-beat; and as I halted obedient to challenge, by the last clustering picket, my hollo of "Crown Point" seemed to provoke a thousand dismal echoes of "Ticonderoga" and "Brock Edmunds."

"Have you the time, sentry?" I called to the patrol.

"Twelve o'clock, midnight!" said the deep voice of the horseman, vanishing in the gloom.

For nine miles to come I should meet no living soul. The blowing of my pony, as I spurred him again, admonished me that hard travel was beginning to tell upon him; so I beat the ashes out of my pipe, buttoned my coat close to the throat, and chirping encouragingly, pushed forward gallantly, though not at headlong speed. But the flush and exultation of my ride were over; a strange weird nervousness had succeeded. The noise of wild swine in the brush alarmed me; twice I laid my hand agitatedly upon my sword, and once halted with drawn pistol at the shriek of a frightened night-hawk. Ashamed of these unmanly weaknesses, I thought to compose myself by singing a cheerful stave, but my voice was so hollow and unreal, that I shuddered and ceased. At last, with a loud "Woa," and a chill, quick quiver, I stopped in the middle of the road, and felt the perspiration standing like night-dew on my forehead.

I too was lost!

For more than an hour I had failed to recognize passing objects. However my tremor and terror had lengthened the miles, I had yet preserved some approximate estimate of time, and knew that, in the due course of travel, I should have been at Warrenton Springs. But in the rush of fears and fancies, in the gloom and shadow of the night, in the certainty that having thrice gone over the same road, I should follow it safely again, I had missed my way. In place of the scrub-maple, oak, magnolia, and gum that shut in the by-road by which I had come, I was now encompassed by dwarf pines and cedars, that revealed the open sky, but gave even more than the ordinary loneliness to the scenery. Sterile, uninhabited, interminable as I knew such soil to be, there was the additional fear that I had emerged upon a stretch of Virginia forest, wherein the traveler might wander for months, in dreary circles, finding neither outlet, guide, nor subsistence.

My first impulse was to retrace my steps, but after-thought suggested that I might go still further astray, turning in the darkness into some more devious and dangerous path. I then bethought me of resting for the night, wrapped in my saddle-blanket, and waiting for daylight to assist me; but my horse was weary and hungry, and should have provender and shelter. While thus doubtful and perplexed, I heard a tread among the pines to the left, followed by a crash, and a hard, heavy breath. My hand reached nervously for my pistol. I stood erect in the stirrups, peering through the gloom with my finger pressing tightly against the trigger, and a stammering challenge upon my lips. A dark object bounded from the brush, and passing across the road close before me, disappeared. I resolved it into a horse, and in the dim, uncertain shadow, saw that it was lame!

Cursing my cowardice, I replaced the pistol in its holster, and chirping to my beast, went wearily onward. There was a chance, at least, that I should reach some secluded farm-house or negro-hut. After the space of a half hour, I came to a fence and gate, and to my great relief discerned the stacks and out-houses of a farm. A second gate through which I passed creaked dismally behind me, and shut with a loud noise, but turning the angle of a log-cabin, I had the satisfaction of dismounting before an ancient Virginia residence,

where a candle still burned in the lower story, and streaming through a window, cast a flood of light across the yard. It was a dwelling framed after a fashion immemorial in the South. Long, open porches, roofed and railed, and ascended by steps, inclosed it in front and in rear, while the brick chimneys at the gables were built outside of the house, and against it. The kitchen was a separate building, but connected with the dwelling by a covered passage-way, or colonnade, and both dwelling and kitchen had peaked or double roofs. There were, as I saw at a glance, two wells, one modern in construction, consisting of a windlass and chain for raising or lowering the bucket; but the other was a description of well found only in America, and even there rapidly falling into disuse, known as the pole or balance-well. It consisted of a long hickory pole or shaft, suspended from a forked or crotched upright, and tied at its short or tapering end to a pendant or rod. To this was attached the bucket, which could be readily lowered by hand, and hoisted by the superior weight of the long end of the pole. I was particularly attracted to this latter well, because, curiously enough, the heavy end of the pole was in the air, and the bucket apparently at the bottom of the well. The well-hole was covered with planks, and from the circumstance of a broken plow being deposited above them, I inferred that the well was no longer used. It had a quaint and venerable appearance, standing thus in the night, and I wondered that its position should be so reversed. The whole place, indeed, had an air of gloom and improvidence. Some of the windows in the dwelling were stuffed with old hats and breeches, the whitewash had peeled from the weather-boarding, the porches were rotten and tottering, and except the cheerful glow of the fire, I saw nothing indicative of hospitality and comfort. Long experience in camps, however, had familiarized me to rough fare, and I felt very grateful for the opportunity to rest till morning, and to feed my faithful pony.

Leaping lightly up the steps, and traversing the porch, I knocked thrice, quickly and loudly. Some shuffling of feet and earnest whispering ensued, and then a hideously-deformed boy opened the door. I do not know that I have ever seen a face so terror-stricken; his lips were quivering, his knees trembling, and

the hand by which he held the latch shivered and rattled in a fearful manner. I saw at a glance that one of his feet was clubbed, and that his right arm was short and withered. Beside a blazing log-fire in a great sooty chimney-place sat two girls and a very old man, who seemed quite as ill at ease. The pale faces of the girls were little relieved by the attitude of the man, who had attempted to rise, but appeared to have been paralyzed in the act. In his hand he grasped the tongs, and his face expressed conflicting emotions of hate, fear, and despair.

"Good-evening," said I soothingly; "I hope that I haven't disturbed you."

"You *have* disturbed me," said the old man, rattling the tongs in his quaking fingers; "you ha' nigh been the death o' me. You ha' given me a turn that'll shorten my days. What are you arter, on folk's property in the dead hour o' night, knockin' at their doors, and scarin' their wimmin?"

At this one of the girls began to sob, and the eyes of the cripple dilated with rage.

"Compose yourselves," said I, walking into the room, my spurs clattering, and my sword dragging along the floor; "I am not an enemy, though I wear the uniform of one. I am a soldier, as you see, astray and wearied, and willing to pay for a bed by your fire, and a little corn for my horse."

"We ha' nayther bed nor corn for Yankees. You ha' overrun our farms, and murdered our boys. Beggary and tears come upon you all, as you ha' brought them upon us!"

"Nay, then," said I, drawing up a chair, and seating myself resolutely by the hearth, "since you are so inhospitable, I must take what you will not sell. Here I sit, and here I shall remain. If there is food in your stable, I must seize enough for my beast, and at daylight I will leave you."

The cripple looked murderously into my eyes here, as if measuring my strength and courage; but I quietly removed my spurs, cast off my sword, and asked him the way to the stable.

"Get the lantern, Jay," said the man; "if we are to lose the corn, we may as well be paid. Show the soldier to the cowhouse. Gi' him twelve ears and a rick o' hay. Marth'-Ann, do you spread a counterpane yer in the corner. Nancy,

fetch up a pail of elder. Stir yer trotters!"

Settling himself in the chair, the old man muttered nervously, and glowered at the fire as he raked the fagots in a heap. Pale and sinister, the cripple limped through a doorway, and fumbled in the darkness of another room for the required lantern. The girls fulfilled their instructions with agitated faces, and cast doubtful eyes upon me at intervals. They were coarsely clothed in frocks of gray kersey, and their shoes were rough and large. The younger of the two had a prettily timid face, with shy black eyes, and her hair was tied with a piece of blue ribbon.

"What's yer name at home?" said the old man at length, looking fiercely up. I replied good-humoredly, anxious to induce a pleasanter reception, and asked the old gentleman to tell me his own name in return.

"Lightfoot, sir," said he, in a tone of mingled braggadocio and sullenness. "The Lightfoots ha' been one o' the fust families. Jeems Lightfoot was the best speaker that ever sot in the legislater of Virginy. Neal Lightfoot belonged to the Wiggins branch o' the family, and owned the best Piedmont horses in this section o' country. Patrick Lightfoot of Jeems River"—

"Yers the lantern for the Yankee," said the cripple, limping into the room. He stared blackly and half-defiantly, flung open the door, and muttering that I was to "look alive arter my hoss," led the way across the yard to a log-stable or shed.

"Stop," said I; "the good pony must be watered," and I turned toward the old well. To my great surprise, the cripple darted forward, dropping his lantern, and seized me with the grip of a strong man.

"Don't go there!" he said, with a strangely altered voice; "there ain't no water there! The pole has got wedged at the bottom. Come yer; come this way."

I found him absolutely dragging me, and was not more amazed at his vehemence than at his wonderful physical power, so inconsistent, as I thought, with his deformity. Truly I had fallen among boorish people. Yielding to the whim of the lad, I watered my horse at the windlass well, but refused to remove the saddle at his solicitation. Returning to the dwelling I found a table spread, and some

Indian bread, bacon, and cider prepared for me. The young girl to whom I have alluded sat at the head of the table, but I failed to interest her in conversation, and turned at length to the old man.

"This is a sad war, sir!"

"You folks got it up."

"We lament it, I am sure, as much as you do."

"Likely. Look at *me*, spoiled in land and cattle, a prisoner in my own house, an alien in my own country—my four sons driven from me, but, thank God, fighting out their deliverance agin you and your hordes?"

"Come," said I softly, "let us lay these things aside to-night. Return to better days and themes. You have still a spark of regard for the good old Union. Have you forgotten the palmy time of '76, when South and North stood shoulder to shoulder at *Ticonderoga*?"

I stopped in mute astonishment. At the iteration of the last word, a deathly pallor came over the old gentleman; his chin dropped upon his bosom, and his hands hung nervelessly upon his chair. From bold, maniacal, defiance, he had changed to cowed, tremulous, demented silence. Suddenly and mechanically he rose, groped by way of the wall to a staircase, and shuffling like a man in a dream disappeared. I saw no more of him that night. The girls, scarcely less agitated, also immediately retired; and I was left alone with the cripple, astounded at the effect of my oratory, and certain that I had fallen into a house of lunatics.

I had been previously acquainted with bitter Southern partisans, but the animosity of this family was altogether savage and unprecedented. There was certainly the extenuating circumstance of the younger Lightfoots' connection with the Confederate service; and the irritability of old age might have been intensified by losses of negroes, live-stock, and provender. The people were likewise, as I could see, rude, ignorant, and perhaps wicked. In this way, I could account for their passion; but the more appalling evidences of fear and suspicion remained unexplained. As I sat absorbed in a review of the occurrences of the evening, I looked casually across the room at the cripple, who had been for some minutes sitting silently upon the floor. The firelight revealed his face, though his body was bathed in shadow, and I saw that he was leering

darkly upon me. Out of all patience with the fellow, I called to him in no very amiable voice: "My man, haven't you a face in your *répertoire* less devilish than that you are wearing to-night?"

He grinned contemptuously, but did not speak.

"I shall be under the necessity of tossing a plate in your face presently, so you had better remove out of distance."

He rose from his place, limped to the stairway, and I heard his heavy unequal tread overhead for some time, when finally it ceased, and the house was given over to silence. Having emptied the pail of cider, and supped plenteously, I threw myself upon the spread in the corner, and resumed my contemplations. Why were these people out of their beds at so late an hour? Had they expected visitors? Why had they alternately shuddered and vaunted? Had some great remorse with them blended with some yet more wicked purpose? Might not their fanaticism mean more than it had seemed? Was I, in short, safe in this house, travel-worn, disarmed, solitary, and asleep? Pshaw! a cripple, two girls, and a garrulous old dotard. What were these pitted against a vigilant, active soldier, close to camp, and prepared for any emergency? I had unmanned myself thrice to-night; should I become again a prey to childish terrors?

I tossed my sword contemptuously upon the table, spurned my holsters with my foot, and leaning my head upon my arm, studied the bare floor, the huge chimney, the beamed and whitewashed ceiling, the square and rope-seated chairs. A few coarse pictures hung upon the wall—a trotting horse, a popular preacher, a Confederate general, a head of Washington. Opposite, lay a door and two windows; at my feet, a door, and these looked out upon the two porches. A rough mantel-piece surmounted the chimney, ornamented with a stuffed coon-skin and a pair of unsightly candlesticks. I contrasted the boorish denizens of this place with my own family and those of my friends in the North; I thought of the plain frock and pretty features of the younger girl, whose name, as I had heard, was that of my own affianced, Martha; and, touching this theme, I folded my arms upon my breast, and dropped into a feverish sleep. It might have been the strange influences and events of the evening, or more directly the draughts of whisky and cider

that troubled me; at any rate, my slumber was broken by dreams and quick awakenings; and, curiously enough, the old well in the yard recurred again and again among these fancies. If my visions turned, during any moments, upon the companions of my mess, the associates of my boyhood, the incidents of my night-journey, the affianced of my love, they failed in no case to return to the ancient well. At one time, it seemed, the huge shaft had fallen upon my heart, and bruised it most cruelly; again I had fallen into the well, and climbing to the surface, found that I had been swimming in blood; and, in the end, both shaft and well had resolved themselves into the hideous cripple, who sat leeringly upon a bucket, and as I pursued him, limped away like an apparition.

At this latest phase of my dream, I awoke tremulously. Was it a shadow that flitted by the opposite window? Surely something had moved across the transparent panes, quick, spectral, and noiseless. I sat up immediately, and rubbing my eyes, took note of doors and windows. The latch was closed, the room deserted. My sword remained upon the table, my holster and pistols still lay upon the floor where I had thrown them. With a sneer and an execration, I lay down again, but only to dream anew of the cripple, the old well, the lonely road, the pony that stood saddled in the stable, the grim warrior waiting for my return. Again I started fitfully, and sitting bolt upright, beheld, as certainly as I had sight, a human hand reaching through a niche in the door towards my holsters. Quicker than the thought, I had leaped to my feet and reached the threshold. Fool! Nothing stood without but the solemn darkness. An unaccountable thirst possessed me; my throat had become parched, and my lips were glued feverishly together. Staggering rather than walking across the creaking porch, I turned toward the well. The great pole stood poised in the air, the rod pointed significantly into the pit. A strange, irresistible impulse drew me onward; I resolved to test the mystery of that well! One by one I removed the outlying boards. The plowshare rang funereally as I heaved it aside, and the deep well-pit lay black and yawning beneath me. The cold sweat oozed from my forehead as I seized the rod and pulled stubbornly upward. Surely the

bucket attached must be hooped of iron, for a weight so great was never lifted from household well before. Tremulously, heavily, the great end of the pole swayed downward; something dark and dripping came in view—a heap inanimate, crushed, and swaying to and fro.

I dropped the rod with a cry and a curse, for as God is my judge, Brook Edmunds' face, all leprous and bloody, and shrouded in matted hair, had appeared to me, caught in the grappling-hook of the bucket!

For a moment I lay nerveless and breathless upon the cold ground. The weird incidents of the night developed themselves in all their horrible relations to the murder of my friend. I now comprehended the terror of my host—his trepidation at the utterance of "Ticonderoga," the password of the night in which this butchery had been effected—the strange conduct of the cripple at my approach to the well—the riderless horse that limped before me in the dimness! Had Providence designed me to discover and avenge? Or was I likewise to be sacrificed to the demoniac hate of this savage family?

A door in the direction of the stable shut here with a shock, admonishing me that some one was abroad. Stealthily creeping across the lawn, I entered the stall where my horse yet remained, and discovering something that stood motionless in a far corner, pressed toward it, but received in an instant a powerful blow upon the left side of the head, that nearly felled me. I closed at once with the cripple, for it was he, and, maddened by pain and rage, threw him heavily upon the ground. A few moments served to bind him securely with a halter, and almost instantly I heard the beating of hoofs in front of the house. Four horsemen rode up in the starlight, and dismounting close to the porch, slipped quietly into the dwelling. A minute more, and I should be discovered; another, and I should be cold and dripping, like the heap of mortality that lay in the well.

I caught at my bridle frantically, dragged my beast to the door, and mounting, dashed over gate and bar. I left all to my horse. I shouted maniacally to drive him forward. I leaped ditches and fens, bruised my limbs against the keen edges of cedars, and, clinging by mane and pommel, gave him freedom of rein and bit. A fierce, feverish de-

sire for life, *life*, LIFE, possessed me. I knew that I was followed. The shouts of the fiends behind me rang hoarsely above the dash of hoofs, and the panting of my weary horse admonished me that he could not keep his pace. Then it was that the memories of the past, the sanguine anticipations of the future, the sins and shortcomings unrepented of, the promises unfulfilled, the prayers unsaid, came rushing agonizedly upon me. I was about to realize the glory of war—a pass of steel or a pistol-flash, a trampled body by the wayside, a secluded grave, and a fate unknown. In vain should the general wait impatiently till dawn, in vain my beloved chafe for her expected letter, in vain my mother continue to kneel with my name upon her lips. I should die with the infamous accusation of desertion; my messmates would recur to me with bitterness, and in place of a solemn procession and an honorable tomb, I should moulder in the dampness and silence of the lonesome well. These things flashed upon me as the trees and clouds went by. An eternity of thought concentrated in those awful moments as I heard behind me the tramp of the blood-thirsty fiends—brothers, as I knew, of the deformed. Oh for my holsters, and the good irons they contained! Oh for my naked sword, that lay with them by the accursed hearth!

My tired horse had slackened his speed; the pursuers were closing the gap between us; I raised my eyes to the sky, and commended my soul to God!

But suddenly something glittered midway in the road, a few rods beyond me; I recognized the saber of a sentry, and with a mad hollo of "Crown Point! Crown Point!" galloped into the midst of a Federal picket! At the same moment, a score of rifles cracked close beside me, and my horse fell heavily to the ground.

Well, indeed, had my comrade been avenged. There remained of the Light-foots only the daughters, for the old man was found stiff and pallid in his bed, and

the saddles of his sons had all been emptied. These worthies had run the gantlet of our pickets for the last time. We discovered their bridle-path on our return, whereby they had made perilous but frequent visits to the old homestead. The cripple had disappeared, and having vainly searched the dwelling, the barns, and the woods adjacent, we repaired to the well, to raise the body of the gallant young Virginian. The pole, curiously enough, resisted our efforts, and the body had apparently become wedged in the well. A Zouave having volunteered to descend, we let him gently into the pit, and directly he cried: "Pull up, for God's sake. Here are two men entangled in the water."

The cripple had escaped a "drum-head court-martial," but a more circumstantial retribution had fallen upon him. Reckoning upon my death at the hands of his brothers, he had endeavored to replace the well-covering, but had unwittingly fallen into the well. Both bodies were recovered. The soldier received an honorable grave; the assassin was tossed back with execrations into the pit. My poor horse had done me a last good service; a bullet released him from his pain; but my comrades, at the general's suggestion, presented me with a splendid subscription-pony. It was discovered that Edmunds and I had similarly lost our ways, diverging into the same path. The death-blow had been dealt him by the strong left arm of the cripple, and the last breath of the victim had shouted, in the vain hope of assistance, the memorable password, "Ticonderoga." The unwitting reiteration of this word on my part had revived the remorse of the deed in the heart of the elder assassin.

Such atrocities can be explained only by the bitterness of the civil struggle which now devastates our unhappy land. May God, in his good Providence, abate the wrath of man, and fashioning good from evil, give lasting peace to all my fellow-countrymen!

GOLDSMITH, BOSWELL, AND JOHNSON.

IN the finely-executed engraving which has been prepared as an embellishment to the present number of the *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE*, the portraits of three men of literary renown, who lived in a former age, have been made to reappear on the stage as by the wand of the enchanter. Their forms, their features, the aspects which they presented to the eyes of living friends in real life a hundred years ago, have been preserved, have been handed down, with exactness, till now at the command of the artist, and by his skillful manipulations on the hard polished steel, there comes out the look, the expression, the personal lineaments which went to make up the portraits of Goldsmith, Boswell, and Dr. Samuel Johnson, as they appeared in the age in which they lived. The character of their minds, the views and opinions they held, the sentiments which they penned, and all the mental portraiture which they recorded in their written and published productions, have long been before the public, and are to be found in many public and private libraries. But a somewhat different impression and interest is imparted to the mind when we can look on the accurate and well-defined features of the authors of those works which we find pleasure and instruction in perusing. The English artist chose a well-known and recorded incident in the personal history of the men whose portraits appear in the engraving, as a subject for the skill of his pencil. A little imagination only is needed to suppose the artist to have been present at the time, and on the evening in question, and to have photographed the scene as they sat around the literary board.

There are two explanations of the scene in the prints. One is recorded by several biographers of Goldsmith. The names of these celebrated men, and their personal history and relations to each other previous to the time alluded to in the print, are so well known to our readers as to require no extended mention in this place. Our illustrious countryman, the late Washington Irving, who has done so much to enrich and embellish the literature of the English language, in his *Life of Oliver Goldsmith* thus describes the inci-

dent and scene in the engraving. "When Boswell had become more intense in his literary idolatry, (of Johnson,) he affected to undervalue Goldsmith, and a lurking hostility to him is discernable throughout his writings, which some have attributed to a silly spirit of jealousy of the superior esteem evinced for the poet by Dr. Johnson. We have a gleam of this in his account of the first evening he spent in company with these two eminent authors at their famous resort, the *Mitre Tavern*, in Fleet-street, (London.) This took place on the first of July, 1763. The trio supped together, and passed some time in literary conversation. On quitting the tavern, Johnson, who had been socially acquainted with Goldsmith for two years, and knew his merits, took him with him to drink tea with his blind pensioner Miss Williams; a high privilege among his intimates and admirers. Boswell was not invited, and his jealousy was excited." This was the place, thus described by Mr. Irving in his *Life of Goldsmith*, and is a sufficient explanation of the scene and incident in the prints.

The other explanation, which it has been said the artist had in view when he penciled the scene, is the following: "Goldsmith's comedy, 'The Good-Natured Man,' was brought out at Covent Garden in the beginning of 1768. It had been previously declined by Garrick, and did not meet with any very decided success, though Dr. Johnson pronounced it the best comedy which had appeared since 'The Provoked Husband.'" It is said these three men went to Covent Garden on the occasion to witness its performance. When it was concluded they repaired together to the *Mitre Tavern*, to discuss the merits of the comedy and obtain refreshments. In the print the artist represents Dr. Johnson as expressing his opinion to Goldsmith, and that the clock in the room, as seen in the engraving, indicates the hour of the night—eight minutes before two o'clock. Either explanation, we doubt not, will be satisfactory to the reader, though the personages and their portraits may be regarded as the chief objects of interest. The latter is the true explanation in the mind of the artist.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE OLD HELMET. By the authoress of "The Wide, Wide World." In two vols. New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers, No. 530 Broadway. 1864. Pp. 328 and 363.

We have received from the publishers these two neat and attractive volumes. They contain a beautiful story, admirably told, in style and language rich and gorgeous, which captivates the mind of the reader, as the graphic and alluring train of scenes and incidents moves on like an ever-changing panorama, presenting the various personages of the story in new positions and aspects, scattering word-paintings in rich profusion at the foot of the reader as he traces the windings of the plot among old ruins and castles of old English history, among hills and valleys clothed in richest verdure. Amid all this affluence of beautiful description the gifted author has run a silver cord of moral and religious sentiment, interesting and instructive, which illumines the whole panorama of the story like as the sunlight of heaven is projected upon the canvas of a fine painting, imparting richness and variety to the whole. "The Old Helmet," which is the title and key to the story, as expanded and illustrated in the views and experience of a number of the personages of the story, is very gracefully interwoven in the woof and web of the narrative. The publishers and the friends of the accomplished authoress may well congratulate her on the certainty of success and the great favor with which the reading public will receive her book.

CHRONICLES OF THE COTTA FAMILY.

M. W. DODD is about to issue a new book of great historic interest and value, embracing the life and times of Martin Luther in the early periods of his life. These chronicles impart a fresh interest to the annals of this remarkable man, and in many respects give to the reading public what they have not seen or read before. It will be looked for with interest. It is already in the bindery.

MY DAYS AND NIGHTS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD. A Book for Boys. By CARLTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

ILLUSTRATED with cuts of battle-scenes and localities. The publishers have sent us a copy of this spirit-stirring book, which will fire the patriotism of the young hearts for whom it is designed. This book for boys will be read by all the boys in the land who can get it in their hands. This country is rapidly being educated into military science and love of country, and so long as enemies and traitors to the best interests of our race on this continent are abroad planning mischief, it will be needful to have military men, armies, and the fighting of battles. Terrible as war is, its evils must be sometimes endured for the best good of men.

AMY CARR; OR, THE FORTUNE-TELLER. By CAROLINE CHESBRO. New-York: M. W. Dodd, publisher, 506 Broadway. 1864.

This is a neat volume of some two hundred and twenty-five pages, making a pleasant story for youth,

from the pen of Miss Chesbro, whose name as an authoress is well known to the reading public.

WASHINGTON IRVING. Mr. George P. Putnam has sent us the fourth volume of the "Life and Letters of Washington Irving," by his nephew, FERRIS IRVING. 1864.

THE reading public and numerous friends and admirers of this celebrated man will welcome this new volume of his works, so rich, instructive, and entertaining as his writings are. His letters are models of beauty in sentiment and diction. Incidents and facts gem the pages of this book, of great historic value. These volumes are so desirable for what they contain, that no library should be considered complete without them. They are among the standard literature of our country. Mr. Irving wrote, in March, 1853:

"Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France!—one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada! It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris has been the theater during my lifetime.

"I have repeatedly thought that each grand *coup de théâtre* would be the last that would occur in my time; but each has been succeeded by another equally striking; and what will be the next who can conjecture?

"The last I saw of Eugenie Montijo, she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid; and she and her giddy circle had swept away my charming young friend, the beautiful and accomplished ———,

into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugenie is upon a throne, and ——— a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders! Poor ———! Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of the two.

"Am I to live to see the catastrophe of her career, and the end of this suddenly conjured-up empire, which seems to be of 'such stuff as dreams are made of'?

"I confess my personal acquaintance with the individuals who figure in this historical romance gives me uncommon interest in it; but I consider it stamped with danger and instability, and as liable to extravagant vicissitudes as one of Dumas's novels. You do right to witness the grand features of this passing pageant. You are probably reading one of the most peculiar and eventful pages of history, and may live to look back upon it as a romantic tale."

HOW TO REBUILD A PALACE.—The rebuilding of the Pavillion Flora, forming part of the Château of the Tuileries, was carried on so rapidly during the fine season that it is now ready to receive the roof. It will not, however, be habitable until next winter. As soon as it is completed, the Pavillion Maran will be taken down and rebuilt in a similar style to the Pavillion Flora. The entire of the Château of the Tuileries will thus be taken down piece by piece and completely rebuilt, but on a larger scale than at present, so as to give better accommodation to the occupants.—*Paris Letter.*

THE NEW BRITISH CARBINE.—The British government have recently adopted a new breech-loading rifled carbine, which has the following peculiarities: The barrel is twenty-four inches in length—full length, thirty-seven and a half inches—and weighs altogether a trifle under six pounds. It has an effective range of over a thousand yards, is sighted for twelve hundred yards, and will carry a ball or rifle-shell very nearly one mile, or about sixteen hundred yards. The bore of this weapon is the same as the Enfield rifle, and fires a similar bullet, conical, and weighing about an ounce. The contrivance for loading and then closing the breech is one that sends a steel plug into the lower end of the barrel about the third of an inch. The ball protrudes naked from one end of the cartridge, and when fired entirely fills the bore and grooves, thus preventing windage. It is impossible for it to leak fire. By a simple and ingenious contrivance in the cartridge, the gun lubricates and cleans itself, and does not become the least foul, even after firing thousands of times. At the lower or base end of the cartridge is a wad, cut out of heavy woolen felting, at least a quarter of an inch thick. This is saturated with grease, lard, or tallow. The powder is between this wad and the bullet, and after the discharge the wad remains in the gun. Of course the wad goes out before the next bullet, and as the gun grows warm by firing, the grease melts, and the gun is lubricated and cleaned at every discharge.—*Army and Navy Journal, (U. S.)*

ALLEGED GENUINE BUST OF SHAKESPEARE.—There is good reason to believe that a cast from the features of Shakspeare has been preserved, although very little has been said on the subject. About six years ago, in the course of removing some buildings in Lincoln's Inn Fields near the site of the old Duke's Theater, a noble bust was discovered, which was believed to be one of Shakspeare, from its remarkable resemblance to some of the other portraits and the curious locality in which it was found. This bust, originally in the hands of Professor Owen, is now in the hands of the members of the Garrick Club, in London. A still more curious circumstance remains to be told. A cast of Shakspeare's face had long been in the possession of a German family, and the tradition was that it had been taken after the poet's death for an eminent German then resident in London. The cast has been treasured as a sacred relic for several generations, but at the sale of the family collection a few days ago, it fell into the hands of a German physician—a friend of the late Prince Consort—and on his departure for Australia, this gentleman left it in the care of Professor Owen, with whom it still remains. On comparing the cast with the bust already referred to, there appeared to be no doubt that an original cast and bust, mutually confirming each other, had been found, and that the "vera effigies" of the poet had been placed beyond all doubt. Strange as the story may seem, there is every reason to believe that the main facts are true, and that a real portrait of the poet has been discovered three centuries after his death.—*Birmingham Post.*

AN ARABIAN LEGEND.—As Solomon was one day traveling over the desert, through the air, accompanied by his court of genii, feeling oppressed by the heat of the sun, he requested some vultures who were passing by to fly over his head, so as to form a canopy with their wings; this they refused to do,

on which the king, in a rage, said that for a punishment they should lose all the feathers off their necks, which accordingly came to pass. Soon after this a flock of hoopoes passed, to whom the king made the same request that he had done to the vultures. They at once agreed, and Solomon, pleased with their ready compliance, offered them any reward they might choose, and accordingly at their request granted that for the future they and their descendants should wear gold crowns. This, however, they soon found to be a distinction which involved more danger than honor, as they were pursued and killed for the sake of their crowns; they accordingly petitioned the king to take back his gift, which he did, but that they might not be left without a mark of his favor for their good service, he ordered that they should wear a crown of feathers, and have the power of concealing that when they thought it would make them too conspicuous.

A WOMAN'S GENEROSITY.—The following interesting anecdote of female generosity is told by Washington Irving in his account of Gen. Greene in North-Carolina during the latter part of the War of the Revolution:

"Apprehending the rapid advance of Cornwallis, Gen. Greene hastened to rejoin Morgan, who with his division was pushing forward for the Yadkin. He spurred forward through heavy rain and deep miry roads. It was a dreary ride and a lonely one, for he had detached his aides-de-camp in different directions to collect the scattered militia.

"At mid-day he alighted, weary and travel-stained, at the inn at Salisbury, where the army physician, who had charge of the sick and wounded prisoners, received him at the door, and inquired after his well-being.

"'Fatigued, hungry, alone, and penniless,' was Grene's heavy-hearted reply.

"The landlady, Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, overheard his desponding words.

"While he was seated at the table, she entered the room, closed the door, and drawing from under her apron two bags of money, which she had carefully hoarded in those precarious times,

"'Take these,' said the noble-hearted woman; 'you will want them, and I can do without them.'

This is one of the numberless instances of the devoted patriotism of our women during the Revolution. Their patriotism was apt to be purer and more disinterested than that of the men.

A PUNCTUAL man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he can not ascend.

NEBRASKA SALT FIELDS.—Nebraska contains some of the richest salt fields in the world. In Saline and Lancaster counties, fifty miles from the Missouri river, are about twenty thousand acres, in three several basins, covered with a thick crust of salt.

THE remains of a gigantic animal of the bear species have been dug out of a land slip near Talbot, in New South Wales. The animal, when alive, must have been ten feet in length, four and a half feet high, and most probably weighed over a ton.

THE MOANING SEA.

With her white face full of agony,
Under her dripping locks,
How the wretched, restless Sea to-day
Moans to the cruel rocks.

Helplessly in her great despair
She shudders on the sand;
And the weeds are gone from her tangled hair,
And the shells from her listless hand.

'Tis a sorrowful sight to see her lie,
With her beating, heaving breast,
Here, where the rock has cast her off,
Sobbing herself to rest.

Alas, alas! for the foolish sea,
Why was there none to say:
"The wave that strikes on the heartless stone,
Must break, and fall away."

Why could she not have known that this
Would be her fate at length;
That the hand, unheld, must slip at last,
Though it cling with love's own strength?

For now, too late, she has learned the truth,
Which none who learn forget—
And this is the best that she can do
With the future left her yet:

To rise and wear on her face a smile,
Though her life be ebbing out;
And she have not even the wretched hope,
Born of a wretched doubt.

For there is no pity for grief like hers,
But only scorn and blame;
And so, she must come to her feet again,
And hide from the world her shame.

THE WRECK REGISTER FOR 1861.—There have arrived and departed during the year 1861 no less than 267,770 vessels from British ports, manned by more than a million and a half of sailors. Of these vessels, 1494 have been wrecked, and of these men 884 have perished by drowning. As our shipping increases, the number of wrecks increases in even greater proportion. The fearful gales of January, February, and November caused the disasters of last year to exceed the average of the last six years by 260. Seven twelfths of all the casualties happened to ships of the collier class, and were owing in most cases to their total unseaworthiness, or the bad look-out kept by their crews. Very few ships over 1000 tons came to much harm. Ten wrecks took place in a perfectly smooth sea, 14 in light airs, 51 in light breezes, 146 in moderate breezes, 320 in strong breezes, 66 in moderate gales, 359 in strong gales, 311 in "whole" gales, 102 in storms, and 52 in hurricanes. Nearly half these wrecks took place among vessels in the home and coasting trade, but commanded by men not required by law to have certificates of competency. The estimated total loss for the year exceeds one million sterling!

ALL WORLDLY THINGS TRANSITORY.—It was a custom in Rome, that when the emperor went by upon some grand day in all his imperial pomp, there was an officer appointed to burn flax before him, crying out "*Sic transit gloria mundi*," which was purposely done to put him in mind that all his honor and grandeur should soon vanish and pass away, like

the nimble smoke raised from that burning flax. And it was a good meditation that one had, standing by a river side: "The water which I see, now runs away, and I see it no more; and the comforts of this world are like this running water, still gliding and running away from me." It must therefore be our care so to use this world as if we used it not, for the fashion of it passeth away; and seeing we can not enjoy the comforts thereof any long time, let us use them well to God's glory that gave them, and not abuse them to our own prejudice.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—The following list of the literary productions of Germany during the years 1861 and 1862, abridged from the official *Börsenblatt*, published at Leipzig, may prove of interest to English readers. It may be remarked that smaller publications, such as pamphlets, flying sheets, and similar issues of the press, are not included in the list:

	1861.	1862.
Theology,.....	1391	1459
History and Biography.....	619	591
Jurisprudence and Politics.....	986	990
Medicine.....	496	446
Natural History.....	512	485
Philosophy.....	71	94
Educational Works.....	398	313
Juvenile Books.....	244	268
Classical and Oriental Works.....	573	316
Modern Languages.....	342	291
Mathematics and Astronomy.....	95	76
Geography.....	209	242
Strategy and Military Science.....	189	207
Commerce and Trade.....	223	244
Architecture and Engineering.....	181	187
Metalurgy and Mining.....	36	31
Agriculture and Horticulture.....	268	286
Belles Lettres.....	903	916
Fine Arts.....	449	434
Works on Freemasonry.....	30	31
Polonian and Hungarian Publications.....	169	180
Maps and Charts.....	168	173
Miscellaneous Books.....	583	624
Total.....	9546	9719

The list shows that the publication of books in Germany is going on at the rate of twenty-seven *per diem*, including Sundays. In Great Britain and Ireland, according to a recent article in the *Spectator*, the production amounts to only 4828 new books a year, or thirteen a day.—*The Bookseller*.

AN offer has been made to connect the whole of the West-India Islands by telegraph with the mainland at Cayenne, in French Guiana, and at Key West, near Florida, if a guarantee of six per cent. on the outlay can be obtained. The cost is estimated at £300,000. It is proposed that Cuba should subscribe £2500 a year; Trinidad, Surinam, Porto Rico, Demerara, Barbadoes, and Jamaica, £1500 a year each; Martinique and Guadaloupe, £1000 a year each; and St. Thomas, Cayenne, and Santa Cruz, £500 a year each.

THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY.—The Paris journals publish a very long and elaborate legal opinion on the Suez Canal scheme, occupying six columns, and signed by three eminent counsel of the French bar—M. Odilon Barrot, Dufaure, and Jules Favre, on the application of the Viceroy of Egypt. These gentlemen, after examining the various incidents connected with the relations which have existed between the present Viceroy of Egypt and the company, declare in emphatic terms that the former has acted with perfect propriety, and that the company is unwise in asking for more than he has thought fit to accord.



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RICHARD COBDEN M.P.



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Published by the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., under authority of the Department of Agriculture and Forest Service. The purpose of this publication is to provide a medium for the exchange of scientific information and to promote the progress of agriculture and forestry. It is intended to be a source of information for the general public and for the scientific community. The publication is free of charge to all who are interested in the subject. The Department of Agriculture and Forest Service is pleased to receive contributions from all sources. Contributions should be sent to the Editor, Scientific Exchange, Department of Agriculture and Forest Service, Washington, D. C. The Editor will accept for consideration any article or paper that is of interest to the general public and to the scientific community. The Department of Agriculture and Forest Service is also pleased to receive contributions from all sources. Contributions should be sent to the Editor, Scientific Exchange, Department of Agriculture and Forest Service, Washington, D. C. The Editor will accept for consideration any article or paper that is of interest to the general public and to the scientific community. The Department of Agriculture and Forest Service is also pleased to receive contributions from all sources. Contributions should be sent to the Editor, Scientific Exchange, Department of Agriculture and Forest Service, Washington, D. C. The Editor will accept for consideration any article or paper that is of interest to the general public and to the scientific community.





Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MARCH, 1864.

From the British Quarterly.

TRAVELS IN THE HIMALAYAS.*

Up in the Himalayas! Thither are we carried by the books now before us; two of them old acquaintances, the other two graphic narratives recently published. Seated in our arm-chair, turning over the leaves, and looking at the engravings, colored and uncolored, which profusely illustrate the narratives, we are mentally borne away into the far East, to the vast panorama of mountains which form the southern boundary of the unexplored heart of Asia, and the most elevated region on the face of the globe. We make journeys of

several thousand miles, up in the clouds, in a region half-way between earth and sky, along routes ranging from eight to eighteen hundred * feet above the level of the sea—sojourning on uplands higher than the summit of Mont Blanc, and crossing the loftiest mountain-passes in the world. In graphic outline there passes before us the singular and novel aspect of the region—with its praying-wheels ceaselessly uttering, as it were, the same formula of adoration, its dagobas and other monuments to Buddhist saints, its long walls composed of votive slabs covered with inscriptions, its stolid priests and simple people; we behold the sublime scenery, in some parts bleak and barren, in others clothed with unbroken forests far

* *Diary of a Pedestrian in Cashmere and Thibet.* By Captain KNIGHT. London. 1863.

Travels in Ladak, Tartary, and Kashmir. By Lieut.-Colonel TORRENS. London. 1862.

Himalayan Journals. By J. D. HOOKER, M.D., F.R.S. New Edition. London. 1855.

Ladak, Physical, Statistical, and Historical. By ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM. London. 1854.

* Thousand was doubtless meant instead of hundred.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

as the eye can reach, and visit the snowy wastes of the Upper Himalayas, with its piercing winds and almost perennial winter—without stirring out of our easy-chair, and within a comfortable distance of our own fireside. This is the happy privilege of modern times, when men “run to and fro on the earth,” with pen and pencil in hand, and bring the fruit of their travels in diaries and sketch-books for the instruction and enjoyment of their countrymen at home.

The spirit of travel and adventure, the search for health, and the pioneering of commerce, have all been combining of late years to make us acquainted with the aspects and topography of the broad belt of gigantic mountains and deep interesting valleys which forms the northern boundary of our Indian empire. Parched and “used up” with the torrid heat of the dusty plains of Hindostan, our officers and civilians, whenever they get a few months’ leave of absence, hurry off to the snowy region of the Himalayas, to cool themselves amidst its icy wastes, to take rest amidst the evergreen woods of Simla and Darjeeling, to luxuriate in the lovely valley of Cashmere, or to penetrate into the wilds of Ladak and Thibet. The scientific adventurer turns his steps in the same direction, to botanize, geologize, or explore. Not content to believe that the Ganges falls straight down from heaven upon the head of Siva, wandering amidst his tangled locks before it descends into the Indian plains, government surveyors are traversing and mapping the mountain region with trigonometrical precision; and if Keilas, the paradise of Siva, have a local habitation, as it certainly has a name, the “Compass Wallahs” will indubitably find it out, and make a plan of it for the benefit of the faithful in the plains below. Commerce, too, has its interests even in that inhospitable region. A new road, first projected by Lord Dalhousie, has been constructed from Simla across the mountains to the Chinese frontier, to facilitate the growing trade by that direct route into India; and one of the objects which Lord Elgin sought to accomplish by his contemplated interview with the Rajah of Cashmere was to induce, if not compel, that potentate to remove the existing obstructions to the traffic between the Punjab and the countries of Upper Asia. Where commerce goes, influence follows;

and political considerations are not absent in this effort to establish commercial relations with the population of a region which at present is more open to the commerce of Russia than to ours.

The climate is driving the Anglo-Indians into the Himalayas. If we are to maintain our position as masters of India, we must have sanatoria for our army and government officers near at hand; and we must increase our numerical strength by attracting a new influx of British settlers, which can only be accomplished by opening for them suitable fields of industrial enterprise. This latter object is beginning to be attained by the cultivation of the tea-plant, which is attracting settlers into the valleys of the Himalayas, where large plantations begin to cover the mountain-slopes in some parts; and in proportion as these districts become cleared, and cultivated, and rendered attractive to English settlers, the number of immigrants will increase—at once augmenting the prosperity of our Indian empire, and forming a reserve population, which in any future crisis will be capable of lending a most valuable support to the government, alike in arms and by means of their influence with the surrounding population. Of sanatoria, as yet, we have too few; and it is to be regretted that, when ceding the Terai to the Nepaulese government, we did not stipulate in return for the cession of some one of the many spots on the Nepaulese frontier which are suitable sites for sanatoria. Simla, in the center of the line of the Himalayas, and Darjeeling, in the eastern part of the range, three hundred and fifty miles due north of Calcutta, are the only localities as yet established as sanatoria. Cashmere, at the western extremity of the Himalayas, is a third locality frequented by Anglo-Indians for the sake of health and recreation, although it is not included in the British possessions. These three points are the portals through which our travelers and tourists enter the Himalayan region. As the territories of Nepal extend all the way between Darjeeling and Simla, the route through the mountains between these two points is not attempted by English tourists, and the topography of the country is almost unknown; but westward of Simla the country is open to our passage, and within the last few years journeys and exploring expeditions have frequently been made by our countrymen from Simla north-west-

ward through the mountains into Ladak, and back by Cashmere, and *vice versa*; the route, speaking roughly, forming a half-circle, with Simla at one extremity and Cashmere at the other. It is the region lying along this route which is described in the narratives of Cunningham, Torrens, and Knight. Dr. Hooker, on the other hand, started from Darjeeling, and his interesting tours extended through the portion of the Himalayas included in the native State of Sikkim, which lies to the north of Darjeeling, between Nepaul on the east and Bhotan on the west, and through which he made his way to the frontier of Thibet.

Along the base of the eastern portion of the Himalayas lies the malarious jungle of the Terai, forming a belt thirty miles in breadth on the northern frontier of Oudh, but narrowing as it extends westward till it disappears as the longitude of Simla is reached, and diminishing to a breadth of ten miles in its eastern portion as it passes to the south of Darjeeling. The only people who can live in it are the indigenous Mechis—belonging to the Indo-Chinese stock—whose disagreeably sallow complexion seems to indicate a sickly constitution, although Dr. Hooker affirms that they are more robust than Europeans in India. But to all other tribes, whether of India or of the Himalayas, the climate of the Terai is death; and it was in passing through this belt of jungle, on her return from Darjeeling to Calcutta, that Lady Canning caught the fever which so suddenly cut her off in the prime of life. It is curious to find that the inhospitable zone which thus fringes the southern base of the Himalayas conceals beneath its long grasses and bushy thickets a stony and gravelly surface, which bears indubitable marks of having once, in some remote geological period, been a sea-margin, when the Bay of Bengal washed the base of the Himalayas as far inland as Hurdwar. The district is intersected by innumerable rivulets from the hills, which unite and divide again on the flat, branching in all directions through the jungle belt.

The eastern Himalayas are so shrouded by dense wreaths of vapor that a traveler may arrive within eight or nine miles of them before he catches a glimpse of the outer range—somber masses of unpicturesque outline, clothed every where with a dusky forest. The vapor, borne by the

breezes from the Indian Ocean, rarefied and suspended aloft, passes unseen over the heated plains, but is condensed into a drizzle when it strikes the cool flanks of the mountain, and into heavy rain when it reaches their colder summits. On entering the Terai every feature of the district, botanical, geological, and zoölogical, is new; and by a sudden and clearly marked transition, we pass from the vegetation of the plains to that of the Himalayas. Immediately beyond the Terai the ascent becomes steep, and a giant forest replaces the stunted bushy timber of the Terai. At Punkabaree, the first stage up the mountains on the road to Darjeeling, the view becomes superb. In front, the Himalayas rise in steep confused masses; all around are hills five or six thousand feet in height, clothed with a dense deep-green dripping forest, through which torrents rush down in deep ravines; while below, thickly wooded spurs stretch down into the plains, inclosing broad, dead, flat, hot, and damp valleys; and the horizon is bounded by the sea-like expanse of the plains, which stretch away into the region of sunshine and fine weather, in one boundless flat. Surmounting the narrow saddle of the Sinchul Mountain, (seven thousand three hundred feet in height,) the traveler loses sight of the plains, and descending a short way along a wooded spur of the mountain running northwards he arrives at Darjeeling, which stands about seven thousand feet above sea-level. The outer ridge of the Himalaya has now been passed, and the inner base, or amphitheater, opens to view. The loftiest summits of the Himalayas—in other words, the highest mountains in the world—are visible from Darjeeling, and the position of the sanatorium is itself very picturesque. The valleys on either side are at least six thousand feet deep, forest-clad to the bottom, where flows the great Rungeet river, up whose course the eye is carried to the base of the snowy mountains. From Darjeeling—or still better, from the top of Sinchul, which is a favorite excursion of the residents—looking northwards, at least twenty peaks are visible which rise above twenty thousand feet. Kinchinjunga, forty-five miles distant to the north, rises to the altitude of twenty-eight thousand one hundred and seventy-eight feet; Donkia (twenty-three thousand one hundred and seventy-six feet) and Chumulari (twenty-three thou-

sand nine hundred and twenty-nine feet) appear to the north-east at the distance of seventy-three and eighty-four miles respectively; while to the north-west, at upwards of one hundred miles distance, a beautiful group of snowy mountains rises above the black Singalelah range, the chief of which is probably as high as Kinchinjunga. In summer time the perpetual snow forms a girdle, or crest, of frosted silver, extending over nearly one fourth part of the horizon, or an arc of eighty degrees, at Darjeeling; and in winter, when the mountains are covered down to eight thousand feet, this white ridge stretches uninterruptedly for more than one hundred and sixty degrees, or over nearly the whole northern half of the horizon.

Though a sanatorium for the Anglo-Indians, Darjeeling is no paradise for the Bengalees who come to it in attendance upon their invalid Sahibs. The fabled paradise of their religion may be placed among the icy summits of the Himalayas, but while in the body they show no liking even for the lower altitudes of the mountains. With the prejudices so characteristic of their race, they continue their vegetable diet and the thin dress suitable for the torrid plains, and sleep as usual on the bare ground, so that sharp fevers and ague frequently attack them. Even European invalids often rail at the climate of the place—what will invalids not rail at?—though visibly improving under its influence.

"Children's faces," says Dr. Hooker, "afford as good an index as any to the healthfulness of a climate, and in no part of the world is there a more active, rosy, and bright young community than at Darjeeling. It is incredible what a few weeks of that mountain air will do for the Indian-born children of European parents; they are taken there sickly, pallid or yellow, soft and flabby, to become transformed into models of rude health and activity."

The temperature is only a little warmer than that of England, and with milder extremes. The moisture of the climate is not suited for invalids who suffer from dysentery, and bowel and liver complaints of long standing; but cholera is unknown in the place, and when imported never spreads. Loungers and sportsmen mope at Darjeeling, for it is not the place for them; they ought to go to Simla, or, better still, to Cashmere. It is remarkable, as showing the nature of the climate, that

although the general temperature of the year is somewhat above that of England, none of the fruit-bearing plants and trees of our country can be cultivated with success, except the walnut and the strawberry, which are indigenous, and thrive excellently. The European apple will scarcely ripen, the pear not at all; and the currant and gooseberry are equally unable to thrive. The cause of this dearth of fruit throughout the eastern Himalayas is the singular and almost total absence of the direct rays of the sun during the ripening season, which are intercepted by the humidity of the atmosphere. European vegetables, on the other hand, thrive remarkably well at Darjeeling, and the produce is good, although somewhat inferior in flavor to the English plants.

Nowhere are the Himalayas broken up into such a network of high ridges and profound valleys as in the region adjoining Darjeeling. Traveling is rendered laborious by ceaseless ascents and descents, frequently of six thousand or nine thousand feet. This configuration greatly increases the surface of the country, and that the soil and climate are extremely favorable to vegetation is shown by the gigantic forests and rich verdure which cover the mountain sides. Oaks, chestnut, maples, walnut, birch, and laurels, are the principal features of the forest, while the paths abound in rare and beautiful plants. In the months of April and May, when the magnolias and rhododendrons are in blossom, the gorgeous vegetation is hardly to be surpassed by any thing in the Tropics, although the effect is marred by the prevailing gloom of the weather. Nothing can exceed in beauty the great Rhododendron Argenteum, with its wide-spreading foliage and glorious mass of flowers, which here grows as a tree forty feet high, with magnificent leaves twelve to fifteen inches long; and the white-flowered magnolia, which is the predominant tree at an altitude of seven thousand to eight thousand feet, sometimes blossoms so profusely that the sides of the mountains appear as if sprinkled with snow. The valleys formed by the rivers are generally very narrow and steep, although there are hardly any precipices or bare surfaces. The natives clear small "locations" for themselves by setting fire to the jungle, especially on the lower spurs; after which they clear away the trees, and cultivate between the stumps. In the month of

May the firing of the jungle is a frequent practice; and Dr. Hooker, who was at Darjeeling at this season, thus describes the spectacle:

"Heavy clouds canopy the mountains above, and, stretching across the valleys, shut out the firmament; the air is a dead calm—as usual in these deep gorges—and the fires, invisible by day, are seen raging all around, appearing to an inexperienced eye in all but dangerous proximity. The voices of birds and insects being hushed, nothing is audible but the harsh roar of the rivers, and occasionally rising far above it, that of the forest fires. At night we were literally surrounded by them; some smouldering, like shale-heaps at a colliery; others fitfully bursting forth; whilst others again stalked along with a steadily increasing and enlarging flame, shooting out great tongues of fire, which spared nothing as they advanced with irresistible might. Their triumph is in reaching a great bamboo clump, when the noise of the flames drowns that of the torrents; and as the great stem-joints burst, from the expansion of the confined air, the report is as that of a salvo from a park of artillery. At Darjeeling the blaze is visible; and the deadened reports of the bamboos bursting are heard throughout the night; but in the valleys, and within a mile of the scene of destruction, the effect is the most grand, being heightened by the glare reflected from the masses of mist which hover above."

Sikkim, on the southern edge of which stands Darjeeling, is a small territory, barely sixty miles in breadth, extending northward to the crest of the snowy range which forms the southern frontier of Thibet. But small as the territory is, its population—as is not seldom the case in mountain regions—is remarkably heterogeneous. The aboriginal inhabitant of the country, and the prominent character in Darjeeling, where he undertakes all sorts of out-door employment, is the Lepcha. He is Mongolian in features, and a good deal, too, in habit and language; still he differs considerably from the Thibetans, though not so decidedly as from the Nepaulese and Bhotanees, who are his neighbors on the west and east. He is short in stature, being hardly five feet in height; rather broad in the chest, with muscular arms and powerful legs, but with small hands and slender wrists. The women, though with no pretensions to good looks, have a mild, frank, and rather pleasing expression; the girls, especially, are often engaging to look upon—all smiles and good nature; but the old women are thorough hags. Though fond of bathing

when they come to a stream in hot weather, and expert swimmers, the Lepchas never take to the water for the purpose of ablution. Their dress is a single cotton vestment, thrown loosely round the body, leaving one or both arms free, and reaching to the knees; to this, in cold weather, is added a loose jacket with wide sleeves. Their ornaments are silver hoops in the ears, necklaces of cornelian and other stones or coral, and curious amulets or charm-boxes of gold and silver, attached to their necks or arms. They take some pride in their hair also, which the ladies frequently dress for the gentlemen: thus one may often see, the last thing at night, a damsel of discreet port, demurely go behind a young man, unplait his pigtail, tease the hair, thin it of some of its lively inmates, braid it up for him, and retire. The women wear two braided pigtails, by which a stranger most readily distinguishes them from their effeminate-looking partners; and when in full dress, with a small woolen cloak of gay pattern thrown over the ordinary dress, their costume is very picturesque. This people profess no religion, but acknowledge the existence of good and bad spirits. To the good they pay no heed. "Why should we?" they say; "the good spirits do us no harm; the evil spirits, who dwell in every rock, grove, and mountain, are constantly at mischief, and to them we must pray, for they hurt us." All bodily ailments are deemed the operations of demons, who can be cast out by prayers and invocations; and every tribe has a priest-doctor, who officiates as an exorcist. Although a mountaineer, the Lepcha is timid, peaceful, and no brawler—qualities which contrast strongly with those of his neighbors to the east and west. He is an incomparable attendant on the march—sleeping on the cold, bleak mountains, exposed to pelting rain, without a murmur, and ever ready to give a helping hand. Arrived at the end of a march, the Lepchas will sit for hours chatting, telling stories, singing in a monotonous tone, or playing on their only musical instrument—a long bamboo flute. Most Europeans maintain that the music of India is nothing better than disagreeable noises; but Dr. Hooker used to relish the music of his Lepcha attendants.

"I have often listened," he says, "with real pleasure to the simple music of this rude in-

strument; its low and sweet tones are singularly *Æolian*, as are the airs usually played, which fall by octaves; the sound seems to harmonize with the solitude of the primeval forests; and he must have a dull ear who can not draw from it the indication of a contented mind, whether he may relish its soft musical notes or not."

The skill of the Lepchas as woodsmen is invaluable to the traveler whom they attend; for in an hour's time they will build a water-proof house, thatched with banana-leaves in the lower regions, and with bamboo in the higher, and furnish it with a table and bedstead for three persons, using no other implement than their heavy knife.

Attended by a party of these Lepchas acting as coolies, Dr. Hooker journeyed to and fro among the mountains of Sikkim, crossing torrents and swift-running rivers on cane bridges of perilous slenderness; toiling through profound valleys, where the mountain sides are so steep that one must scramble rather than walk; till, as he proceeded northwards, the vegetation grows scanty, the prevailing color of the scene is a burnt-brown, glaciers fill the adjoining glens, ancient morasses are spread over the narrow plains; and while dark clouds and drizzling rain surround the upward-journeying traveler, he sees ahead of him, between the iced-capped mountain portals, the arch of ever-blue sky which overhangs the rainless tableland of Thibet. Even in the lower part of Sikkim, where the soil is abundantly fertile, the population is very scanty, and so indolent that they hardly raise food enough to keep themselves alive; so that it is no easy matter for the traveler to obtain supplies either of coolies or rations. Pheasants may be snared occasionally in the upper regions, and there are the wild sheep of the Himalayas, (the *ovis ammon*), as tall as a calf, and with enormous spiral horns, which the sportsman may bag if he can. A beer, made by pouring boiling water over millet, upon which the natives often get fuddled, is sometimes presented to the traveler—and sometimes tea, not infused as with us, but *churned*, with soda, salt, and butter, sometimes (at least in the western Himalayas) even with flour and vegetables, so as to form a kind of soup. In the upper valleys the natives in some places abandon their little hamlets during the winter, seeking refuge lower down; and over all the alpine region, af-

ter gathering in fire-wood and storing their little grain-crop on the roof, the people shut themselves in, and hibernate until the return of spring. Parties of Thibetans are met with in the roads and passes, journeying in families and in single file, laden with salt from the interior—every one, down to the youngest that can walk, carrying a bag or bags in proportion to his or her size, and the shaggy yaks and grave bull-dog-headed mastiff being similarly burdened. They smoke tobacco or dried leaves in brass pipes, warranted not to break, and sometimes improved by having an agate or amber mouth-piece.

The symbols and priests of Buddhism are met with every where in Sikkim. Heaps of stones, or cairns, at conspicuous points on the wayside, are surmounted with poles, bearing bits of cloth or rags like flags, inscribed with the all-pervading formula of adoration, "Om mani padmi hom!"—which is also the only answer to his interrogatories which greets the passing traveler from the lips of the stolid priests. But Buddhism is in no wise exclusive; a stranger may at all times enter their temples and witness their worship. On festival days the natives bring offerings and place them on the altar; and the Lamas may be seen at prayer, psalms, and contemplation, seated cross-legged on benches—one reading, perhaps, with his forefinger elevated, while the others listen: anon they all sing hymns, repeat sacred or silly precepts to the bystanders, or join in a chorus with boys, who strike brass cymbals, and blow long straight trumpets, or carved and silver-mounted conch-shells, making a fearful din. Drums, gongs, praying-cylinders, books, and trumpets made of thigh-bones, (which once formed the tibia of a Lama,) with cups and other articles on the altar, and gayly-colored idols and flags, constitute the rest of the furnishing. The convents in Sikkim are so numerous that each morning at daybreak the traveler is aroused by this wild music, effectually awakening him to the strangeness of the wild land in which he is wandering.

It is remarkable that snow lies more heavily on the middle ranges of Himalayas than on the northern. The level of perpetual snow, of course, comes lower down on the northern ranges than on the southern, and the vegetation is always more abundant on the slopes which face the south; nevertheless, it is a fact that

the more northerly chains of the Himalayas, and still more, the mountains of Thibet, are freer of snow than the chains which lie nearer to India. The explanation is, not that the climate further inland is less cold—on the contrary, it is colder—but that it is remarkably dry; whereas the climate of the southern ranges of the eastern Himalayas is remarkably moist. There is very little moisture to congeal on the Himalayas which adjoin Thibet, and hence the snow-fall is comparatively light. The bare rocks and immense boulder-stones which strew the upland valleys absorb, and afterwards radiate, the sun-heat in a remarkable manner; and the natives, at night, always bivouac, if possible, under the lee of one of those heated masses. Dr. Hooker was surprised to see vegetation flourishing at very great elevations (seventeen thousand feet,) but on burying his thermometer he found that the mean temperature of the earth was several degrees warmer than that of the atmosphere, (at Yeumtso, sixteen thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, it was twelve and three-quarter degrees warmer than the air,) a fact which, in a lesser degree, he says, holds good all over India. Another curious phenomenon observed by Dr. Hooker was that the temperature of the Zemu river, which flows southward through the Himalayas from Thibet, was six degrees warmer than that of the Thlonek river at the point of confluence, and that as he proceeded northwards up the Zemu, its waters grew warmer and warmer, rising from forty to forty-eight degrees at one thousand feet higher, and at twenty-two hundred feet higher it was forty-nine degrees, proving that it rose in a dryer and comparatively sunny climate, and, before descending into the Himalayas, flowed amongst mountains that were little snowed.

In the western Himalayas, glaciers descend to within eleven thousand feet of the sea level, but in the Sikkim or eastern portion of the mountains they are hardly to be met with so low as fourteen thousand feet, though extensive snow-beds remain unmelted in the summer months at but little above ten thousand feet. Some of the passes surmounted by Dr. Hooker were seventeen thousand feet in altitude, and even at lesser heights the scenery presented some of the grandest aspects to be met with in the world. The steepness of the mountain-slopes, the abruptness with

which the ice-topped summits ascend from the intervening valleys, is one of the peculiar features of the eastern Himalayas. In the Kambachen valley, close to the northern frontier of Sikkim, this feature is remarkably displayed. The valley, which is eleven thousand four hundred feet above the sea, lies between two mountains, the one twenty-five thousand three hundred and twelve feet high, the other nineteen thousand feet, yet the summits of these mountains are only eight miles apart! The summit of the higher of these two mountains rises nearly fourteen thousand feet above the valley, yet is not more than five miles distant in a straight line. This is a much steeper slope than that from the valley of Chamouni to the top of Mont Blanc. The Yangna valley, thirteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea, may be taken as a sample of the scenery prevailing in these high altitudes. By the labor of man, the soil is made to yield little crops of barley, wheat, potatoes, turnips, and radishes, which are cultivated as summer crops, grown in small fields cleared of stones and protected by dykes; and some of these little crops are even grown four hundred feet higher. But the surrounding scenery is bare and dismal, not even the juniper bush attaining to this elevation. The ancient lake-beds in the valley, green or brown with scanty vegetation, are bordered by vast morasses, and covered by enormous boulders, shot down by ancient glaciers; flat terraces, like parallel roads, (marking ancient lake margins) extend along the bluff sides of the mountains; while numbers of snowy peaks and glaciers rise all around the elevated horizon. Add to this the little Buddhist monuments of quaint picturesque shapes, decorated with poles and banners; the many-colored dresses of the people; the brilliant blue of the cloudless heavens by day, and the depth of its blackness by night, heightened by the light of stars that blaze with a luster unknown in less lofty regions—and we have a scenery singularly impressive, even though the effect were not heightened by the silence that reigns around. Snow covers the ground at Yangna from December till April, and the falls at times amount to twelve feet in depth. Dr. Hooker, who passed through the valley in December, just before the snows set in, thus describes the scene:

“The village—a miserable collection of two

hundred or three hundred stone huts, nestling under the steep flank of a lofty terrace laden with gigantic boulders—seemed buried in repose. The inhabitants had begun to hibernate; their crops were stored, the curd made and dried, the passes closed, the soil frozen, the winter's stock of fuel housed, and the people had retired into the caverns of their half-subterranean houses, to sleep, spin wool, and think of Booddh, if of any thing at all, the dead-long winter through. The yaks alone find any thing to do; so long as any vegetation remains they roam and eat it, still yielding milk, which the women take morning and evening, when their shrill whistle and cries are heard for a few minutes as they call the grunting animals. No other sounds, save the harsh roar and hollow echo of the falling rock, glacier, or snow-bed, disturbed the perfect silence of the day and night."

Still grander was the panorama which opened upon Dr. Hooker from the most northerly passes of the Snowy Himalayas, on the northern frontier of Sikkim, and commanding a view of the lofty table land of Thibet. The mountains which rise from that table-land do not appear to be quite so lofty as some of the Snowy Himalayas, but the average altitude of the country is very much higher—no part of it, Dr. Hooker thinks, being less than eighteen thousand feet above the sea. From the summit of Mount Bhomteo, he took a Pisgah view of this rainless, sterile, and little known region. Below, a few miles off, lay the broad sandy valley of the Aran; for thirty miles north not a particle of snow was to be seen; beyond that, rugged purple-flanked and snowy-topped mountains girdled the horizon—some of them being sixty or eighty miles off, to the north of the valley of the Yaru river, which is believed to be the upper part of the great Burrampooter. No village, not even a house, was to be seen throughout the extensive area over which the eye roams from Bhomteo. Every where the landscape was desolate and barren. The wild ass grazing with its foal on the sloping downs, the hare bounding over the stony soil, the antelope scouring the sandy flats, and the fox stealing along to his burrow, were the desert and Tartarian types of animal creation which met the view. The shrill whistle of the marmot alone breaks the profound silence, recalling to mind the snows of Lapland; while the kite and the raven wheel through the air; and still higher in the pale blue transparent sky "long black

V-shaped trains of wild geese cleave the air, shooting over the glacier-crowned top of Kinchinjhow, and winging their flight in one day, perhaps, from the Yaru to the Ganges, over five hundred miles of space, and through twenty-two thousand feet of elevation." Every night Dr. Hooker spent in Thibet he witnessed a magnificent display of sunbeams, converging to the east, and making a false sunset. "As the sun set, broad purple beams rose from a dark low leaden bank on the eastern horizon, and spreading up to the zenith, covered the intervening space: they remained from fifteen to twenty minutes, fading gradually into the blackness of night." He looked in vain, however, for the beautiful lancet-beam of the zodiacal light; its position, he says, being hid by a neighboring mountain peak.

Let us now turn to Simla, seated on its pine-topped ridges, with its evergreen woods and bosky dells and bright blossoming flowers—an asylum of health and delight to the Anglo-Indian from the plains; and from it as a starting point let us accompany Lord William Hay and his party on their tour through the western half of the Himalayas. Colonel Torrens is the chronicler of the expedition, and he wields the pen, and still more the pencil, with graphic skill to describe the features of the journey. Starting from Simla, eight thousand feet above the sea, they soon obtain an excellent view of the snowy peaks of the first great range of the Himalayas, which in this quarter forms the northern boundary of the monsoons and rains. Their route at first lay along the new road from India to Thibet—an admirable piece of engineering—sometimes winding round fearful precipices, where the road is formed by wooden viaducts; in other places it is out through the solid rock, or through tunnels in the mountain side, or else built upon masses of substantial masonry. So skillfully is it led round the spurs of the mountains that the road is nearly level all the way—in striking contrast to the old road, which goes straight up hill and down dale, the traveler having to scramble up and down rude stairs of rough stone or blocks of wood, and goats being employed to carry the merchandise, as the route is impassable for horses. The new road has not yet been completed to Chini, its terminus on the Chinese frontier; but the delightfulness of the climate

at Chini, and the great beauty of the surrounding scenery, are such as amply to repay the tourist who visits it. It was a favorite residence of Lord Dalhousie, whose bungalow still stands, and has recently been repaired. Lady Canning also visited the place in her sketching tour. A friend of ours who sojourned there for a couple of months says he knows no more charming spot in the world. It is two hundred miles within the Himalayas, but the people are still in the main Hindoos—with one important exception, that they wash and bathe themselves only twice in a year! Our friend was present on one of these great occasions, when a *pooja*, or religious festival, was held in honor of the event. Strolling in the afternoon through the pleasant woods, he came upon a very quaint sight. A party of the village girls were lying on their faces in a ring, with their heads in the center, and their bodies radiating outwards like the spokes of a wheel. They were laughing and talking, and now and then a puff of smoke curled upwards from the midst of them. Catching sight of our friend, they hurriedly rose and made off; and on approaching the spot, he found that they had been smoking in the most primitive way possible. The mode is not uncommon in this part of the Himalayas, and consists in pushing the two forefingers through the pliant soil till the points meet: tobacco is then placed at the one hole and the lips at the other, and so they do smoke! In truth, smoking is practiced in curious fashions all over the Himalayas. The pipes of the common people are generally of metal, and therefore not liable to break. Captain Knight found at a halting-place a piece of rough clay fashioned with the thumb into a pipe-bowl, and placed in a cleft of a tree at a convenient height as a convenience for all comers. Into this rough bowl the traveler fits a straw, and filling in tobacco, solaces himself with a smoke. Despite the difficulties which attend an indulgence in the narcotic weed in these Alpine regions, the practice is so general that it is made a measure of distance; and if you ask a *puharie*, or hillman, how far it is to any place, he will answer that "it is so many smokes!"

Lord W. Hay's party did not proceed all the way to Chini. Leaving the New Road a few miles beyond Narkundah, they made a steep descent into the valley of the Sutlej at Kotghur—passing the

night in the bungalow of a Mr. Berkeley, a tea-planter, who possesses a considerable tract of country, and whom the government has endowed with magisterial powers, which he exercises most judiciously. Crossing the Sutlej by a noble bridge of deodar pine, they surmount a minor range of the mountains, and descend into the valley of the Beas, another of the rivers of the Punjab, and ascend the stream to its source on the summit of the Rotang Pass, thirteen thousand feet above the sea. Again descending, they strike the upper waters of the Chenab, and follow the narrowing valley upwards, crossing streams on bridges of snow or ice, till they reach the summit of the Bara Lacha Pass, sixteen thousand five hundred feet in elevation. This range forms the water-shed which separates the mountain-valley of the Indus from those of the other rivers of the Punjab, which lie more to the south. Beyond the Bara Lacha the rivers flow in northerly or north-westerly courses towards the Indus. But the route keeps at a high altitude, passing through a region where the black tents of the nomads take the place of villages, until it reaches its highest point at the Tung-lung Pass, eighteen thousand feet above the sea, (three thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc,) from whence the traveler overlooks the defiles which lead down to the valley of the Indus. Two marches brought them to the Indus, here flowing nearly twelve thousand feet above the sea; and in two more days they arrived at Leh, the capital of Ladak, after a fatiguing journey of four hundred miles from Simla. Pursuing their route, they soon quit the valley of the Indus, and journey for several days through the mountains to the valley of the Dras river, which they ascend to the Bultul Pass, in a continuation of the lofty Bara Lacha range, which here forms the northern boundary of the lovely vale of Cashmere.

From the time these tourists leave the tea-farm of Mr. Berkeley, overlooking the rapid mud-colored flood of the Sutlej, we follow their route with ever-increasing interest. We feel their headaches as they pass through the close atmosphere and rank vegetation of the Sutlej valley, and their vertigo and respiratory oppression as they surmount the lofty passes of the Bara Lacha and Tung-lung ranges. The very bridges on the route are trying to the nerves, if not actually perilous. Some

of them are rude suspension-bridges made of birchen twigs, about a yard wide, with frail twig parapets hardly three feet in height: others are a sort of ferry suspension bridge, consisting of ropes stretched across, with sliding ropes hanging down, in which the passenger is fixed, and then drawn across. Nor must we forget the *deris*, or inflated bullock-skins, which serve as ferry-boats on the unbridged and unfordable parts of the rivers. We come into a region where the customs and costumes of China and Tartary supplant those of India; where we find the monasteries, nunneries, and religious rites of Buddhism mingling with the more native Lamaism of Thibet. Here we find women with many husbands; it being customary for all the sons of the same mother to have but one wife among them; and these women, also, literally wear the breeches, though these be of silk. Partridges, snow-pheasants, deer, and bears, are met with at times, to give work to the sportsman; and we may add, for the benefit of Nimrods who may intend to visit those parts, that there is quite a warren of brown bears as you cross the mountain-pass from the valley of the Dras into Cashmere.

Of all the parts of the route, that which, after closing the book, remains most clearly in our mind's eye, is the great Kyang Plain, thirty-five miles long and two to three wide, which leads up to the Tung-lung Pass. The plain is about sixteen thousand feet above the sea, one of the most elevated in the world, and there we find an encampment of the Tartar shepherds, with their black tents and vigilant sheep-dogs, and thousands of sheep and goats, with a few shaggy yaks browsing on the slopes of the heights, dappled low though these are by frequent patches of snow. Before the approach of winter this sole visitation of human life will be withdrawn, and the wild expanse will be left to its native owners—the wild horse, the gigantic wild sheep, the hare, and the marmot. The wild horses are wary as well as swift, and always baulked the pursuit of our sportsmen; but the hares—whom the Ladak people call “hill asses,” (on account of their long ears,) and refuse to eat—large and fine-flavored as those of England, fell in numbers before the double-barrels. The climate of this elevated plain is very trying, and the rarefied atmosphere and diurnal vicissitudes

of temperature affected several members of the party with slight intermittent fever. “To a solar heat at noon-day, many degrees hotter than in any part of India, succeeds at night a cold so intense that even during the summer months it freezes almost every night.” More than once, when riding over this plain in pursuit of the wild horses, (which give to it their name, *Kyang*,) Colonel Torrens experienced the illusion of the mirage. “It is noon. The sun's rays beat down fiercer and fiercer; my eye-balls ache with the glare, and the whole expanse around me seems to dance and quiver in the fervid heat. Then on the horizon would appear a cool sheet of water.” But actual sheets of water there are, even at this great elevation. Over the range of hills which bound the plain on the north, there is a large salt-water lake about five miles long and half as broad, its shores glistening with a thick saline crust and its surface covered with a tempting abundance of wild fowl, which, however, to the disgust of our sportsmen, would not “come to be killed.”

We left Lord W. Hay's party descending the valley which leads into Cashmere from the north; and as Captain Knight entered Cashmere from the south, we shall accompany that officer up from the plains, and then combine his narrative with that of Colonel Torrens, in order to do justice to the beauty and fascination of the “Happy Valley.”

After a flying visit to Simla, where he finds that the orders of the “powers that be” render it necessary for him to enter the Himalayas not by that route, but by the Peer Punjal Pass from the Punjab, Captain Knight reluctantly jolts down again into the plains, and pursues his course across the interesting flats of the Punjab, with its many rivers flowing in one or more channels amidst four or five miles of sand, making the captain lose patience with “rivers that have no opposite banks.” Journeying through Lahore to Goojerat, another stage brings him to Bimber, the first village within the territories of the Maharajah of Cashmere, where he finally escapes from the plains, and commences his ascent towards the lovely valley. The distance from Bimber to Sirinuggur, the capital of Cashmere, is one hundred and seventy miles, and nearly two thirds of the distance must be traveled before reaching the summit of the

Peer Punjal Pass. The route—as is the case with mountain traveling every where—follows the natural openings in the mountains formed by the beds of streams, through valleys and ravines; and as several parallel ridges have to be crossed, from one valley into another, the journey has many ups and downs, but ever rising towards the summit of the distant Pass.

In the first day's march from Bimber the travelers found themselves among the pine-trees, and the freshness of the mountain air took away the remembrance of the dusty plains. Next day the path led up a rocky valley, beside a dashing stream, then straight up a precipitous mountain wooded with pine, and down the other side. The third day they were again among rocks and pines, a mountain-stream accompanying them all the way; yet they passed also through a little region of fruit-trees, "through clustering pomegranates, figs, plums, peach-trees, wild, but bearing fruit," interspread with pines; "and sometimes we came upon a group of scented palms, which looked strangely enough in such unusual company." On the fourth day the path led through a gradually ascending valley, cultivated for the rice crop in terraces, and irrigated by a network of canals fed by the mountain streams. Another march brought them to Thannah; and the next day they reached the foot of the *real* mountains, where they abandoned their ponies and proceeded on foot. Mountain upon mountain now rose before them, richly clothed with forest trees; while, overtopping all, peeped up the glistening summits of the snowy range, making every thing around seem cool and pleasant, despite the hot sun's rays which poured upon the party. As the road wound among rocks and dells the air was perfumed at every step by the wild rose and the heliotrope. And lo!—

"At a bend in the road, what should appear almost over our heads but a troop of about a hundred monkeys, crashing through the firs and chestnuts, and bounding in eager haste from tree to tree in their desire to escape from a party of natives coming from the opposite direction. They were large brown monkeys of the kind called *lungoors*, standing some of them three feet high, and having tails considerably longer than themselves. Their faces were jet black, fringed with light gray whiskers, which gave them a most comical appearance; and as they jumped along from tree to tree, sometimes thirty and forty feet through the air, with their small families following as

best they could, they made the whole forest resound with the crashing of the branches, and amazed us not a little by their aerial line of march."

Next day "our path led us up the main torrent towards the snow; and in the first three miles we crossed about twenty pine bridges thrown across the stream, some of them consisting of a single tree, and all in the rudest style of architecture. After an almost perpendicular ascent, up natural flights of steps, we reached our next stage, Poshana, a little mud-built, flat-roofed settlement on the mountain-side."

Here Captain Knight and his friend engaged a couple of "*shikárees*," or native sportsmen, and putting on grass shoes or sandals, (which they soon found absolutely necessary for walking on the icy slopes,) made a week's excursion on the snowy mountains overlooking the Peer Punjal Pass, in a not very successful search for game. Returning to their "camp" at Poshana, they crossed the pass; but to their disappointment, instead of seeing something of the far-famed valley, "nothing met the eye but a wild waste of land, bounded on all sides by snow." In the latter part of the next day's march, however, the path entered a beautifully wooded valley, and thereafter passed through a thickly shaded wood, studded with roses and jessamine, and peopled with wood-pigeons and nightingales, which gave the travelers a morning concert; and at length they halted at Heerpore amidst a fine grass country. On the following day they found themselves gradually passing into the Valley, and changing rocks and firs for groves of walnut, and moss and fern for the more civilized strawberry and wild carnation. At the village of Shupayon, their halting-place, they found the flat mud roof of India giving place to the sharply pitched wooden one, thatched with straw or tiled with wood, which marks the domestic architecture of Cashmere. At this point a lovely view opened out before the travelers: the far-famed valley lay at their feet, surrounded on all sides by snow-capped mountains. Next morning they started on their concluding march into the capital of Cashmere. The first appearance of the lower part of the valley was rather disappointing; still the country was extremely fertile, and its tameness was redeemed by the glorious mountain ranges, which bound the valley in every direction with a pure, unsullied fringe of snow. "Our path was occasion-

ally studded with the most superb sycamores and lime-trees; and as we approached the town we entered a long avenue of poplars, planted as closely together as possible, and completely hiding all the buildings until close upon them."

And so they reached Sirinuggur, the capital of the Happy Valley. Here they halted for some days to indulge in the *dolce far niente*, which seems to be the only kind of life suitable to the lovely valley, which is a veritable land of lotus-eating. What is now the Valley of Cashmere was once the bottom of a great lake, the waters of which at length forced a passage for themselves through the Baramoula Pass, through which the river Jhelum now descends into the plains of the Punjab. Three lesser valleys—that of the Sindh river, leading north-eastwards to the Bultul Pass; that of the Jhelum, leading eastwards up to Islamabad; and that of the Lower Jhelum, leading south-westward to the Wuler Lake and the Baramoula Pass—gradually open out into the circular plain in which lies Sirinuggur and the Lake of Cashmere. Inclosed on all sides by the ranges of the Himalayas, richly clothed by forests on their lower slopes, and crested with the everlasting snows, the valley presents a wide expanse of undulating plain, bearing on its broad bosom cities, lakes, and gardens, and rich alike in forests, fruits, and flowers. The Jhelum flows through Sirinuggur, forming the Mall of the capital; and the seven bridges which span the river are picturesque structures, built entirely of wood, resting on piers formed of massive blocks of cedar—some of them having rows of shops on them, flanking the footway on either side, such as one sees in ancient prints of Old London Bridge. In the summer months there are always parties of British officers and civilians, sometimes with ladies, to be met with in Sirinuggur. Most of them are mighty hunters, spending the greater part of their time in the hills; others, more luxuriously, do nothing but sail about in the boats on the clear and almost currentless Jhelum. The boats are long, narrow, flat-bottomed, built like canoes, and at the extremities slightly curved up out of the water; the boatmen sit and paddle at either end, while the center of the skiff is reserved for the sahib. Here he reclines on cushions—or in fact on his own bedding transferred to

the boat—shaded from the sun by an awning of matting. Life in Sirinuggur is best seen on the river, and from the river, so let us hear Colonel Torrens describe the scene:

"The river, from the 'Visitors' Reach' to the last of the bridges—and there are seven—forms the Mall, or promenade—the Rotten-row of Sreenuggur. This is the invariable resort of the 'do-nothing' in the cool of the evening. Languidly smoking a cigar, he leans back on his cushions, and is paddled up and down, and down and up again, till it grows dark, when he is paddled off, and is seen no more till the next evening—for the existence of the 'do nothing' is not a sociable one. We noticed them passing and repassing each other without the most distant sign of recognition; they do not attempt to extend the circle of their acquaintance, *that* would be doing something—a something, too, that would involve a still further labor, such as a morning call, or possibly an invitation to dinner; and exertions arduous as these are quite incompatible with the *dolce far niente* of a 'do-nothing's' life.

"Near the arches of every bridge are groups of fishermen, standing erect in the bow of their boats, 'throwing a fly' with most commendable perseverance. 'That sahib,' said one of my boatmen, 'has been here for four years, fishing the whole of the season, and every morning and every evening has whipped the water under that very identical arch. Oh! it's a great sahib for fish!' Possibly the man lied, and no doubt he exaggerated greatly; but during the ten days we spent at Sreenuggur, I never passed that bridge, morning or evening, without finding that devoted disciple of Izaak Walton at his post, rod in hand, whipping the stream as perseveringly as ever.

"The banks of the river present much the same appearance as they did in the morning, save that the bathing machines are fuller—for such we discovered some strange wooden erections to be, which, moored at intervals to the shore on either side the river, seem to float on the water. These were now in constant requisition, and we should have come away deeply impressed with the personal cleanliness of the inhabitants of Sreenuggur, had we not remarked that the dirty old loose wrapper—the usual dress of the Kashmiris of both sexes—was invariably donned again after the operation; a relapse into which 'vile habit' must militate fatally against the healthful and cleansing results of a dip in the Jhelum.

"But now the sun has sunk below the houses of the city to our left, and its slanting rays can no longer annoy you, so the boatmen stow away the awning, and permit your gaze to wander upwards from the bathing machines, boats, and landing-stairs to the trellised windows of the picturesque houses above you; some of which, perched on slender piles, lean

over the water, and seem to have serious intentions of taking an evening stroll on stilts. Seen dimly through the delicately-carved woodwork of the half-open lattice, you will now and then, if you are lucky, catch a glimpse of the graceful form and face of some fair Kashmirian girl, with braided tresses, and dark bright eyes slyly peeping out on the crowded river below. And now, his day's work done, the pleasure-loving Kashmiri begins to enjoy himself; sounds of mirth and laughter, of music and merriment, are borne out to you from those mysterious casements, for there abide the queens of dance and song:

'Those songs that ne'er so sweetly sound,
As from a young Kashmirian's mouth,'

and boats freighted with bundles of dim drapery, whence peep little jeweled hands and slippered feet, glide past you—

'Youth at the helm and Pleasure at the prow.'

The Rotten-row of Sreenuggur has, I regret to say, its 'pretty horsebreakers' too!"

Solomon's Throne and the Hurree-purwat Fort, the latter of which immediately overhangs the capital, are the two eminences which rise aloft above the watery valley. But where is the Lake? Leaving the crowded stream of the Jhelum, and paddling up a canal between green-sward and overhanging foliage, you come to a pair of massive wooden folding gates, through which your boat glides: these, actually, form the entrance to the Dal, or Lake. But if you look for

'the mountain's portal that opens
Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world'—

as Tom Moore has it—you will find that you are passing between Solomon's Throne and the Hurree-purwat, albeit these twin heights are nearly three miles miles distant from one another. After passing the gates on the canal, you have still a long pull through a narrow channel ere the broad expanse of the lake opens out in front of you. The lake's surface is so thickly covered with the broad shining leaves and rosy flowers of the lotus, and with the tangled green of the water-nut, and its sides are so concealed by floating gardens, bearing cucumbers and melons, that it is difficult at first to form an idea of its size. But the first glimpse is sufficient to convince you of its beauty. A grand Mela, or fair, on the water, to which the Maharajah and all his court went in state, took place during Captain

Knight's stay in Sirinuggur, and is thus described by him:

"The lake is beautifully situated at the foot of the mountains, and was covered so densely in many parts with weeds and water plants that it bore quite the appearance of a floating garden. And as the innumerable boats paddled about, with their bright and sunny cargoes, talking and laughing and enjoying themselves to their heart's content, the scene began to identify itself in some measure with Moore's description of the 'sunny lake of cool Cashmere,' although the poet's eyes had never rested on either lake or isle. . . . In the evening, the number of boats congregated on the lake was marvelous. All were perfectly crammed with Cashmerian pleasure-seekers; but the turbaned faithful, in spite of the pressure, in no way lost their dignity, but with pipes and coffee enjoyed themselves in apparently entire unconsciousness of there being a soul on the lake beside themselves. The most wonderful sight however, was the immense crowd of many-colored turbans congregated on shore, witnessing the departure of the Cashmerian Guards; and as they thronged the green slopes in thousands, they gave one quite the idea of a mass of very violent-colored flowers blooming together in a garden."

The once famous Shalimar gardens on the lake—where Jehangher used to spend so much of his time with the far-famed Noor Jehan, and which was the scene of their reconciliation, as related by Feroz to Lallah Rookh—is the favorite place with British visitors for getting up a champagne dinner and a nautch. Lord W. Hay's party were thus entertained by the Maharajah, and we regret that Colonel Torren's account of the banquet is too long for quotation. We must content ourselves with giving Captain Knight's slight sketch of the place:

"The vista on entering the Gardens [from the lake] was extremely pretty. Four waterfalls appear at the same moment, sending a clear sheet of crystal water over a broad stone slab, and gradually receding from sight in the wooded distance. A broad canal runs right through the gardens, bridged at intervals by summer-houses, and crossed by carved and quaintly-fashioned stepping-stones. At the extremity there is a magnificent baradurree of black marble, which looks as if it had been many centuries in existence, and had originally figured in some very different situation. The pillars were entire to a length of seven feet, and were highly polished, from the people leaning against them. Around this, in reservoirs of water, were about two hundred

fountains, all spouting away together—and on one side a sheet of the most perfectly still water I ever saw. It appeared exactly like a large looking-glass, and it was impossible to discern where the artificial bank which inclosed it either began or terminated."

So far as we may trust the opinions of travelers, the dancing-girls of the Nile beat those of India; but of all parts of India, Cashmere is the one where the nautch is to be seen to most advantage. Nevertheless, both Colonel Torrens and Captain Knight were inclined to yawn over the performance. The movements of the dance have little beauty in the eyes of Europeans, and the dress effectually hides any beauty of form in the dancers. Both the colonel and the captain give us a portrait of "Ghulabie," a prima donna of the Nautch; but whether it is the same fair one who sat to both officers we can not tell, as the sketch taken by the colonel is in profile, and that by the captain is in full face. Captain Knight, in this part of his diary, also gives some good sketches, in chromo-lithograph, of the ruins of Cashmerian temples, which were overthrown many centuries ago by the bigoted Mohammedan invaders. Cashmerian architecture in those ancient temples is more elegant and symmetrical than any to be met with in India. It is evidently a cross between the Indian and the Greek, and exhibits the influence exerted in Cashmere by the Hellenic colonies which Alexander the Great planted in Cabool. The many ruins of ancient cities in the valley show that Cashmere in former times was more populous and prosperous than it is now. These ruins, as well as the beautiful landscape and lovely aerial effects of the valley, furnish most charming subjects for the pencil of the artist; and we are happy to say that the English public will soon have an opportunity of seeing for themselves some of those views as delineated by a much-traveled and most accomplished artist. In the magnificent work about to be published by Messrs. Day and Son, in which the water-color drawings taken on the spot by Mr. Simpson are to be reproduced in chromo-lithographs, forty or fifty of the plates are devoted to the scenery of the Himalayas and Cashmere; and having seen some of those drawings, we can affirm that they leave nothing to be desired, either as regards artistic effect or precision of drawing. The title of this forthcoming work

is *India, Ancient and Modern*. It will comprise two hundred and fifty plates, with essays and descriptive text. The letter-press is to be written by Mr. Kaye, whose name is a guarantee for the excellence of the literary portion of the work. In illustration of what we have said of the influence of Greek art visible in the ancient edifices of Cashmere, we may state that in one of the drawings which Mr. Simpson gives of the ruins at Martund, the finest in Cashmere, there is a part of the buildings which, if isolated from the rest, would lead even a connoisseur in architectural art, at first view, to assign it to Greece, and not to India. As verbal description is totally inadequate to describe many of the lovelier effects of landscape, we are happy to leave to Mr. Simpson's pencil the delineation of the varied beauties of Cashmere, which no skill on our part could suffice to set before the reader. One of his water-color drawings of the Lake of Cashmere reminds us at once of Moore's lines:

"Oh! to see it at sunset, when warm o'er the
Lake
Its splendor at parting a Summer-eve
throws—
Like a bride full of blushes when ling'ring to
take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she
goes."

And the artist's picture of the rosy lotus-flowers on the lake really justifies to the full the vision which rose before the mind's eye of the poet when he wrote—

"And what a wilderness of flowers!
It seemed as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scattered here.
The lake, too, like a garden breathes
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fallen on it from the sky."

Captain Knight did not content himself with spending his holidays in the Happy Valley, and made an excursion into Ladak as far as his term of leave would permit him to go. Ascending the valley of the Sindh river, he crossed the mountains which bound Cashmere on the north, descended for some distance the Dras river, and then struck across into the valley of the Indus—visited Leh, and proceeding onwards through an almost pathless country, where Buddhist monasteries and

buildings are actually more plentiful than villages, he arrived at Hemis, the turning-point of his travels; from whence he made his way back by a new route over the mountains, which brought him down into the eastern corner of Cashmere at Islamabad. Although in this latter portion of his diary, he in part goes over the same ground as Colonel Torrens, it is, perhaps, the most interesting in his book; and we had marked several passages in it for reference, which we must leave unnoticed. How people can live through the winter in those bleak mountainous snowy regions passes our comprehension. Rain almost never falls, and the vegetation is wholly dependent upon an irrigation which leads the ice-cold waters of the mountain streams over the patches of soil to be found in the valleys. The miserable hamlets have seldom more than five acres of cultivated ground around them. Bunches of hay are hung upon the trees during autumn, in order to supply food for the sheep in winter, when the snows cover the ground many feet deep and raise the animals to within reach of their suspended fodder. What with the avalanches which frequently overlay the little villages, and the winter which prevails during the greater part of the year, the poor peasants must have a hard time of it. Even the monasteries—some of them large buildings—perched among the rocks, are many of them deserted, and falling into ruins; the late Maharajah Golab Singh—a rare combination of tyranny and rascality, as the condition of the country still testifies—having pounced upon their treasures as a means of recruiting his own finances.

Mr. Simpson crossed even loftier passes than Lord W. Hay's party. On his way from Chini to the Tung-lung Pass (where his route met that described by Colonel Torrens) he had to surmount the Manerung Law, eighteen thousand five hundred feet, and the Parung Law, nineteen thousand feet, the highest known pass in the whole Himalayas. This wild region presents great attractions to the sportsman; wild yaks, wild horses, the gigantic wild sheep of the mountains, and the ibex, abound, besides bears, marmots, etc. But he must be a veritable Nimrod who undertakes a sporting expedition in these altitudes. Besides the fatigues of the journey, and of "roughing it" in these far away solitudes, extremes of heat and cold

combine to try the constitution of the tourist. Speaking of the temperature on the Kyang plain, some fifteen thousand feet above the sea, Colonel Torrens says, "to a day spent as it were in the Desert of Sahara, succeeds a night of Arctic frigidity." In truth, the great heat of the sun at these altitudes is as yet unexplained by science. It reminds us of the parallel fact mentioned by Parry in one of his Arctic voyages, when his ship was inclosed in the ice: that the pitch was melting on the sunny side of the ship, while brandy was frozen on the other! It would seem as if the intense cold suffices to energize the action of the solar rays; *how* we can not as yet tell, although probably it is on the same principle that opposite polarity produces intensest electrical action. A gentleman who lately surmounted these lofty passes has expressed to us his belief that the so-called "snow-blindness," which so severely affects the traveler in these regions, is not a mere dazzling of the eye, but an actual scorching; the heat rays being reflected from the snow to an unusual extent, as well as the light. Possibly this (comparative) non-absorption of the heat rays by the snowy surface is a provision of nature, by which the temperature of the air in Alpine and Arctic regions is kept at a higher point than would otherwise be possible. Experiments could easily be made to solve this question. It is to be remembered also that it is only reasonable to believe that the solar heat is much greater on mountains than at an equal altitude in mid-air; and we believe (although science as yet takes no cognizance of the matter) that the density of the atmosphere is likewise greater on mountains—at least during night and in the shade—than at a similar height in space. Be this as it may, however, the rarefaction of atmosphere is so great on these mountain-passes as to produce in most persons severe headaches and sickness. "Our sick-list is steadily on the increase," writes Colonel Torrens as his party ascend to the Kyang plain, and (as we know partly from his book and partly from other information) before they got over the Tung-lung Pass fever and other forms of illness told heavily on the party. Any one affected, however slightly, with organic weakness, either of heart or lungs, ought to eschew all such ascents. This warning is not so superfluous as some

may think it. A few years ago a young officer, whose lungs were impaired, in crossing the summit of the Parung Law was rendered speechless, and died in a few days afterwards. And it would seem that the ascent of the Rotang Pass, (thirteen thousand feet,) by its effect on the

action of the heart, was the proximate cause of the death of Lord Elgin, whose loss is deplored by all classes of his countrymen, and who breathed his last at Dhurmsala amid the mountain solitudes of the Himalayas.

From the London Quarterly.

HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN ALL AGES.*

[Concluded from page 147.]

Nothing can be more damaging to the claims of spiritualism than the character of its revelations. Indeed, it is difficult to treat this subject with gravity. Here are tens of thousands of people professing to hold intercourse with the inhabitants of another world. They possess the faculty of summoning the spirits of departed men of ancient as well as of modern times, and the highest class mediums can converse with these spirits, and convey their utterances to the public. It is no more than reasonable to expect that with such a facility of intercourse as has thus been opened up, we should by this time have learned something respecting the other world; or at least, assuming that such communications may be forbidden—that the spirits may not be permitted, like the ghost in Hamlet, to unfold the secrets of their prison-house—we should have expected to receive some sentiments worthy of the reputation of the illustrious men who have been of late so frequently deprived of their celestial repose. The utter absence of dignity, of novelty, of consistency, in the ten thousand answers which have been rapped out from the spirits is, to say the least, not calculated to enhance the credit of the witnesses. The internal evidence is all against them. There is only one point in which the spirits generally agree, namely, that the other world closely resembles our own; yet even this statement is not supported by the character of the communications received, which exhibit an amount of imbecility, bad grammar, and inanity,

very different from the vigorous, common-sense talk of the average of people in their daily life. How is it that the three million mediums in the Northern States have not been able to get a scrap of information from the spirits respecting the plans of the Confederate commanders? How is it that not one of them discovered the whereabouts of General Lee, or of Stonewall Jackson, and prevented their pouncing on the Northerners unawares? How is it that not a single secret crime has been brought to light, or offender brought to justice? How is it that the spirits are so destitute of moral courage as invariably to coincide with the religious and political opinions of the parties who seek their intercourse; so that when a Universalist inquires as to the condition of the departed, he receives for answer that all are happy, and that "the burning gulf, with all its horrible imagery, exists only in the traditions of men, and in the fitful wanderings of a distracted brain;" while Calvinist mediums "receive much injury to their health from the infernal stench and effluvia," and are "sickened and disgusted by a detestable taste of mixed sulphur, soot, and salt, and felt continual burning as from poisoned arrows and the stings of scorpions?" How is it that the spirits, when attempting physical feats, can do nothing better than raise a table to an angle of forty-five degrees, or cause chairs to fall over, or lift up Mr. Home's coat-tails as he floats near the ceiling, or make the joints of arm-chairs crack at their masters, or execute a half illegible

scrawl upon a piece of paper? Can any noble or elevated feature be pointed out which tends to relieve these ghostly confabulations of their inherent incredibility, or to show that the internal evidence is not hopelessly against them?

It is astonishing how little respect spiritualists have for spirits. Mr. Howitt believes that the improvisatori of Italy are all mediums; "they are but the flutes and trumpets through which spiritual poets pour the music and eloquence of other spheres for the occasion." If so, the only conclusion to which we can come is that the terrestrial poets are beyond comparison better than the spiritual, and that any decently educated musician can beat the flutists and trumpeters of the unseen spheres at extempore melody. Indeed, in whatever department their powers are tried, their inferiority to us corporeal beings becomes evident. As Mr. Howitt refers to this objection again and again, he can not be supposed to be indifferent to it; and in truth he ill conceals a little vexation at his friends the spirits for not behaving with more dignity. He assures us, however, that they could do a great deal better if they would, and that the reason why their communications are not more worthy of themselves is that the present age is not in a condition to profit by anything higher. "Men sunk in their spiritual condition to the earth, must have manifestations of the earth first, to awake them. For this reason the much-despised and ridiculed physical manifestations have come first, as the *only* ones" [the italics are Mr. Howitt's] "adapted to the degraded physical status of men, many of them imagining themselves peculiarly enlightened and refined." This degraded type of mankind, we are elsewhere informed, is represented by such petrified men as Faraday and Brewster, who have no more faith than a stone, and whose scientific atheism clings to them like a death pall, and renders them "as utterly disqualified for psychological research as a blind man for physical research." The reason, then, why the revelations of spiritualism up to the present time have not taken a higher type than the climbing of tables on to ottomans is not because the spirits are incapable of any thing loftier, but because such babes as the Faradays and Murchisons of our age can at present only have milk administered to them. This explanation is offered in all serious-

ness and good faith on the part of our author. He does not appear to have reflected how different is such conduct from that of the divine founder of Christianity, with whom he is most anxious to ally the cause of spiritualism; who, appearing to a generation equally debased, we may presume, with our own, did not think fit to convince them by tricks and empty truisms, but uttered doctrines which as far outshone the wisdom of existing paganism as his miracles outshone the feats of ancient or modern necromancy.

And here it may be proper to allow the believer in these spiritual manifestations to interpose a question. "Do you mean," he will ask, "upon such theoretical grounds absolutely to deny the truth of what Mr. Home, for example, has asserted? deliberately to affirm the principle that a supposed *prima facie* incredibility is sufficient to neutralize the assertion not of one only, but of scores and hundreds of capable and credible witnesses? Is not this to set up theory in place of fact, to forsake the inductive method, and to follow darkness rather than light? And would not the adoption of such a principle lead to inextricable doubt and confusion? If the communication of departed spirits with this world can not be demonstrated to be impossible, which no one, not even Sir David Brewster himself, can maintain, although he has declared that he will "do any thing rather than give in to spirits," why should not this theory have the advantage which in these days of inquiry is freely accorded to every other, and be able to avail itself fairly of the evidence which thousands of people who would be credited on any ordinary matter are ready to tender in its behalf?"

An ingenious writer in a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine* has taken a very bold position in relation to this subject. He declares that, notwithstanding all the evidence which has been offered of unseen hands and spirit-writing and tables rising and mediums floating in the air, he does not believe a single word of it; that if he saw such things himself, his hope would be that the sharpness of the first impression would gradually wear away, and that he would finally be able to conclude that in some way or other his senses had deceived him; and that such a position may be fairly held without in the slightest degree calling in question the general veracity and personal honor of

those who have attested these phenomena. But this is an extraordinary stretch of credulity. A man who has brought himself to believe in the possibility of optical illusion, and of subjective impressions being mistaken for actual physical realities, on so wide a scale and with so wonderful a continuity and consistency of deception as this notion necessarily implies, is prepared to believe any thing; and is not unlikely hereafter to be found in the most advanced school of spiritualism. Nothing is more familiar than this revulsion from the extreme of skepticism to the extreme of credulity, so that it would occasion little surprise if the next *brochure* of this clever writer should be in defense of the exact verisimilitude of the spirit photographs which, we are informed, are to be bought at Pitman's in Paternoster Row. We may reject the conclusions of the spiritualists, we may find their doctrine of spiritual agency to be "not proven" by the facts which they adduce, without stultifying ourselves by denying all the facts themselves. And, after a liberal allowance has been made for deception, and imposture, and all the charlatanry which is certain to ally itself with an inquiry of this nature, it can not be rationally doubted that in connection with some of the mediums there exists an unknown force by which solid bodies are affected in a way which ordinary science fails to explain; while, in connection with others, there appears to be a perception of objects and events out of the range of ordinary vision, and in some few instances a faculty of second sight. We may admit the facts without being able to account for them. We are not obliged to deny every thing which we can not explain. We may be utterly unconvinced that these rappings and furniture-hoistings are caused by the action of our departed fathers and sisters, without being driven into the unscientific and altogether untenable position of denying the alleged facts *in toto*.

It can not be reasonably doubted, for instance, that strange noises have accompanied Mr. Home from his childhood; that he is surrounded with singular influences which came to him unsought, and over which he declares he has not the slightest power, "either to bring them on, or to send them away, to increase or to lessen them;" that he is sometimes thrown into a trance state, for instance, as an effect of

the performance of sacred music, in which, like Oberlin, he conceives himself to be in companionship with his spirit friends in as perfect and palpable a manner as in his ordinary external state he is with his friends of this world; that, during his frequent attacks of illness, his head had been slowly lifted and his pillow turned, by some force; that when first he rose from the ground he was greatly alarmed, but that his fears ceased when the phenomenon came to be frequently repeated; that strange forces play about him at certain seasons, but not always; and that what are the peculiar laws under which these forces may have become developed in his person, or in what manner the effects are produced, he knows no more than others. There need be no question as to the facts in this particular instance. Mr. Home's explanation of them—that they are caused by spirits, with whom he is frequently able to hold intercourse, and from whom he receives communications—is quite a distinct thing, and is as fairly open to discussion as any hypothesis in physical science.

It may be worth while to remark in passing, that it is no novelty in the history of scientific inquiry, to find that when new and strange phenomena or effects have come under observation, spiritual beings have been supposed to be the authors of them. It was popularly believed, for instance, when the use of the magnetic needle was first known in Europe, that its constant tending to the pole was due to the action of spirits, for which reason mariners were very cautious in taking it on board ship. In a French treatise written about 1620, the author, after stating that the magnetic needle might be highly useful at sea, observes that no master-mariner dared to use it lest he fall under the suspicion of being a magician; nor would the sailors ever venture out to sea under the command of a man who took with him an instrument which carried so great an appearance of being constructed under the influence of some infernal spirit. A similar superstition has attended the early period of other discoveries and inventions. The spirits to whom was attributed the production of such novelties were generally believed to be evil spirits. Indeed, the spiritualism of the present day differs from that of former ages chiefly in this, that whereas it was formerly the devil and the evil

spirits to whom almost all mysterious and novel effects were ascribed, the tendency in our own day is to attribute them rather to good guardian angels, or to happy human spirits. This change in the form of the opinion is characteristic of the popular theology and general belief of our own day, in which, whether truly or falsely we do not now inquire, the devil occupies a place immeasurably less prominent than in that of former days—indeed, is all but excluded. Now this modification in the form of the opinion coinciding so exactly with the altered character of the popular religious belief, amounts in itself to a presumption that in both cases the opinion may be equally subjective and imaginary. We know, it is true, but little of the other world; but we can scarcely conceive that it has altered so completely within the last century or two as a comparison between the accounts of mediæval and of modern spiritualists would lead us to conclude. In the days of the Popish ascendancy, the Church encouraged a belief in the apparitions of devils, since it gave the priests great power and profit as exorcists. Hence the prevalence of *diablerie*, not merely previous to the Reformation, but for some ages afterwards; and the popular belief on this subject being not uncongenial to the Genevan theology, it remained after the priestly influence which fostered it had passed away. Accordingly, the mediums of those days were conscious of the presence of an infinity of devils; whereas the mediums of our own times, when *diablerie* is no longer in vogue, never happen to meet with a devil. Formerly the spiritually perceptive persons saw hideous demons drop from the trees, or leap fearfully from bough to bough, howling as they gyrated through the air: at present an ugly customer of this kind never by any chance intrudes himself; but delicate feminine hands appear, with long and exquisitely-shaped nails—or, if unseen, they gently press the medium's forehead, stroke back his hair, and rap with infinite alacrity in approbation of a pretty sentiment. It is a suggestive fact that spiritual mediums have found the unseen sphere to correspond with the prevalent conception of it in their own age or party; although, upon points on which popular opinion has not pronounced, they have contradicted each other flatly; as, for example, with regard to the origin of angels, concerning whom Swedenborg

(revered by Mr. Howitt as one of the greatest mediums that ever appeared) declares that he had been among them frequently, and had conversed with them with perfect familiarity, and found that they were all originally men, or beings incarnate, in some world or other; whereas Jacob Böhme, who was equally gifted, says that God created the holy angels at once, not out of matter, but out of himself. The unvarying agreement of the mediums with the general stream of prevalent opinion, and their mutual contradictions in matters with which popular opinion does not interfere, seem equally to point to the conclusion that the spiritual world to which they find themselves introduced is a creation of their own brain, and that we must look to some other cause than the supposed agency of spirits for the explanation of the singular physical phenomena which attend them.

This does not amount to saying that it is impossible for departed spirits to hold communication with our earth. On this subject more will be said presently. All that is here contended for is that there is no sufficient ground for ascribing the phenomena of mediumship to their agency.

To what agency then are they to be ascribed? It is not inconceivable that the physical effects, such as the moving of solid bodies, and percussion of such bodies producing sound, may be due to vital magnetism, operating in a way which has not hitherto been distinctly traced. *A priori*, it is no more incredible that a magnetic force proceeding from a living organism should lift a table, than that a magnet should lift a bar of iron. And that the influence, whatever it may be, is usually found in close proximity to the person of the medium, is a consideration which tells in favor of this conjecture. If, for example, it is in reality spirits who lift the table at Mr. Home's *séances*, how is it that the spirits never operate except within a yard or two of his body? Why do they not operate in a distant part of the house, or, which would be more satisfactory still, in some place at a considerable distance to which the medium might then and there send them? There could not possibly be any difficulty in this if the spiritual doctrine were the true one; whereas the effects are always produced near to the medium's body. So with regard to the playing without hands of guitars and accordions; it is observable that they

do not usually play any known compositions, but unknown strains are produced which the spirits inform the medium are "the Song of the Sea," or "the Song of the Battle," or the like, and (which is the point to be observed) the instruments are always within a short distance; so much so, that on one occasion when a guitar moved and emitted sounds at a distance of eleven feet from Mr. Home, it was regarded as a very extraordinary case. But why, on the supposition that it was spirits who touched the guitar, should a distance of eleven feet, or eleven furlongs, add to the marvel of the phenomenon? Whereas, on the supposition that there is a magnetic or other influence which emanates from the body of the operator, it is to be expected that distance might, as in the case of radiating heat, diminish its force.

There is one class of cases which may seem to invalidate this argument, but it is only in appearance. They are thus described by Mr. Howitt:

"Nothing is more common nowadays than for this influence to attach itself to those who visit mediums or join in *séances*. A gentleman assured me that, after having been present at some extraordinary manifestations at Knebworth, the knocking followed him home, and continued on his walls, doors, and bed for a long time. The same influence has been left in our house for weeks after a remarkable medium has spent some days with us. Parties who have attempted to ridicule *séances* in disbelief, have suddenly found themselves, like the conjuror's apprentice, to have evoked a power which they could not readily lay again. I could name some very well-known instances."—Vol. i., p. 330.

Much of this may be accounted for by the impression which has been made on the senses continuing after the cause of it had passed away. Thus, after being tossed for many hours at sea, when we come on shore and retire to bed, the sensation still remains of heaving and pitching as when on board; or after looking too long at the sun, we see for some minutes an imaginary sun whichever way we turn our eyes; or after a singularly vivid dream, the impression on the senses can not be got rid of till we have been a considerable time awake. And even if it should appear that these lingering noises have been heard by persons who did not hear the sounds as originally produced, it is not inconceivable that some measure of the magnetic force—we here use the word

magnetic much in the same way as we use the x in algebra, to denote an unknown quantity—may have been transferred from the medium to persons of susceptible frame who have been in his company, just as passing a magnet backwards and forwards upon a bar of common iron imparts to it a certain amount of attracting force.

It is an indication pointing the same way, that this kind of mediumship is found in connection with a disordered or a feeble condition of the physical health. In certain rare instances persons are found in an abnormal physical or zoo-physical condition; the unknown force may possibly be magnetic, which emanates from them, and by which solid bodies in proximity to them can be moved, or apparently struck so as to produce a sound. In all this there is nothing supernatural; all that can be said is that the phenomena have hitherto been of too rare occurrence to admit of their being fully investigated; and that from their peculiar nature they have hitherto been encompassed with too much imposture on the one hand, and too much excited imagination and readiness to be duped on the other, to admit of the careful scientific investigation which they would otherwise have received.

We have already alluded to another class of phenomena, which are less directly connected with the physical, and which were known and observed long before the modern spiritualists attempted to appropriate them as their exclusive property. Can the belief be decisively rejected that patients in certain conditions are able to see otherwise than with their eyes, to see and describe objects at a great distance, to see at the pit of the stomach, to exercise a peculiar and most singular faculty of looking into the interior of the human body, whether their own or that of others, and in some few cases to anticipate coming events with a certainty of prescience beyond what is ordinary? We venture no dogmatic assertion in regard to this most difficult and interesting subject; but it is altogether impossible, in the compass of a paragraph or two, to enable the reader, to whom this may be a new path of inquiry, to form a just conception of the variety and abundance of evidence which exists in attestation of the marvels of zoo-magnetism; marvels, that is to say, in precisely the same sense as the electric telegraph is a marvel; a thing which on its first appearance so contradicted all our

conceptions of probability as to be viewed not only with incredulity, but with a feeling approaching to awe, yet which is now employed with as little emotion as we employ a cab horse. Among the many inquirers into these singular appearances few have been more patient, and none more capable, than Coleridge. As he was no professed magnetist, and never wrote directly on the subject, but only alluded to it here and there in his writings, it is not surprising that his remarks should not have been quoted by Mr. Howitt, although he has industriously ransacked almost every corner of ancient and modern literature in search of the supernatural. It may be worth while to quote a sentence or two from Coleridge:

"Nine years has the subject of zoo-magnetism been before me. I have traced it historically—collected a mass of documents in French, German, Italian, and the Latinists of the sixteenth century—have never neglected an opportunity of questioning eye-witnesses, (*e. g.*, Tieck, Treviranus, De Prati, Meyer, and others of literary or medical celebrity,) and I remain where I was, and where the first perusal of King's work had left me, without having advanced an inch backward or forward. Treviranus the famous botanist's reply to me, when he was in London, is worth recording. 'I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on your telling; and in all reason therefore I can neither expect nor wish that you should believe on mine.'"

So much for the strangeness and difficulty of the subject itself. As to the quality of the evidence, Coleridge characterizes it as "too strong and consentaneous for a candid mind to be satisfied of its falsehood, or its solvability on the supposition of imposture, or casual coincidence—too fugacious and inflexible to support any theory" which should suppose these peculiar susceptibilities to be inherent in us all. As to the power to which we have referred, he further remarks—and this was written before the word "medium" was ever heard of in the sense in which spiritualists now employ it—that

"this sense, or appearance of a sense, of the distant both in time and space, is common to almost all the magnetic patients in Denmark, Germany, France, and North Italy. Many have been recorded at the same time in different countries by men who had never heard of each other's names, and where the simultaneity of publication proves the independence of the testimony; and among the magnetizers and attestors are to

be found the names of men whose competence in respect of integrity and incapability of intentional falsehood is equal to Wesley's, and their competence in respect of phisic and psychological insight and attainments incomparably greater."

It does not form part of the design of this paper to enter further into the question of the magnetic sight. Enough has perhaps been said to accomplish the two objects at which we aim. These are, first, to rescue the phenomena themselves from utter disbelief. After allowing fully for trickery and mercenary imposture, there remains a residuum of fact, which, so far from being regarded with contempt, may possibly hereafter furnish a basis for the most profoundly and scientifically interesting of all inquiries, touching as it must upon the questions of the nature of vision, the relation of magnetism to light, and perhaps the nature of life itself. The speculation of Humboldt upon these phenomena is worth bearing in mind, that they are disjointed indications and fragments of some higher law which at present eludes us, but which when discovered will probably unravel some of the hidden mysteries of our being. And, secondly, to point out that because these phenomena have displayed themselves in the case of so-called spiritual mediums, we are not therefore to accept the solution offered by the mediums, that their powers and performances are the direct consequence of the intervention of spirits. The magnetic state, whether in the form of clairvoyance, of ecstasy, or any other, may be, though uncommon, as truly natural as the ordinary state. Neither Mr. Home nor any other medium can claim it as an evidence of the intervention of unseen beings, nor can Mr. Howitt claim it to swell the bulk of his supernatural catalogue, unless by the term "supernatural" is merely intended the unknown. At one point, indeed, this magnetic state may for a moment appear to infringe on what believers in the Bible hold to be supernatural. It has been sought to bring it into relation with the ecstasy or exaltation of the inspired prophets; and to find in it a psychological basis for the gift or faculty of prophecy. But this is an inquiry which would demand a separate essay.

It is thus that the facts of spiritualism, so far as they are really facts, may probably be reduced within the limits of the operation of those laws by which our

world is governed, and deprived of that superhuman character which is claimed for them. But spiritualism, in its modern form of mediumship, constitutes only one out of several classes of real or professed facts which, it is held, can only be viewed as supernatural. Magic, for example, and witchcraft, apparitions and mysterious cures—each of these subjects possesses a library of literature peculiar to itself; and if, during the ascendancy of Protestantism, and the still more potent ascendancy of physical science and of enlarging commerce, these subjects have passed into a temporary oblivion, it is by no means certain that the consideration of them will not be revived. Indeed, signs are not wanting of a reaction from the exclusively material type and tendency of modern thought. There are men who begin to feel wearied and ashamed of having so long “grubbed this earthly hole” in the search for old bones or for new metals; to revolt from what appears to them the utterly terrene and unspiritual aspect of modern physical science; and to long for other companionship than that of Lord Bacon with his eyes bent downward, like Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise, toward this hard, uninviting earth, to dig and till which was their curse and doom. The oscillations of human thought in the course of successive ages constitute a humiliating proof of our weakness and of the limitation of our faculties; and it is not impossible that the pendulum may have already reached the extreme limit of its arc in the direction of the physical and the material, and be about to swing back to the opposite extreme, when physical studies shall be as generally disregarded as metaphysical and spiritual studies have recently been. The tendency of modern science and speculation has been to place the universe under the dominion of absolute impersonal law, rather than under the dominion of a personal Father and Ruler; to deify abstract order and force, rather than to acknowledge the perpetual presence of him who is the ultimate origin of all force, and author of order; to inhabit the laboratory with Faraday rather than the spheres with Plato; and to refuse attention to whatever can not be calculated by geometry, or made in some way obvious to the sense.

There is a sense, then, in which we are proud to avow ourselves spiritualists. So far from shutting our eyes to the supernatural, we are as firmly convinced as Mr.

Howitt or the most devout believer in mediums can be, that there exist among us and around us spiritual agencies whose presence can not be ascertained by any material tests, and whose operation can not be determined by any physical laws. And further, it is to be feared that there is a great deficiency of living faith among Christian people in regard to these subjects. This can scarcely excite surprise when we consider how the whole tendency of modern scientific education has been to exalt mathematical demonstration, and to dwarf and cripple faith; to rest upon evidence which appeals only to the reasoning intellect, and to disregard equally the intuitions of the soul and the external revelation of the Scriptures. How, for example, is the Scripture doctrine concerning the devil and his angels quietly ignored, both in preaching and in writing! How coolly and quietly it is assumed that all that a man needs to guard against is himself and his own erring tendencies, in direct opposition to the plainest teaching, not only of St. Paul but of the Lord himself! And yet what can be more rational than the scriptural belief? How utterly improbable it is, considering the varied links in the chain of physical existence, that man should be alone as an intelligent being! And if there are other kinds of intelligent beings, does not our own case too plainly establish the probability that there may be amongst them evil as well as good? And if they have access to our spirits, is there any thing absurd in the supposition that they may delight in tempting us to evil, seeing that every day shows us how men tempt each other? And in view of the order and subordination which are found to be necessary to the very existence of human society, is there the slightest improbability in supposing that these evil spirits may be of various ranks and grades, assigned to distinct occupations, and marshaled under the orders of the ablest amongst them? The same or similar remarks will apply to other departments of the Scripture teaching with respect to the invisible world, and our relations to it. Nor, in justice to physical science, would we attribute to it the whole of the unbelief, or want of belief, which prevails on these subjects. Other causes combine powerfully with it, and none more so than the absorbing character of modern commerce. One needs only to spend an hour or two in Cheapside, or at the Liver-

pool docks, to understand how the constant presence of the hurrying and whirling phantoms of the external world must unfit the soul for contemplation of the real and the invisible.

It is to these causes that the acknowledged apathy with respect to these subjects must be assigned, rather than to that which Mr. Howitt regards as the chief source of the evil. We are not aware whether, like another Friend or two whom we could name, our amiable author has crossed the gulf by which the drab society of George Fox is separated from the scarlet-robed church of the seven hills, and exchanged the star-twinkling of the inward light for the full-orbed moonshine of Church infallibility. Certainly the thoroughness and heartiness of his inveterate enmity to Protestantism, as displayed every where in the industriously compiled volumes before us, would favor the conjecture that he has done so. "The English Church and English Dissent," we are told, "now stand rent from the ancient Anglican and the primitive Church, in the faith in the supernatural; and it is not the spiritualists who are the heretics, but the clerical and the scientific classes of to-day." In another page we read that "the clerical and scientific mind of the present day is in a debauched, degraded, materialized, and crippled condition, derived from educational bias, and from a recent age of skeptical philosophy, in harmony with no age from the foundation of the world." Elsewhere we are told that "Protestantism alone has fallen from the faith" which all other branches of Christianity still retain. Canon Stanley in his volume on the Eastern Churches has spoken of "the frantic excitement of the old Oriental religions" still lingering in their modern representatives, as may be seen in what he calls "the mad gambols of the Syrian pilgrims;" and probably those of our readers who may remember the account published in the *Times* of the observances at Jerusalem at the last Greek Easter, will not deem his language too severe. But according to Mr. Howitt these extravagances only show that "there are more life and active faith in these religions than in modern Protestantism." Active faith it certainly is; for the agile and acrobatic feats of the devotees are really something wonderful. Indeed, it appears that Protestantism is the parent of a frightful abortion of humanity:

"It is true that in all lands and ages there has been a small section of the race defective in the spiritual vision and the spiritual ear, as there have been others defective in the corresponding outer organs. There have been the blind and the deaf, physically and spiritually. But blindness and deafness, whether physical or organic, have been the condition, not of the race, but of the deficient of the race; in the language of the common people, it has been 'not all right with them.' Whether these unfortunates have borne the name of Sadducees, Pyrrhonists, skeptics, atheists, or Rationalists, they have always been few till our time, when Protestantism, which Goethe has represented under the character of Mephistopheles, the principle of denial, has produced these deaf, dumb, and paralytic progeny in an alarming brood."—Vol. i., p. 368.

After this, let us drag our palsied and crippled forms toward the feet of our instructor, and, blind as we are, let us humbly listen to the explanations which he, gifted as he is with sight, may think fit to give us concerning some of those points wherein, as Protestants, we have been so egregiously ignorant, or deluded. First, then, it appears (i. 276) that before the fall Adam was a clairvoyant, and possessed a constant sympathy with the spirit-world, but that subsequently these faculties in man began to decline, (though a considerable measure of this "original knowledge and power of human nature of the primal period" lingered in old Egypt, and displayed itself in the priesthood;) and that when Adam "heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden," it was not, as is commonly supposed, in consequence of a special manifestation of the Divine Angel-presence, but simply that Adam had constantly the faculty of hearing the voice of God, as of any other spirit, after the manner of the most perfect mediums of the present day. So with regard to Moses, we are to understand not that he was a specially endowed and inspired prophet, but (i. 133,) "in modern phrase, a fully developed medium, and the spiritual voice of God was as audible to him as any human voice, or more so." It is a fair inference from this that the phrase "a fully developed medium" is deemed equivalent to "an inspired prophet;" and indeed any generic specialty of inspiration in the biblical prophet, as distinguished from the modern medium, seems impossible on the theory before us; a theory which, while professing loudly to be a resuscitation of the genuine faith that Protestantism has

all but destroyed, is in reality as certain an engine as could be devised to break down altogether the distinction between "the true sayings of God," as recorded in holy writ, and the dreams of any rhapsodist or delirious girl who may pretend to divine illumination. Indeed, we are plainly told that every great religious innovator is a spiritual medium, and that the difference between the prophets and founders of the several religions which have ruled the world is not so much a difference in kind as a difference in degree; the force and the comparative purity of the spirit-manifestation may vary in the several instances, but they all agree and all are to be revered in respect of one thing, namely, that they are the channels through which the light and power of the unseen world are conveyed to this. The citation of one brief passage will show that even the Redeemer himself, though his divinity is acknowledged, is not regarded as an exception from this general rule:

"To say that a man is a great religious innovator is simply to say that he is a great medium of spirit-power, the relative purity of which is immediately seen in the system produced. Whether it be Christ, the highest and purest of all promulgators of religion, God himself assuming this office, to place man in the possession of the eternal and undivided truth, or Zoroaster, Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, or Joe Smith, each wrapping some portion of the primal truth in the clay and mud, the rags and finery of earthism and devilism nothing but a spiritual energy, acting from the spiritual world, can give life and force to such apostleship."—Vol. i., p. 284.

It is a peculiar privilege of the modern spiritualist, that he can at once discern all these spirits, and pronounce both upon their force and also upon the comparative purity of any "religious innovator," or "medium," whether of ancient or modern times. As an example of the exercise of this new kind of infallibility, our author pronounces of Zoroaster, in a business-like tone which is really imitable, that he "was a medium of the first class as to power, and much superior as to quality to every thing then about him!" In the same way, of course, the relative quality of all these heaven-sent messengers of different grades, and of every age, may be satisfactorily settled! We have no wish to call in question the personal sincerity of Mr. Howitt, in his repeated and even vehement protestations

that his aim is to reinvigorate the faith of Christendom, and particularly of Protestantism. These asseverations are likely to influence a certain class of minds, timorous with regard to the safety of the ark of God in the rough roads whereon it is at present traveling, and too ready to accept the proffered aid even of an unknown hand to steady it. But a little reflection will show that all this spiritualism tends, not to the increase of faith, but to infidelity, in the peculiar form which infidelity in the present day assumes. That all religions are substantially alike, differing only in the degree of purity or otherwise in which the truth they contain is presented; that Zoroaster was inspired as truly, though not perhaps as clearly, as Isaiah; that the illumination of to day is as trustworthy a guide as the revelation by Christ's apostles; that even in the basest of human superstitions there is a something of the Divine, which is to be revered—this is the "faith" which is preached as the peculiar gospel of the advanced nineteenth century, whose proudest boast is to have destroyed the ancient beacons of the Church, and to have vindicated the right of anybody and everybody to offer his services as pilot in the navigation of that channel which leads up to the port of eternal truth and repose. Extremes meet; and if this be the "universal faith" to which spiritualism tends, it is much the same thing as universal skepticism; for a man who believes in all religions is in a position not very different from that of him who believes in none. According to our conception of the matter, that sort of vision which views all religions in a dim and misty light, and, conceiving them all to be generically related, pronounces that they are all divine, although some of them may exhibit the Divine less conspicuously than others, is a condition analogous to that of him who saw "men as trees walking," and who required a further touch before he was able properly to distinguish the objects before him, and to see "every man clearly."

It is in this view of the subject chiefly that any serious importance is to be attached to it. So long as these exhibitions merely assume the character of oddities or of marvels, they may well be left to those who have the time and the curiosity to investigate them. So far as they develop new and singular phenomena,

whether physical or psychical, they constitute a fair case for scientific inquiry. Sir Henry Holland, twenty years ago, affected to account for the strange appearances connected with mesmerism, by saying, in rounded phrase, that it was nothing more than "a gigantic experiment upon the strength of the imagination;" forgetting apparently that this was in reality no solution of the difficulty, and that the faculty conveniently termed "imagination" remains as much an unsolved problem as before—indeed, is the very thing to be investigated, only under another name. The inquiries of medical men and psychologists into these difficult subjects may hereafter lead to more satisfactory explanations than any which our limited knowledge of psychological science has at present yielded. But when these rappings and these fancied communications with the spirits of the departed are seriously adduced as a kind of new revelation, calculated to revivify the torpid faith of the Church, when they are elevated to an equal importance with inspired prophecy and Scripture miracle, and when they are held up, apparently in all good faith, as an argument sufficiently potent to convince those whom reason and Scripture had failed to convince of the realities of an unseen state, it is time to disavow such companionship, and to state that this so-called auxiliary to faith is in reality an auxiliary to unbelief in one of its most dangerous and subtle forms.

There is one view of the case, indeed, in which it is far from impossible that the exhibitions in question may have some real connection with the spirit-world. It is not inconceivable that the prince of impostures, he who was a liar from the beginning, may have some unknown connection with them; nor, if the conjecture were hazarded that some of the more inexplicable phenomena may be due to the action of demons, could such a conjecture be at once dismissed as visionary. Certainly the reply that many of these supposed spirits testify to the truth, would not be conclusive as against such a conjecture. The young damsel at Philippi who followed Paul and his friends day after day through the streets, declared nothing but the truth when she pointed them out as servants of the most high God, who were showing the way of salvation; yet it appeared that it was an evil

spirit which prompted that utterance; and St. Paul, after bearing with her with much patience, felt that commendation from such a quarter, she being a known and professed medium, was not to be borne in silence, and a word from him spoken in the power of mighty faith was sufficient to expel the demon. So also in Judea in the times of our Lord, many persons of this class were ready to declare that he was the Christ; yet he refused to accept confession from this source, and compelled the spirits to silence.

In being cautious of receiving testimony from such a quarter—or, let us rather say, in resolutely refusing to accept it under any pretence whatever—the Church will be obeying the intimations of the Old Testament equally with those of the New. In the days of Judaism there were not only prophets and dreamers who employed enchantments and incantations avowedly in the name of the Evil One, or at least in avowed hostility to the God of Israel, there were also those who claimed to be witnesses for him, "prophets of the deceit of their own heart," as they are aptly called in Jeremiah, who were to be shunned, notwithstanding that they claimed to be defenders of the truth. (Jer. 23: 25–32.) Indeed, the occurrence of the mention of lying prophets is too frequent in the historical and prophetic books to need specific quotation. Equally familiar are the rigid prohibitions of witchcraft and sorcery. A witch was not to be suffered to live. A wizard was to be put to death. People professing to have "familiar spirits," by which is apparently intended a faculty similar to that claimed by our spiritualists, of conversing with the spirits of the departed, are classed with "wizards that peep and that mutter," in the same catalogue of abominations. As a matter of fact, this class of persons was usually found ranged on the side of polytheism; but whether or not, the very fact of their pretending to occult powers was a sufficient intimation to every Israelite that his duty was to avoid them. The agreement between the Old and New Testaments upon this point is so marked as to furnish a not obscure rule of duty. Persons who wish to regulate their conduct by the Scriptures will do well to inquire, before communicating with mediums, whether it is not a thing forbidden; and the pretension that these reve-

lations confirm "a universal faith," instead of throwing us off our guard, ought rather to increase our suspicion.

As to the existence of a universal faith in an unseen world—a belief found among men of every age, of every race, of every climate, and of every degree of ignorance or of civilization, that the whole of man perishes not at death, but that the spirit survives its separation from the body—we presume that this is no new discovery; nor were the marvels of spiritualism needed to prove a point upon which no one ever entertained the slightest doubt.

With regard to occasional and unexpected communications from the unseen state, such, for example, as the apparition to their friends of persons recently departed, the case is altogether different. It would be equally foolish to credit all the stories of this kind which an industrious collector may easily collect, or to deny the possibility of an apparition altogether. This latter kind of folly has been of late years a prevalent fashion. How can the fact be accounted for, it is demanded, that in proportion to the spread of knowledge and civilization the stories of apparitions become proportionately fewer? However their comparative rarity may be accounted for—though even at the present day they are not perhaps such rarities as unbelievers may suppose—it is certain that, with the exception of the sophists of the atheistical sects in Greece and Rome, and the Sadducees amongst the Jews, it is in modern times only that this species of skepticism has appeared. As Richard Watson has remarked, "the unbelief so common among free thinkers and half-thinkers on these subjects places them in opposition to the belief of the learned in every age and every nation. It does more: it places itself in opposition to the Scriptures, from which all the criticism, bold, subtle, profane, or absurd, which has been resorted to, can never expunge either apparitions, possessions, or witchcrafts." The *a priori* arguments as to the "absurdity" and "impossibility" of such things must certainly go for nothing with those who believe the statements of Scripture that such facts have occurred, and may therefore by possibility occur again.

There is scarcely a medical man of twenty years' practice any where in this country who has not met with instances

of peculiar appearances or sounds in connection with death. Such phenomena are by no means infrequent. Take the following case: A lady in London was awoke in the night by what seemed a sharp and violent knocking at the street door; she felt also a greater tremor than such a circumstance would have been likely to occasion; she sat up in bed for some time in this state, and, nothing further occurring, looked at her watch, and lay down to endeavor to sleep. The next day news arrived that her mother, fifty miles distant, died suddenly in bed at the precise moment at which this alarm had occurred. Or this: An aunt of the lady just mentioned had an old servant, who was lying ill at a cottage not far off. One day, in broad daylight, as she was sitting in her room, she heard three distinct taps at the door, and, finding no one there, said immediately to herself, "Ann is dead." She put on her bonnet at once, and on reaching the cottage found that the old servant had just expired. These cases, both of which occurred in the family of the writer of this paper, are of a kind that may easily be paralleled, in hundreds of instances in the domestic records of our country. A member of the University of Cambridge, now living, has collected more than two thousand of such cases. The following is more definite and more remarkable, and is given on the authority of a well-known author, Mrs. Crowe, who says that she received the narration from the lips of a member of the family concerned:

"Miss L. lived in the country with her three brothers, to whom she was much attached. These young men were in the habit of coming to her apartments most days before dinner, and conversing with her till they were summoned to the dining-room. One day, when two of them had joined her as usual, and they were chatting over the fire, the door opened and the third came in, crossed the room, entered an adjoining one, took off his boots, and then, instead of sitting down beside them as usual, passed again through the room, and went out, leaving the door open, and they saw him ascend the stairs towards his own chamber, whither they concluded he was gone to change his dress. These proceedings had been observed by the whole party: they saw him enter, saw him take off his boots, saw him ascend the stairs, continuing the conversation without the slightest suspicion of any thing extraordinary. Presently afterwards dinner was announced; and as the young man did not make his appearance, the

servant was desired to let him know they were waiting for him. The servant answered that he had not come in yet; but being told that he would find him in his bed-room, he went upstairs to call him. He was, however, not there, nor in the house; nor were his boots to be found where he had been seen to take them off. Whilst they were yet wondering what could have become of him, a neighbor arrived to break the news to the family, that their brother had been killed whilst hunting, and that the only wish he expressed was, that he could live to see his sister once more."

In this instance there was no voice. In the instances before mentioned there was a sound and nothing more. A singular story is that related in one of the old Methodist magazines, of two preachers riding together on horseback, as was the fashion in those days, on the way from the annual Conference to their circuits in Scotland. As they were moving quietly along, it appeared as if a two-leaved gate opened to let them through, and a voice pronounced the words distinctly, speaking to one of them, "You may go to your circuit; but you shall never return to England." And so it was, for he died shortly before the next Conference. The following case is said to have occurred in 1816 in Germany, and the publicity of the details before courts of justice and otherwise offered peculiar facilities for the detection of fraud or imposture, had they been practiced. We take the account from Mrs. Crowe's *Night-Side of Nature*:

"The late Mr. L. S. quitted this world with an excellent reputation, being at the time superintendent of an institution for the relief of the poor in B—. His old housekeeper was retained in his son's service. Not long after her master's death she was awakened in the night, she knew not how, and saw a tall haggard-looking man in her room, who was rendered visible to her by a light that seemed to issue from himself. This apparition appeared to her repeatedly, and she wished to resign her situation. Her master, however, promised to sleep in the adjoining apartment, in order that she might call him whenever this terror seized her, and advised her to inquire the motive of its visits. This she did; whereupon it beckoned her to follow, which after some struggles she summoned resolution to do. It then led the way down some steps to a passage, where it pointed out to her a concealed closet, which it signified to her, by signs, she should open. She represented that she had no key, whereupon it described to her, in sufficiently articulate words, where she would find one. She procured the key; and, on opening the closet, found a small parcel,

which the spirit desired her to remit to the governor of the institution for the poor at B—, with the injunction that the contents should be applied to the benefit of the inmates—this restitution being the only means whereby he could obtain rest and peace in the other world. Having mentioned these circumstances to her master, who bade her do what she had been desired, she took the parcel to the governor, and delivered it without communicating by what means it had come into her hands. Her name was entered in their books, and she was dismissed: but after she was gone, they discovered, to their surprise, that the packet contained an order for thirty thousand florins, of which the late Mr. S.— had defrauded the institution, and converted to his own use.

"Mr. S.—, junior, was now called upon to pay the money, which he refusing to do, the affair was at length referred to the authorities; and the housekeeper being arrested, he and she were confronted in the court, where she detailed the circumstances by which the parcel had come into her possession. Mr. S.— denied the possibility of the thing; declaring the whole must be, for some purpose or other, an invention of her own. Suddenly, whilst making this defense, he felt a blow on his shoulder, which caused him to start and look around, and, at the same time, the housekeeper exclaimed, 'See! there he stands now! There is the ghost!' None perceived the figure except the woman herself and Mr. S.—; but every body present, the minister included, heard the following words: 'My son, repair the injustice that I have committed, that I may be at peace!' The money was paid; and Mr. S.— was so much affected by this painful event, that he was seized with a severe illness, from which he with difficulty recovered. Dr. Kerner says that these circumstances occurred in the year 1816, and created a considerable sensation at the time."

In a case of this kind, it is perfectly fair to scrutinize the evidence as closely as possible, and each person must judge for himself how far it is sufficient. All that we wish to convey is, that whatever judgment may be arrived at as to the adequate attestation of this or that apparition-story, narratives such as those above related ought scarcely to be swept *en masse* into the same lumber-chamber with the alleged communications of mediums with the spirits of Socrates and Julius Cæsar, of Benjamin Franklin and Stonewall Jackson.* Where the alleged apparition oc-

* Concerning whom, by the way, the New-York mediums have just ascertained that, since his removal to the other world, he has turned abolitionist, and has joined John Brown's phalanx of philanthropists!

ours in connection with a death which could not possibly have been known at the time; where it is seen by a person not of debilitated nerves, but in sound health; where there appears to be some worthy object in view, and not merely the gratification of curiosity; and, above all, where the manifestation occurs, not at a *séance* in the dim moonlight, where sitters have their curiosity and expectation artfully strained to the utmost, and every nerve quivers with suppressed emotion, but unexpectedly, and under no coincidence of stimulating circumstances; such an account may be fairly admitted to examination, as not being *prima facie* incredible. In our profound ignorance of the nature of the relationships which may exist between the invisible world and this, to assume that communication under any circumstances whatever is impossible, is barefaced empiricism; not to urge how such an assumption is contradicted by a number of apparently well-defined facts. To those who are content to receive implicitly the statements of the Scripture writers, the accounts of the appearance of Samuel to Saul, and of the appearance of Moses and Elijah to the three disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, are conclusive proofs of at least the possibility of an apparition.

A similar line of argument may be taken in regard to witchcraft. In witchcraft men seek avowedly to evil spirits for evil purposes. Allusion has already been made to the total antagonism between the belief of the Church generally with regard to this subject two or three centuries ago, and the prevalent disbelief of to-day. That ancient belief was doubtless absurdly credulous. It tended not only to magnify, but actually to create, the marvels which it received as indubitable. Fear, no less than faith, is a mighty force; and fear, in those days, gave to the witches and wizards a real power which they could not have possessed in a more enlightened state of public opinion. Who shall say what specters and phantoms might not be conjured up, what bodily ailments, the effect of imagination and nervous fear, might not be induced, in connection with those rites of studied horror and those diabolical incantations with which the practice of witchcraft was invariably connected?

There was another way in which fear contributed to the prevalence of witch-

craft. It led to the severest measures against the reputed witches and wizards. The most horrible acts of injustice and cruelty were perpetrated in the name of law. A poor unoffending old woman who had the misfortune to be suspected would be thrown into a pond: if she swam, it was concluded that she was a witch, and she was put to death; if she sank or was drowned, it was a proof of her innocence! Such persecution, carried on by wholesale, tended to make the magicians believe more firmly in witchcraft and in themselves. However conscious of being deceivers, they could scarcely persuade themselves that there was nothing in their art itself, when they saw such unequivocal proofs that every one believed in it. He who can not believe can not will, and the skepticism of the intellect disarms the magician. But when there is faith on both sides—when the magician thoroughly believes in his art, and the patient thoroughly believes in the magician—the power both of deceiving and of being deceived becomes such as will naturally produce effects which, in a different state of society, would be impossible: as we see in the case of modern spiritualism.

It is thus that a belief in the existence of witchcraft may be entertained without deciding the question whether or not the necromancers were actually in league with evil spirits. It is absurd to suppose that all the statutes of various lawgivers and princes, from Moses to the English House of Brunswick, were directed against a crime that never existed. But it is not necessary to believe that all the pretensions of the sorcerers were true. It is not necessary to believe that they could actually raise the devil and perform other like feats at their will. In the law of Moses it is just the profession or pretence of using such arts which constitutes the crime, without deciding the question whether there is a reality corresponding to profession. What was required to be proved was, not that the accused was actually in possession of demoniacal powers or arts, but that he *professed* to be so. If this could be proved, the offender was adjudged to death. And this was perfectly in keeping with the spirit of the theocracy; for it is clear that the profession of witchcraft could not be carried on without blasphemy.

It is remarked by Dr. Ennemoser, in his *History of Magic*, that the force of

will has no relation to the strength or weakness of the body: witness the extraordinary feats occasionally performed by persons under excitement. While we are writing, a medical friend relates to us the case of a patient of his, in an extremely weak condition of body, who suddenly sprang from his chair to a height of eight or nine feet, came down unhurt, and repeated the feat twice afterwards within a few minutes. And although the witches and wizards were frequently weak, decrepit people, they either believed in their own arts, or they had a friend and coadjutor in the devil, who was able and willing to aid them. They therefore did not doubt their own power; they had one great requisite—faith. "Faith," says Coleridge, "is as real as life; as actual as force; as effectual as volition; it is the physics of the moral being." *Croyez et veuillez* was the explanation given by the Marquis de Puységur of the cures he is said to have performed. "*Believe and will*," as Ennemoser observes, "unconsciously becomes the recipe of all such men as Greentrakes of Ireland, the shepherd of Dresden, and other wonder-workers. Hence we see why it is usually the humble, the simple, and the child-like, the solitary, the recluse, nay, the ignorant, who exhibit traces of these occult faculties; and hence we see also wherefore in certain parts of the world and in certain periods of its history these powers and practices have prevailed. They were believed in because they existed, and they existed because they were believed in. There was a continued interaction of cause and effect—faith and works."

Thus far, then, the practice of witchcraft, and many at least of the marvels connected with it, may be brought within the limit of the known and natural operation of cause and effect. How far such practices may in particular cases have been attended with supernatural powers is a difficult inquiry. Is it credible that men could so ally themselves with the devil, or with evil spirits, as thereby to acquire powers which under ordinary circumstances they could never have possessed?

It is obvious that evil spirits can not impart to men any power which they do not themselves possess. Whatever may be the limits of their own action upon physical nature, these limits can not be exceeded by men who may be in league

with them. And in proportion as we are convinced that evil spirits have usually no power to invert the established order of physical nature, we shall be disposed to deny any such power to the magician. Now it is well known to every theologian that this very question whether Satan has power to disturb the order of physical nature, has been keenly debated in the controversy respecting miracles. Not to mention works of minor reputation, the volume of Farmer on Miracles was written expressly to maintain the negative in this question. In doing this he finds his most troublesome difficulties to arise, as might be expected, from two distinct quarters—from the feats of the Egyptian magicians as recorded in Exodus, and from the cases of demoniacal possession in the times of our Lord. This absolute denial to Satan of all power to disturb the order of nature was no doubt a reaction from the excessive credulity of previous ages, which had attributed to the devil powers verging on omnipotence; and the negative doctrine laid down by Farmer a century ago has been pretty generally received to this day. But there seems no sufficient warrant for absolute and sweeping assertion in regard to this matter. It is quite conceivable that evil spirits may *usually* be restricted from interfering with physical nature, while yet on special occasions they may be permitted to do so. An illustration may be borrowed from the growth of corn. The time of growth and development of the corn plant is a time of non-interference. Soil and heat and moisture exert their accustomed influences, and every thing proceeds in undisturbed order. But the time of planting and the time of reaping are times of interference with the established order. The planting of the seed is a special interference, so to speak, with the previous state of vacuity, and it introduces an entirely new series of sequences, which proceed regularly till, at the reaping time, another special interference takes place. So, in the moral world, there may be long centuries of orderly sequence, in which nothing unusual occurs, and there may also be periods of special interference, of planting and reaping, when the usual order is disturbed. And it is worth remarking that such disturbances of nature's order have occurred chiefly at special crises in the history of man. The miracles during the long history of established Judaism

are exceeding few ; but the life of Moses, its lawgiver, is a succession of miracles. The miracles during the growth of Christianity have been but few ; but the lives of the Lord and of his apostles, who planted Christianity, are a blaze of miracles. Nor is there any thing in Scripture to prevent the supposition that at some future reaping-day the order of nature, which now proceeds with such unvarying regularity, may again be suspended or disturbed. And in connection with all this it may be observed that the chief examples of apparently supernatural power in connection with evil, or in opposition to God's messengers, have occurred precisely at the same periods wherein mighty works have been done in attestation of the truth. The greatest feats of the evil powers took place in the days of Moses and of Christ. It would seem as if, in those special times when the powers of the world to come have been brought to bear upon the order of nature, and have temporarily disturbed it, evil powers have been permitted, as well as good, to exceed the usual limits of their action ; and that the devil, at such periods, knowing that his time was short, has come down among men with great fury—for instance, in the numerous cases of possession at the Christian era. And as good men, messengers of God, have been endowed at such times with supernatural powers in attestation of their doctrine and mission, it is not inconceivable that wicked men may have been permitted to ally themselves with the powers of evil, and that feats like those of the magicians of Egypt may have been accomplished through infernal help. Such a belief, while it appears consonant with Scripture, is not inconsistent with the belief that in general the marvels of witchcraft may be accounted for on natural principles.

The results of this inquiry may be summed up in two or three short paragraphs.

There is no reason to doubt the existence of unseen beings, whether human or other. That spiritual beings do exist—that they may hold intercourse with our world—that they may have access to our minds—that they may be able to influence the physical frame to some extent, not perhaps directly, but mediately *through the mind*, just as various material substances, opium or stramonium, for instance, are capable of affecting the mind

through the body—is a belief equally consonant with Scripture, with reason, and with the general teaching of the Church. Nor is it incredible that the separated spirit may hold communication in some instances at the time of death with persons yet living ; or that evil spirits may so act upon the minds of men who yield up themselves deliberately to their influence, as to produce prodigies of different kinds which, in our profound ignorance upon these subjects, we find it difficult to account for.

But such a belief in the supernatural as is thus indicated does by no means involve, as a fair and necessary consequence, a belief in the doctrine of modern spiritualism. There is not the slightest inconsistency in receiving the former, and in rejecting the latter. The doctrine that certain persons are naturally gifted with the faculty, denied to the generality of mankind, of holding direct communication with departed spirits—that the spirits come at their call, hover about them, and manifest their presence, among other ways, by sundry feats and tricks of a physical nature—does not necessarily follow from admitting the reality of the alleged manifestations in some cases. There are other methods of accounting for these manifestations which, either separately or combined, appear to be not inadequate. At all events they will prevent the necessity of embracing the spirit-doctrine until a great many questions have been disposed of. We can only mention three, two of which have already been adverted to. There is, first, that mysterious force which we will here designate vital magnetism ; in connection with which, as has been hinted, wonders not inferior to the selectest marvels of Mr. Home have been familiar to the initiated both in England and on the Continent for three or four centuries past. Then there is the influence of imagination, in itself a life-study. And this suggests a third point, which would require an article to itself—the existence of mental epidemics. Although mental pathology is not as yet sufficiently advanced to admit of these being reduced under a regular classification, still less of their being traced to their causes, the fact can not be questioned that epidemic mental affections have appeared and disappeared, in a way singularly analogous to epidemic bodily diseases. A further inquiry into this obscure yet interesting

subject might not be without result, in furnishing whole classes of facts with which the facts of modern spiritualism might advantageously be compared. Such a comparison would probably show that, viewing the rapid spread of this strange and singular belief in its aspect as a mental phenomenon, it is not altogether ex-

ceptional and unparalleled. Mental affections equally romantic, accompanied by outward phenomena equally puzzling, have appeared at different times in various parts of Europe, and, after prevailing a longer or a shorter time, have vanished, leaving behind them no permanent trace of their existence, except in books.

From the Popular Science Review.

BODILY WORK AND WASTE.

THERE is no truth which modern science has established with greater certainty than that every manifestation of physical force involves the metamorphosis of a certain quantity of matter; or, to put it in a still simpler form, that every exercise of power is made at the cost of a certain consumption of material. Whether it be the steam which propels our locomotives, or the elastic gases which project our cannon balls, the subtle fluid by means of whose vibrations we convey our thoughts with the rapidity of lightning from one end of the earth to the other, or the still more useful contrivances by which we turn night into day, and maintain the genial warmth of summer amidst the snows of winter—all these exhibitions of force, mechanical, electrical, or thermal, alike involve the disintegration, or, in other words, the *waste*, of some form of matter for their production. Without the combustion of coal or wood there would be no steam for the locomotive, no heat for the fireplace; without a similar, but more rapid combustion of gunpowder, or other explosive substance, there would be no development of elastic gases in the cannon to propel its ponderous missile; and combustion in these, as in all cases, is essentially a process of waste in which the active part is played by that most energetic of all wasters, the oxygen of the atmosphere. The fluid which circulates in the telegraphic wire is developed at the expense of the acid and the metals of which the batteries at its extremities are composed; and the light which illumines our streets and public buildings is generated by the

waste, (using the term in its chemical, not, of course, in its economical sense,) in gas works, of coal which was produced ages upon ages ago by the submergence and partial decomposition of ancient forests.

Now all these various ways of obtaining power may at first sight appear so very simple in their nature that it may seem trivial to allude to them. Irrespective, however, of the consideration that the simplest phenomena are often those which exhibit in their most intelligible form the grandest and most important laws of nature; and obvious as the fact may seem that the man who attempted to work a steam-engine without supplying coal for its fire would stand but little chance of seeing its wheels revolve, it is doing no injustice to the majority of our readers to suppose that they have never asked themselves what fuel really does in such a case as this, and why it is so essential to the production of steam? It is probable that the idea may never have suggested itself to them that these and dozens of other instances of a similar kind which might be quoted, all go to show that without the disintegration, or waste, of some form of matter, whether it be coal, or metal, or tallow, or gunpowder, there is no production of any form of force, no real acquisition of power of any kind. And, like Columbus's egg, simple as this truth may seem when once clearly demonstrated, and often as men have lighted fires to warm themselves by, and long as they have employed the explosive properties of gunpowder to carry conviction to the minds of their *intelligent* fellow-creat-

ures, it is only quite in recent years that its reality has come to be distinctly recognized, and that we have begun to learn that perpetual motion, and other patent processes for extracting something out of nothing, are ideas worthy only of the sages of Laputa.

It may, however, be said, that all exhibitions of force do not involve a waste of matter. We may be told, for instance, that the stream of falling water which turns the river-side mill exerts its power on the mill-wheel in virtue of the force of gravitation which draws the water downwards, and that gravity is a force which, so far as we can see, does not involve the waste of matter as a condition of its manifestation. But this is an exception which is probably more apparent than real, and which is due rather to our ignorance of the nature of gravitation than to any deviation from a law which so unquestionably obtains in the vast majority of phenomena with which we are acquainted. For it is by no means unlikely that gravity, which is itself a cosmical force, acting through space upon the most distant elements of the universe, may be the local manifestation in our world of disturbances in the relations of matter going on in spheres existing at infinite distances from it.

The propulsive force, too, of the breeze by which the ship is driven through the resisting waves, at first sight appears to be a case of force exerted independently of matter or its relations. But here again the exception is only apparent and not real. For science tells us that that breeze is the offspring of heat acting upon the atmosphere, in which it produces currents; and that the heat comes from the sun, whose material relations exhibit, even to our superficial observation, a state of disturbance which is eminently suggestive of a more profound and incessant disorganization going on beyond our ken.

We may, therefore, take it as unquestionable, that so far as the inorganic forces of nature are concerned, their manifestation in all cases involves the cotemporary occurrence of waste, decomposition, or decay. But what are we to say of the forces which are given off by organized bodies? This thinking, talking, acting machine which we call man, whose brain is continually giving off *nerve-force*, which is as constantly stimulating some one or other of his muscles to give off *motor*

or mechanical force, and whose whole organism is incessantly maintained by the operations of the *chemical* and *physiological* forces which digest his food, convert it into the various tissues of his body, and again reconvert those tissues into the simpler forms in which, when they have served their part, they are eliminated from the system—hence does he obtain all these forces, or, more properly speaking, all these different varieties of force, which are so indispensable to his existence? Here, too, we must recur for an answer to these questions to the great law of the relations of waste and power to which allusion has before been made. The human body is continually wearing away; as truly, though perhaps not so evidently, burning away as if it were a bushel of coals in a domestic grate. And it is from this ceaseless process of waste which is going on every where within it, that it derives the power which it expends in the various forms of work which it continually carries on. There are probably very few of the readers of this article who have the faintest idea of the amount of force which they are exerting every day of their lives. Let us see if we can manage, without wandering into details whose due appreciation would require a knowledge of the more profound departments of physiology, to form an estimate of the amount of work which the body of an ordinary man performs in the twenty-four hours, and of the waste of bodily substance of which that work is the equivalent.

We may roughly divide the constituents of the animal frame into three groups. In the first we will place those substances which are actually incorporated into its organization in the shape of bone, muscle, nerve, etc.; to the second we may assign those which are destined to minister to the building up of the animal fabric, in the shape of the raw materials derived from the digestion of the food in the alimentary canal, and in the third we shall place those constituents which, having discharged their functions in the animal economy as elements of the various tissues, are thrown off as waste, and as such give rise to what are commonly known as the excretions of the body. It is obviously to this last class that we must look for the measure of the wear and tear of the body and of the evolution of force of which that wear and tear is the exponent.

Now, of all the different substances

which are thus thrown off from the body as the result of the decay which is continually going on within it, there is one, urea, which is preëminently important, not from its mere predominance in bulk over all others, but because it is the one which gives us the most accurate gauge of the amount of waste of which it is the product. If we were to be told that the quantity of urea which is daily manufactured and eliminated from the body of a healthy man, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds, varies from four hundred to six hundred and thirty grains, it is probable that many of us would not be much the wiser for the information. We must, therefore, see if we can learn what this represents in another way.

The daily work which is performed by the body of an ordinary human being may be classed under four heads. (1) There is the *vital* work, or that which is required to keep the machinery of life going and in proper order; e. g., to make the heart beat, the stomach digest, the liver secrete bile, and so on; just as a certain portion of the power of a steam-engine is expended in merely moving the machinery which it sets in action. (2) Then there is what may be called the *calorific work*, or that which is required to maintain the temperature of the body, and which will obviously be much greater in winter than in summer, and in cold climates than in warm ones. Although this is intimately connected with the preceding variety of work, still it is for many purposes sufficiently distinct and important to justify our considering it under a separate head. (3) Next we have the *mechanical work* which is involved in the physical exercise we take, such as walking, talking, eating, etc. (4) And, lastly, there is the *mental work*, which we each of us perform in the acts of thinking, seeing, hearing, and in the exercise of our nervous functions generally. One of the great problems which physiology has of late been endeavoring to solve is, how much of the total daily work of the body is absorbed by each of these four departments of bodily activity separately; or, to put the question in another point of view, how much of the total daily waste of the body is due to them severally? The recent researches* of a distinguished medical divine—for, by a strange coincidence, though a clergyman by profession he is

also a physician by education (the Rev. Professor Haughton, M.D., F.R.S., of Trinity College, Dublin)—have thrown a good deal of light upon this obscure and difficult subject. With the view of giving our readers a general idea of the relations of bodily work to bodily waste, we will briefly recapitulate the nature of these researches.

We have before stated that the total amount of urea which is formed in the body of a healthy man of one hundred and fifty pounds weight, *per diem*, fluctuates from four hundred to six hundred and thirty grains. Of this amount Dr. Haughton calculates, from data to which it is impossible for us here to refer, that three hundred grains are the result of that division of work to which we have above given the designation *vital*. Hence it follows that each pound of man requires an amount of daily waste which is represented by two grains of urea merely to keep it alive, and prevent it from becoming subject to the ordinary chemical laws of inert matter.

But if this three hundred grains of urea represents a certain amount of bodily waste, that bodily waste in its turn represents a certain amount of work done, or force expended; and to estimate what that work is, we must find out the equivalent, in some definite and easily calculable form of work, of a definite quantity, say one grain of urea. This Dr. Haughton has done. But before stating the results at which he has arrived on this point, it should, perhaps, be mentioned, for the benefit of those to whom this subject may be entirely new, that it is usual to calculate all varieties of mechanical force in terms of a single unit, and that unit is the force which is required to raise one ton avoirdupois one foot from the earth. For instance, a man who walks twenty miles a day can be shown in so doing to perform an amount of mechanical work which, if applied in another way, would raise a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds, that is, about the weight of his own body, one mile in the air. Again, the ordinary daily work of a street pavior, who works ten hours a day, and whose occupation consists in lifting, at definite intervals, a rammer weighing five and a half stone, is equivalent, if applied as before mentioned, to lifting a weight of one ton three hundred and fifty-two feet in the air. In this way the foot-ton, as it is called—that is, one ton lifted one foot

* *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medicine*, 1859, 1860.
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—becomes the unit of measurement of dynamical force, generally.

Now, let us recur to the consideration of the force which is expended in the daily waste of three hundred grains of urea. From a series of elaborate calculations Dr. Haughton estimates that the mechanical equivalent of this quantity of urea is one ton lifted seven hundred and sixty-nine feet, or seven hundred and sixty-nine foot-tons. That it is to say, this enormous force—a force which is more than equal to that expended by two street paviers during a hard day's work, is used up in merely keeping a man of one hundred and fifty pounds weight alive for the same period. We may put the same fact in another point of view by saying that the amount of force required for this purpose would lift the man's body a little more than two (2.18) miles in the air during the twenty-four hours.

From similar, though perhaps somewhat more doubtful calculations, Dr. Haughton estimates that the amount of bodily waste which is caused by one hour's hard mental labor involves an expenditure of force which is equal to lifting one hundred and eleven tons one foot in the air.

Let us further suppose that, in addition to the mere act of living, an average man of one hundred and fifty pounds weight undergoes bodily labor equivalent to lifting two hundred tons one foot daily, and that the total amount of his day's mental work is equivalent to two hours' hard study, and the "little bill" of his daily expenditure of force will stand as follows:

Vital work,	800.00 grains of urea =	769 foot-tons
Bodily work,	77.88 " " =	200 "
Mental work,	86.00 " " =	222 "

Total urea, 463.88 = 1191 tons raised one foot; or one ton raised 1191 feet; or the weight of the man's body (150 pounds) raised a little more than three miles.

To balance this side of his debtor and creditor account, our average man would have to consume an amount of food sufficient to furnish him with the nitrogen contained in four hundred and sixty-three grains of urea. Hence, he will find it desirable to take a considerable portion of animal food in his diet, because that kind of food contains, in proportion to its bulk, a much larger quantity of nitrogen than vegetable substances do; for

if he does not do this, he will have to augment the amount of vegetable material which he ingests to such an extent as seriously to embarrass his digestive functions. It is for this reason that the laboring man, who can not procure meat for his daily meal, has recourse to cheese, which, although difficult of digestion, contains a considerable quantity of nitrogen.

But, the reader may not improbably ask, if all this enormous quantity of force is expended by a living man during the short space of twenty-four hours, whence does it all come? And this is a question which it is by no means easy to answer clearly within the limited space which is left to us. In general terms, however, it may be said that the force which the animal economy expends in the discharge of its various functions, is intimately incorporated with the food which it ingests for the support of its material framework. Animals live at the expense either of other animals or of vegetables—in both cases of previously organized structures. Every process of organization involves the absorption and fixation of force in the created organism. Hence every organized structure is, as it were, a reservoir of force. The force which the plant receives from the solar heat is stored up in its cells, to be dispersed again gradually to the atmosphere in the shape of heat when it decays, or rapidly, when it burns as coal; or, if consumed by an animal as food, is incorporated, with the elements of the plant, into the tissues of the animal which consumes it. These animal tissues thus become storehouses of power, which, as they waste and decay, is given off in the various forms which their peculiar character adapts them to eliminate. Thus the nervous tissues give it off as nerve-force; the muscles, as motor force; the fatty elements of the body, as heat; and so on. One of the most interesting branches of Dr. Haughton's researches is the determination of the amount of force which is stored up in human muscles.* By a series of careful observations and calculations, he finds that the muscles which sustain the arm in a horizontal position—the central portion of the deltoid and the supraspinatus—weigh $5\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, or 2242 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains, and that the work which they do in sustaining

* *Outlines of a New Theory of Muscular Action.* 1863.

the arm until it becomes exhausted is equivalent to lifting half a ton through one foot. Hence it follows, that one pound of such muscle contains, stored up in it, sufficient force to raise 1.56 ton through the same distance. This statement will go far to explain the origin of a portion, at least, of the force which is expended daily by the body of a living man. When it is remembered that during his waking hours the voluntary muscles of man are rarely at rest for more than a few seconds together, it will be seen that we have, in their constant waste alone, a fertile source for the evolution of force. But it is to the action of the involuntary muscles that we must look for the most abundant origin of the force which he is ceaselessly eliminating, and more especially to that most important of all the involuntary muscles, the heart, which, from the time he draws his first breath till his eyelids close in death, is never at rest. Most persons are aware that the heart is simply a muscular bag, divided into four cavities, and that the circulation of the blood through the blood-vessels, which is so essential to the maintenance of life, is mainly due to the force with which the muscular walls of the heart contract on the blood as it passes through these cavities. Few, however, would imagine the force which this small fleshy bag—no larger than one's double fist, and only weighing about nine ounces—exerts on the mass of blood which it is called on to propel. Dr. Haughton has most ingeniously estimated that the force which the heart expends in the twenty-four hours is equivalent to lifting one hundred and twenty-four tons one foot! This estimate would be almost incredible, if it were not obtained by two totally different methods of calculation, used as checks upon one another. And if this amount of force is

expended by the heart in twenty-four hours, how rapid must be its waste, and how vigorous must be the nutrition by which that waste is repaired. Few instances could be quoted which show more forcibly than this does the wonderful perfection of adaptation, and the concentration of activity which the higher organized structures exhibit.

To those who are not familiar with the subject of physiological dynamics these statements, generally, will probably appear little short of incredible, so difficult is it for the imagination which is untrained in the teachings of science to realize the fact, that the apparently simple and unlaborious functions of mind or body can involve the expenditure of force at all. The most unscientific observer can not fail to perceive that the arm, which works the pavior's rammer, or the legs which bear the weight of the body over the many miles of a long day's walk, must, in the performance of these offices, exert a considerable amount of force; but he does not so readily appreciate the manifestation of the same phenomenon in the silent decay of the whole body when at rest, or in the unconscious exercise of the mind. Those, on the other hand, who have learned with what a mighty energy nature works even in her most simple operations—that the force which holds the elements of a single grain of water together is equal to that which is contained in a very powerful flash of lightning, will know that, although there are some of Dr. Haughton's calculations which, from the uncertain state of our knowledge, must at present be received with some degree of reservation, the general character of his results is quite in unison with the dynamical laws which the researches of Joule, Mayer, and other physicists have during recent years established.

READY FOR THE LAST JOURNEY.—Mr. Philip Henry said to some of his neighbors, who came to see him on his death-bed: "Oh, make sure work for your souls, by getting an interest in Christ while you are in health. If I had that work to do now, what would become of me? I bless God I am satisfied. See to it, all of you, that your work be not undone when your time is done, lest you be undone forever."

One of Dean Trench's sermons on the subject "What we can and can not carry away when we die," commences thus appositely: "Alexander the Great, being upon his death-bed, commanded that when he was carried forth to his grave, his hands should not be wrapped, as was usual, in the sere-cloths, but should be left outside the bier, so that all men might see them, and might see that they were empty."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE RING OF GYGES.

THE PLAIN OF SARDIS.

It is a splendid Asiatic summer noon. Goldenly from the deep azure zenith glows the sun over Lydia. To the north, dominating the plain, the city of Sardis, with its citadels, palace, and temples, glitters whitely on the crests of Mount Tmolus, whose declivities, draped in vineyards, descend in outlines of indolent majesty to the borders of the broad river Pactolus, which winds sinuous and bright across the plain to the south—at one turn mirroring the blue air, at another breaking into a hundred prismatic lights—like some mighty and superb serpent stretched in repose along the land, and reflecting its colors as it breathes in sleep. To the east extend a range of gray mountains, whose jagged peaks and pinnacles of silver and snow serrate the remote horizon; while here and there to the south appears some steep mountain town, with long flights of steps cut in the ravines from base to summit, ranges of rock tombs honeycombing its granite sides, and benched amphitheaters fronting eastward. East and west of the river expands the rich plain—here undulating into dells, amid whose dark green groves of walnut and myrtle, white villages, with their wooden pillared houses and flat roofs, (which formed the model of the Greek temple,) gleam slumbrously in the affluent sunlight; here spreading away in leagues of pasture—in fields carpeted with cistus, crocus, and anemone, amid which many flocks feed, scattered in long drifts across the peaceful levels, dotted with their clustering pens, and intervalled at wide distances by some magnificent plane tree and large-leaved oak, whose patriarchal trunk and gnarled boughs have assumed gigantic proportions amid the suns and rains of centuries.

Scarce a sound breaks through the sunny silence of this pastoral region—scarce a movement of life is seen during the drowsy noon-day hour; the lizards lie

hid in the leaves—the tortoise basks on the river sand, and it is only at long intervals that the ear of the lazy shepherd thrills with the notes of the woodpeckers in some cluster of wild pear or juniper trees; or that, gazing towards the misty northern distance, with its horizon of wooded and snowy hills, he sees some long trains of camels and caravans slowly threading the mountain road from Babylon or Persia, and winding through the heavy heat towards the turreted gates of Sardis.

Among the shepherds of the king's flocks there is a youth named Gyges—a gay Lydian, well known among his comrades for his daring and adventurous disposition, and amid the maidens of the hamlets for the art which he displays on the reed and flute during festal evenings, when many a group beat the ground in the joyous and voluptuous dances for which the region is celebrated. Like the rest, he has been slumbering during the noon—while the chameleon near changed in color like a bubble, while the long lines of locusts crossed the sky—reposed in the hollow of a great plane tree near the river, in the cool shadow of its thick verdurous dome, through which as he sleeps the moving sun piercing in golden stars gleams on a dark face of strange beauty, on a high brow shaded with long ebon locks, and a finely-moulded frame of great strength and activity. His costume differs from that of his fellows, rudely garbed in sheepskin; for it is made of the hide of a lion, which he had slain, tastefully formed, and bordered with cloth, red as blood. At times, as he sleeps, a dream passing through his mind evokes strange shades and expressions on his face, shadowed by the leaves of the great snake plant, which twines round the sides of the tree; and occasionally he extends his arm with an ambitious movement, as though grasping some invisible object of his imagination.

The meditative life led by this young shepherd had developed a tendency to

thought; but though he was merely noted among the villagers for excelling in the simple accomplishments of a herd, he was himself conscious of possessing an innate mysterious power, which gave intensity to an originally strong personality, and which as time passed and reflection deepened, had slowly shaped a character differing widely from that of his comrades—a character dominated by vague aspirations, and an instinctive love of power. The occasion on which he became conscious of this innate influence was as follows: Once at a village festival in which he and the Lydian girl, his partner, had won the prize in a dancing contest, they had wandered into an adjoining wood; the girl was heated with the exercise, and Gyges, who was fanning her face with a fold of his lion-skin, was suddenly surprised at finding her drop into a deep sleep. At first, believing she was feigning, he paid little regard to the circumstance; but presently became alarmed, when he found that despite his calling on her to arouse herself, she still remained insensible. After a period, he bethought him of uttering a charm, which, according to custom, was accompanied with a waving of the hands before the face; and presently, when he had fanned her forehead with his robe, she awakened. It appeared to Gyges, however, that the trance into which the village maiden was thrown must have resulted in some invisible influence of his genius; and as subsequent trials were followed by the same consequences he became aware of possessing a mysterious power, the consequences of which strongly influenced his nature and mind. Some time after this an event occurred which marked him among his fellow-men to a peculiar destiny.

As the sun began to decline from its burning height a few figures were seen moving across the plain: women bearing to some shepherds their repast of bread and fruit, followed by girls with water vases on their heads; then the herds, who, having dispatched their rural dinner under the trees, stretching in the flowery herbage, amid which the lambs were playing, began to wile the remaining day with their long flutes and reeds, evoking pastoral songs of love and traditional legends of the region, as customary on those long-drawn summer days.

At length, as evening came on, a singular change appeared in the sky. Although

the sun was nearing the western mountains, instead of the refreshing breeze which usually breathed from their summits, the heat of the air continued oppressive; a vapor, first red and then grown lurid, rising from the horizon, rapidly covered the sky, in which a dead calm reigned. Presently a tumult of black clouds rose in the west, deluging the orb of the sun in blackness, and advancing across the firmament, which, though grown sudden dark, was at moments pervaded by a strange and ominous light. The shepherds, struck with sudden consternation at those unaccustomed appearances, had already begun, some to collect their flocks, some to hurry to the neighboring villages, when thunder at a great elevation rolled overhead—at the same instant the earth trembled; and an unusual feeling of awe struck the hearts of all living things, as they recognized this somber sympathy between the heights of the sky and the depths of the world; for it seemed as though the gods were signaling the hour of its destruction. Then a few great drops of rain fell, the prelude of thick darkness, and the plain began to heave like a storm-convulsed ocean.

Awed by the terrors with which he was surrounded, Gyges, like the other shepherds, had forsaken his flocks, and aided by a wild glare which began to pervade the sky, hurried as rapidly as he was able toward the village near which his cottage stood—a village which lay at the opposite side of the nearest mountain. Frequently the earth-shock caused him to pause, tottering and uncertain whether the next moment the ground might not open at his feet and engulf him. At length, after about an hour had passed, he reached the ravine through which his way lay. Here, however, the dangers thickened: masses of crumbling *débris* and stones began to descend the sides of the mountains, which, trembling to their foundation, seemed threatening ever and anon to topple over and bury him beneath their stupendous rocks and precipices. At every step death seemed present.

Already he had advanced half-way through the steep glen, and in an interval of calm, hurried with desperate haste forward in the light of a level streak of cloud which hung over the adjacent valley; when suddenly the ground heaved with a tremendous convulsion, and as with a despairing shriek he looked upward, he saw the two sides of the ravine meeting over-

head in an awesome roof, which shut out the sky. The next instant, stricken down and stunned, he sunk into unconsciousness.

How long he remained buried in this dread stupor, he knew not; when, however, his senses returned, he found himself in a vast cavern, as it seemed, and in utter darkness. Around him dead silence reigned; but as he sprang to his feet and listened, he presently became conscious of a distant sound, as that of a torrent rushing through some gloomy channel, and presently he began to feel his way with fearful and cautious steps toward the place from which the watery noise issued, animated by a hope that by following its course he could possibly find an exit into the world of day.

He had not advanced far when a gleam of hope broke on him; the sound of the water grew nearer, after a little he observed the reflection of a star on its surface, and looking up beheld—oh, joyful sight!—a blue space of sky glimmering through the distant cavern's mouth, and illuminating the rock-strewn path leading in that direction.

It was at this moment, while his heart throbbed tumultuously under the revulsion of feeling arising from the terrors he had passed and the certainty of safety and life, that advancing along the path which skirted the torrent, he came to a point where, turning to the right, another branch of the cavern extended. Pausing for a space at its entrance, and gazing into its gloomy arcade, he was surprised to perceive a distant light, which, as he approached, shed an illumination along the walls and floor, faint indeed, but sufficient to guide him securely to the point whence it emanated.

But a few moments elapsed before he found himself in a small chamber which appeared to have been hewn out of the rock; and a shudder passed through him as the light of a lamp, streaming from the low roof, fell on a gigantic figure, naked and white as snow, which lay on a colossal altar of black marble, reposed in an eternal sleep.

When the first sensation of superstitious awe and wonder inspired by this sight had passed, Gyges closely examined this singular body, which seemed as indestructible as the rocks amid which it had been for ages entombed; and recollecting a tradition familiar in the country, of a race of giants who inhabited it before man,

and whose kings—so said the legend—were buried in the midst of their treasures, he presently began to examine the chamber with an excited hope of discovering coffers of gold and caskets of jewels. Nothing of the sort, however, appeared, nor did the rude stone floor or the walls, which were excavated from the solid rock, exhibit any trace of concealed recess or lower opening; and struck with a sudden apprehension lest some earthquake shock might recur, and inclose him for ever in this gloomy penetralia of the mountain, he was about to make a hasty departure, when, glancing at the body, he perceived on the little finger of the right hand which covered the heart of the colossal corpse—a ring. Inspecting this mortuary ornament, he found it was a simple circle of green stone, and when, after a pause of hesitation, arising from the fear lest some supernatural event might occur should he touch the sleeping mystery, he approached and removed it from the hand, he found, as the light of the lamp fell upon it, that it neither contained any precious setting nor any tracery, save one curious hieroglyphic on the seal. Valueless as it appeared, he nevertheless resolved to preserve it as a memento of an adventure so wonderful; and placing it on his finger, after a hurried glance at the motionless giant, he hastened back through the passage, and after clambering over the rocks along the torrent side, was finally fortunate enough to reach the cavern mouth, and emerge with beating heart once more beneath the sky, which was already brightening eastward with the level fires of the dawn clouds.

The earthquake of the preceding night had left little trace of its action, except in the mountain ravine, across which two great peaks had fallen. The adjoining plain appeared as heretofore, and even the village in which he dwelt had suffered but slightly. Gyges reached his cottage, and after conversing with his neighbors on the common terrors they had experienced, (for, strange to say, some mysterious and irresistible impulse by which he felt himself controlled, prevented him narrating his marvelous adventure,) he set out again toward the plain occupied by his flocks. On, however, reaching the part of the mountain from which he had escaped from the awful subterranean world within, another wonder awaited him, a vast mass of earth and rock had meanwhile become detached from the mountain side, covering

some hundred feet deep the mouth of the cavern.

A moon had rounded and died after this dread event and singular adventure, and the terror created by the earthquake had well-nigh subsided, when a Lydian festival took place in one of the neighboring villages, at which Gyges, as usual, attended. The hamlet stood on the skirt of a rich aired woodland in a golden sunset valley, and here the gayest shepherd youths and loveliest maidens of the plain, crowned and garlanded, after passing some hours in jubilant dances—dances performed with wine cups in their hands, which were laughingly drained, now as a measure came to a termination, and refilled as another commenced—the musicians seated under the trees accompanying them with lyre and flute; when the rising of the moon heralded the hour for feasting and song.

As usual the feast was held in the village temple, a small wooden-pillared building, which was decked with leaves and flowers for the occasion, and illuminated with pine torches. Ranged round the central board, the joyous folk had passed the hours with love-making, minstrelsy, and story-telling; and it was already midnight, when a girl, into whose ear Gyges had been whispering some pastoral compliment, gayly gesticulating the while, suddenly caught his hand, and after inspecting the mysterious ring which he chanced to wear on this evening, inquired why he preferred an ornament of rude stone instead of gold, such as his comrades sported on festive occasions.

Gyges said he had carved it himself from a piece of stone he had found some time before on the mountain side; and the eyes of several of the revelers were bent toward them, as the girl turned it round his finger, examining the seal and the mark with which it was traced—when suddenly he was surprised to hear several persons exclaim in astonished voices:

"Where is Gyges?"

"Here," he answered, laughing.

"Where?" cried the feasters, in tones of great wonder.

"What humor has taken you, my friends?" he inquired, in grave amaze.

"Have you lost your reason?"

At this moment all rose.

"Did you see him depart?"

"No."

"Or you?—or you?"

"No."

Gyges.—"What madness has seized you?"

All.—"Whence comes that voice?"

Gyges.—"From me, Gyges. Surely you have lost your sight, or some magic influence possesses you. I, Gyges, am here—here where I sit."

All.—"This is miraculous; some demon has charmed him or us. Save us, great Pan, from the spells of genii and witches—save us!"—and they then threw themselves prostrate on the ground.

At this instant something caused Gyges to search for the ring on his finger, and in so doing he found the part which bore the hieroglyphic had been turned inward, and by an involuntary movement he turned it outward, as he had been accustomed heretofore to wear it.

Upon this, all gazing on him, cried: "Behold him! behold him! Alas, wretched Gyges, you are under the influence of magic."

Then, perceiving that this marvel resulted from change of position in the ring, he turned the seal inward and outward repeatedly, and as he did so found, from the faces of the assembly, that he became alternately invisible and visible to mortal eyes; and while the revelers fled terrified from the temple, filled with wondrous sensation, he also, finding himself alone, presently departed across the plain.

On reaching his cottage, Gyges threw himself on his couch, but for several hours sleep escaped him, while his mind thronged with imaginations vast and various—of powers and pleasures, of good and evil; and the first streak of dawn already divided earth and sky with a fringe of fire, when, intoxicated with his treasure, and fearful lest he should lose it while unconscious, still grasping it tightly, he sunk into slumber.

ELEUSIS.

AFTER the event just described, Gyges became an object of the profoundest awe among the simple, superstitious, rural folk, amid whom he lived, who, regarding him as the victim of some magical spell, avoided encountering him, muttering counter-charms when such occasions occurred. Intelligence of the singular gift of enchantment which he was supposed to possess reaching the ears of Candules, King of Sardis, the latter demanded his presence in the palace, and though overwhelmed

with amaze when Gyges displayed his power of becoming alternately visible and invisible, he presently bethought him, finding the shepherd a man of aspiring character and endowed with a keen intelligence, of rendering him instrumental in forwarding the policy of the throne. In a word, having bestowed upon him a considerable sum, and given him an appropriate train of attendants, he dispatched him as an envoy to the King of Armenia, who was then meditating a descent upon Lydia, with instructions to inform himself of the monarch's designs, and communicate with his sovereign. This mission Gyges, so gifted, performed to perfection, having acquainted himself with the most secret projects of the hostile monarch. Upon his return to Sardis, Candules loaded him with wealth, and would have made him his chief minister, but that the adventurous, ambitious character which Gyges had gained for the possession of his miraculous ring rendered such offers, for the time, nugatory. Shortly after, therefore, being desirous of consulting the oracle at Delphi, with the king's permission Gyges set sail for Greece, where he arrived, as it happened, in the autumnal months, signalized by the opening ceremonies of initiation at the temple of Eleusis.

The thin crescent of the moon hung low in the solemn azure of the midnight sky, when Gyges entered the vast temple of Eleusis. Two days were passed in taking part in the processions of the goddess and the prefatory rites of initiation, and at length came the third, when the neophyte was to undergo the superior trials of air, fire, and water, to be permitted to enter the mysterious chamber where the passions of life were imaged and its destiny unfolded; and, lastly, to be afforded a vision of the realms of Elysium and the gloomy regions of the dead.

The awful lights and darkness, the mysterious voices and music, which filled the air during his contemplation of the wondrously managed drama of existence and destiny, were indeed well calculated, by affecting the imagination, to prepare it for the culminating terrors and splendors of the final scenes of initiation; and, despite the profound insight which his magical power had given him into the motives and machinery of general life, it was not without a feeling of fear that he followed the hierophant to the chamber from which he was to descend into the regions of

subterranean darkness. Seated, as it seemed, in a winged chariot, he felt himself descending, for upwards of an hour, into the depths of the earth, in silence and profound gloom. Arrived at the bottom of the gulf, a long arcade, dimly illuminated, opened; and as he advanced he was joined by the hierophant, who, leading him through a gloomy cavern, to what seemed the summit of a precipice, shrouded in gloom, waved his wand and announced the vision of the Land of the Dead.

Advancing with cautious footsteps through the impenetrable gloom of this narrow subterranean path, the hierophant, who held his hand, caused him to pause at a certain point, a few feet in advance of which the mountain's side precipitously descended. Looking beneath, Gyges perceived an immense plain, which stretched away to a dark horizon, crossed by a level streak, dimly gleaming, like a distant sea. Across this vast region long trains of shadows were seen passing from a ravine between two remote, stupendous mountains, like drifts of dark clouds, towards a mighty city, whose huge black towers, palaces of judgment, and halls of atonement, piled in colossal majesty, dominated the region, while fires, fierce and cruel, glared from the inner chambers and pinnacles, which ascended until they were lost in, and mingled with, the firmamental dome of impenetrable shadow. From the gigantic portal of one great structure in the center of this city, through which an awful Figure was seen, seated on a throne, a glare of level light fell on a black river flowing round the walls and far across the plain; and as it illuminated the faces of the endless army of shadows advancing, Gyges perceived, that, although they bore an unusual aspect of terror and regret, their countenances as they approached nearer the burning throne of the judgment hall, bore amid endless variety, an expression of all the varied passions of humanity.

As one mighty multitude swept across the river and gathered in silent and gloomy circles beneath the throne, occupied by the presiding figure, a sound, as of thunder, which had ceaselessly muttered through the dark cavernous clouds of the upper firmament, suddenly broke above the city, terroring in peals of such concentrated wrath and vengeance, that for the time its deep foundations shook and the infernal heaven seemed threaten-

ing its overthrow and ruin. Then Gyges saw the shadows, one by one, called to judgment; as each passed, the lightning eyes of the potent minister becoming fixed on their hearts—read in a swift and single glance the history of their lives on earth, and adjudicated their destiny. On either side of the throne the hosts of the blessed and the doomed were seen to form, and as the judge signaled his attending powers each were hurried away—the one heralded by music whose happy strains seemed to pass in vibrations of joy, towards a bright region beyond the shining sea, the other by soul-terrifying thunders, which, raging over and following the dark hosts of despair, seemed to roll to some remote realm in the depths of the subterranean infinite, where, beyond the fiery cataracts of Phlegethon, darkened the land of eternal punishment, of everlasting sorrow, and despair.

Suddenly, a thick cloud possessing the region terminated the vision. Presently a light, as that of day, broke upon a new world, and series of new scenes, and Gyges beheld, passing in succession before him, the history of the gods and the mighty heroes, their offspring. First, from the chaotic tumult of the yet commingled heaven and earth, a group of giant forms, rude as the rock, yet crowned with a celestial brightness, were seen to arise, and preside over the prospect of mountains and seas, assuming distinctness, and of a clearing firmament, with its glittering stars; then a vision of a green and fruitful region, inhabited by a happy race, who dwelt in plains filled with flocks and yellow with corn, and in remote cities on the mountain summits, where Saturn reigned. Then the age of peace and plenty gave way to a scene of war and devastation; armies of giants were seen advancing under a flaming sun, from the wild fastnesses of the earth, and contending with heaven itself, until overwhelmed with the thunders of a warlike king. These, and many other scenes, from time to time, arose before the vision of the neophyte, and hours passed while he gazed attentively on the history of the world from the age of the gods until that of the war of Troy.

When, after the above series of visions had passed, the hierophant left Gyges alone, as customary, to permit the impression of the awful world of death to work upon the imagination, the latter render-

ing himself invisible began, having procured a torch, to examine the place in which he was. It was not without laughter he discovered, that he had been gazing through a series of magnifying glasses on a number of puppets moved by machinery in an underground chamber, and that the awful drama which had so affected his fancy and emotions was the result of a toy.

After visiting Eleusis, and consulting several of the most famous oracles, whose mysteries, like those of the holy town, vanished under his examination, Gyges passed several years in traveling from city to city, and through the various nations of the earth, Greek and barbarian. Immense, during this interval, was the experience which he gained of the nature of races and humanity in its manifold phases, from the palace of the monarch to the hut of the savage. Gifted with invisibility, all varieties of life, the inmost secrets of the heart became known to him, and he alternately drained the cup of pleasure and reveled in the exercise of almost unlimited power. Unharmful, he escaped every danger; recklessly he reveled in every delight; and while his nature, moulded by the exercise of supreme dominion over mortal souls wherever he wandered, assumed a demoniacal cast, he already conceived himself to have attained to the being of a god.

After ranging the earth from the regions of civilization to those still enveloped in the cloud of fable—from the flaming skies of the tropic to the snows of Scythia—from the gardens of the Hesperides, in the shadow of Atlas, whose terrors and beauties sunk into commonplace, disenchanted by observation, to the fabled realm of phantoms in the ignorant, deserted realms of cloud and snow—now hurrying through the seas, and along the western shores, amid races scarcely less savage than the wild animals with whom they lived in common—through the lairs of monstrous forms in the remote fastnesses of creation giants of the ocean, the earth, the air—and now reveling among the most luxuriant of the world, in the cedared halls of Nineveh and Babylon—Gyges eventually returned to Lydia. Then, as laden with riches, and attended by a numerous train of slaves, he entered the gates of Sardis, sated with pleasure and experience, one desire only remained in his haughty and arrogant soul—that of reigning.

Received with the highest honors and the supremest pomp by King Candules, who, rejoicing at his return, and conceiving that he could utilize in the furtherance of his policy the mysterious gift possessed by his guest, Gyges already began to entertain the most ambitious dreams of empire. He took up his residence in a palace allotted him, and by lavishing largess and gifts amid the nobles of the court and the people, well-nigh outshone the monarch in magnificence.

Among other gifts bestowed by Gyges on the king was a beautiful slave, named Paipha, whom he had purchased for a vast sum in one of the Ionian cities, where, on her arrival from those northern mountains lying between the great inland seas, where her race—said to be the handsomest among the people of the earth—had their habitation, she had been educated by the cunningest masters and mistresses in music, dancing, and such like arts, as ministered to the luxury of Asiatic palaces. Suddenly, enchanted with the charms and graces of this lovely odalisque, Candules appeared to forget his projects of power; he passed days and nights in revel, and, for the time, the festal garland, the cithara, and wine-cup, rather than the scepter, became the symbol of his majesty. From this dream, however, he might have shortly reawakened, but for the jealousy with which his queen, Nyssea—who was a daughter of the oldest and most potent line of Persian kings—regarded the changed demeanor of the monarch, the loss of his heart which she had won by her beauty, while she added possessions to his throne, and the degrading indolence in which Candules, once renowned as a warrior—now turned out an effeminate sybarite—was plunged. Presently, however, as time rolled on, and increased the king's indifference to his consort, who never entered his presence—indeed seldom beheld him, except when accompanied by Paipha, he descended to the gilded barge, for moonlit revel on the bosom of the bright river—the jealousy with which Queen Nyssea had been smitten became inflamed into revengeful rage, and this passion soon led to events whose thread was woven in the darkest and most tragic loom of destiny.

Simultaneously with the success of the plans which Gyges had thus laid for the attainment of sovereignty, his intimacy with the queen (who at first regarded

him with fear and antipathy, as the chief cause of the alteration of conduct manifested towards her by Candules) increased; nor during the now frequent interviews which occurred between them in a palace plunged in riot, did he lose the opportunity of working on the darker passions of her being, and seeking, by attracting her confidence, to establish himself in her heart, thus unworthily abandoned by the king. Nyssea, however, whose tact equaled her beauty, possessed a character, strong, ambitious, revengeful. The furies of outraged affection and dignity, reigning sleeplessly in her soul, sternly guarded its doors against the admission of a second passion, except under such conditions as would render its inspirer the instrument of her designs. A number of feelings, some fixed, some fluctuating, agitated her breast—hatred of Paipha, hatred and contempt of the king, antipathy of Gyges, alternating with a softer emotion; but the latter, despite his attractive person and even supernatural gifts, found that neither could he touch the heart of the queen nor accomplish his ambitious purposes without acquiescence in the demands of her imperious will, whose direction he was at little loss to discover.

THE PALACE TERRACE.

It is evening: a magnificent sunset flaming along the west, and tinging with fire the palace of Sardis, glows goldenly on the fountains and arbors scattered along its lofty-terraced gardens, from which, for many a league, the rich surrounding country can be seen, with its plains, mountains, rivers, and woods, mingling in a superb panorama. The only figures which appear in this luxurious resort are Gyges and the queen; and as they pace to-and-fro, wrapped in converse, the light flames on her angry forehead and on the strong, dark, mysterious eyes and daring face of her companion. Presently a train of horsemen are seen approaching the palace gate, surrounding a chariot in which a female figure reclines, under a silken canopy. The queen averts her face, on which centers an expression of mingled rage and disdain.

As suddenly they pause beneath the colossal statue of a giant king, which throws its shadow along the terrace, a dark cloud crossing the sun swiftly broods over the sky—a peal of thunder startles

the echoes of the mountains—a gloom falls on the gardens and palace.

Gyges.—The king returns from hunting. How passes he the night?

Nyssea.—As usual, in sottish revel with this wretched slave. Ah, Gyges, hadst thou ambition, thou mightest be king:

Gyges.—And share thy throne?

Nyssea.—Ay.

[*A pause.*]

Gyges.—Thou knowest the passage leading from my palace to the private chambers of the king; of late the entrance door from that side I have ever found locked. You understand?

Nyssea.—At midnight, when he is asleep, I will open the southern portal; then, invisibly, thou canst enter, and—the morning finds thee on the Lydian throne.

Gyges.—So; let's pass the interval with feast and music; beautiful Queen, thy word wields my will.

[*Thunder. They enter the palace.*]

THE KING'S CHAMBER.

It is midnight, and the clear full moon looks from the blue Asian sky upon the palace of King Candules, all whose inmates are at rest—all whose splendid halls are wrapped in breathless silence. The king, wearied with the hunt, in which he had passed the day, and lulled by the wine of the banquet, which had crowned the night, and who has been for some hours buried in repose, reclines on his couch, in a chamber through whose open marble casement the warm moonlight streams, illuming his dark bearded countenance and bare breast, from which, in a movement of slumber, the purple coverlid has been thrown back. His pillow is sprinkled with opiate blossoms, several of which lie strewn on the rich tessellated floor, which is scattered with flowers, and silken robes, and golden ornaments, wine vases, and weapons. On one side of the still bright window lies a great heap of roses, whose perfume mingles with that of the odoriferous trees embowering the garden terraces beneath, as the gentle air breathes into the still room, bearing the almost inaudible sound of a fountain, whose drizzly sprays seem languishing to rest, as though they, too, were influenced by the pervading presence of the midnight spirit of repose. So perfect is the bright calm in the royal chamber, that even the flutter of a

rose-leaf can be heard; and the only object therein which gives evidence of movement, and life is a beautiful tame snake, which, stretched in an indolent emerald coil along the snowy marble, gorged with feasting on a heap of fruit, now and then sidles its crested head playfully among the perfumed clusters of nectarines, grapes, and melons.

The midnight star has just dipped beneath the silvered roof of the western woods, and a single breath of awaking wind has for an instant undulated the silken tapestries, when a female figure, with dark hair floating over her disarrayed robe, and wild and earnest watchful eyes, steals stealthily with bare feet along a passage, and reaching the open portal, pauses a moment; then glancing, as she holds her breath, at the royal sleeper, crosses towards a door at the opposite side of the chamber, and withdrawing a key from her bosom, and inserting it into the wards with fearful caution, opens it noiselessly. A little, and with another glance at the couch, she crosses the chamber, silent as a cloud, and hastily vanishes. It is the Queen.

There is a pause of some minutes; and, lo! at the same door through which the royal lady entered, beautiful Paipha appearing, silently advances, with upraised arms wound languidly over her head, and half-closed eyes, as though just awakened from slumber. Approaching the couch, she bends for a space over the king, in an attitude partly expressive of awe and of voluptuous indolence, the clear beams lighting in an amorous halo the graces of her white-robed form, whose flood of ebon tresses, half veiling the nude bosom, descend almost to the small, bare, blue-veined feet. Presently, scarce breathing, lest she should disturb the sleeper, she advances to the open casement, and throwing herself on the heap of roses, gazes dreamily, now at the tranquil moonlight scene without—the languid-leaved trees, which, bending, seem to embrace like lovers—the long, bright river breaking into diamond dances, as it curves round some promontory of woodland or verdure, and floating in its radiant sleep towards the mountains and the dawn—and now turning, gazes with careless curiosity on the splendid-hued viper, which, rolling aside the fruit, and nearing her with stealthy stillness, erects its bright-eyed head, eager to be petted, and rests its shining scales in her hand.

Thus occupied, but a short space had elapsed when Paipha is suddenly aroused by a low noise like that of footsteps entering the door beside her, and a sound of some one breathing deeply, passing her. Startled, she listens acutely—glancing round the chamber, and unable to perceive any figure, or to recognize any cause for the mysterious sounds she had just heard, has already satisfied herself that it was but a fancy or the wind—when, turning her eyes in the direction of the king's couch, her amazement is reawakened at beholding a light, which, glimmering keenly as a prism of steel in the moonbeam, seems hovering round the royal sleeper. Scarcely a moment has elapsed, when, still gazing towards it with wonder and fearful earnestness, she sees it raised for a second—then swiftly descending; then, just as, excited by superstitious fear, she is about to utter a cry, she hears a smothered groan swooning dolorously from the couch, and rushing in terror towards the king, beholds—oh, horror! that stabbed to the heart, and weltering in his blood, he is dying.

Suddenly, her shrieks ringing through the palace, arouse its sleeping inmates, and presently a throng of men and women hurry into the chamber, followed by the queen, who, first throwing herself on the body of the expiring monarch, and uttering exclamations of well-simulated distraction and sorrow, suddenly points to Paipha, whom several have already seized, denouncing her as the assassin. Pale, and shuddering with terror, the concubine, in broken sobs, narrates the mysterious and terrible appearance which she had witnessed; but incredulity is stamped upon every face; and, overwhelmed with a sense that she is regarded as the murderer of her royal paramour, losing consciousness, she sinks into the arms of her furious guards. "Wretch," cries the queen, seizing her by the hair, "what torture can be adequate to thy crime?" then, flinging her from her, with furious gesture—"Away!" she cries, "hurry her to prison—would she could die a thousand deaths—away!"

BATTLE.

HAVING thus gained possession of the throne, Gyges inaugurated his reign by giving the inhabitants of Sardis and the other Lydian cities a series of banquets,

unparalleled in magnificence; and while the people, dazzled by the treasures he scattered among them with lavish hand, occupied with never-ending games and amusements, and intoxicated with ceaseless revel, appeared to lose for the time the feeling of superstitious awe and terror with which they had long regarded him—for the rumor of the mysterious power he possessed had flown to the furthest limits of the land—a terror gloomily augmented by the strange death of Candules, and the sudden ascent of Gyges to the throne—declaring war against the King of Babylon, he assembled his armies, and surrounded by his cavalry, headed by his satraps, marched in martial array eastward towards the great Mesopotamian plain.

After a triumphal progress through the neighboring states, his army were already approaching the frontier of Armenia, then a dependency of the great Babylonian empire, when its king advanced to give the usurper battle. It was a bright, but tempestuous morning when the combat took place—on a level plain, beneath a range of steep mountains, and skirted by the sunny stormy sea. Long hours the combat raged, during which the earth trembled beneath the furious shocks of phalanxed horsemen, contending with sword and spear—of solid squares of footmen, struggling hand to hand—while from the heights the bowmen on either side darkened the air with clouds of arrows. Overhead throughout the day the thunder pealed along the mountain crests, and the convulsed sea, heaving its mighty billows, roared in sympathetic unison with the war. Yet louder than the thunder or ocean rose the noise of battle, the shock of armor, the ringing of weapons, the hissing of missiles, the cries of the captains, and clamor of the hosts encountering. Gyges at early dawn had been seen accoutering in his tent, where his armorers had been bidden to close the rivets of a mighty suit of Chalybean steel which he had carried with him from a foreign land; but after the fight commenced he had disappeared, and was believed to be watching the combat from an eminence. About the time his warriors had lost sight of him, however, an unaccountable panic took place in the region of the plain where the war raged most furiously, where the Armenian monarch, encompassed by his bravest, and mounted on a moving throne,

surveyed the war. From time to time one of his captains fell, pierced with a deadly wound, cries of treachery ever and anon rose from the lines of his body-guard, amid which a thrill of mysterious awe passed at finding the hand of an invisible death among them, when suddenly they heard the king, who sat alone and supreme in his royal chair, utter a piercing shriek, and saw him next moment topple, an ensanguined corpse, on the earth.

When the intelligence of this event sped, rumor-winged, through the battle, the army of Gyges seemed to have acquired a new courage, and advancing with a mighty shout, they began to drive the Armenian hosts before them and into the sea; but at this moment a storm of trumpets sounded in the rear, and glancing in that direction, they beheld the army of Babylon, battalion on battalion, horse and foot, advancing innumerable from the plain, which they covered with their glittering lines, even to the remote horizon. The sun was beginning to descend, like a globe of blood, into the wild sea, as sudden consternation seized them at finding themselves—a fiery, but forlorn column of war—closed in by the outnumbering enemy. In swift and furious never-ending masses the Babylonians advanced, impregnably multitudinous, annihilating resistance; like a forest uprooted and overwhelmed by a tempest, the army of Gyges, now collecting for a moment in despairing companies, now flying from one raging wall of spears to another, fell swift and hopelessly—death swallowed phalanx after phalanx; and as the sun, reddening the shadowing waters, cast its last ray on the blood-deluged battle-plain, a cry of victory echoing from the conquering hosts across the plain, and mingling with that which rung triumphing through the mountain ravines, already dark with night, proclaimed that the power of the Lydians was no more.

It was already midnight, as the moon, rounding toward the south, cast its beam into the mouth of a mountain cavern, some miles from the plain of battle; while the light, peering into its gloomy penetralia, fell on a heap of leaves, amid which something like a brand glittered—a stony stillness pervaded the place.

Suddenly, a figure, like a shadow, appeared at the entrance, looming indistinctly against the low, round moon—one hand was pointed to its heart; on its awful brow

rested something like the phantom of a diadem; and a voice, low and awful as the wind that breathes from hades, murmured, "Arise, Gyges, and listen to thy doom!"

As these accents swooned away, the leaves rustled with a sound as though some one had moved them, turning in dreamful slumber. Then, though no figure appeared, a Voice, imperious-toned, exclaimed, "Candules! why troublest thou my rest? What infernal god has sent thee, phantom, to mock at my overthrow—to reproach me with thy death?" Then, as though its invisible figure advancing confronted the specter, the same voice cried in louder accents, "Away, shadow! mortal though I be, I fear thee not; while I live on earth the destinies have gifted me with superhuman power; and should death, which I doubt, be my lot, the spirit to which, when here, thou hast succumbed shall fear nor thee nor any phantom presence in hades!"

There was a pause, during which the dead silence of the cavern was broken by a faint, sullen sound, as of that of drops of blood falling on the stone.

Then the voice of the immovable shadow resumed, in tones so deep and awful that the dark air trembled—

"Thy power, audacious mortal, shall depart from thee. Where love has reigned, hatred shall hold dominion. Already thy armies are overthrown—already thy people are in revolt; hopeless, and grown weaker than a child, despair shall swiftly claim thee, and hurry thee, amid the flames of Sardis, to thy doom!"

After an interval, the voice of Gyges murmured: "It is gone; this phantom of Candules—yet am I awake? And may not what seemed a moment since have been but a dream—a vision shaped by this disaster-stricken mind? Yes, it must be so. The land is silent; the night is clear; already dawn streaks the east. I will again to sleep, for with the day I must journey to Lydia. Avaunt, phantasms of the darkness! Why should I fear the voice of a dream, prophesying horror—of a dream—the wandering thought of a battle-shook brain? No more! Courage, Gyges! thou shalt live and reign."

DESTINY.

THE rumor of the overthrow and extinction of the army of Gyges had passed rapid as the wind across the countries be

tween Armenia and Lydia; and, as on his way thither, entering unseen the palaces of the different powers, he found that his defeat had not only broken the alliances which they heretofore maintained with his kingdom, but that, influenced by Babylonian emissaries, they were already assuming an attitude of menace toward his throne. He hastened, fast as the fleetest steeds could bear him, to Sardis.

It was noon when he approached the city; and, quitting his horse in an adjacent wood, entered the gates invisibly, and hurried to the palace. Then it was, as he passed from street to street, that, for the first time, his daring soul, hitherto inaccessible to fear, became a prey to gloomy apprehensions; and that, recalling the doomed announcement of Candule's murdered ghost, his haughty reliance in his power and destiny began to waver, for it was evident that the entire population had grown disaffected to his authority: clamor filled the streets; the faces of each group that he passed were dashed with discontent and darkened by hatred; and on all sides angered voices were heard raging against the usurper and tyrant, and demanding—some his banishment, many his death.

As he approached the queen's apartments, a Persian satrap, whose fierce face was illuminated with an expression of triumph, passed him, and was presently heard giving orders to a body of soldiers drawn up in a court-yard beneath, to guard the gates of the city, and seize Gyges, should he attempt to enter. It was clear that treason was already busy in the heart of the palace. Forthwith rendering himself visible, Gyges advanced into the chamber of the queen, who no sooner beheld him, than in a burst of well-simulated sorrow, she flung herself into his arms, and alternately rejoiced at his arrival and bedewed the ground with tears, while she lamented the disaster which had befallen his army, and the spirit of revolt which the people had exhibited in his absence. Penetrating her thoughts, and finding treachery at work, Gyges, while affecting to soothe her, presently inquired by what right an emissary of Persia assumed authority in his palace. Nyssea replied that her father, the king, had sent his minister to the court with offers of warlike assistance, should such be needed. Undeceived, however, Gyges calling a council, summoned the satrap to

attend, and despite the assurances of the Persian, was at no loss, from what he had already heard, to perceive that the father of the queen was conspiring his dethronement. Preserving his usual gracious demeanor, however, Gyges adopted rapid measures for overcoming the crisis in which he found himself. Collecting his still numerous adherents, he issued secret orders to his ministers and army; all foreign emissaries were forthwith seized and imprisoned, and while his troops, animated by his presence, occupied the city and repressed the revolt, the people to whom he had ever been an object of terror, stunned at his mysterious return, quickly assumed their usual pacific attitude. In short, in a few hours after his arrival, Gyges had restored tranquillity in the city, and paralyzed the intrigues of his enemies, and already resuming his confidence and daring, forgot the defeat of his army, laughed to scorn the efforts of hostility, and began once more to expand his soul with dreams of power and conquest.

That night a great banquet was given by the king to his ministers and confidants. For hours the revel lasted; the wines flowed, and music and song resounded through the gilded domes of the festal chambers. The midnight star already shone through the casement, near which stood the purple couch of the king and queen, when Nyssea, scattering a cup of wine with rose-leaves, and touching it with her lips, presented it to Gyges, whose watchful eyes, penetrating every heart, had contrasted with the gayety of his speech, and who that night had hardly tasted of the cup in which his company so lavishly indulged. The king drained it laughingly, and the revel for a while proceeded, when a slow sensation of weariness stealing over him—a result, as he supposed, of his having passed several nights with but little rest, and his exertions throughout the past day—he finally gave the signal for his guests to retire, and presently sank into a deep sleep.

For a space all was silence in the chamber in which the lights were becoming gradually extinguished, when the queen, who, motionless and awake, had reclined beside Gyges, arose, and gently removing the mysterious ring from his finger, hurried softly out of the chamber, and disappeared in the already hushed palace.

When, at early dawn, Gyges awoke,

and instinctively searching, as was his wont, for his magic ring, found that it was gone, struck with despair, he hurried to the chamber of the queen. Nyssea, however, was nowhere to be seen.

Summoning his attendants, he inquired whether the queen had been seen leaving the palace. They answered they had not beheld her since the previous night, and that the doors were still locked as then. Upon this he immediately ordered the keys to be brought him.

"Specter of Candules, thou hast spoken true," he cried, as alone, his mind filled with tempestuous emotions, he paced hither and thither throughout the chamber. The entire consequence of his loss rushing upon his soul filled him with despair; he reflected that he was wholly in the power of the queen, who, having the means of becoming invisible, could at any moment destroy him and escape his vengeance. While thus deprived of his charm, he found himself wholly abandoned to the mercy of his numerous enemies. Dismissing his attendants, who seemed to have become instinctively conscious that his reign was drawing to a close, and whose countenances indicated indifference and hatred, Gyges remained for many hours throughout the day, occupied but unseen, in the central chamber of the palace; and evening had already fallen, when a breathless scout, hurrying from his horse, knocked at the portal of the suite of apartments within which the king was secreted. Presently unlocking the door,

"What is thy message?" he cried. "What intelligence bringest thou so hastily?"

"The army of the Babylonians, sire, has entered Lydia, and even now is approaching Sardis."

"At what distance, slave, may they now be from the city?"

"Some ten leagues," replied the envoy. Then the king dismissing him, closed the palace doors.

Night was already advanced, and a great wind which had risen at sunset, and which rapidly increased in violence, made the walls of the strongest structures tremble to the

foundations, when a sudden cry of "The palace is on fire!" burst from the citizens, who, in consternating groups, had suddenly rushed into the streets. So sudden and fierce, indeed, had the flames already become, fed and fanned by this mighty tempest, that none among any of the townsfolk could be found sufficiently intrepid or desperate to approach the blazing pile, through whose casements, doors, and roofs the flames burst and sprang, and around whose towers and pinnacles they already careered in fierce wreaths, until the great structure glowed from base to summit, one vast volume of raging fire.

At first a few faces appeared despairing on the walls and battlements in the tyrannous light of ruin, and a few despairing shrieks thrilled through the reddened dome of the night heaven; but they quickly disappeared, and then nothing was heard but the crackling of the fire, the falling of great columns, walls, and roofs, and the ever increasing roar of the conflagration.

Hours passed; the inner walls of the palace, already glowing like red-hot iron, when as the affrighted population gazed upward through the sky, then bright as day, at the great central tower, which had hitherto resisted the ruining fury of the consuming element—lo! a figure appeared, mounted on its summit—his face like a flame, pale with eastern frankincense—solitary, and calmly surveying the magnificent scene of ruin and desolation.

In an instant a thousand voices cried, "It is Gyges!" Then hardly had the echoes died away through the air when the mighty structure shook, toppled, sunk, with a sound like loudest thunder, scattering fiery fragments of danger on all sides; and as the wild raging flames which succeeded mounted to heaven—aloft, upon a burning cloud, a shadowy phantom, with fixed and calm smile, appeared, surveying the final scene of destruction.

"It is the specter of Candules!" cried the people, and the multitude fell prostrate to the earth.

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MEXICO AND ITS ASPECTS.*

THERE was an ingenious theory advanced by Hugh Miller, that the early geological history of a country was very often typical of its subsequent civil history. If its strata bore testimony of many and violent disturbances; "if the trap-rock"—to use his own language—"had broken out from below, and tilted up its strata in a thousand abrupt angles, steep precipices, and yawning chasms, I found the chances as ten to one that there succeeded, when men came upon the scene, a history scarce less disturbed, of fierce wars, protracted sieges, and desperate battles. The stormy morning during which merely the angry elements had contended, I found succeeded, in almost every instance, by a stormy day maddened by the turmoil of human passion." Perhaps hardly any portion of this globe would afford a more striking illustration of this idea than that rich but unhappy region of which we are about to write. The strange conformation of the Mexican table land, the sudden extrusion of volcanic rocks bursting out unexpectedly to the surface, the deeply rent barrancas, as the fissures are termed, which suddenly tear its rocks asunder and present a most serious obstacle to the formation of roads, the eccentric course of its rich veins of silver spreading out in a moment to a lode of surpassing wealth and then as suddenly disappearing, and the quaint forms which some of its mountains assume, such as the Coffre di Perote, and other basaltic elevations, all combine to form a geological history, which only finds a parallel in the civil condition of the country for many past generations. In the sudden and simultaneous upheaval of

so vast a district as was affected by the rise of the cone of Jorullo,* we may discern a type at least of the fiery passions which have from time to time burst out in Mexico, and changed the complexion of its politics; whilst the gradual cessation of volcanic agency has found its counterpart in the subsequent subsidence of exhausted energies, that have left behind them only the dreary waste on which their destructive powers have been expended.

We are disposed to think that the public attention has hardly been so much directed to the present political condition of Mexico as the subject deserves. We are not, indeed, surprised at this; for the surpassing interest of the struggle which has followed the disruption of the United States, and the vast importance to our own countrymen of the issues involved in that stupendous conflict, have tended to concentrate the public thought upon that special portion of the American continent. It is true that a large amount of English capital has been invested in Mexican securities, (the word is a palpable misnomer,) as well as in the various companies formed about forty years ago to work its veins of silver; but, despite the accusation of being a nation of shop-keepers, it has always been found impossible to awaken England to any very lively concern in foreign affairs which only affect the pockets of its citizens. Nor are we about to enter upon a detailed account of the circumstances under which England and Spain withdrew from any further participation in the French invasion, nor of the successive steps by which the army of Napoleon has marched to the capital. We rather propose to present our readers with such a sketch of the country and its inhabitants as may enable them to form some judgment of its past condition and future prospects.

* *Life in Mexico.* By Madame CALDERON DE LA BARCA. Edited by W. H. Prescott. London. 1845.
Vagabond Life in Mexico. By GABRIEL FERRY. London. 1856.

Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains. By GEORGE F. RUXTON. New-York. 1848.

History of the Conquest of Mexico. By W. H. Prescott. Fifth Edition. Three Vols. 1850.

Mexico: the Country, History, and People. Religious Tract Society. 1863.

* By violent volcanic action, in June, 1759, this cone of Jorullo was upheaved and formed sixteen hundred feet high above the plain of the Malpais in a few hours.—Editor ECLIPSE.

In a historic sense, Mexico is the oldest country of the New World. It is not merely that part of the American continent upon which the Spanish discoverers first formed a permanent settlement; but it possessed at the period of their arrival a fully organized empire, whose early records are more complete, and extend to a more remote antiquity, than those possessed by any other of the aboriginal peoples. The opinions of learned historians are, indeed, divided as to the value and accuracy of these early legends of Aztec civilization; and of late years some rude assaults have been made upon the account so picturesquely detailed in Mr. Prescott's volumes of the luxury of Montezuma, and the manners of the nations beneath his sway. With all such objections we can only deal, as Dr. Arnold did with the destructive theories of Niebuhr and Beaufort: we may allow to some extent the force of their reasoning; but we can not endure to be robbed of such a pleasing narrative. Nothing but the uncouth names of the actors could prevent the stories of Xoloti and Nezahualcoyotl from being as popular as the tale of Romulus or of Solon.

The physical geography of Mexico is almost unique. The country is one vast table land, raised some seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, extending across the entire continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, and stretching away in a northerly direction for many hundreds of miles. Along the coast there lies a narrow fringe of low land, which sinks into a mere strip on the western shore. A large portion of the country lies beneath the torrid zone; but its great elevation causes it to enjoy all the blessings of a temperate climate. The fruits of every quarter of the globe abound in unexampled profusion, the atmosphere is of unsullied purity, and through its transparent medium the eye wanders over slopes of marvelous beauty until the view melts away in the boundless distance. The great plain in which the capital stands presents an almost unbroken decline for three hundred leagues together, varied only by a few giant volcanoes that do but serve to throw its rich and expansive beauty into stronger relief. In its present condition this vast plateau extorts the admiration of every visitor; but when clothed with the foliage of its primeval forests, with its fair lakes sparkling beneath the sun, and brilliant with

the light flower-laden canoes of the Aztecs, it must have presented a vision of surpassing loveliness, and may well have recalled to the minds of the first Spanish invaders the fairest spots in their own sunny land.

The geological conformation of the country precludes Mexico from possessing many seaports; and Vera Cruz has hitherto monopolized almost the whole of its foreign trade. The city owes its origin to Hernando Cortez, and we must refer our readers to Mr. Prescott's pages for an account of the very characteristic circumstances under which its foundations were laid. The modern aspect of the place hardly corresponds with its past fame or its present importance. Its harbor is shallow and exposed to dangerous winds, which for six months almost cut off communication with the shore. During this season, the air is filled with sand, the sky is dark with clouds, the coast line is one unbroken sheet of foam, and the pedestrian can scarcely keep his feet, so great is the violence of the gusty winds. So pleasant a state of things alternates with an unhealthy season, in which the yellow fever rages and decimates those who are unacclimatized. "What is that fog that overhangs the city?" asks the newly-arrived stranger. "Sir, it is the fever," is the grave reply. Although lying beneath a burning sun, no measures are adopted to cleanse the streets of Vera Cruz, and filthy black vultures may be seen on all sides feeding upon the putrid carrion. It is hard to say whether it must be worse to be the victim of the gales from November to April, or of the yellow-fever from April to November. No wonder that none save a few merchants and some wretched natives are found to linger at the city of the dead.

As the level of the country rises between Vera Cruz and Mexico, the traveler enters upon the gorgeous and luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. The woods are alive with birds of gaudy plumage and noisy chatter, with cardinals, cat-birds, and macaws. Parrots swing lazily on pensile branches, and humming-birds hang, poised with murmuring wing, at the mouth of some favorite orchid blossom. Long parasites, such as the vanilla, hang in rich festoons, and laden with flower fall in garlands from lofty trees, or drop down into the water, as if to drink and carry life to the trunks that bear them. The cactus hedge, with its scarlet blossoms, blazes like a living wall of fire. The pools are black

with water fowl; the air alive with insects, and at night radiant with fire-flies. But the picture has its reverse side. Amidst this sea of blazing foliage lurks the deadly fever, whilst mosquitos sally forth at even, and assault every inch of unprotected skin.

The elevation of Jalapa, some four thousand three hundred feet, once reached, we are in the region of a salubrious climate, and a temperature of eternal spring. The yellow-fever is unknown here, the extremes of heat and cold are never experienced, and, despite the misty atmosphere of the winter months, "sickness is comparatively rare and seldom fatal." The fruits of almost every region are produced in unparalleled profusion. Tobacco, coffee, sugar, corn, cotton, barley, wheat, jalap, sarsaparilla, vanilla, pine apples, oranges, citrons, lemons, pomegranates, peaches, apricots, guavas, and many others of less European notoriety, such as papayas, chirimoyas, and tunas, may all be raised at Jalapa. Mahogany, cedar, ebony, oak, dragon blood, palms, and dye woods are but representatives of its forest trees, many of which spring spontaneously from the soil. The unwary reader, however, must not suppose that all these products are cultivated. They might all be grown with much profit; but the Mexican has not energy enough to raise a crop for the foreign market. If you inquire why, the answer will be, "Who knows? Who wants more than corn and chile?"

Almost all the historic interest of Mexico is centered round the capital. Around the shores of the five lakes which adorned the plain of Mexico were gathered the earliest of the peoples who stamped their character upon succeeding ages. The Aztecs, who enjoyed the chief authority at the period of the Spanish conquest, had been preceded by an earlier race, the Chichimecs, under the rule of the wise Xolotl. We can only dwell upon the story of one of his successors, in which the historical student will trace some remarkable analogies to the popular tales of the Eastern hemisphere.

Under the care of Xolotl's successors, so runs the legend, their capital city Tezcuco became the Athens of Anahuac; when suddenly a terrible reverse fell upon their nation in a contest with the Tepanecs. The city was taken, their king slain, and Nezahualcoyotl (the Hungry Fox) escaped by climbing a lofty tree. The young prince, however, soon after fell into

the hands of his foes; but an old servant enabled him to escape from the dungeon in which he was confined. A brief interval of peace was followed by renewed hostilities, and no effort was spared that might insure his capture or his death.

Driven from the palace of his fathers, with a price set upon his head, the Hungry Fox led a wandering life of romantic interest. On one occasion he stole away through a subterranean passage while the soldiers sent to seize him were refreshing themselves at his invitation; on another he lay concealed within a drum, around which his foes were dancing, quite unsuspecting that he was so near them; on a third occasion he was so hard pressed that he was fain to get himself covered with the stalks of chian, which a maiden was reaping in the open field, and his pursuers were then sent off in a false direction. A large grant of land and a bride of noble birth were to be the guerdon of his capture; but no amount of bribe could tempt the poorest Tezoucan to betray his prince. At length the oppression of the Tepanecs became intolerable, and the Hungry Fox was restored to his ancestral throne.

To this morning of hairbreadth escapes and perilous adventure there succeeded a noon-day of more than oriental prosperity and magnificence.

"The royal palace rose in the midst of the capital, extending for nearly three quarters of a mile in length, by more than half a mile in depth. It comprised two vast courts. The outer one served as the market-place of the city, whilst the inner one contained halls for the reception and entertainment of foreign embassies, and for the retreat of men of science and learning. Here, too, were gathered the literature and archives of the past; and authors assembled to pursue their studies, or to recite their compositions. Hard by were the royal apartments, and the saloons of the king's numerous concubines; their walls bright with alabaster, or gorgeous with hangings of fether work. These rooms opened into gardens laid out with much intricacy and beauty, dotted with fountains and baths of clear water, and enlivened by the plumage of tropical birds; whilst animals and birds that could not be brought there alive were skillfully modeled in gold and silver. Upwards of four hundred millions of pounds of maize, and nearly three hundred millions of pounds of cocoa, eight thousand turkeys, thirteen hundred baskets of salt, with game, vegetables, and condiments innumerable, were yearly supplied for the royal table. Nor is it at all incredible that the pile contained

three hundred apartments, some of them fifty yards square, when we read the accounts of the vast ruins that still attest the magnificence of the palace, or when we recall to mind that its remains have furnished the materials for all the churches and other buildings since erected at Tezcuco by the Spaniards."—*Mexico: the Country, History, and People*, p. 35.

Amidst such splendor the Hungry Fox experienced all the weariness of satiety. At times he would seek for fresh adventure after the fashion of Haroun Alraschid, by wandering in disguise among his subjects, and thus becoming acquainted with their actual condition. Occasionally he would betake himself to poetry and the charms of literary composition; and his verses breathe the spirit of one who has drunk the cup of pleasure to the dregs, and yet has been unable to allay his thirst. But in an evil hour for his own good name, he indulged a guilty passion for the beautiful young wife of an aged noble; and after sacrificing the husband by the same stratagem that was employed against Uriah, he took the widow to himself. It was not until after long fasting and many prayers that the union thus cemented by crime was fruitful, and in the evil fortunes which befel his son we may trace the vengeance which rarely fails, sooner or later, to overtake iniquity.

This single illustration must serve to indicate the spirit of early Mexican legend. It will at once be seen how widely it differs from the fables which were current amongst the more northern tribes, and how great an advance in cultivation of mind and thought must have been reached by a people amongst whom such stories were current. By the time that the Spaniards reached the plateau of Anahuac the Tezucan power had passed away, and their king had become a tributary to Montezuma.

With the arrival of Hernando Cortez at Mexico begins another act of the great drama of which this spot has been the scene. The strange impression that was produced upon the native mind by the entrance of the pale-faced warriors, whose appearance was hardly more astounding than the evolutions of their horses and the practice of their artillery; the unrivaled audacity and cunning of the conqueror in venturing thus to march into the heart of the enemy's stronghold, and to make himself master of Montezuma's person; the stormy scenes that followed, as the pas-

sions of the people were aroused by the ill-guided fanaticism of the Christians; and the terrible struggles with all their exciting incidents of personal prowess and sad deadly conflict that marked the retreat of the Sorrowful Night—all these invest the capital of the Aztecs with abundant interest. Yet all these must yield in pathos to the story of the final catastrophe by which the fate of the city was determined.

It were no easy task to describe the condition of the Aztec capital in its palmy days. Doubtless there was much that would seem rude to our own more polished taste; but this was veiled under a barbaric splendor which modern times can hardly parallel. The city lay embosomed amidst the waters of the lake of Tezcuco, its streets not unfrequently intersected by canals and embellished with the brilliant colors of the flowers that bloomed on its floating gardens. Three causeways communicating with the shore each afforded a narrow path available to keep out invaders, or capable of being closed by a blockading army; whilst across the salt waters of the lake many flourishing cities lined the shores, from which canoes were ever darting forth to bring provisions to the capital. Three hundred thousand Aztecs were gathered within the walls of Mexico, who crowded its busy markets, or assembled at the spectacle of the solemn sacrifices. Such was the city which Hernando Cortez undertook to capture or destroy.

For some time the contest raged with varying fortunes. As long as the Mexicans retained their water communication uninterrupted, they were abundantly supplied with necessities from the neighboring towns, and suffered but little inconvenience from the Spanish occupation of the causeways. At length, however, Cortez launched his fleet of brigantines, and the blockade was complete. It was evident that the besieged must either cut their way out of the city, or else suffer all the horrors of famine; but a determined spirit of resistance was aroused. The proud Aztecs would rather die than yield.

"The fiery cavaliers, however, were too impatient to await the effects of famine, and constant assaults were made upon the city on all sides. As the Spaniards advanced along the causeways, they were supported on either flank by the brigantines, whose fire swept across the path of the enemy. Still the Aztecs retreated

in good order, and fiercely disputed the passage of every breach in the path. When the Spaniards reached the city, a fierce conflict arose at each one of the numerous canals by which many of the streets were intersected. Much delay, too, was caused by the Europeans being obliged to fill up each breach over which they passed in order to secure the line of their retreat. Several days were spent in such conflicts; but every night the Mexicans pulled away the materials with which the breaches were filled up, so that the work had to be begun all over again."—*Mexico: the Country, etc.*, pp. 101, 102.

Such a mode of warfare might well dispirit the invaders. Some complained loudly against the folly of attempting so vast an enterprise with such scanty numbers. Others grumbled at the hardships of a struggle which brought much pain and little plunder; for from the cities they had already captured the gold had been removed or was buried. Ominous sounds, too, constantly fell upon their ears as the besieged taunted them with their avarice, and vowed that if defeated they would hide their treasure where the Spaniards should never find it. The invaders also suffered greatly from the inclemency of the weather, and from the scanty supplies which they could alone command. Under the pressure of these accumulated troubles a general assault was ordered, which had nearly proved fatal to the whole expedition. Cortez himself narrowly escaped destruction. Besides the killed and wounded, there were sixty-two Spaniards taken prisoners.

"A scene followed which filled the Spaniards with dismay. They were encamped so near the city that in the clear atmosphere of the table land they could distinguish what was going forward in the lofty temples. Day by day after this disaster they beheld a solemn procession winding round the lofty pyramidal temple of the god of war. In the midst of the long file marched some of the white-faced strangers ready decked out for the sacrifice. They were urged along by blows until they mounted to the summit, where the victims, one by one, were seized, stripped, and laid upon the sacrificial stone. Then, in sight of their countrymen, the priest struck the prisoner with the sharp stone razor, thrust his hand into the wound, and plucked out the palpitating heart, which he placed upon a golden altar. The body was then hurled down from the pyramid and seized upon, to be devoured by the crowd. These scenes were repeated daily until all the captives had been slaughtered; and at each sacrifice the Aztecs

shouted in defiance, that so should all the enemies of their country be consumed."—*Ibid.*, pp. 108, 104.

Not only were the Spaniards much moved by these horrors, but the confidence of their native allies was sorely shaken. The spirit of the Aztecs, long accustomed to empire, rose with the danger, and no thought of escaping by a desperate sally and abandoning their capital seems to have occurred to them. The besiegers now drew nearer by regular approaches, ruthlessly leveling each quarter of which they got the mastery, and hemming in the wretched people into a more contracted space. Food began to fail the Aztecs. Their supply of fresh water was cut off, and they had to drink the brackish water of the lake. Pestilence soon followed on the heels of famine, and mowed down such numbers that the survivors could not suffice to bury them. Dead corpses lay festering in the streets and houses to aggravate the misery of the sick, the wounded, and the dying. Yet in this terrible extremity they remained unsubdued in spirit, and rejected all entreaties to surrender. Gaunt and haggard creatures staggered through the streets, and rained showers of missiles that fell powerless from their enfeebled arms. At length, after a siege of more than three months, Mexico was taken. So deadly had been the struggle, that more than forty thousand had perished on a single day. The Spaniards had only obtained possession of a mass of ruins. The treasure had all been hurled into the lake. The palaces, the gardens, the menageries—all the pride of Aztec civilization was lost for ever.

The fires that lay smouldering beneath its volcanic rocks could hardly have burst forth with more destructive fury than that which marked the Spanish conquest of the country. This tremendous civil earthquake was succeeded by a period of calm; but there were significant rumbling sounds heard from time to time which were indicative that the flames, though suppressed, were not subdued. The history of the country under Spanish viceroy has been almost a sealed book to English readers; but Mr. Mayer, in his *Mexico, Spanish, Aztec, and Republican*, has made the story known to his American countrymen, and a rapid sketch of the most salient points will be found in the

comprehensive and excellent volume published by the Religious Tract Society. The policy of Spain towards its huge colony in North America may be broadly stated as a constant effort to get as much as possible for themselves out of the Mexicans, and to hinder any other Europeans from sharing the spoil. It is true that many philanthropic regulations were laid down by the home government, which seems to have been actuated by a sincere desire to protect the native races of Mexico, and to put some curb on the extortion and cruelty of the colonists; but the mother country was too distant and communication too difficult to enable it to exercise any great influence in ameliorating the condition of the Indians. There are dark secrets of lives worn out with labor in the mines, of fortunes drawn from the very life-blood of the subject peoples, and of deeds of satanic cruelty, which will never be disclosed, until the day when all things hidden are revealed. A legacy of hatred to their European masters was thus stored up which has not yet been exhausted, and those habits of cowardice, faithlessness, and cunning were acquired, from whose effects Mexico is suffering at the present day.

The history of Spanish legislation for the treatment of the conquered races has been ably handled by Mr. Helps. From first to last the Dominican priests who accompanied the conquerors showed themselves the firm friends of the hapless Indians; but the avarice of the colonists proved superior to the efforts of the clergy. In 1544, the viceroy Sandoval arrived in Mexico with a royal ordinance, which enacted that no slaves should be made in the future wars; that the system of assigning bodies of slaves to each colonist should be abandoned; and that the Indians should not as a class be solely devoted to ignoble pursuits. Had the emperor adhered to this decision, the whole future history of Mexico would have assumed another complexion. But no engine was left untried to obtain the revocation of this decree, and in an evil hour a division of the royal domains was ordered, and the Indians upon them were transferred with the soil. Some thirty years after we find another viceroy, Alsanza, obliged to interfere, that he might secure for the wretched Indians "regular hours of repose, and some time to breathe the fresh air on the surface of the earth." Be-

fore this decree that toil had been incessant. Their taskmasters gave them no respite, and wrought "as if they designed to scrape every vein and artery of the colony's soil." Such cruelty had borne its wonted fruits in a terrible pestilence, under which the weakened frames of the Indians perished to the number of nearly two millions.

The following story will show to what extent intrigue and injustice frequently prevailed in the colonial government. The Marquis del Valle, the son of Hernando Cortez, had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the Audiencia or Supreme Council which ruled Mexico in the absence of a viceroy. At the baptism of the twin daughters of the marquis a grand entertainment was given by two brothers named Alvarado, who were intimate friends of Don Martin Cortez; and among other things, a masque was performed representing the first meeting of Cortez and Montezuma, the part of the Mexican emperor being played by one of the Alvarados, who, as he placed a diadem of laurel on the head of Martin Cortez, exclaimed: "How well this crown befits your noble brow!" On so slight a foundation an accusation of treason was laid against Cortez and the Alvarados. They were thrown into prison, their papers seized, and, although no trace of any conspiracy was found, the Alvarados were executed, and the Marquis del Valle was only saved from sharing their fate by the timely arrival of Peralta, the new viceroy. Peralta soon discovered the iniquity of the whole proceeding, and penned a dispatch to Spain denouncing its authors. This dispatch the Audiencia not only managed to intercept, but actually sent in its place a charge against Peralta of providing an army of thirty thousand men to aid the marquis in his revolt. This fictitious instrument they confirmed by a batch of depositions. The home government, sorely puzzled, wrote to demand an explanation from Peralta; but this, too, the Audiencia intercepted, and as Peralta's silence was naturally construed into an admission of his guilt, another viceroy was sent out to supersede him. At length, after a delay of seven years, the whole truth came out; but during all this time the Marquis del Valle had been deprived of his property, which was sadly squandered by the crown officials.

Such a narrative will predispose the

reader to believe other imputations upon the probity and wisdom of the Mexican authorities. Occasionally, as might have been anticipated, it was the viceroy himself who abused his power; at other times the council and the municipality paraded their incapacity and cruelty. The Audiencia more especially seldom failed when in supreme power to distinguish itself by some act of atrocity. This body seems to have lived in perpetual fear of a native insurrection; and one night during their tenure of office a great noise was heard, and a report soon spread that the Indians were marching on the capital. Inquiry showed that the alarm had been occasioned by a large drove of hogs; but the Audiencia, to justify their fears, had twenty-nine male and four female Indians put to death. "Their dead bodies were left to hang upon the gallows, tainting the air and shocking the eyes of every passer by, until the neighborhood could no longer bear the stench, and imperiously demanded their removal."

We have a curious illustration of the Spanish government of Mexico in an old English volume which was written at the time of the Commonwealth. Its author, Father Gage, was a Dominican friar, who in company with some of the brethren of his order visited Mexico in 1625. Before the vessel sailed from the Spanish port, an order arrived from Madrid forbidding Gage to join in the expedition. The court of Spain was too jealous of any foreign influence in Mexico to permit even an English-born friar to enter the country. Gage, however, managed to conceal himself in an empty cask on board the ship, and did not come out from his hiding-place until they had been some days at sea. After visiting Mexico and Guatemala, Gage eventually found his way back to England, where he abjured Popery, adopted the tenets of the Puritans, and became chaplain to Fairfax. His thin folio, now very scarce, contains some curious particulars of the scenes which he witnessed, and abounds in variety of adventures which befel him by flood and field.

When Gage reached Mexico the Marquis Gelves was viceroy; and as he had come out with the intention, so common amongst the Spanish officials, of amassing a fortune as quickly as possible, and returning to spend it in the Peninsula, Gelves hit upon the expedient of buying

up all the corn in the country and selling it again at an advanced price. By the law of Mexico there was a fixed price at which corn was to be sold in years of famine; but the harvest had been good, and no apprehensions of scarcity existed. Suddenly, however, it became known that there were no stores of food except in the viceroy's granaries. A panic immediately followed, and prices rose enormously. The people then demanded that corn should be sold at the price fixed by law; but Gelves replied that it was not a year of famine, and refused to interfere. The archbishop tried to influence the viceroy, and when he still remained inflexible, Gelves himself was excommunicated, and the country placed under an interdict. At length a general insurrection broke out, and Gelves was obliged to yield. Of course both sides appealed to the home government. Gelves was recalled, but was made "master of the horse" at the court of Madrid; whilst the noble-hearted archbishop was degraded to the petty diocese of Tamora in Castile.

We have not space to record the strange alternations of fortune through which the colony passed in succeeding years. The impression produced on the mind by the perusal of its history accords, though in a less violent degree, with the physical, geological convulsions to which we have already more than once referred. There were seasons of sudden prosperity, followed by as rapid a depression. At one moment the discovery of a rich vein of silver, such as the mines of Bolanos and Zacatecas, gave an unhealthy stimulus to enterprise. Thousands flocked to the mines with the wildest expectations of wealth. They hurried with feverish impatience from place to place, as rumors of yet richer findings reached them. Vast works were commenced, and a huge outlay incurred in spots where the ores suddenly failed and reduced the adventurers to beggary. In other instances penniless miners were raised to boundless wealth. Under such rapid oscillations of prosperity and adversity the collapse was generally as complete as the inflation had been unwarrantable. To these causes of disturbance others were not wanting. Small-pox periodically devastated the colony. When the harvest failed, it was invariably discovered that no forethought had been exercised to provide food against such an emergency, although the country would

easily have maintained a hundred times its population. There were terrible risings of the natives, with massacres on both sides, in which neither age nor sex was spared. There were seasons of pestilence in which thousands perished without attendance, medicine, or care.

It was no easy task to rule over a country which was so subject to disorganization, and the character of the people under the charge of the viceroy did but aggravate the difficulty of the task. The Spaniards, proud, avaricious, turbulent, paid but little heed to the orders of their chief, when those orders interfered with their rapid acquisition of a fortune; and at a short distance from the capital each colonist was practically independent of the governor. The fertility of the country and the heat of the climate indisposed the natives to exertion, and rendered them improvident; while, under the oppression to which they were subjected, the gentle but quick-tempered Indians became sullen, indolent, and revengeful. The exactions to which they were subjected by law were sufficiently onerous. They had to supply travelers with food and with porters to carry baggage, for which service they were not paid immediately, but the amount due was entered in the town's book, to be settled once a year; and of this tardy payment they were frequently defrauded. The burdens they carried were so heavy that when the strap by which it was slung across the forehead was removed, the skin not uncommonly came away with it. Each district was obliged to furnish a certain number of laborers to till the fields of the colonists; and under various pretences their wages were withheld, and at harvest-time they were glad even to bribe their taskmasters for permission to return home and gather in their own scanty crops. It was through years of such treatment that the hatred of the Mexicans for the very name of Spaniard was fostered until it became inveterate.

The policy of the home government, though commonly influenced by better motives, was not much more successful. These were the days of protection carried out to its fullest extent, and the fond solicitude of the paternal government nearly stifled its bantling. No ships were permitted to enter the harbors of Mexico, except those which had sailed from the ports of Seville or Cadiz. Not even a Spanish vessel might unload its freight

upon the shores of Mexico, save in the inhospitable anchorage of Vera Cruz. All English goods had to be first carried to Spain, there landed, and then once more shipped for the colony, so that the price was enhanced a hundred-fold by the time the articles reached Mexico. So anxious was Spain to monopolize every available advantage, that the manufacture or cultivation of produce that could be made or procured in the Peninsula was forbidden in the colony. It was illegal to erect factories or to cultivate the olive and the vine. The trade so carefully nursed very naturally shrank to dwarfish proportions. When Seville enjoyed the exclusive commerce with Mexico, the whole amount of shipping employed did not exceed twenty-eight thousand tons, and many of the vessels only made a single voyage yearly. With a system of prohibitive duties three fourths of the imports into Mexico were smuggled, and the custom-house officials were bribed to wink at the violation of a law which ordained death as the penalty for disobedience. It is unnecessary to say more of the enactments by which the inland revenues were arranged, than that they were in keeping with the regulations which crippled the foreign trade of Mexico. One important item of taxation is too characteristic to be passed over. It was that levied upon papal bulls.

"These bulls were issued every two years, sent over to America from Spain, and sold by the priests, under the direction of a commissary appointed to superintend this branch of the revenue. They were of four kinds: First, The bull for the living, or *Bula de Cruzada*, so called because it has some traditionary connection with the bulls of the crusades. It was deemed essential for every person to possess this bull, and its virtues were innumerable. Whoever purchased it might be absolved from all crimes, except heresy, by any priest; and of heresy he could hardly be suspected with this shield to protect him. On fast days he might eat any thing but meat, and on other days he was exempted from many of the rigorous injunctions of the church. Two of these bulls, if they had been paid for, communicated double the benefits of one. Second, *The bull for eating milk and eggs during Lent*. This was intended only for ecclesiastics, and persons not holding the first, which entitled the possessor to all the advantages of both. Third, *The bull of the dead, Bula de Defuntos*, which was indispensable to rescue departed souls from purgatory. It was bought by the relations of a deceased person, as soon as possible after death; and poor people were thrown in-

to agonies of grief and lamentation if they were not able to purchase this passport for the spirit of a relative suffering the miseries of purgatory. Fourth, *The bull of composition*, which released persons who had stolen goods from the obligation to restore them to the owner. One slight condition, it is true, was attached to this bull; which was, that the person when stealing had not been moved thereto by any forethought of the virtue of a bull to make the property his own, and his conscience white. Bating this small condition, the bull converted all stolen goods into the true and lawful property of the thief. It had the power, moreover, to correct the moral offenses of false weights and measures, tricks and frauds in trade, and, in short, all those little obliquities of principle and conduct to which swindlers resort to rob honest people of their possessions. 'It assures to the purchaser,' says Depons, 'the absolute property in whatever he may have obtained by modes that ought to have conducted him to the gallows.' The price of these bulls depended on the amount of goods stolen; but it is just to add, that only fifty of them could be taken by the same person in a year."—*Ibid.*, pp. 228-230.

The Spanish power in Mexico naturally came to an end when the Peninsula was overrun by the armies of Napoleon. But the ruling class was not disposed to yield its authority without a struggle. It had borne itself with excessive pride, excluding every Creole from any share in the government or the higher dignities of the church; and Batallar, one of the imperial commissioners, had declared that a Castilian cobbler or a Manchego mule had more right to rule than the best native American. It was clear that a war of castes was imminent, and that it would rage with terrible fury. Once more the volcanic fires were ready to burst forth in an earthquake that should rend all Mexico asunder.

Hidalgo, curate of Dolores, was the first to raise the standard of revolt, around which the Indians gathered in thousands. On they came, inflamed with the passions engendered by years of oppression, and burning for revenge. Every European they met was sacrificed, and every Creole who hesitated to join their ranks shared the same fate. "Their first advance was irresistible until some twenty thousand undisciplined and half armed savages reached Guanaxuato, shouting, 'Death to the Capuchinos!'" The town refused to yield, but was carried by storm, and, despite the entreaties of Hidalgo, a general massacre ensued. For three days

the carnage and destruction continued, until through very weariness the rebels held their hands. These excesses provoked a sanguinary reprisal as soon as the imperial forces under Calleja could make head against the insurgents. The latter retired from Mexico, suffered a disastrous defeat at Las Cruces, and thence fell back upon Guanaxuato, which again became the scene of the most revolting cruelties. "The inhabitants of the town, men, women, and children, were driven into the great square of the town, and deliberately butchered. The great fountain flowed with human blood. Fourteen thousand perished in this way; and Calleja boasted in his dispatches that by cutting all their throats he had saved the expense of powder and shot."

The subsequent history of the revolutionary wars reads almost like the pages of a blood-and-thunder tragedy. Scenes of atrocity and bloodshed, in which the royalists especially distinguished themselves, succeeded one another with terrible rapidity. As the conflict deepened in intensity, it soon became apparent that hatred of the Spaniards was the only animating principle of the insurgents; nor was it to be expected that a people trained up under the Spanish colonial system would prove either worthy or capable of liberty. Among the military chieftains who now assumed the direction of affairs, no man arose of such commanding talent as to insure the submission of his fellows. Personal jealousies split them into sections, around which each one ranged himself, as his interest or the humor of the moment inclined him. Nominally, indeed, there were two great parties: the Federalists, who desired that the republic should be composed of a number of States virtually independent of each other, on the model of the United States; and the Centralists, who were in favor of a single vast State, to be ruled from the capital; but the partisans of either side broke through every tie by which men can be bound together for common action. The wearisome narrative of endless intrigue and treachery recalls forcibly the terms in which Livy paints the character of Hannibal: "*Perfidia plusquam Punica, nullum jusjurandum, nulla religio, nulla fides.*" Torres betrayed Mina. Iturbide first turned against the viceroy Apodaca the very forces with which he had been intrusted against the Republicans; then

outwitted Guerrero, Bravo, and Victoria, the Republican leaders, and caused himself to be proclaimed emperor; and was finally himself betrayed by Santa Anna, whom he regarded as the most faithful of his supporters. This list of traitors might be greatly extended, if it were worth while to enter upon such details of petty chicanery and deceit.

Amid such a mass of faithlessness one incident of fidelity stands out in pleasing contrast. Guadalupe Victoria was one of the bravest of the Republican chieftains. He had first gained notoriety at the taking of Oaxaca, by swimming across the moat which surrounded the place, and, in the face of the enemy, cutting the ropes that held back the drawbridge, over which the Republican forces then marched into the town. Every inducement was held out to Victoria, to seduce him from the popular side. Rank and rewards were offered in return for his compliance; but in vain. A large force was then sent by the viceroy against him.

"His band was dispersed, and a price set upon his head; but none were base enough to betray him. For thirty months he wandered amongst the recesses of the mountains, enduring incredible hardships. His food was the roots of trees, or the wild fruits of the forest, or even the bones of dead animals, which he found in caverns. His dress was torn away, till nothing but a tattered cotton wrapper was left him. In this condition he was found by two Indians, after the revolution of 1821, and he was welcomed as one risen from the dead; for the viceroy had been assured that he had perished, and that his body had been recognized. This account had been published by authority in the official gazette. The story of his discovery is no less remarkable. When abandoned by his forces in 1818, he was asked by two trusty Indians where they should look for him if better days should ever come, and in reply he pointed out a certain mountain on which they, perhaps, might one day find his bones. The Indians treasured up this hint, and when Iturbide declared himself, in 1821, they set out in quest of him. For six whole weeks they sought him, maintaining themselves principally by the chase; but at length their bread was exhausted, and they were about to return, when one of them, in crossing a ravine, which Victoria frequented, discovered the footprints of one who evidently had been accustomed to wear shoes, (this always gives a difference of shape to the foot,) and was therefore of European descent. Two days the Indian waited on the spot, and then, as provisions were failing him, he hung upon a tree all the little maize cakes he had in his wallet, and set out for his native village for more. He hoped that Victoria would

see the tortillas, and would understand that some friend was in search of him. This plan succeeded. Victoria, on crossing the ravine two days afterwards, perceived the maize cakes, which the birds had fortunately not devoured. He had then been four whole days without eating, and upwards of two years without tasting bread; and he said himself, that he devoured the tortillas before the cravings of his appetite would allow him to reflect upon the singularity of finding them on the solitary spot, where he had never before seen any trace of a human being. He was at a loss to determine whether they had been left there by friend or foe; but, feeling sure that whoever left them intended to return, he concealed himself near the place. Within a short time the Indian returned: Victoria instantly recognized him, and abruptly started from his concealment, in order to welcome his faithful follower. But the man, terrified at seeing a phantom covered with hair, emaciated, and clothed only with an old cotton wrapper, advancing upon him, sword in hand, took to flight, and it was only on hearing himself repeatedly called by name that he recovered his composure sufficiently to recognize his old general."—*Robinson's Mexico and her Military Chieftains.*

We are unable to follow the fortunes of Morelos, or Mina, or Iturbide, each of whom in turn, after a brief career of prosperity, paid the penalty of their reverses on the scaffold; but any account of recent political movements in Mexico would be very incomplete without some notice of the career of Santa Anna. This man was the son of a wealthy Creole, who possessed large estates on the road between Vera Cruz and the capital. At a very early age he raised a body of light cavalry, composed of farmers and Indians upon his estates; and after distinguishing himself by his address and courage, he became an important supporter of Iturbide. Santa Anna's wealth, his handsome person, winning manners, and great command of language, all fitted him to be a party leader in Mexico; and as he was never troubled by any scruples of conscience, or by respect for his word, he entered with all the eagerness of a gambler upon the political game that was being played in his native land. He did not long remain faithful to Iturbide; and, upon his removal from power, Santa Anna was not more obedient to the Congress which assumed the direction of affairs. It was in vain that a superior force was sent against him. Santa Anna, thoroughly acquainted with the disposition of his fellow-countrymen, and fertile in resources,

was the *beau idéal* of a guerilla chief-tain; and when to the stratagems by which he had deluded the forces of the Congress he added the merit of outwitting the Spanish general Barradas, and freeing his country from the last army sent by Spain for its reconquest, his influence became predominant; and in May, 1833, he was elected president.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From the London Quarterly.

THE GOSPEL HISTORY.*

OUR theological readers need no introduction to Dr. Ebrard. As the victorious opponent of Strauss, as the learned, acute, and uncompromising enemy of the "negative criticism," and as a most able and successful defender of the historic truth of the New Testament, his name is familiar to all Christian scholars. The volume mentioned above is a translation of his great book on the Gospels; not such a translation as renders the use of the original superfluous, for it does not give the whole of it; yet one which leaves no very material part of Dr. Ebrard's work unrepresented, and which we hail as a precious addition to the forces with which English Christianity is now doing battle to the spirit of skepticism and unbelief. The chief value of this, as of other polemical writings of Dr. Ebrard, is the positive and constructive character of his criticism. He can distinguish and define to himself and his readers the most subtle creations of the rationalist fancy. He knows how to meet the shadows on their own ground, and to fight them with their own weapons. But he is much too wise a man to content himself with merely routing a host of dreams and dogmas. What he aims at is to furnish the student of the Gospels with a positive statement of the case as it actually stands, such as shall contain within itself a reply to all objections. This is the right principle; and Dr. Ebrard has nobly and triumphantly carried it out in his book. The "introduction" is devoted chiefly to

the history of modern criticism and apologetics in relation to the Gospels. It is needless to say that on this subject the author writes with characteristic fullness and accuracy of knowledge; and those who are acquainted with Dr. Ebrard's manner will not be surprised to see him lay ungloved hands on many of the speculations which fall within range of his inquiry. German rationalism has no reason to complain on this score. Like its ignoble English offspring, it takes limitless liberties with the most sacred opinions of others, but is eminently thin-skinned itself; and we have no tears to shed over it, if a controversialist like Dr. Ebrard is not over nice in his manipulations. On the philosophical absurdity of the popular affectation of freedom from religious bias in matters of Scripture criticism, on the utter scientific rottenness of some of the leading rationalistic theories of the Gospel history, and on the value of the constructive method of argumentation for the Christian apologist, Dr. Ebrard writes with a good sense and a trenchant power which must be seen to be appreciated. The main work divides itself into two parts, the former of which is occupied with a searching examination of the contents of the four Gospels considered as to their form and matter respectively; while the latter, which is much shorter in the translation than in the original, presents a series of important critical disquisitions on various points belonging to the Gospel writings and their history. The first part opens with certain preliminary remarks on the principles followed by the evangelists in their accounts of our Lord's life, and discusses particularly the ques-

* *The Gospel History: a Compendium of Critical Investigations in support of the Historical Character of the Four Gospels.* By Dr. J. H. A. EBRARD. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1863.

tions of the sequence of events in the Gospels, as chronological or otherwise; and of the true doctrine of harmony and synopsis. To this succeeds an elaborate and penetrating investigation of the plan and arrangement of the several Gospel narratives, the data as to the succession of facts related in them, and as to their synoptical relation to one another, receiving the special attention which their importance demands. The conclusion to which Dr. Ebrard comes on the general subject of the "form" of the Gospels is, that while the so-called synoptical evangelists have no intention whatever of following a strictly chronological principle of composition, there is not a single instance in which their records disagree with the proper sequence of events as it appears in the chronological Gospel of St. John; and that, so far as the possibility of obtaining from the Gospels a consecutive and self-consistent history of Christ can certify us of the credibility of their contents, we have most abundant reason to accept them as historically true. The question of the truth of the "matter" of the Gospels is treated in a second division of the first part of the work; and here the reader will find at once a magazine of unanswerable answers to the leading objections of skepticism, a full and satisfactory resolution of many of the puzzles with which modern thought is apt to perplex itself in studying the evangelical history, and a cumulative argument for the genuineness of the Gospels, which we do not hesitate to pronounce as much a demonstration as any conceivable conclusion of the dialectician or geometer. We do not make ourselves responsible for all Dr. Ebrard's expressions, nor are we pledged to every sentiment which he advances; but we call attention to this portion of his work as effectually disposing of most of the historical difficulties of the Gospels, and as supplying proof which nothing but the stubbornness of prejudice or a fixed purpose to disbelieve can resist, that they are nar-

ratives of fact. Students of Scripture who wish to see how the real or supposed difficulties connected with our Lord's Genealogy, for example, or with the Purification of the Temple by Christ, or with the cure of the Gadarene Demoniacs, or with a multitude of similar points, vanish before a clear-sighted and robust Christian intelligence, will do well to track Dr. Ebrard through the series of learned and masterly discussions which make up this section of his book. The latter of the two great divisions of the work already named joins issue with the mythical theory of Strauss, and with other monstrous imaginings of modern Germany as to the origin of the Gospels, and then by a broad and vigorous induction, drawn especially from the pre-Christian expectation of Messiah, from the character of the apostolic Epistles, and from the life and journeyings of St. Paul, establishes on sure foundations the authenticity of the writings which pass under the names of the four evangelists. With this branch of his argument the author connects what is obviously necessary to the completion of it—an extended critical inquiry into the actual origin of the Gospels, which, like the rest of the work, teems with the fruits of a rare erudition breaking forth into mighty life under the hand of a no less rare fellowship of genius and Christian feeling. We strongly recommend this solid and invaluable book to all young ministers and students of the New Testament history. It is one of the few works which deserve to be digested into the intellectual substance of their readers; and the wider the circulation of it within the area we have indicated, the better will it be for the cause of genuine learning, of unsophisticated philosophy, and of true evangelic faith.

The translator, the editor, and the publishers alike claim our thanks for enabling Dr. Ebrard to speak to multitudes who need his instruction, but who could not, without their assistance, have enjoyed the advantage of it.

From the Popular Science Review.

GREEK FIRE: ITS ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.

WHAT is Greek Fire? The question is not one of to-day, but of ages. Friar Bacon was asked the question, or, at all events, he, in a sentence or two as difficult to understand as obscurest alchemist could wish, essayed to answer it. His friend, Friar Bungay, who was neither so imaginary a man nor so gross a quack as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has depicted him, and who, in his day, did many marvels, made a guess at it; the Princess Anna Comnena supplied a formula for it; Charles du Fresne, the Ryzantine historian, cultivated many and curious researches in respect to it; Sir William Temple took it under his literary protection, and gave its introduction to the world, within a century; the historical commentators on the History of St. Louis—Ducange and Joinville—were each particular in their inquiries and descriptions; Gibbon, as we shall see, was careful, to a nicety, to dig out every fact; Chambers advanced at least three speculations on it; the learned Beckman of course looked and looked, and said all he could, which was not much but good; and, in fine, from the thirteenth century to this, the nineteenth, somebody has always been speculating and nobody has been satisfied.

At last, when the Dryasdust fraternity were getting into that state of obscurity as to affirm, with all profundity and good faith, that there never was such a thing as Greek fire, that the whole story was a myth of the middle ages, that Greek fire ranked with flexible glass and the elixir vitæ—General Gilmore, Federal general before Charleston, in Southern America, startled the learned by pitching a shell of so-called Greek fire a distance of four miles at least, and into a town. What is Greek fire? At once the question went up again, and every body asked every body, and every body, or nearly so, said they did not know; or made a guess like the Princess Anna Comnena, or divined obscurely, like Roger Bacon, as if they

did know, but did not like to tell. And still the question is on the *tapis*. Let us try to answer it.

ANCIENT GREEK FIRE.

Regarding the ancient Greek fire, the facts that have been collected about it are at present to be sought for, mainly, from the various authors whose names have been given above.

Gibbon, in describing the destruction of the Saracen fleet in the harbor of Constantinople, in his tenth volume of the *Rise and Fall*, gives a graphic account of the ancient Greek fire. He says:

“In the two sieges, the delivery of Constantinople may be ascribed to the novelty, the terrors, and the real efficacy of the Greek fire. The important secret of compounding and directing this artificial flame was imparted by Callinicus, a native of Heliopolis, in Syria, who deserted from the service of the Caliph to that of the Emperor. The skill of a chemist and engineer was equivalent to the succor of fleets and armies; and this discovery or improvement of the military art was fortunately reserved for the distressful period, when the degenerate Romans of the East were incapable of contending with the warlike enthusiasm and youthful vigor of the Saracens. The historian who presumes to analyze this extraordinary composition should suspect his own ignorance or that of his Byzantine guides, so prone to the marvelous, so careless and, in this instance, so jealous of truth. From their obscure and perhaps fallacious hints, it would seem that the principal ingredient of the Greek fire was the naphtha or liquid bitumen, a light, tenacious, and inflammable oil, which springs from the earth and catches fire as soon as it comes in contact with the air. The naphtha was mingled, I know not by what methods, or in what proportions, with sulphur and with the pitch that is extracted from evergreen firs. From this mixture, which produced a thick smoke and a loud explosion, proceeded a fierce and obstinate flame, which not only rose in perpendicular ascent, but likewise burnt with equal vehemence in descent or lateral progress; instead of being extin-

guished, it was nourished and quickened by the element of water; and sand, urine, or vinegar were the only remedies that could damp the fury of this powerful agent, which was justly denominated by the Greeks, the liquid or maritime fire. For the annoyance of the enemy, it was employed with equal effect, by sea and land, in battles and in sieges. It was either poured from the rampart in large boilers, or launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil; sometimes it was deposited in fire-ships, the victims and instruments of a more ample revenge, and it was most commonly blown through long tubes of copper which were planted on the prow of a galley, and fancifully shaped into the mouths of savage monsters that seemed to vomit a stream of liquid and consuming fire. This important art was preserved at Constantinople as the palladium of the State: the galleys and artillery might occasionally be lent to the allies of Rome; but the composition of the Greek fire was concealed with the most zealous scruple, and the terror of the enemy was increased and prolonged by their ignorance and surprise. In the treatise on the Administration of the Empire, the royal author (Constantine) suggests the answers that might best elude the indiscreet curiosity and importunate demands of the Barbarians. They should be told that the mystery of the Greek fire had been revealed by an angel to the first and greatest of the Constantines, with the sacred injunction that this gift of heaven, this peculiar blessing of the Romans, should never be communicated to any foreign nation; that the prince and subject were alike bound to religious silence under the temporal and spiritual penalties of treason and sacrilege; and that the infamous attempt would provoke the sudden and supernatural vengeance of the God of the Christians. By these precautions the secret was confined, above four hundred years, to the Romans of the East; and at the end of the eleventh century, the Pisans, to whom every sea and every art were familiar, suffered the effects without understanding the composition of the Greek fire. It was at length either discovered or stolen by the Mohammedans; and in the holy wars of Syria and Egypt they retorted an invention, contrived against themselves, on the heads of the Christians. A knight, who despised the swords and lances of the Saracens, relates with heartfelt sincerity his own fears and those of his companions at the sight and sound of this mischievous engine that discharged a torrent of the Greek fire, the 'feu Gregeois,' as it is styled by the more early of the French writers. It came flying through the air, says Joinville, (*History of St. Louis*), like a winged long-tailed dragon, about the thickness of an hog's-head, with the report of thunder and the velocity of lightning; and the darkness of the

night was dispelled by this deadly illumination. The use of the Greek, or, as it may be called, the Saracen fire was continued to the middle of the fourteenth century, when the scientific or casual compound of niter, sulphur, and charcoal effected a new revolution in the art of war and the history of mankind."

From certain allusions as to the manner in which the Greek fire was used—namely, that it was cast from catapults and slings—I was inclined at one time to believe that a solid ball was cast from the engine, and that it ignited in its course through the air. On further inquiry I feel that this hypothesis is untenable, the arguments of Beckman appearing to be conclusive that the substance employed was liquid, and was even sometimes thrown from engines constructed after the manner of our modern fire-engines. He remarks that, in the East, engines were employed not only to extinguish but to produce fires:

"The Greek fire invented by Callinicus, an architect of Heliopolis, a city afterwards named Balbec, in the year 678, the use of which was continued in the East till 1291, and which was certainly liquid, was employed in many different ways, but chiefly on board ship; being thrown by large fire-engines on the ships of the enemy. Sometimes this fire was kindled in particular vessels, which might be called fire-ships, and which were introduced amongst a hostile fleet; sometimes it was put into jars and other vessels, which were thrown at the enemy by means of projectile machines; and sometimes it was squirted by the soldiers from hand engines, or, as it appears, was blown through pipes. But the machines with which this fire was discharged from the fore part of ships could not have been either hand engines or such blow-pipes. They were constructed of copper and iron, and the extremity of them sometimes resembled the open mouth and jaws of a lion or other animal; they were painted, and even gilded, and it appears that they were capable of projecting the fire to a great distance."

In some of the ancient drawings of ships, we see as a figure-head an animal with rays issuing from the mouth, as if fire were being vomited forth—a representation, probably, of the ancient fire-ship described above. Even in the present day the same kind of figure-head is sometimes erected.

Continuing his narrative, Beckman states that the machines by which the liquid substance was thrown forth were

expressly called, by the ancient writers, spouting engines.

"John Comeniata, speaking of the siege of his native city, Thessalonica, which was taken by the Saracens in the year 904, says that the enemy threw fire into the wooden works of the besieged, which was blown into them by means of tubes, and thrown from other vessels. This passage, which I do not find quoted in any of the works that treat of Greek fire, proves that the Greeks, at the beginning of the tenth century, were no longer the only people acquainted with the art of preparing this fire, the precursor of our gunpowder. The Emperor Leo, who about the same time wrote his *Art of War*, recommends such engines, with a metal covering, to be constructed in the fore part of ships; and he twice afterwards mentions engines for throwing out Greek fire."

Great attention has been paid to the question: At what period was the Greek fire introduced into warfare? Sir William Temple traced it as far back as the seventh century, but Gibbon treats the argument as destitute of fact, and, indeed, as false. Theophanes, however, and Cedrenus, trace it back to the year 660, when, they say, it was discovered by the engineer Callinicus, of Heliopolis, or Balbec, who, it is reported, learned the art of chemistry from the Egyptians, the fathers of the art. Nay, by others the discovery has been traced back to the pure Greek and Roman period, the invention being assigned, by Joseph Scaliger, to one Marcus Gracchus, or Græcus, and its application being declared as connected with the wars between the Greeks and Romans, and as common to both sides. Respecting this last-named hypothesis, I have only to state, that no direct testimony for its support is to be found. The assertion is made purely on inferences drawn from the Greek and Roman writers. By the same process of reasoning I think the invention might be traced back earlier still, even through our own biblical records, and through the Vedas. There is nothing improbable, indeed, in the hypothesis of a very early origin of Greek fire; for there are an immense number of minor historical details, which would lead, by circumstantial evidence, to the conclusion that the discovery is traceable to what may be called the second grand historic period of the world's history. In law a great many human lives have been taken on evidence infinitely less reliable; but men of science being naturally, from their love of the demon-

strative, the antipodes of the lawyer, and having no legal subtleties, shams, and glib inferences from nothing in their hearts, despise so-called circumstantial evidence, as meaning what the cleverest sophist can best present from the smallest data, and as unworthy of all serious regard. They therefore will go, I doubt not, as a man, with Gibbon, in believing nothing absolutely about Greek fire until they have clear knowledge of the time when the invention was actually used in warfare, which would bring it down to the ninth century.

This much we know: that there was, under the Constantines, a liquid substance which, discharged from a catapult, bow, or sling, ignited in the air spontaneously. We know that the fire thus produced was very terrible in its effects, and we learn that, as the use of gunpowder came to be better known, Greek fire became of no importance: gunpowder blew it out of the field.

It still remains an interesting question: What was the nature of this Greek fire fluid? On this point nothing positive remains. The Princess Anna Comnena says it was composed of sulphur, resin, and oil. Roger Bacon is supposed to have given two of its constituents—namely, sulphur and saltpeter—but to have hidden the third in the absurd sentence, (at least, to us absurd,) "*Luru vopo vir Can utriet!*" but in the sentence referred to, Bacon may be referring to gunpowder. In a word, it is hopeless, in the confusion surrounding the whole subject, to come to any decisive opinion. At the same time it is not improbable that, in the main, the formula of the Princess Anna Comnena is not far from the truth. Our difficulty in understanding her formula lies in the construction we put on the word "resin." We are not departing a letter from what is known at the present day in chemical science to suppose that a so-called resin was used, which, on admixture with oil and sulphur, formed a compound that would spontaneously ignite on exposure to the air. In another way we sometimes have fire produced in these days—when saw-dust and oil are admixed, and what is called spontaneous combustion ensues.

The remarkable feature of the old Greek liquid is, that it must have been very safe in the mass, as safe as turpentine or common naphtha. Had not this been the case, it could never have been carried in

wooden galleys or pumped through engines in torrents. It must have ignited in the air from the extreme diffusion of its oxidizable constituents, and their exposure to oxygen: lighted in this way at one point, the flame would rapidly extend, with explosion; and the fire, as Joinville states, would come down with the velocity of lightning.

I shall take occasion at some future day to lay before the public some carefully elicited facts, of an experimental order, in reference to the compound described by the Princess Anna Comnena; for the subject is one not of historical interest merely, but of national importance. I do not suppose that any fluid, such as is described by the Byzantine writers, will again be used in shells or during bombardment; but in these days, when every vessel has a steam-engine, and could have a forcing engine to be worked by steam, it might be that an enemy, supplied with a combustible fluid such as has been described, would prove of terrible danger in attacking wooden ships, especially those belonging to the mercantile marine.

MODERN GREEK FIRE.

In order to understand the revival of "liquid fire," or, if we must still continue to call it so, "Greek fire," we must descend to the year 1680, the year in which was discovered the method of making a compound called a "*pyrophorus*." In that year a chemist, named Homberg, endeavored to extract from human feces a colorless and odorless oil, which should have the power of fixing mercury. Macquer, who is the most accurate authority on these points, tells us that Homberg, when he had mixed the substances, upon which he was operating with different matters, was much surprised, while taking the *caput mortuum* of one of these mixtures out of the retort, four days after it had been operated on, to see it kindle and burn strongly as soon as it was exposed to the air. Homberg recollected that this was the residuum of a mixture of alum and human feces from which he had obtained all that he could by means of a red heat. He repeated the process, and obtained the same result. Having published his discovery, other experimentalists also repeated the proceeding, the statement was fully confirmed, and the name "*pyrophorus*"—(*pur*,) fire; (*pher*,) I bear—was soon applied

to the spontaneously ignitable substance. From the Germans it also got the name of "luft zunder," or air tinder.

Until the year 1713 it was believed implicitly, that in order to make the pyrophorus, human feces were essentially necessary; then Lemerier the younger instituted a new inquiry, in which he substituted honey for the other animal matter; the result was the same: afterwards he used sugar, then flour, and with like effects. He was followed by the eminent chemist, Dr. Lejay de Savigny, who clearly proved, that by the addition of any inflammable body whatever, a pyrophorus may be made of all such substances as contain vitriolic acid combined either with earth, or with an alkaline salt, or with a metallic substance. Little improvement in the composition of the pyrophorus was introduced until the time of Gay Lussac, with whose name all moderns are familiar. Gay Lussac modified the process by placing lamp-black, instead of the animal matters named, in the retort. A little further on, sulphate of magnesia was substituted by the same chemist for alum; and at last the following formula was given as the best for an active pyrophorus: lamp-black, 15 parts; sulphate of potassa, 27.3 parts. This compound ignites in the air with great rapidity, yielding sulphurous acid in large quantities, and setting fire in any open place to all combustible matter, with an energy that is peculiarly its own.

The pyrophorus remained up to our own time a substance, mainly, of chemical interest. It was exhibited at lectures as a means for showing off a startling experiment, but not more. I can find indeed but one passage in chemical literature which refers to the use of spontaneously inflammable substances in war. That sentence is in the article on Gunpowder in the chemical essays of the learned Dr. Watson, published in 1793. He there says, in speaking of the antiquity of gunpowder:

"There are substances in nature from the combination of which it is possible to destroy a ship, a citadel, or an army, by a shower of liquid fire spontaneously lighted in the air. Every person who is aware of the dreadful fiery explosion which attends the mixture of two or three quarts of spirit of turpentine with strong acid of niter, must acknowledge the truth of the assertion; but the simple knowledge of effecting such a destruction is a very different matter from the knowledge of its practicability,

though future ages may, perhaps, invent as many different ways of making these substances ignite in the air, so as to fall down in drops of fire, as have been invented in making gunpowder since the time of Bacon."

We may pass from the time of Dr. Watson to the year 1853. In the latter year, the subject of "liquid fire" began to occupy the attention of Mr. Wentworth Scott, then a student of chemistry at the Royal College of Chemistry in Oxford-street. Mr. Scott commenced his work by making a pyrophorus; and, after various modifications he formed one which promised to be most effective, and which, I believe, still might be used with considerable effect. He brought a specimen of this to me, at Mortlake, where I then resided, and showed to me its properties by filling a small glass shell with the substance, and then throwing the shell against a high wall in a garden, so as to break the glass and distribute the contents. As the solid particles descended, they burst into flame with great force, and descended to the earth in a perfect shower of flame, burning for some time afterwards with great intensity. A few days later, Mr. Scott came again, bringing what he called "liquid fire;" bringing, that is to say, a solution which on being shot into the air burst into fire spontaneously, and which, spread over any surface exposed to the air, also burst into flame. Mr. Scott made some of this solution in my laboratory, and we at once tried its effects. I tipped arrows with tow, and, saturating the tow with the liquid, propelled the arrows from a bow; the tow invariably took fire spontaneously in the air, and combustible articles into which the arrows were driven were fired with wonderful rapidity and certainty.

Within a few weeks after the production of this liquid, Mr. Scott had devised a shell in which it could be placed, so as to make it available for purposes of war. This shell consisted of two parts; of an outward part and of an inner or exploding tube. The outer part or cavity was to be charged with the fluid and closed; the exploding tube was to be filled with ordinary explosive matter that could be discharged, either by a fusee or by percussion. On the discharge, the whole shell would burst, and the contained spontaneously igniting fluid would be distributed.

After witnessing Mr. Scott's numerous experiments, I urged him at once to lay

them before the Board of Ordnance. He did so, and was received several times. The Russian war was in progress at the period when Mr. Scott was being treated with by this Board. The members were anxious to handle the newly proposed implement of war, but were either too much afraid of it, or were too bound down to official routine to be actuated by the same decision and common sense that men of business are given to cultivate. They simply played with the question, (I can use no other word,) dandled it, took it up warmly, and then put it down again as if they had themselves been burnt, without fire. They asked for an experiment of Mr. Scott. He did many successfully: they promised to give him an experiment with a gun and a shell; but when he went to perform it, he was advised that he must find shells at his own expense. There were hundreds of shells ready made and belonging to the country, which would have answered his purpose, but he was refused the use of them. He must have his own shells made. Naturally disgusted with the indecision and narrowness of these circumlocution officials, Mr. Scott withdrew from the inquiry and was by-and-by supplanted by another candidate with liquid fire, who in time also was allowed to sink into neglect: I refer to Captain Disney. Mr. Scott's researches nevertheless were not lost. A very ingenious and enthusiastic officer, Captain Norton, whose valuable inventions have been but poorly appreciated, took up the subject, and invented a small shell for an ordinary rifle, which would carry sufficient liquid fire to do immense mischief. The shell burst, or rather broke, on striking, and set free the fluid. With one of these shells, and with his own rifle, Captain Norton, at six hundred yards, could fire a piece of ordinary sail-cloth, stretched out like a sail, with absolute precision. I calculated that eighty men, armed with Captain Norton's piece, could plant in a wooden ship, at six hundred yards' distance, one gallon of liquid fire fluid every four minutes. Taking all failures fully into account, it were impossible for a ship so treated to endure long. She must soon be on fire in several hundred points, and what is more, she never could be safe again: for though the fire were effectually suppressed at the moment, the chances are that it would break out at a subsequent period.

Foreseeing the application of liquid fire

in warfare, and being aware that the Russian government was actively extending inquiries on the application of chemistry in warfare, I communicated to the *Times* a letter on the whole subject, which letter was published in 1855. I explained there what Mr. Scott had done, and what might yet be done. The communication, copied largely into English and continental journals, passed to America, and was made the subject of considerable comment there.

With the close of the Russian war the question of liquid fire dropped, and we hear no more of it until this year, when we find that General Gilmore, on the second Thursday in August, threw shells charged with Greek fire into Charleston. That the effect, however partial, was sufficiently terrible, is proved by the fact that the Confederate general (Beauregard) sent back a denunciation of the missile forwarded to him by the cannon's mouth; declaring it to be the most villanous compound ever used in war.

Since then, Gilmore has from time to time used "Greek fire." Why he has not used it more, is due to the fact that his shells for projecting it were not perfect. Some of them were intended to burst by percussion, but failed; in others, the fusee employed did not answer; the shell either burst at short distance, or fell without bursting, and was obtained by the enemy, and put out before doing harm. At Springfield, a new fusee and shell, for the special purpose of "Greek fire shells," are being, I believe, prepared at this time, so that we are sure to hear more on the subject if the war in America continues.

From these facts we may pass to the consideration of the composition, properties, and mode of action of modern Greek fire. The first thing worthy of note is that the principle is the same in this as in the ancient method. In both cases, a body greedy, under favorable conditions, for oxygen, bursts into flame on being distributed over a wide surface in the air, owing to the fact of the combination of its oxydable parts with the oxygen of the air. In the old Greek fire, the burning body was probably a hydro-carbon; in the modern, the body commonly used is phosphorus. There is, at the present time, in England, a patent by a gentleman named Macdonald, in which the composition of the fluid used is given as phosphorus, bisulphide of carbon, and naphtha. This composition, which has been de-

scribed by its patentee in the columns of one of the daily papers, differs somewhat in detail from that of Mr. Scott, but it answers as well as need be for the purpose of explaining the mode of action of the fluid.

When widely distributed and exposed to the air, one of the ingredients of this fluid, the phosphorus, combines eagerly with oxygen, and bursts into flame. If phosphorus be merely pressed out over a wide surface in a thin layer, it begins to burn, and the thinner the layer the quicker the combustion. It would, of course, be too troublesome to carry out extension of phosphorus by pressure for the use of the soldier, and so another plan is adopted. It happens that phosphorus is extremely soluble in the fluid known as bisulphide of carbon. In this fluid phosphorus dissolves almost as sugar dissolves in water. Rendered soluble in the bisulphide of carbon, the phosphorus remains as unchanged phosphorus spread over a large surface of a fluid which prevents it from burning so long as it is in contact with it. The solution of phosphorus thus prepared, if put in a closed bottle, may be kept for years without undergoing any change, and without danger. I have some that has been in bottle for seven years, and it is the same as ever. But now comes a new fact. Bisulphide of carbon is a volatile body at ordinary temperatures; phosphorus is not volatile. Whenever, therefore, the solution of bisulphide of carbon and phosphorus is poured over any surface in the open air, the bisulphide of carbon, being volatile, evaporates, leaving the phosphorus distributed in a fine layer. Thus exposed, the oxygen of the air unites with the phosphorus, flame is produced, and any other combustible body is fired.

The principle once established, endless modifications may be introduced upon it; for instance, Mr. Macdonald adds naphtha, which, when fired by the phosphorus, burns with great fury. Mr. Scott has a method that has not yet been published, by which the fluid continues to burn even if it be covered with water: and there would be no difficulty in so producing it, that it should be absolutely inextinguishable until it was itself burnt out.

The occurrence of flame—that is to say, the moment of combustion—is not, however, always to be calculated on with precision. The temperature of the air, the

force of the wind, and the extent of surface over which the fluid is spread, all make great differences. Thus, in an experiment with a specimen of Scott's liquid fire fluid, I found that, at a temperature of sixty-three degrees Fahrenheit, with a fair wind blowing, combustion took place in four minutes and a half, the fluid being distributed over dry wood; but when the same fluid was distributed in the same way, and at the same time, over moist wool, combustion was delayed for half an hour. It is, at the same time quite unnecessary to dwell on such differences as are here described: to the practical man they would be infinitely less difficult to meet than many others, occurring in the management of weapons of war. The engineer would have necessarily to make his own calculations on each firing, taking into account the temperature, the wind, and the character of the structure on which the fluid was about to be cast.

Regarding Greek fire as we at present understand it in England, I have only one other word to add, and that is most important. I have many times tried to impress it, and must, by repetition, do so again. It is a caution. It is this: that if we were at war with any nation, and that nation were to throw a gallon of liquid fire fluid into any one of our wooden ships, that ship would never be absolutely safe again. The combustion might be prevented for the moment; it might be (assuming always that Mr. Scott's new compound is not in question) suppressed after combustion; but the fire, after all, is only suppressed: that is the great point. So soon as the water has evaporated or so soon as the cover is removed—though a month, a year, a century had elapsed—the fire would break out; and, paradoxical as it may seem, the more effectual the means of suppression had been, the more determinate would be the combustion when that suppression was removed.

I can consider no disaster more terrible than the lodgment of a few shells of Greek fire fluid on board a wooden vessel of war. What if such a vessel should even come out of a great fight victorious! Whither between her beams, and floorings, and crevices has the inflammable liquid not permeated? How safe is her magazine? When her carpenters afterwards, at any time, are taking her to

pieces, in parts, for repair, what guarantee is there they shall not remove boards that are, on exposure, transformed into gigantic self-lighting lucifer matches?

It remains only for me to describe, in brief terms, such facts as are known in relation to American Greek fire. The scientific narrative will then be as complete as it can be rendered at the present moment.

The American pyrophorus is stated to have been invented by Levi Short. It is somewhat difficult to arrive at any correct conclusions as to the precise character of the composition employed. I believe, however, that two forms are resorted to. In one of these a fluid is used, as in Mr. Scott's plan; the fluid is simply poured into a shell, and the shell, in exploding, discharges its contents, ignition taking place on exposure to the air; the flame produced is described as yellowish and dull, as not very vigorous in action, and as evolving a white smoke. There can be no doubt that the fluid exhibiting these characteristics, on ignition, consists simply of phosphorus dissolved in bisulphide of carbon, and it is also probable that, as an invention, it is an imitation of the English patent.

But there is another description of American Greek fire which is new in its details. It is described that, in this case, the spontaneously combustible material is of a dark color, and is inclosed in tin tubes about four inches long, and lightly closed at one end. These tubes, when opened at the end, spontaneously ignite, on exposure to the air, at the open end, and burn for so long a time as twenty minutes with a brisk flame, evolving a strong smell of sulphur. When they are opened high up in the air, the combustible matter falls in a stream or shower of fire. From the description thus given, there can, I think, be little doubt that the substance used is the old pyrophorus of Gay Lussac, the composition of which has been given above. Or it may consist of common gunpowder saturated with bisulphide of carbon containing a very small quantity of phosphorus in solution. The tin tubes containing the spontaneously combustible body are packed in a shell having a tube for the charge of powder that is to produce rupture of the shell. The isolation of the combustible matter in separate tubes is new, and is an ingenious improvement. It happens often, that when a globe containing the combustible stuff is burst by

discharge of powder, the ignition takes place immediately, and the effect would be too rapid to be injurious to an enemy. By placing the matter that is to ignite in different chambers or cylinders, this is avoided; the shell on bursting distributes the tin cases like so many fragments; these on falling easily break, set free their contents, and become so many centers of flame.

In practice, the results obtained from Greek fire, when it is thrown from a shell, are wanting in precision. It seems that General Gilmore first used percussion shells, which were to explode on striking, and to distribute the pyrophorus. The shells did not act correctly; many of them fell without being discharged. The fact led the general to apply for a peculiar fusee, which should fire the powder with such accuracy, that when the shell was crossing a given spot, it should burst in the air, and rain down fire on the place beneath. There is as yet great expense in the manufacture of the perfect shells and fusees; a circumstance which fully accounts for the present limited application of the principle, in the great American contest for the freedom of the slave.

For my own part, I am somewhat in doubt whether a shell, as the projectile of Greek fire, will be retained in use. It is more probable that a catapult worked by a steam-engine will be found the best means of throwing the combustible. If this plan were adopted, the liquid would merely require to be inclosed in earthenware or glass jars, that would break on contact with solid matter, in falling. With a properly constructed engine, so contrived as to throw liquid fire in earthenware or glass globes of six inches diameter, ten thousand gallons of the combustible could easily be thrown, per hour, upon any given point within range.

I have now placed before the reader the facts *practically* known in respect to Greek fire, and its applications in war. But it must not be inferred that all that has thus been done is all that science can do. I feel it a duty to state openly and boldly, that if science were to be allowed her full swing, if society would *really* allow that "all is fair in war," war might be banished at once from the earth as a game which neither subject nor king dare play at. Globes that could distribute liquid fire could distribute also lethal agents, within the breath of which no

man, however puissant, could stand and live. From the summit of Primrose Hill, a few hundred engineers, properly prepared, could render Regent's Park, in an incredibly short space of time, utterly uninhabitable; or could make an army of men, that should even fill that space, fall with their arms in their hands, prostrate and helpless as the host of Sennacherib.

The question is, shall these things be? I do not see that humanity should revolt; for would it not be better to destroy a host in Regent's Park by making the men fall as in a mystical sleep, than to let down on them another host to break their bones, tear their limbs asunder, and gouge out their entrails with three-cornered pikes; leaving a vast majority undead, and writhing for hours in torments of the damned? I conceive, for one, that science would be blessed in spreading her wings on the blast, and breathing into the face of a desperate horde of men a prolonged sleep—for it need not necessarily be a death—which they could not grapple with, and which would yield them up with their implements of murder to an enemy that in the immensity of its power could afford to be as merciful as Heaven.

The question is, shall these things be? I think they must be. By what compact can they be stopped? It were improbable that any congress of nations could agree on any code regulating means of destruction: but if it did, it were useless; for science becomes more powerful as she concentrates her forces in the hands of units, so that a nation could only act, by the absolute and individual assent of each of her representatives. Assume, then, that France shall lay war to England, and by superior force of men should place immense hosts, well armed, on English soil. Is it probable that the units would rest in peace and allow sheer brute force to win its way to empire? Or put English troops on French soil, and reverse the question.

To conclude. War has, at this moment, reached, in its details, such an extravagance of horror and of cruelty, that it can not be made worse by any art, and can only be made more merciful by being rendered more terribly energetic. Who that had to die from a blow would not rather place his head under Nasmyth's hammer, than submit it to a drummer-boy armed with a ferule.

These thoughts are submitted in order to call forth more thought: this whole paper,

in fact, is essentially dedicated to the Peace Party, for the consideration of its members, and as indicating a way, infinitely shorter than their own, by which their great objects may be achieved. Let them urge the government to intrust men

of science, under proper superintendence, to prepare, as they list, known, but yet unformed, engines of destruction; and in a very short interval the nations may, in truth, turn their swords into plowshares and learn war no more.

From the Popular Science Review.

NOTES ON EARTHQUAKES.

It was very generally believed, only a few years ago, that the earth was not more than six thousand years old. Astronomers and geologists have, however, ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the planet we inhabit has not only been rolling in space for untold ages, but has undergone numerous physical changes. They also believed that this planet was once in a condition of complete fluidity, and almost up to the present time they considered the principal portion of the interior of the earth to be composed of mineral substances liquefied by intensity of heat. Of late, the labors of mathematical investigators have gone far to prove that the central nucleus of the earth is *not* altogether composed of molten mineral substances, so as to form a central igneous ocean, but that lakes or small seas of lava are distributed throughout her mass. Whatever truth there may be in this theory, it is to *natural causes* that we must look for the explanation of the phenomenon of the earthquake, that agent which has played so important a part in again and again remodeling the surface of the earth.

From numerous observations made in deep mines, it is found that the temperature of the earth increases as we descend at the rate of one degree of Fahrenheit for every fifty or sixty feet after the first hundred. The phenomena of hot springs, and the emission of vast masses of molten mineral matter, volcanic ashes, mud, etc., from volcanos, with calculations founded in the known specific gravity of the earth, all tend to convince scientific men that the earth possesses a high internal temperature which is derived from *internal*

It is impossible to read the description given by Sir Charles Lyell of the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanos without being satisfied that both of these agents have, to a certain extent, a common origin; but it is also certain that there are two modes of action in earthquake forces of disturbance — namely, when they act with local intensity, as in volcanic action, or by a succession of earthquakes, as in the elevation of the coast of Chili in 1822 and 1823; and when they act uniformly, and lift up large tracts of land, as the coast of Sweden is now being raised, with a slow and tranquil, upward movement, and the west coast of Greenland depressed, without any of those paroxysmal effects which we behold in the volcano and the earthquake shock.

No less than five centers of volcanic action exist within the Atlantic Ocean. In Europe, the centers of existing volcanic action are Sicily, Naples, Stromboli, the Archipelago, and Iceland; while in Auvergne, Bohemia, Saxony, and other European localities, we have examples of volcanos which have become extinct since the period of the older Tertiary deposits. In the region of the Andes active and extinct volcanos alternate for many hundreds of miles, and tremendous earthquakes frequently precede the different outbursts. Five active volcanos traverse Mexico from west to east, among which is the famed Jorullo, which is said to have been elevated to a height of sixteen hundred feet above the level of the plain of the Malpais in June, 1759. There is an active volcanic region from the Aleutian Isles, through the Indian Archipelago, of greater extent than even that of the Andes.

In Java alone there are said to be thirty-eight volcanos, several of which are more than ten thousand feet high; while Bera-pi, in Sumatra, is more than twelve thousand feet above the sea. Teneriffe is also twelve thousand feet, and Etna nearly eleven thousand feet in height.

To enumerate the different volcanic regions of the globe would be impossible in a mere sketch of the subject, and it must suffice here to say that several hundreds of volcanos, in different stages of activity, are known throughout the globe.

The effect of volcanic eruptions in those regions which are the centers of volcanic action is scarcely less important as regards human life and safety than are earthquakes. The destruction of the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii by vast masses of volcanic matter erupted from Vesuvius is an example; as are also the overwhelming of the town of Stabiae in the time of Pliny, and the destruction of the town of Torre del Greco by torrents of burning lava in 1794. But these are not the most striking examples of volcanic eruptions to be met with. The volcano Coseguina, which is situated on the Gulf of Fonseca, in Central America, poured forth, in January, 1835, such a mass of volcanic ashes and other matter that it covered the surrounding country for the distance of twenty-five miles to the depth of ten feet, destroying the woods and dwellings. Sir Charles Lyell records of this eruption, that thousands of cattle perished, their bodies being, in many instances, one mass of scorched flesh; that many birds and wild animals were found suffocated in the ashes; and that the neighboring streams were strewn with dead fish. This great eruption of Coseguina was accompanied by an earthquake which was felt over more than one thousand miles, the volcano having been dormant for twenty-six years.

"Moya," or volcanic mud, which is composed of ashes and liquefied snow, descended, in 1797, from Tunguaragua, one of the Quito volcanos, and filled valleys six hundred feet deep, a thousand feet wide, and many miles in length, with a pulpy material, which dammed up rivers and caused lakes.

The eruption of Skaptar Jokul, in Iceland, in 1783, destroyed no less than twenty villages, and caused the death of no less than nine thousand human beings out of a population which did not exceed fifty

thousand, together with an immense number of cattle. Professor Bischoff has calculated that the mass of lava brought up from the subterranean regions by this single eruption surpassed in magnitude the bulk of Mont Blanc. At all events, there were erupted two enormous streams of lava, which flowed in nearly opposite directions, one of which was fifty miles long, and from twelve to fifteen miles in breadth, and the other forty miles in length by seven in width. The elastic forces that eject these vast masses of volcanic materials from volcanic vents must be very great. The crater of Cotopaxi is more than three miles and a half above the sea, yet it has been known to eject a mass containing more than a hundred solid yards of rock to a distance of nine miles; and it has been calculated that a column of lava one foot square, raised to the height of Cotopaxi, would weigh more than seven hundred and fifty tons.

We have also evidence that volcanic eruptions into the sea, through fissures in the sea-bed, are by no means uncommon, though we have little opportunity of judging of their effects. Islands have been raised by volcanic elevation within the historical period, such as the island in the Aleutian group, described by Langsdorff, three thousand feet high, and which was elevated in 1793. In the same year an island rose in the Azores; it was about a mile in circumference, and about three hundred feet above the level of the sea. It was composed of volcanic ashes and other light materials, and was soon washed away by the sea. Santarino, White Island, New Burnt Island, and several other islets in the Grecian Archipelago, are all due to submarine volcanic agency, and their elevation above the waters is recorded in authentic history. There are also numerous instances on record where the commanders of vessels have noted submarine eruptions, as evidenced by the escape of gases, and the destruction of marine animals.

The intimate manner in which great earthquake shocks are connected with volcanic phenomena, makes the subject of any direct evidence of volcanic action in the British Isles an interesting question. There is geological proof that in the earlier ages of the planet's history Great Britain possessed her active volcanos, and must have been shaken by earthquakes of terrible potency.

When the rocks that constitute the mass of Snowdon were being deposited in the seas of the lower Silurian epoch there must have been an active volcano near at hand, for there we have marine deposits, full of the remains of animals which lived in the Llandeilo and Caradoc periods, interstratified with felspathic ashes, traps, and porphyries which no doubt were erupted from a volcano into the air, and then fell and sank through the waves.

Every geologist who visits Edinburgh must be struck with the evidences of volcanic action, which must have been rife in that district during the Carboniferous period, and volcanic action combined with the stratifying operations of sea-waves and currents.

Limestone of the age of the Lias has been converted by a Plutonic rock into crystalline marble in the Isle of Skye; and the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, and the Isle of Staffa, are currents of lava which are of later date than the chalk, and probably were contemporaneous with some of the lavas of Central France and the Rhine.

There are two curious notices, brought forward by Dr. Thomas Wright, in the *Miscellanea* of the *Athenæum* of November 28th, respecting instances of recent volcanic action in the British Isles. He informs us that Adam de Marisco, a friend of Simon de Montfort, and an English scholar of the thirteenth century, has recorded a volcanic eruption in the Channel Islands as occurring in his time (about the middle of that century;) and also that the *Annual Register* for 1773 contains a notice of the eruption of "liquid fire" and "vast bodies of combustible matter" from Moel Famma, a hill on the borders of North Wales, on the thirty-first of January of the same year. These records are probably more singular than true; for in the case of Moel Famma no volcanic rock of any kind is marked by the geological surveyors on the hill, or in the district, and it is extremely unlikely that these accurate observers would have passed by relics of the "liquid fire."

Some geologists have argued that the phenomenon of volcanic action was far more developed in the early ages of the earth's history than at present, but further investigations into the philosophy of the subject throw more than a doubt on the truth of this theory. This constant earthquake and volcanic doctrine was invent-

ed to account for the earth tempests and continual blowing up of the earth's crust, which were supposed to be rife during the consolidation of a cooling planet. But the evidence which was believed to support this theory of the development of our planet breaks down on a calm investigation of facts. *We ignore the volcanic forces that still exist!* What lakes or sea of lava must underlie the volcanic districts of the Andes and Indian Archipelago at the present moment, and what masses of molten matter, which never appears at the surface, must be injected every year, in earthquake districts, into rock fissures, or into the beds of the different seas. Volcanic action, with its evidence of the earthquake, and great outpourings of traps, lavas, and other materials, has left its undoubted marks throughout the Cambrian, Silurian, Carboniferous, and every other geological period; but the Plutonic masses that have been erupted from the interior of the earth, and the earthquake movements which are known to have occurred since the commencement of the Tertiary periods, have been enormous, and may well cause us to pause ere we assign to any geological period in particular the peculiarity of an "earthquake age."

I have made the preceding remarks upon *direct volcanic action*, because intensity of earthquake action appears to be connected with volcanos and their effects. Indeed, Mr. Mallet, who is the highest authority upon the subject, believes that "an earthquake, in a non-volcanic region, may be viewed as an uncompleted effort to establish a volcano." Questions have arisen as to whether *all* earthquakes are produced by volcanic action, and an ingenious problem has been broached by Mr. Mackie, the editor of *The Geologist*, in the November number of that periodical, as to "whether some earthquakes may not be due to *crystallization of rock masses* under the pressure of superincumbent strata, and that they are 'the shocks' of the rupture of masses of dense strata, or the sudden slippings of one great rock formation over another." This theory of Mr. Mackie's brought forth a letter from Mr. Scrope, which is published in the December number of *The Geologist*, who refers earthquakes of all kinds to the same primary cause as the volcanic eruption; and thinks it quite "unnecessary to resort to any other, such as terrestrial electricity,

magnetism, crystallization, the breaking in of the roofs of imaginary subterranean cavities, or the condensation of vapor evolved from submarine volcanos." In this supposition I entirely agree with Mr. Scrope, and believe that it is altogether unnecessary to resort to imaginary hypotheses to explain those phenomena which are accounted for by so many examples and recorded facts. I do not conceive that we have any evidence whatever to suppose that "snaps and jars," or earthquakes of any kind, are independent of volcanic phenomena, while we have so much evidence the other way. There is a motion of the earth's crust, which lifts and depresses enormous tracts of land, and which, as far as we know, acts equably and without paroxysmal violence; but these movements, however equable, must always be accompanied by occasional "snaps and jars," and the rending of the rocks in the interior of the earth. In short, the frequent occurrence of earthquakes such as we have lately experienced in England, is what, as geologists, we must expect, from our knowledge of volcanic phenomena, and the oscillatory movements of the crust of the globe which have happened throughout all geological time.

It is not, happily, in England that we experience much of earthquakes and their effects. It is in volcanic regions that severe earthquakes occur, and there the imagination can picture nothing more awful than their results. Mr. Mallet and M. Perrey, of Dijon, have catalogued systematically the different accounts of earthquake phenomena, and it has been calculated that several millions of human beings have been destroyed by earthquakes within the last four thousand years. Whether they occur along the line of the Andes, in the Indian Archipelago, in Sicily, or in Portugal, "Misericordia!" is the cry, and fearful indeed are the devastations which are witnessed by the survivors of such catastrophes.

Two hundred and fifty thousand persons were killed at the first earthquake of Antioch in the year 526, and sixty thousand during the second catastrophe, seventy-six years afterwards. In 1797, forty thousand persons perished from earthquakes in Quito. Sir Charles Lyell records that one hundred thousand people were killed by the Sicilian earthquakes of 1693, when the city of Catania and forty-nine other villages were leveled to the ground; and it was

ascertained that sixty thousand persons were destroyed in the course of six minutes, during the earthquake of Lisbon in 1755.

One account of the effect of a severe earthquake which happened as lately as 1861 will suffice as an example of the occasional effect of such catastrophes on human life and human welfare. The following is the record of Major Rickards of the destruction of the city of Mendoza, in South America. He says:

"I was absolutely struck dumb and immovable with horror at the scene which presented itself! I gazed along the whole length of a street; not a single house was there to be seen standing; all was a confused mass of 'adobes,' beams, and bricks! The street was filled up on a level with what remained of the walls of the houses on either side, which at a glance accounted for the fearful number of victims—upwards of twelve thousand out of a population of sixteen thousand—entombed beneath the ruins on that fatal twentieth of March, 1861. Nothing met my eye but desolation and ruins. For a mile around, on every side, nothing but a chaotic mass of destruction was visible, the *débris* of a large city razed to the ground in an instant. On approaching the Church of Santo Domingo, I saw lying about its precincts human skeletons and portions of the human form protruding from beneath the masonry. In many parts of the city I saw the same horrible exhibition—skulls, arms, legs, etc., lying about, some still undecayed. At last I retired to my quarters, meditating upon the dreadful catastrophe which had in a few seconds turned a gay and beautiful city into an enormous graveyard."

As late as June last, more than one thousand persons were killed, and many thousands injured, by an earthquake which destroyed in a moment the town of Manilla. In volcanic districts, moreover, we learn that those paroxysmal earthquakes occur by which whole districts of land are permanently elevated or depressed; and *these effects* of earthquakes should be especially noted. In Chili, three hundred shocks of earthquakes were counted between the twentieth of February and the fourth of March, 1835, and the coast was permanently elevated. Admiral Fitzroy found beds of mussels, chitons, and limpets in a putrid state, but still adhering to the rocks, and raised ten feet above high-water mark. Mr. Darwin found similar shells at Valparaiso, at the height of thirteen hundred feet, and had no doubt that those shell-beds were elevat-

ed to their present position by a series of earthquake shocks which caused successive small uprisings. On the 19th of November, 1822, a most destructive earthquake occurred on the coast of Chili, the shock of which was felt throughout a space of twelve hundred miles from north to south, and an extent of country was elevated which was calculated to equal half the area of France. A similar history of upraised shells, sea-weeds, and other marine remains, was recorded at the time by Mrs. Graham. Sir Charles Lyell's celebrated proofs of the elevation and subsidence of the coast of the Bay of Baïæ,* and that the relative level of land and sea has there changed *twice* since the Christian era, are too well known to need description. As an example of a *more recent* elevation of the earth's crust, we may mention the instance brought forward by Sir Charles Lyell, in a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution in 1856. It occurred in the previous year (1855) in New-Zealand, simultaneously with a very severe earthquake; and an elevation of upwards of five feet, on the north side of Cook's Straits, affected the tide of the river Hutt to such an extent that it was almost excluded; while a depression on the other side of Cook's Straits caused the tides to flow up the river Wairua many miles higher than before the alteration of the land level by the earthquake. A regular "fault" was also exposed to view for the instruction of geologists, for a shift in the rock surface took place, and a "step" of rock, nine feet high, was raised for a distance of ninety miles.

With regard to the *depression* of land by earthquakes, we may instance the large tract known as "The Sunk Country," at New-Madrid, Missouri, which was submerged by earthquakes in 1811 and 1812. This depressed tract extends along the course of the White Water river for a distance of between seventy and eighty miles north and south, and for thirty miles east and west. The earthquake of Cutch, in 1819, caused a subsidence of land in one part of the delta of the Indus, and an elevation in another. In Sicily, in 1790, the ground at Maria di Niscemi, on the south coast, sank down in one place

to the depth of thirty feet; while, during the tremendous Lisbon* earthquake of 1755, the new quay, which was built entirely of marble, sank down to the depth of six hundred feet, carrying with it a great number of boats and small vessels, as well as a large number of persons who had fled there for safety. The effects of paroxysmal earthquakes in volcanic districts are so well known, and have been so often related, as to require no further description here.

There is, however, another motion of the earth's crust which lifts and depresses whole continents, without any violent earthquake movements. We know very little respecting these great elevating and subsiding movements. Mr. Darwin believes, from the intimate and complicated manner in which the elevatory and eruptive forces are connected with volcanic phenomena, we may confidently come to the conclusion that the forces which at successive periods pour forth volcanic matter are identical with those forces which, slowly, and by little starts, uplift continents. Again, Sir Charles Lyell, in his *Antiquity of Man*, remarks, that from what we know of the state of the earth's interior, we must expect that the gradual expansion or contraction of different portions of the planet's crust may be the result of changes and fluctuations in temperature, with which the existence of hundreds of active, and thousands of extinct volcanos, is probably connected. There are large portions of the earth's surface which have been elevated above the level of the ocean in Africa, in the north of Europe, South America, and other parts of the world, which bear no signs of paroxysmal upheaval, of volcanic overflows, or of any other than extremely equable movements. Sir Roderick Murchison informs us that there are in Russia large areas, consisting of rocks of the age of the Lower Silurian deposits, which have been but partially hardened since they accumulated, which have never been penetrated by volcanic matter, and have undergone no great change, or disruption, during the enormous periods which have

* Ten miles west of Naples, abounding in marble ruins of old Roman villas, along the shore and under water and crumbling heathen temples.—*ERRON OF THE ECLECTIC*.

* The Gothic Cathedral church was crowded with worshippers on that Saint's Day, with drapery and wax candles burning, setting every thing on fire when the building fell; burning multitudes to death, like the late catastrophe in Chili. Parts of the walls are still remaining, which we saw.—*ERRON OF THE ECLECTIC*.

elapsed since their deposition in the bed of the Silurian seas.

It has been proved beyond a doubt, that the land in Sweden and Norway is gradually being elevated out of the sea; and Mr. Lamont, in his *Seasons with the Sea - Horses*, furnishes us with some remarkable evidence of the rapid elevation of the land around Spitzbergen, even the sealers remarking that "the sea is going back."

But we do not need to journey to Norway or Spitzbergen for proofs of the elevation of land. Great Britain has been elevated to an extent incredible to those who have not studied the subject, since the period of existing shells. The study of the drift and gravel deposits of this country will convince any geologist that by far the larger portion of Great Britain has emerged from the sea since the commencement of the glacial period, and that its emergence was extremely gradual and slow. I have myself seen numerous instances where stratified sand-banks, and loose gravel and shingle, occupy elevated positions in Scotland, England, and Wales, and of which the appearance at once forbids the conclusion that they were hoisted up to their present position by any sudden paroxysmal motion, or by any other action than a series of small successive uprisings, and the gradual, equable motion I have alluded to. As examples of these elevated marine gravels and drifts, I may mention one at Moel Tryfan, near Carnarvon, which occupies the summit of a hill platform, at a height of nearly fourteen hundred feet above the sea. I had the pleasure of visiting this ancient and remarkable raised beach last summer, in company with Sir Charles Lyell, and of gathering some of its characteristic shells from among the loose sand, shingle, and pebbles, which are there elevated to this extraordinary height. There is another instance, but not of so striking a character, between Shrewsbury and Bridgnorth, on the Severn, where Mr. George Maw discovered great quantities of marine shells, some of boreal character, in drifts which are elevated a hundred, or a hundred and fifty feet above the Severn. These are instances in our own country which any naturalist may study for himself.

But we have upheavals of a later date than those just instanced, and which have no doubt occurred since the occupation of England by man. Flint weapons have

been found near Bedford, and other localities, which prove that England was inhabited by an ancient people, who lived in ages long remote, and before the country had been upheaved to its present position. These beds are probably correlative in age to the celebrated drifts containing human tools in the Somme valley. Many caves containing human remains, associated with those of extinct animals, have been greatly altered in position, and upheaved since the deposition of the organic remains, while ancient land surfaces have in other parts subsided beneath the sea. Ancient canoes have been found near Glasgow, in upheaved marine silts; and we are informed by Sir Charles Lyell, that "at the time when these ancient vessels were navigating the waters where the city of Glasgow now stands, the whole of the low lands which bordered the present estuary of the Clyde formed the bed of a shallow sea." This emergence is proved to have been gradual and intermittent.

On the east and west coasts of Scotland there are raised beaches of from twenty-five to forty feet in height above high-water mark; and it appears probable that the coast-line in the neighborhood of Edinburgh has changed since the human epoch. At all events, it has altered considerably within a recent geological period.* Mr. Geikie believes that an elevation of other parts of the Scottish coast-line has occurred since the Roman occupation of the Roman stations on the Solway, the Forth, and the Clyde. This presumption is still doubtful, but my own observations and inquiries induce me to believe that Mr. Geikie is right. We have then a good deal of evidence to prove that oscillatory movements have occurred in England, to a very considerable extent, up to a late period; and I believe that such movements should be attributed to a succession of small earthquakes, such as the late shock so generally experienced throughout England, or those shocks which destroyed the cathedral of Lincoln in 1185, and many of the largest churches in England in September, 1275. I say, a succession of *small earthquakes*, for we have no evidence of the overflow of volcanic matter, or of paroxysmal earthquakes, such as those which happen in

* See *Edinburgh and its Neighborhood*, a work by the late Hugh Miller, just published.

volcanic countries, for a very long period.

With regard to the late earthquake, it had every appearance of being one of those sensible vibratory undulations of the earth's surface, referred by Mr. Scrope "to the snap and jar occasioned by a sudden and violent rupture of rock masses at a greater or less depth, and probably the instantaneous injection into the fissures so formed of intumescent molten matter from beneath." It certainly seems only reasonable, when we reflect that the British Islands are on the line of the volcanic belt which affected Portugal when Lisbon and several other cities were nearly destroyed, and which reaches to the Canary Islands, to refer our British earthquakes to the same cause as volcanic eruptions, namely, *pent-up subterranean heat*. We know that subterranean heat exists to an enormous extent in the interior of the earth, and in former ages has melted and erupted masses of fluid rock, and caused subsidences and elevations here in England, and, in all probability, will do so again. Why seek for other and unknown causes? The earthquake of October last was harmless, but it was sufficiently violent in some localities to make us understand that the powers are not extinct, and that volcanic agency is not dead beneath us. A shock of only double the violence would probably have caused some serious catastrophes in the neighborhood of Ross and Abergavenny. The direction of this earthquake appears to have been from south-west to north-east. This is believed by Mr. Mallet to be the line of the Lisbon earthquake; and it was certainly the line of many earthquake movements in former ages. During the earthquake at Lisbon, Loch Lomond rose two or three feet; women washing in the Tay were swept off their legs by a wave; and a great wave rolled into Kinsale. In Carmarthen Bay, about eight hours after the earthquake of October, a large body of water, of a dark-brown color, as if charged with earthy matter, was seen to roll forward in the shape of a cone, and coming in contact with a boat, "the boat was violently pitched about, and the water thrown completely over it."

The roaring noise which accompanied the earthquake is supposed, by the editor of *The Geologist*, to have been "fancied." And the phenomena that occurred are treated so lightly, that it is manifest Londoners heard and felt very little in com-

parison with those who reside in the western counties. The evidence of the Rev. H. C. Key, of Stretton Rectory, near Hereford, with respect to the noise, which he likens to that of "a very heavy and long train rushing furiously through a station," is precisely the evidence that I have received from several other persons who happened to be awake, and who never heard or read of Mr. Key's experiences.

As regards the undulatory motion of this earthquake, and the boat-like rocking which has been described by some persons, I may say that in four instances where I examined the position of their beds, I found that their broadsides lay east and west, or nearly so. In cases where the heads of the beds lay north or south, the swaying motion from side to side does not appear to have been experienced to a similar extent. The localities where the shock was felt most appear to have been along the line of certain rivers in the West of England which run along the track of ancient earth movements. The Golden Valley, in Herefordshire, along the banks of the Dore, was much shaken, as also were the valleys of the Wye, and certain tributaries of that river towards Monmouth and Abergavenny. At Llancilio, the seat of Colonel Clifford, M.P., a fissure was caused in a wall, and some prints just pasted down were split across. Llancilio is not far distant from an example of the effects of ancient earthquakes; for, at Usk, a large dome of Upper Silurian rocks is upcast through the surrounding and overlying Old Red Sandstone of the district. At Ashfield, near Ross, on the Wye, the walls of two unfinished houses were partly thrown down; and at Bishop's Wood, below Ross, a line of former faulting and rending of the earth's crust, a house standing close on the river was so much heaved and rocked that the occupant of a heavy old four-poster bed was nearly thrown out. The following evidence from the Ross neighborhood of the external phenomena attending the shock, is remarkable. I received the information from a friend, who is thoroughly to be depended on. A man rose unusually early, and was engaged in loading a cart of potatoes, which he had promised to deliver before his day's work commenced; when, on a sudden, "he heard a dreadful noise come roaring up," apparently from a wood to the westward, and his cart rocked so violently that he was nearly thrown out of

it. The trees all around him rocked violently to and fro, and the rooks arose cawing from the wood; the small birds also twittered, and took wing with notes of distress. The thunder-like noise appeared to roll off towards the east.

I might give numerous other instances of the effects of the October earthquake in the West of England, but I think enough has been said to prove that it was a very different affair from the London experiences of "three little quivers," and "legs which were asleep and twitched." Here it was a severe shock for Great Britain, and confirms our opinion more and more that the volcanic doctrine is the true one, whatever may be the truth of the existence of a Plutonic nucleus in the interior of the planet. There is no doubt, however, that there is a good deal in the remark, that the variety of sensations, and the degrees of violence, in different localities were owing to the variations of geological conditions, and the medium of solid rock, or

looser strata, which communicated the earth-wave from place to place.

Finally, the question of principal importance is, whether we are to expect a renewal of such a phenomena from time to time, and whether it is possible that volcanic fires and their companions, paroxysmal and violent earthquakes, may again agitate our native land. But this is a question it is impossible to answer. We do not know why the fire of the volcano and the rending of the earthquake should become locally extinct at different geological periods, or why the centers of volcanic eruption should vary; but we know that they have formerly done so, and we do not doubt that they will thus vary again.

The volcano and the earthquake are some of the principal means which the great Creator employs for the construction and the adaptation of the planet on which we live; but *when* their forces are to be employed, or *where*, does not lie at present within the reach of man's philosophy.

From Fraser's Magazine.

' F A R A W A Y . '

"The land that is very far off."—ISAIAH 33: 17.

Upon the shore
Of Evermore
We sport like children at their play;
And gather shells
Where sinks and swells
The mighty sea from far away.

Upon that beach,
Nor voice nor speech
Doth things intelligible say;
But through our souls
A whisper rolls
That comes to us from far away.

Into our ears
The voice of years
Comes deeper, deeper, day by day;
We stoop to hear,
As it draws near,
Its awfulness from far away.

At what it tells
We drop the shells
We were so full of yesterday,
And pick no more
Upon that shore,
But dream of brighter far away.

And o'er that tide,
Far out and wide,
The yearnings of our souls do stray;
We long to go,
We do not know
Where it may be, but far away.

The mighty deep
Doth slowly creep
Up on the shore where we did play;
The very sand
Where we did stand
A moment since, swept far away.

Our playmates all
Beyond our call
Are passing hence, as we too may;
Unto that shore
Of Evermore,
Beyond the boundless far away.

We'll trust the wave,
And Him to save
Beneath whose feet as marble lay
The rolling deep.
For he can keep
Our souls in that dim far away.

From the London Eclectic.

THE NATURALIST ON THE RIVER AMAZON.*

WE recommend that lady who, when sending to the circulating library, said: "Any thing but travels; they're such a bore," to get Mr. Bates's book forthwith; if she does not change her opinion, the fault will assuredly be hers. We have in these volumes such varied matter, that scarcely any one can fail of finding something to his taste. Is he a naturalist? Here he has the record of how fifteen thousand species (eight thousand of them *new*) were seen, and caught, and labeled, and sent in cases to England. Here, too, the battle of the origin of species is fought over again, and butterflies are pressed into the service, to prove by the gradation in their markings, that one species actually has passed into another. Is he an ethnologist? Mr. Bates gives him many most valuable notes on Indian character and manners, and on the condition of the great half-caste population. Does he like to let his fancy riot in tropical scenery? Here he can walk through forests of trees, averaging almost two hundred feet, and rising nearly a hundred feet clear from the ground without a branch; trees, too, which bear in large cases, or else in jars,† with neatly-fitting capsule, the "Brazil nuts," which we eat without thinking what they grow on. Then he may get down to the water-side, and splash about through a forest of *arums*, twelve or fifteen feet high, (yet the same race as our little English "lords and ladies,") covering the banks and low islands; or, again, he may wander over a marsh, amid the great fan-palms and bananas, showing every shade of green in their broad leaves, while butterflies of gorgeous hues and great size‡ float about in numbers of which we can form no idea, and humming-birds dart in

and out among the long blossoms of the tree-creepers. All this and much more, whether in the utter solitude of the mid-day forest, or amid the "tumult of life," at morning and evening, Mr. Bates saw, and describes in language glowing enough to make many a quiet reader shut his eyes and, throwing himself back in his chair, dream for a few short minutes of vacating his office-stool, and going off to seek his fortunes. Why is there always such a fascination about these countries? We are very steady, practical people now; but we have *in us*, under the crust of hard every-day life, the same spirit of romance, which, when England was younger, urged Raleigh and his followers across the Atlantic; and it only needs a wizard like Mr. Bates, to send scores of quiet well-to-do people along the same road—in *imagination*. Why should people care to hear about Brazil? It is not like Peru, a land of mystery, where one of the world's home-grown civilizations crumbled away under the rough touch of "progress." It has nothing to tell us, except a very common-place story of conquering and unscrupulous Portuguese; of struggles by Jesuit missionaries to keep their native flocks from being killed off with over-toil; of importations of negroes to fill up the void left when the Indian had been *worked out*; of a royal family leaving, under French pressure, a little barren strip of seaboard in Europe, for a magnificent empire across the ocean; and, lastly, of a barbarous and, to a great extent, fruitless "revolt," some thirty years ago. That is the *history of Brazil*: it has all yet to be made; and this is perhaps the chief cause why all connected with the country has such a charm for us. The grand scale of every thing in nature helps, no doubt; but the great point is, that Brazil is really a new land—new, both because spots may be found there,

"Where no man is,
Nor hath been since the making of the world;"
and also, because the equal laws for men

* By HENRY WALTER BATES. 2 vols. Murray: London. 1863.

† *Lezythus ollaria* (pot-shaped oil-bottle) one tree is called.

‡ Several kinds six inches across. The great moth, *Erebus striz*, is sometimes over a foot from tip to tip.

of all colors, and the excellent institutions of all kinds, are there on their trial, working out for our learning, the deeply interesting problem of the amalgamation of races. This is the point in which we English fail as colonists; we fill the land, but it is with our own people. We have not yet solved the difficulty (which the "Latin race" are solving in Brazil and elsewhere) of taking the aborigines into ourselves. Ours may be the more successful plan, measured by the amount of barrels of flour, and cheese, and so forth, which we get out of a given piece of ground; but theirs is the truer plan, and (inasmuch as a man is of more value than many cheeses) the more really successful in the end. It is all very well to talk (as the *Times* did talk some fourteen years ago) about the whole world becoming Anglo-Saxon in speech, and pretty nearly so in blood; but it would in such case be a monstrous world after all, and we should be in the sad predicament of having no "inferior race" with whom to compare ourselves, and over whom to crow in triumph. The negro race, at any rate, shows no signs of disappearing, the slave-trade has opened to it a new world, where it has taken permanent root. Strangely enough, there were no aboriginal black men in America; there are, we are told, in Borneo, in Madagascar, in Ceylon, (where they have not yet reached, or have lost, even the simplest form of tribal life,) among the Malays every where—even in New-Zealand; the Greeks, too, have left us the record of them round the eastern end of the Euxine; but in the New World they are not. Man there is of one homogeneous race, whether roaming solitary, or crushed beneath the gigantic exuberance of nature, as in Brazil; or hunting over the western prairies. Language goes for nothing; wanderers would soon forget one another's speech: but Pritchard and Nott alike agree, that the red man, with what Mr. Bates calls "his strange inflexibility of organization," is the same every where. In the cross the white predominates; our author tells us of a French blacksmith who had married a half-caste, and had a daughter a perfect blonde—strange, while her grandmother was a tattooed dark-skin.

Well, whether we care about insects and animals, or tropical forests, or the races of man, we shall find something to

suit us in Mr. Bates. It is a book, above all, for sedentary people, for young men in offices, members of Young Men's Christian Associations and Mutual Improvement Societies; it is the sort of reading to stir within them "the Viking's blood," the spirit of adventure, and it is good that this should be stirred at times, lest we crystallize into hard shapes, under the pressure which is constantly being put on most of us. If you can choose your time for reading it, take an evening when the wind is roaring outside, and the rain weeping against your windows; the contrast with the glow of tropical summers and the "calm well-balanced equilibrium of tropical life" will be all the stronger.

But we must give some account of what Mr. Bates did. In April, 1848, he and Mr. Wallace started on a naturalizing expedition, intending to gather specimens, pack, and send them to dealers in London, and live on the proceeds. They had a notion, too, of solving the question of "the origin of species" while out in Brazil; we shall see by and by what Mr. Bates has to say on this point.

His first point is Pará,* a thriving port on the river of the same name; a river, by the way, in marking which our ordinary maps seem at fault, for it is not a branch of the Amazon, but a separate stream, though connected with the grand river by several channels. People who intend to go up the Amazon always enter by the Pará, for the navigation is much easier, and the coast less unhealthy. Pará was in a transition state when Mr. Bates first saw it; the primeval forest came close up to the streets, the place was a perfect "Naturalist's Paradise"—seven hundred species of butterflies being found in one short woodland walk—(there are only thirty-six in all England.) Eleven years after, when he is leaving, he notes the change, the clearings cutting up his "butterfly runs," the dearth of provisions and house-rent, and all the other "signs of progress."

Hence, after an expedition up the Tocantins, a great river which comes up from the south into the Pará, he pushes across to the Amazons. There were no steamers in those days; they grew up during our author's sojourn in Brazil; the difference in traveling is of course immense, the steamer does in eight days what used

* Founded by Caldeira in 1615.

to take forty, or even three months in flood-time, in a cuberta or country boat, like that in which Mr. Bates made his way from point to point. They generally rested all night; by day the land-breeze took them slowly up: then the trader often had to land to sell or buy goods, and the naturalist was glad of the opportunity of exploring; besides, they generally lay to at midday, and then, also, the indefatigable Mr. Bates went on shore to see what he could get. The heat was sometimes excessive, when the banks were high and the channel narrow; but in general there was abundance of wind; indeed, many storms are described which were quite sea-like, and which it tasked all the skill and coolness of the Indian pilots to bear up against. Indeed, in these "broad lake-like expanses, where the tide—the throb of the great oceanic pulse—is felt over five hundred miles up," it is no wonder that the surf and swell are as furious as on the ocean itself.

All this voyage Mr. Bates seems healthy enough; the main river, he says, is far from unhealthy, though in places you are in a vapor-bath all the year round; it is the tributaries which are very unhealthy, both for Europeans and for Indians. Diseases, however, out here, seem to return (like extreme seasons with us) in cycles. Pará was for a time such a healthy place that delicate people from the United States used to come there; then, quite suddenly, yellow-fever broke out, and has visited it once again since; and now, after the double decimation, it is healthy again. The coast scenery (we use the word advisedly, seeing that in places the width is very great) is, of course, various; at times, long desolate timber-strewn reaches, with a channel so wide, that the other shore is only visible as a low line of forest. Then the high banks of clay, (pink or yellow,) so destitute of rock or gravel, that "not a pebble is seen for weeks." The width is perhaps greatest where the Madeira (*itself a river of two thousand miles!*) joins the main stream. In some places on the Upper Amazon, the vegetation comes so close to the edge, that they work their way up by pulling from tree to tree. This Upper Amazon, by the way, or Solimoens, has a course of two thousand one hundred and thirty miles from Lake Lauricocha, near Lima, to the Rio Negro, where it loses its distinctive name. The whole course of this stream

is through a magnificent wilderness, vegetation incredibly luxuriant, animal and insect life abounding, trees always in fruit and flower. Man has scarcely touched its valley, only a few score acres tilled from the Rio Negro to the Andes.

Along the main stream there are chiefly three kinds of vegetation; if the shore is low, with sand banks and mud, you have abundance of feather-grass, and gigantic reeds, and large fleshy-leaved plants of many kinds; where the banks are moderately high, and cut into by inlets, you have forest containing a large percentage of glorious palms, and all the richness of light-green "tropical vegetation;" where the soft vegetable mould has been quite swept away, you get high sloping red clay banks, with fewer palms, and less variety among the trees (most of them leguminaceous;) but here it is that the monster trees are chiefly found. On the tributaries the trees seem to run smaller, as if they kept proportion with the size of the adjacent stream; the forest-masses, too, have a different look; "the rounded outline, small foliage, and somber green of the woods make a pleasant contrast to the tumultuous piles of rank, glaring, light-green vegetation, and torn, timber-strewn banks, to which we had been so long accustomed in the main river."

The second growth on the clearing where once a coffee or cocoa estate has been, is of very different character from the primitive forest, the trees far less gigantic, and of distinct kinds. These abandoned plantations are unhappily very common. Of course, on the voyage he meets with other strange things besides insects. Antbears (very good eating) and sloths, on shore; and, on the water, frigate-birds, fresh-water dolphins, fish unlimited, (dried fish is the chief diet all up the river; to this, and to the unwholesome mandioca bread, Mr. Bates attributes his impaired health,) and the *manatee*, (*Vacca marina*), most human of all the seals, which eats like coarse pork. He also finds palm-trees with fruit so full of fatty matter that the vultures eat it greedily. Toucans and trogons (those glorious burnished-green creatures, with long sweeping tails) are the most characteristic birds. The toucan's bill Mr. Bates does not hesitate to describe as an *instance of imperfect adaptation*—it must, indeed, be an inconvenience to the bird, unless (as is hinted) the toucan is a *ruminant*. The

other inhabitants of the forest are, we are glad to hear, all excellently adapted to their mode of life; the apes, instead of being *anthropoid*, have prehensile tails, with naked palms near the tip, giving an extra hand; the representatives of our barn-door fowls have their toes all on the same plane, instead of one being, spur-wise, higher up the leg; the very beetles are suited for "an arboreal existence." By the way, the higher-class apes of the Old World have, like man, only thirty-two teeth, those in the New World (among which are owl-faced apes, and that peculiar kind with a bright scarlet complexion) have thirty-four. The animal which seems most to rouse Mr. Bates's enthusiasm is the "Hyacinthine macaw;" though, in our estimation, the *bird-spider*, (*Mygale avicularia*), five inches across, which a terrible print represents "devouring finches," is a far more noteworthy creature. Then there is the organ-bird, "just like some musical boy singing in the thicket, then so like a flageolet that we feel sure some one is playing on it, then an abrupt pause, and a number of clicking sounds, like a barrel-organ out of wind and tune." This is the only bird whose note makes any impression on the Indians—generally unimpressible.

Of course there are a few *insect pests*, though (except on the very highest part of the river) the mosquitos are by no means troublesome. The *fire-ant* is about as bad as any—a savage creature, "whose bite is like the prick of a red-hot needle," to guard against which you have to steep hammock ropes, (every body in Brazil sleeps hammock fashion,) chair-legs, and every thing with Copaiba balsam. Fortunately the various insect pests are very local; and those which bite by day disappear instantly at nightfall.

Once or twice Mr. Bates meets a boa: one is described as moving "like a stream of brown fluid flowing quickly along."

Then there are caymans, or alligators, occasionally fatal to bathers. We have a good story of a father who, when a large beast had caught his son by the thigh and carried him off, swam out, overtook it, and, plunging his thumbs into its eyes, compelled it to loose its hold; the boy was saved, though he had an ugly scar all his life long.

Of course, we hear occasionally of the puma, which affords, by the way, a curious instance of false nomenclature: the natives

call him *Sassiá-arána* (false-deer) from his dun-color resembling a deer at first sight. This the old zoölogist, Marcgrave, writes *gugua guarana*; whence, dropping the *cedilla*, and hardening the soft *g*, the French have made their "cougouar."

We have already noted the way in which the animals of the country are adapted to their peculiar life; we further read: "Earwigs, mole-crickets, and beetles living in sand, are of a whitish color. Yet of two sister species of beetle, both living on the white beach, one is white and *very swift*, the other copper-colored and slow; but then it does not need the disguise of color, being defended by the putrid smell which it emits when touched. . . . This fact confirms the idea that adaptation of color is with a view to concealment."

There are no hares or rabbits in Brazil: the place of our Rodents is supplied by the *Paça* and *Cutia*, both belonging to a family (*the Subun gulari*) which connects the Rodents with the Pachyderms, and points to a time when a group existed connecting the two great orders. A fossil Pachyderm, the *Toxodon*, *nearly allied to these Rodents*, has been found in America: but neither fossil nor recent is the family found in any other part of the world.

The voyage is slow; as Mr. Bates learns before he leaves Pará, "*pacienza*" is in constant requisition in Brazil; it is of no use expecting English energy; the traders often act on the principle, "pleasure first and business after," and waste half-a-day in chatting with an acquaintance, both lying in hammocks sipping *cushúcu*, the spirit made from the mandioca.

At last, however, rich in specimens, our naturalist lands at Santarem, a city of twenty-five hundred souls, "the biggest place on the main river from Peru to the Atlantic." The climate here is extremely dry, and seems to suit the English very well; several residents, of many years' standing, looking as ruddy as Suffolk farmers; but the natives are afflicted with leprosy; the place is called *Cidade dos Lazáros*. This fearful disease, caused, Mr. Bates thinks, by atrophy and consequent local decay, is not due to lack of food. Santarem is the only place on the whole line where meat is abundant and cheap—twopence a pound.

His next station is Obydos, where he sees a good deal of Indian and half-caste

life. Thence to the Barra of the Rio Negro, a wretched place, eaten up with officials, and miserably supplied with provisions—their beef is fetched five hundred miles; the butter comes from England; a lean fowl costs seven shillings; an egg twopence-halfpenny. Thence to Ega, where (Mr. Wallace having some time left him, and gone up the Rio Negro) our author fixes himself for some time. His account of his life here is so characteristic, that we shall give it in his own words:

"I generally rose with the sun, when the grassy streets were wet with dew, and walked down to the river to bathe; five or six hours of every morning were spent in collecting in the forest, whose borders lay only five minutes' walk from my house: the hot hours of the afternoon, between three and six o'clock, and the rainy days, were occupied in preparing and ticketing the specimens, making notes, dissecting, and drawing. I frequently had short rambles by water, in a small montaria, with an Indian lad to paddle. The neighborhood yielded me, up to the last day of my residence, an uninterrupted succession of new and curious forms in the different classes of the animal kingdom."

There he was amidst a population whose manners "offered a curious mixture of *naïve* rusticity and formal politeness." They are never impertinently curious. "The Indians and half-castes seemed to think it natural that strangers should collect and send abroad their beautiful butterflies and birds. The butterflies they universally concluded to be wanted as patterns for bright-colored calico-prints." Even educated people, who could understand what a museum is, could not comprehend a man studying science for its own sake: when he told them he was collecting for the "Museo de Londres," and was paid for it, they understood, and respected him accordingly.

A pleasant place Ega must have been: no danger from wild beasts, very little from serpents, none from men, even incivility, to an unoffending stranger, was rare among the natives. We can scarcely wonder that "three Frenchmen and two Italians, coming down one after another from the Andes to the sea, settled here for life, three of them marrying native women." They were a great acquisition to Mr. Bates's limited society, for "the want of the varied excitement of Euro-

pean life" seems to have troubled him most, "growing more intense instead of getting deadened. The contemplation of nature alone is not sufficient to fill the human mind and heart." Fairly healthy withal was Ega. We read: "The pools in the flood-land round keep strangely pure, no foul smell, no traces of *confervæ*, or oil, revealing animal decomposition: nor in the dry season is there any malaria. How elaborate must be the natural processes of self-purification in these teeming waters." Mr. Bates sees great changes at Ega: it rises, during his stay, from being, in 1850, a village dependent on Pará, fourteen hundred miles off, to be in 1852 a city, capital of its own province. A year after this steamers began to run on the Solimões. In 1855, they ran every two months between the Rio Negro and Nauta in Peru. As Mr. Bates remarks: "What a future is in store for the sleepy little tropical village, with its semi-Indian population of twelve hundred souls, lying there amidst perpetual verdure, with soil of endless fertility, even for Brazil, great healthiness, (if you can get proper food,) freedom from insect pests, endless rivers and channels teeming with fish and turtle, while its own river, communicating direct with the Atlantic, widens into a lake where at any season a fleet of steamers might anchor."

The prices of produce are rising: in 1850, says our author, a big turtle could be bought for ninepence; when he left in 1859, one of the same size would cost eight or nine shillings. River-turtle, of great size, over three feet across, are the staple food at Ega. They are described as delightful food, but cloying. Indeed, the one drawback to the place seems the difficulty of obtaining suitable food. Hunger! the mere notion seems ridiculous amid such tropical luxuriance. Yet, in spite of turtle in every shape, of fish unlimited, of occasional manatee, (sea-calf—like very coarse pork, with green fat,) and of glutenless mandioca meal for bread, the hunger for beef was such that whenever a beast out of the large herds, which pastured in the very streets, was killed by accident, (generally poisoned by drinking juice of mandioca root,) the competition for its flesh was immense. Owing to some cause, which Mr. Bates does not explain, an ox is never killed in the regular way. He repeats in the case of these Ega cattle, the remark which he had made of others

in the Lower Amazon, that though fat and sleek, in excellent pastures, the cows never gave milk except when a calf was born, and then only for a few weeks. Bread is only to be had occasionally, at ninepence a pound, made of American flour from Pará. Mr. Bates thinks that his "gradual deterioration of health" was due to his not tasting wheaten bread for two years. A tapir occasionally gave him for some days a most delicious and nourishing fare, and in June and July vast flocks of toucans come into the neighborhood, furnishing abundant food for many weeks.

Such was our author's life at the little city, founded in 1688 by Father Samuel Fritz, a Bohemian Jesuit, who induced several Indian tribes to settle there. About half are pure blood Indians still. At the assizes, Mr. Bates saw the novel (and to an "American," whether north or south, inexpressibly disgusting) sight of negro, white, half-caste, and Indian, sitting gravely side by side on the jury-bench.*

It is the same all the country through. "In Pará, every householder has a vote. Jurymen are selected without regard to race or color: white merchant, negro husbandman, Mameluco, Mulatto, and Indian, all are called on to serve. The constitution of government in Brazil seems to combine happily the principles of local self-government and centralization, and only requires a proper degree of virtue and intelligence in the people to lead the nation to great prosperity." The plan works well in one respect. "A gentle courtesy rules amongst all classes and colors. You may see a splendidly-dressed colonel, from the president's palace, walk up to a mulatto and politely ask for a light from his cigar."

Nor is education, such as it is, at all confined to one color: at Baiao a young Mameluco, an *Escrivao*, or public clerk, showed me his library—strange, to find a well-thumbed Terence, Virgil, Livy, etc., in a mud-plastered, palm-thatched hut by the Tocantins.

Our author devotes nearly a chapter to Indian life and characteristics, as noted during his stay in Ega. The strangest

thing about these Indians, is the extreme diversity of language—tribes manifestly of the same stock have scarcely a word in common. Indeed Mr. Bates thinks that all the many tribes are of the same race, in spite of the friendly open manners of some, and the suspicious hostility of others. We often speak of the savage as if he deserved some severe reproof for being what he is—a degenerate creature—but how could it be otherwise with these Brazilians, entering the country in small detached bodies, isolated from one another by enormous forests, crushed by the vastness and overpowering luxuriance of nature around them, how could they fail of becoming what they are? The rapid degeneracy of the mutineers of the "Bounty" may help us to form an idea of what scattered little English communities would have become under like circumstances.

This isolation Mr. Bates believes to be the reason for the strange inflexibility of the Indian organization, both bodily and mental; and which, while it is the cause of many of the redskin's virtues, on which (in the case of the Northern Indians) novelists and poets have delighted to descant, is also a lamentable hindrance to the social development of the race. They are dying out, these Indians of Brazil: their families are always very small; their inability to resist climate is as great as that of the whites. The little slaves, captured in tribe-wars, brought in (contrary to Brazilian law) for sale at Ega, die in large numbers of fever and swollen liver. Another mysterious plague is the "defluxo," a slow fever accompanied by the symptoms of a common cold, ending in consumption; this always appears when a village is visited by people from the civilized settlements; "the first question the poor patient Indians now put to an advancing canoe is: 'Do you bring defluxo?'" But though, like their congeners, the Indian tribes in the Northern Continent seem doomed to pass away, the race of half-breeds (mamelucos) is much more numerous and important than even in Lower Canada. It seems the mission of the "Latin race" to amalgamate with these aborigines whom the Teuton steadily rejects. M. Michelet, in his last work, *The History of the Regency*, contrasts very forcibly the English colonization, ending always in the total extinction of the natives, with that of such Frenchmen

* Some of our readers may remember how Mrs. Seacole (of Crimean fame) tells, with pardonable triumph, (she was a half-caste,) of a negro judge in Guatemala, who pronounced sentence on some lawless, bullying "American."

as Cavelier and De Casteins,* who aimed at mixing the races.

These Brazil Indians are by no means mere savages; they brought various plants with them when they emigrated into the country. The three kinds of mandioca, the American banana; and, above all, the "Peach palm," which, growing to the height of fifty or sixty feet, bears a dry mealy fruit with a flavor "like a mixture of chestnuts and cheese," which is said to contain more nutriment than fish or sea-calf: indeed, allowance being made for the country, they are not such bad agriculturists for aborigines, their weakness being the want of domestic animals.

Wonderful marksmen these Indians still are. It is well for us that the New Zealanders are not like them in this respect. Their guns are very so-so, mere "traders' guns," things like those our Birmingham people used to sell to the Kaffirs: so they are mostly reserved for the numerous feasts, religious and others, at which a considerable amount of powder is fired away. The serious work is done to a great extent with the *blowpipe*—far more effectual than the musket: a man takes his stand below, say, a colony of eatable monkeys, covers his quadruman—puffs the light reed-arrow, dipped in poison-tree juice, up into the tall tree, and down drops monkey number one, to be speedily followed by monkey number two, and so on, in succession, until enough to fill his game-bag lie at Joaquim's feet: the monkey population, who would start off and swing away for miles at the report of a gun, feeding meanwhile, and chatting away quite unconcerned, and really thinking of their dropping relatives what some Greek in Homer pretends to think of the Trojans:

"What skillful divers are our Phrygian foes."

The blowpipe is very hard to manage—just try to steady a stick even of light elder-wood, some eight or more feet long, so as to have a chance of bringing the end of it, even for a second, in a right line with a rabbit sixty paces off, and you will have more respect for the Indians than you have hitherto had.

Christians, according to Mr. Bates, these people scarcely are. Some exceptions he gives; some priests, for instance, seem-

ingly well-trained, and with their heart really in their work—men who (despite their red skins) win reverence from every one: but, in general, the Indians do not seem to have got much from their Jesuit teachers but the externals, and with these a great deal of old native "mumbo jumbo," as well as much "missionary adaptation," is mingled. The processions are still headed by an extraordinary fetish, made up of ribbons, and flowers, and bits of looking-glass; this is an heirloom from the days when the padre *persuaded* the people to go to church by walking thither himself with a mirror in his hand. The simple native saw his own face, was at once taken captive by the sight, followed, learnt the way, and, we would fain hope, went on going, not because of the wonderful glass, but because he found it

"Like a little heaven below."

The native talent for mimicking and masquerading is immense: they put anybody into their processions. Mr. Bates is taken off in one of them to the life, spectacles, butterfly-net, and all. In the frontispiece to Vol. II. you see a whole set of these monstrosities, giants of every kind, vast masks of cloth stretched on bamboo-frames and moved (as our own old mummers managed it) by men inside. Hence we are prepared to find the church festivals "well got up." On Good Friday, for instance, two processions, one headed by the image of the Saviour bearing the cross, the other by that of Our Lady, start from opposite ends of the town, and meet in the middle of the chief church, when a strange scene of weeping commences. All the events of the day are represented, the sighs of the *Maries* being uttered by certain lusty professionals who are stowed away for that purpose in the vestry. We must not ask for religion among the red men while the whites are such as they are: indeed, when Mr. Bates says, "though as to notions about a Supreme Being their minds are a blank, they are still free from degrading superstition," we feel that this is much more than can be said of the Portuguese. The ceremonies occasion great devoutness among negroes and Brazilian ladies, and some Portuguese; Indians look on at the solemn portions rather stolidly as if they were all nonsense, and they take their part in the show as if it were but a mere stage play, in which the priest is chief actor.

* A Béarnais baron, who married into, and became Chief of the Abenakis.

In steadiness and saving habits, the Peruvians (Cucámas) are much in advance of the rest. Mr. Bates goes up the Solimóens, or Upper Amazon, with a boat's crew of these Indians. He testifies to their industry—they were tailoring all the time that the navigation did not need their attention—and to their wonderful good behavior, and yet their strange apathy. It thunders fearfully—they are caught in one of those wild river-storms, of which Mr. Bates experiences several, when the vast body of water dashes with a sea-swell against its banks, bringing down in some places vast masses of earth with all the trees growing on them—their boat is saved, for the Indians are wonderful pilots; but the only notice they take of the thunder-claps that burst amid the deluge of rain, is for the wag of the party to chuckle out, "My old uncle's hunting again!" A hard life theirs: the youngest of the party goes ashore, stays longer than was agreed, they start without him, and he has to pursue in the montaria; he is all day at it—killing work it must have been—but when he gets up with them and comes on deck, he only grins and is grinned at all round, as if such treatment were a matter of course. Indians get very few *ideas* from mixing in civilized scenes: beyond what concerns their little trading speculations their minds are a blank—showing none of the nobleness of the ideal savage. The most "improved" of them are very commonplace, uninteresting companions. We can not help thinking that Mr. Bates is, at times, hard on them for their "stolidity":* he clearly expected "the glorious savage in his native wilds." A good deal of the seeming stupidity may be due to the want of sufficient power to communicate freely. Your town-bred man is sure to find even a countryman of his own nation a stupid fellow, because he does not understand him at first, and has not patience to wait. Of course, the different tribes differ a great deal: there are the debased Múras, eaters of dried fish, who have forgotten the use of the mandioca. Their degeneracy is probably of more recent date than the Portuguese occupation of the country: the unscrupulousness of Europeans anxious to

get slaves, or to collect native produce, has not failed to egg on the ferocity of tribe against tribe.

As you near Peru you would expect to find higher degrees of native civilization, and yet it is on the Tocantins, the furthest limit of his journeyings, he meets another tribe of Indians who, like the Múras, resist all approach to civilization. These, the Carisháuas, have none of the symbolic masked dances of the other tribes; at their few festivals they show their degeneracy by not drinking to intoxication, and by getting the whole affair over in a day, instead of keeping it up for several days and nights. They live mostly on smaller creatures. "If they kill a toucan it is an important event; the bird is made to serve as a meal for over a score of people. The women are not allowed to taste the meat, but have to content themselves with sopping pieces of mandioca cake dipped in the broth."

In this wretched country up the Tocantins, four hundred miles of which is totally uninhabited, society seems reduced to its primitive elements. There are two nations of Indians, divided into hordes, not living in villages but scattered in families over the country, and connected by no tie but a common name, and the tradition of general enmity towards the hordes of the other nation.

As we have said, until lately very little but evil has resulted to these poor natives from the influx of whites: even the Jesuits, powerful as we suppose them to be, were no match for Portuguese greed, and had, after a long struggle, to give up their efforts for the good of the Indians, and finally to leave the country. Mr. Bates passes the remains of some of their *very ugly* "mission villages," built in formal streets, instead of in the pleasant native style, scattered among trees.

As to lay agency, the following instances will show to what extent European traders deserve their title of "pioneers of civilization." Fonte Boa was an important place; many Indians, of industrious tribes, having settled there, their industry being directed by a few whites, humane men as well as enterprising traders. The neighborhood was well cleared, mosquitoes were disappearing, the Indians were orderly and happy. Then came some low-class Brazilian and Portuguese traders, who in their eagerness for business taught the easy-going Indians all kinds of trickery

* For instance, it seems to us very unfair to attribute the kindly mutual helpfulness and strict honesty of the Peruvian boatmen to "absence of eager selfishness in small matters."

and immorality, enticed men and women away from their old employers, and so broke up the large establishments, and drove away the capitalists. The place was ruined. Yet such is the gentleness of the half-caste nature, that here, one hundred and fifty miles from any priest or school-master, deeds of crime and violence are very rare, and the only man who owned a large boat trading down to Pará exercised, as sub-delegado of police, a patriarchal authority. He was a man, too, of some mental inquisitiveness withal; witness his giving our author a boat-load of turtles, in gratitude for a few prints from the *Illustrated News*.

The most pleasant fact in regard to races is the position of the negroes and mulattos throughout the country. Mr. Bates says: "Self-respect and independence I found to be by no means rare qualities among the free negroes. I scolded my man for being late with breakfast. He resented the scolding, not in an insolent way, but in a quiet respectable manner, telling me how the thing had occurred; that I must not expect to find English regularity in Brazil, but should need plenty of 'pazienza.' This spirit of self-respect is attributable partly to the lenient treatment which slaves have generally received from their masters in this part, and partly to the almost total absence of prejudice against colored people among the inhabitants. This is a very happy state of things, tending to draw together all races and classes of the population." At St. Paulo, where the few whites (including the wicked priest) set a vile example, the only companionable people were the sub-delegado, an upright, open-hearted negro, and the negro tailor, a young man who had been well brought up by his godfather. It is touching to read of his coming to spend his evenings in calm converse with Mr. Bates, giving a peculiar knock at the shutters, which were closed to keep out drunken neighbors. The name of Englishman is enough to secure the respect and affection of negroes all through Brazil. These negroes struck our author as having far more religious feeling than the Indians. They have built a fine church at Pará by working overtime; the materials were all bought out of their savings, and carried on their heads to the spot. They and the old Brazilians vie with the Portuguese immigrants in religious zeal.

A very pleasing account is given else-

where of the way in which the negroes at Caripi kept Christmas; they had no priest, an old white-headed negro led off the Litany; gravity and earnestness marked the whole proceedings.

Many of them, too, are (unlike Mrs. Trollope's West Indian nigger) very hard-working and thrifty; one old negro lady and her blacksmith son had saved enough to buy a great deal of house property in Pará.

There is a good deal of trading activity along the Amazon and its tributaries. We had no idea, till we read Mr. Bates, that india-rubber is such an important article of commerce; it makes more than a third of the total exports from Pará, and has reached the value of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds. Then copaiba, and sarsaparilla, and other drugs, are collected from the Indians, while cacao (why should cocoa be always so spelt in books?) is pretty extensively grown, and sugar—though many of the mills, ruined in the revolt of 1835, have not been rebuilt. Tobacco also, and oil, and salt fish, which is the universal staple, help out the list of items. The oil is made, by a *most wasteful process, from turtles' eggs*. Mr. Bates thinks the vultures used to destroy more than men do now: but old Indians told him the river used to be full of turtles. These—and rude Indian pottery, and the wonderful *feather scepters*, which they make and pack in bamboo cases, selling them, as they also do skins of rare birds or beasts, since the rage for "collecting" began—form the chief exports. Flour is imported from the States; butter from England.

And now a word or two on Mr. Bates's illustrations of the origin of species. He thinks he has ascertained that one species of butterfly, of genus *Heliconius*, passes through various intermediate forms into another. That is all; though it is introduced grandly enough as the "*manufacture of new species*."

But Mrs. Pardiggle is inquiring what this word "species" means. Distinct species, madam, are those which, when crossed, produce a *hybrid*, a creature incapable of reproducing its species; whilst from the crossing of "varieties" the results are *mongrels*, which will breed on together apparently *ad libitum*. The different breeds of sheep are mongrels; a mule is a hybrid. Of course, here the distinction is clear enough to any one; but we can

not help thinking that the difference between hybrid and mongrel butterflies is not sufficiently ascertained to enable us to build a theory upon it. After all, the question is surely not worth a quarter of the noise that is made about it. There are some people who think we must give up the Old and New Testament, and all the Gospel promises, if it is shown that species are not invariable, that two of them will breed together and produce a fertile progeny. We do not think the establishment of fifty, or five hundred such cases, would in any way sap the foundations of our faith. Why, from one point of view Mr. Darwin's theory is even more orthodox than the other; it bids us believe, not in a soulless world, going on by immutable law, in which all things continue as at the beginning; it tells us that the Spirit, which at first created all things, still moves and works, even to the bringing forth of new forms after his good pleasure. Of course, if Mr. Darwin or any one else tells us that it is the creature itself which, by dint of some aspiration persisted in through ages of time, *shapes itself after a new model*, why, we part company with him at once; but we are not startled to hear the *facts* of which he asserts the existence, because they tell us of a living God who (as of old) letteth his breath go forth, and reneweth the face of the earth.

Well, we must bid Mr. Bates farewell. He is one of the very few writers who go beyond the expectation we have formed of them. He is not first in the field. Mr. Wallace's book has been for some time before the public, and as early as 1819, Von Martins and Spix were in the coun-

try, (those Germans do every thing,) though they did not publish till 1831. But no one will say his work is wanting in freshness. His details of the free life in the greenwood are doubly delightful to us "in cities pent." We go with him into a land which (as we said) has its history to make; we feel somewhat as the old Greeks must have felt, when, through the wonder-glass of Herodotus, they got glimpses of wide continents of which they barely knew the names. But Mr. Bates is a Theophrastus, full of minute research as well as of breadth of scope. By the way, had they "collections" in those days? or did the early naturalists content themselves with clumsy word-painting of the thing they would describe?

The country of which Mr. Bates writes has, to all appearance, a wonderful future before it. The laws are excellent; all that is needed is honesty and energy in carrying them out. We do hope the Brazilians may have a fair chance; they are solving on the widest scale the interesting question of mixed races. They want a trifle more Caucasian blood; we should not be at all sorry to see them get more from these islands—to see the tide of Irish emigration which (steadily shunning Canada) sets always towards the States, drop yet further to the southward. At any rate, we trust that Brazil may be able to move on *peacefully* in the career of improvement; that it may be spared the trials which poor unhappy Mexico has had to undergo, first from its restless neighbors of the Great Republic, and now from the occupation of French troops, for a cause considered insufficient by Spain and England for a *casus belli*.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT AND MADAME RECAMIER.—An application was a few days since made to the President of the Civil Tribunal sitting in chambers for a judge's order to prevent the publication of certain confidential letters written by the celebrated Benjamin Constant to his friend Madame Recamier. In December, 1850, the Court of Paris gave a judgment forbidding the publication of these letters by Madame Louise Colet, who had obtained possession of the original manuscripts. Since then, however, several of the letters have appeared in different publications, and Madame Colet, thinking the prohibi-

tion no longer valid, recently determined to publish the whole of them. They were accordingly advertised as about to appear, but the representatives of Benjamin Constant immediately gave notice to M. Dentu, the bookseller, that they intended to oppose the publication, and applied for the present order. After hearing counsel, the president granted an order that all the copies of the work should at once be given up to a person named by himself, and remain in his possession until the right to publish them should be decided in due course of law.—*Galignani*.

From the London Eclectic.

THE UNITY OF THE POPULAR TALE.*

AMONG the modern "*ologies*" the science of *storyology* is likely to be regarded by many readers with especial favor as one of the most interesting, while by scholars its great importance has been for some time perceived. The ethnological value of popular tales and ancient traditions can not very well be over estimated—they bring an ethnic element to the study of the unity or variety of human races, not only of a peculiarly interesting but of a most valuable character. Contributions to the study we have in abundance, but they lie scattered over innumerable volumes. Thousands of books of travel might be explored, and the task, which in the nature of things would have to be a self-imposed labor of love, would, we believe, furnish from every quarter of the globe, and from all varieties of wild people, pastoral and nomadic, agricultural or predatory; from South Sea Isles and North-American wigwags, from Calmuc steppes and German forests, from the depths of the Amoor and the Chatits of the Himalayas, an amount of material most suggestive to the thoughtful inquirer into the pathways along which the various races have traveled to their present development. In national songs, in riddles, proverbs, and popular tales, uttered and chanted by lonely fires in the bush, in dark huts and solitary farms, in the waste of mountains and moors, a people's ancestry, history, and character are reflected in the clearest manner. Every way, one of the most important contributions to this

department of literature is the work of Mr. Campbell. So far as our poor scholarship in the matter enables us to judge, his four handsome volumes seem to be prepared in a spirit of scrupulous and scholarly integrity, and contain every evidence of remarkable ability and industry: if any argument were needed, then they appear to furnish another most impregnable argument for the Eastern origin of the Celtic nations, and the relation, even the intimate relation, subsisting between the Indo-Germanic and the Celtic peoples.

Stories like these, compared again with the varieties in the volumes of Mr. Thorpe, suggest the question whether they all flow down from one common ancestry, recited in varying circumstances from age to age, or whether they are an illustration of the synonymousness of human intelligence in the order of its development. Is it so that the mind of man in its pathway to perfect freedom, when beneath the charm of its own volitions, is able to create novels, fictions, tragedies, comedies, and poems in multitudinous variety—and in its forming epoch when it commences the shaping its ideas in the similitudes of corresponding action, and passion pursues the same course? It does seem so, not only that the passion for story-uttering or story-hearing is universal in all nations, among all peoples, but whilst each nation has its own, the varieties of popular story resemble each other, especially in their most primitive forms, and meet as much as all the races meet in that one comprehensive being we call Man. Homer, Herodotus, Æsop, Grimm, and Gammer Grethel are not only wanted by all primitive communities, but there is considerable likeness, too, in their ethnic relatives. An antiquarian like Mr. Campbell discovers this, and turns it to admirable purpose. He sees that as the flotsome and jetsome are constantly drifting northwards and eastwards, yet finding a resting-place on some western shore, so the popular tale is the like mental *débris* floating down from

* *Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition, and Folk Lore.* By WALLIS K. KELLY. Chapman & Hall.

Popular Tales of the West Highlands, orally collected, with a Translation. By J. F. CAMPBELL. 4 vols. Edmonston & Douglas.

Northern Mythology. Compiled from Original and other Sources. By BENJAMIN THORPE, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich. 3 vols. Edward Lumley.

The Myth of Hia Watha, and other Oral Legends, Mythologic and Allegoric, of the North-American Indians. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, LL.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

some central tribe it may be in Central Asia, appearing with varieties of attrition or some slight circumstantial cohesion in Brittany, Scandinavia, Ireland, the West of Scotland, then by some traveler identified with some similar findings in Ceylon or Japan. But for some such common origin and foundation, it would be strange indeed to find the romances of boatmen and fishermen inhabiting small islands filled with incidents which seem to belong to a wild, continental, horse-riding tribe. We fear that in some regions the possibility for the collection of such primeval traditions is dying out. Books and newspapers, pens, ink, and paper are sad foes to the faculty of memory. Plato somewhere implies in words, the exactness of which has escaped us, that the veneration of letters is the decay of memory. Mr. Campbell has collected his vast stores from old men and old women who held them only in their memory. "In our age," he well says, "tradition is out and books are in;" railways and tourists too are doing their accustomed work in driving out the belief in the supernatural. We must quote his description of one of the old story-tellers of the Western Highlands:

"He told me nine stories, and, like all the others, declared that there was no man in the islands who knew them so well. 'He could not say how many he knew,' he seemed to know versions of nearly every thing I had got; and he told me plainly that my versions were good for nothing. 'Huch! Thou hast not got them right at all.' *'They came into his mind,'* he said, *'sometimes at night when he could not sleep—old tales that he had not heard for threescore years.'*

"He had the manner of a practiced narrator, and it is quite evident that he is one; he chuckled at the interesting parts, and laid his withered finger on my knee as he gave out the terrible bits with due solemnity. A small boy in a kilt, with large round glittering eyes, was standing mute at his knee, gazing at his wrinkled face, and devouring every word. The boy's mother first boiled and then mashed potatoes; and his father, a well-grown man in tartan breeks, ate them. Ducks and ducklings, a cat and a kitten, some hens and a baby, all tumbled about on the clay floor together, and expressed their delight at the savory prospect, each in his own fashion; and three wayfarers dropped in and listened for a spell, and passed their remarks till the ford was shallow. The light came streaming down the chimney, and through a single pane of glass, lighting up a track in the blue mist of the peat smoke; and fell on the white hair

and brown withered face of the old man, as he sat on a low stool with his feet to the fire; and the rest of the dwelling, with all its plenishing of boxes and box-beds, dishes and dresser, and gear of all sorts, faded away through shades of deepening brown, to the black darkness of the smoked roof and the 'peat corner.' There we sat, and smoked and talked for hours, till the tide ebbed; and then I crossed the ford by wading up to the waist, and dried my clothes in the wind in Benbecula."

It will be very curious to those unaccustomed to the study of these things, to find the adventures of the good Haroun-al-Raschid in these Western Isles; old crones and old men reciting Gaelic versions of "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp." Some of the stories seem to approach the "Tales of the Duchess D'Aulnoy;" others, a greater number, more closely resemble (and in this they are like many we could quote from the old Indian Forests) the charming shadow-pictures of Hans Andersen; the luxurious and dangerous introspection, the dramatic ways and moods of souls in peril from their sins, are unknown. The wanderings and lucubrations of Mr. Pickwick and his illustrious man Friday, Sam Weller; the likenesses to Waverley, or the "Mysteries of London," are alike unknown. On the contrary, while we have no gorgeous palaces nor flying gryphons in the Western Isles, kings and queens are a remarkably common character; and Emperors of Germany and Kings of France seem to be as easily got at as the tooth-pick of Prester John by another famous wizard. All these primeval peoples have a frequent, pleasant, and even humorous way of putting things: an old smith upon his wanderings, lying down to rest, is said to "*put the world under his head.*" And when a girl wished her lover safely from the power of a giant, he replied cheerfully, "*two shares of fear on him, and the smallest share on me.*"

Strength and shrewdness seem to be the two genii most usually worshiped by these ancient story-tellers. A most humorous presentation of the foolishness of folly makes a frequent appearance; the frequent selling of a something valueless as a source of riches is the foundation of many a story, but finds its best illustration in these volumes in the story of the *Shifty Lad*, which is only, in a more primeval form, the story (now we presume familiar to all English readers) of *Master*

Tyhyth Owlglass; and Mr. Campbell finds some incidents like it in the story of Rampaintus told to Herodotus, far more than two thousand years since, and it is renewed in the Norse story of the "Master Thief." Sometimes we find the likenesses of little stories which crop up as anecdotes in conversation, meeting us both in Icelandic tales and Sanscrit traditions. Here is one; Mr. Campbell mentions its Scandinavian and Italian relations, but we believe it is in the Sanscrit *Hitopadesa* too:

"A sailor who had got his money, and who knew that he would spend it all, went to visit his friends. On his way he paid double, and generously, for his board and lodging, and bargained that he should take off a certain old hat as payment on his way back.

"A Jew accompanied him on his return, and seeing the effect of the hat, begged for it, offered for it, and finally, bought it for a large sum. Then he tried it, got cudgelled by the innkeepers, and cursed the clever tar that had outwitted him.

"Here, then, is a story known in the Highlands for many years, with incidents common to Gaelic, Norse, English, German, and some African tongue, and with a peculiar character of its own which distinguishes from all others. I am indebted to the author of Norse Tales for a loan of the rare book mentioned in the following reference, which may throw some light on the story and its history:

"In *Le Piacevole Notte di Straparola*, 1567, the story is told of a priest and three rogues who outwit him, and whom he outwits in return.

"First, they persuade him that a mule which he has bought is an ass, and get it; which incident is in another Gaelic story in another shape. Then he sells them a bargain in the shape of a goat, which is good for nothing.

"Then he pretends to kill his housekeeper by sticking a knife into a bladder filled with blood, and brings her alive again with something which he sells to them for two hundred florins of gold, and they kill their three wives in earnest.

"They are enraged, catch the priest, and put him into a sack, intending to drown him in a river. They set him down, and a shepherd comes, who hears a lamentable voice in a sack saying, 'Me la vogliono pur dare, e io non la voglio.'—They wish to give her to me, and I don't want her. The priest explains that the lord of that city wants to marry him to his daughter, and by that bait (not the bait of riches) entices the shepherd into the sack. The shepherd is drowned. The priest takes the sheep, and the rogues, when they find the priest with the sheep, beg to be put into three sacks. They get in, are carried to the river by three 'faccioni,' and disposed of; and par-

Searpacifico, rich in money and flocks, returned home and lived pleasantly, etc.

"From what process this story got from Italian into Gaelic, or who first invented it, seems worth inquiry. One thing is clear: the Italian version and the four Gaelic versions now given resemble each other very closely."

The story of the "Inheritance" is very characteristic, and finds the likenesses to which we have referred:

"There was once a farmer, and he was well off. He had three sons. When he was on the bed of death he called them to him, and he said: 'My sons, I am going to leave you: let there be no disputing when I am gone. In a certain drawer, in a dresser in the inner chamber, you will find a sum of gold; divide it fairly and honestly amongst you, work the farm, and live together as you have done with me;' and shortly after the old man went away. The sons buried him; and when all was over, they went to the drawer, and when they drew it out there was nothing in it.

"They stood for a while without speaking a word. Then the youngest spoke, and he said: 'There is no knowing if there ever was any money at all!' The second said: 'There was money surely, wherever it is now;' and the eldest said: 'Our father never told a lie. There was money certainly, though I can not understand the matter.' 'Come,' said the eldest, 'let us go to such an old man: he was our father's friend; he knew him well; he was at school with him; and no man knew so much of his affairs. Let us go to consult him.'

"So the brothers went to the house of the old man, and they told him all that had happened. 'Stay with me,' said the old man, 'and I will think over this matter. I can not understand it; but, as you know, your father and I were very great with each other. When he had children I had sponsorship, and when I had children he had godfathers. I know he never told a lie.' And he kept them there, and he gave them meat and drink for ten days.

"Then he sent for the three young lads, and he made them sit down beside him, and he said:

"There was once a young lad, and he was poor; and he took love for the daughter of a rich neighbor, and she took love for him; but because he was so poor there could be no wedding. So at last they pledged themselves to each other, and the young man went away, and stayed in his own house. After a time there came another suitor, and because he was well off, the girl's father made her promise to marry him, and after a time they were married. But when the bridegroom came to her, he found her weeping and bewailing; and he said: 'What ails thee?' The bride would say nothing for a long time; but at last she told him all about it, and how she was pledged to

another man. "Dress thyself," said the man, "and follow me." So she dressed herself in the wedding clothes, and he took the horse, and put her behind him, and he rode to the house of the other man, and when he got there, he struck in the door, and called out: "Is there a man within?" and when the other answered he left the bride there within the door, and he said nothing, but he returned home. Then the man got up, and got a light, and who was there but the bride in her wedding dress.

"What brought thee here?" said he. "Such a man," said the bride. "I was married to him to-day, and when I told him of the promise we had made, he brought me here himself and left me."

"Sit thou there," said the man; "art thou not married?" So he took the horse, and he rode to the priest, and he brought him to the house, and before the priest he loosed the woman from the pledge she had given, and he gave her a line of writing that she was free, and he set her on the horse, and said: "Now return to thy husband."

"So the bride rode away in the darkness in her wedding dress. She had not gone far when she came to a thick wood where three robbers stopped and seized her. "Aha!" said one, "we have waited long, and we have got nothing, but now we have got the bride herself." "Oh," said she, "let me go: let me go to my husband; the man that I was pledged to has let me go. Here are ten pounds in gold—take them, and let me go on my journey." And so she begged and prayed for a long time, and told what had happened to her. At last one of the robbers, who was of a better nature than the rest, said: "Come, as the others have done this, I will take you home myself." "Take thou the money," said she. "I will not take a penny," said the robber; but the other two said: "Give us the money," and they took the ten pounds. The woman rode home, and the robbers left her at her husband's door, and she went in, and showed him the line—the writing that the other had given her before the priest, and they were well pleased.

"Now," said the old man, "which of all these do you think did best?" So the eldest son said: "I think the man that sent the woman to him to whom she was pledged, was the honest, generous man: he did well." The second said: "Yes, but the man to whom she was pledged did still better, when he sent her to her husband." "Then," said the youngest, "I don't know myself; but perhaps the wisest of all were the robbers who got the money." Then the old man rose up, and he said: "Thou hast thy father's gold and silver. I have kept you here for ten days; I have watched you well. I know your father never told a lie, and thou hast stolen the money." And so the youngest son had to confess the fact, and the money was got and divided."

Our readers will perceive that a wide knowledge of books is needed to find the

manifold cousinships of such tales; but in this we have quoted, the readers of Boccaccio will recognize the likeness; and, as has been well said, a skillful modern novelist would doctor such a story as this, nursing it into a three-volume book. Trolles and giants we need not say abound in these traditions. Rip van Winkle has been anticipated a hundred times; here is one, an old Danish tradition:

"THE AGED BRIDE."

"At a marriage at Nørre-Broby near Odense, the bride during a dance left the apartment and walked without reflection towards a mount in the adjacent field, where at the same time there were dancing and merriment among the Elf-folk. On reaching the mount, she saw that it was standing on red pillars, and at the same moment an Elf came and presented to her a cup of wine. She took the cup, and having emptied it, suffered herself to join in a dance. When the dance was ended she bethought herself of her husband and hastened home. Here it appeared to her that every thing in and about the place was changed, and on entering the village, she recognized neither house nor farm, and heard nothing of the noisy mirth of the wedding. At length she found herself standing before her husband's dwelling, but on entering saw no one whom she knew, and no one who knew her. One old woman only, on hearing the bride's lamentation, exclaimed: 'Is it then you, who a hundred years ago disappeared at my grandfather's brother's wedding?' At these words the aged bride fell down and instantly expired."

Some of the best known of the stories among us have their analogies in regions which seem farthest removed from us. There is an instinctive morality, which may be found, not only in those parabolic forms which have evidently emanated from a reasoning and thoughtful, and perhaps, Christian people, but from the antiquities of Chinese morality. Through how many variations has the following Chinese parable on hospitality passed; for it is well known in many forms to us. It was related to the distinguished traveler Haxthausen by his wonderful servant Peter Neu, a marvel of a linguist, and he heard it in one of the streets of Persia, where, as in China and Japan, Mr. Oliphant tells us, groups are commonly seen listening to professional story-tellers and tradition-reciters in the streets:

"Fohi, in the course of his wanderings, coming to a village, knocked at the door of a rich woman, and begged permission to enter.

'What!' said she, 'do you think I receive into my house every roving vagabond? no indeed, it would be unbecoming a respectable woman—go your way!' Then he went to the cottage of a poor woman, who at once kindly begged him to enter. She set before him the only food she had, a little goat's milk, broke a piece of bread into it, and said: 'May Fohi bless it, that we may both have enough!' She then prepared for him a couch of straw; and when he fell asleep, perceiving that he had no shirt, she sat up all night and made him one out of some linen she had made by her own hard labor: in the morning she brought it to him, begging he would not despise her poor gift. After breakfast she accompanied him a little way; and at parting Fohi said: 'May the first work you undertake last until evening!' When she got home, she began to measure her linen, to see how much was left; and she went on measuring, and did not come to the end of it until the evening, when her house and yard were full of linen; in short, she did not know what to do with her wealth. Her rich neighbor, seeing this, was sorely vexed, and resolved that such good fortune should not escape her again. After some months the traveler came once more to the village; she went to meet him, pressed him to go to her house, treated him with the best food she had, and in the morning brought him a shirt of fine linen, which she had made some time before; but all night she kept a candle burning in her room that the stranger if he awoke might suppose she was making his shirt. After breakfast, she accompanied him out of the village; and when they parted he said: 'May the first work you undertake last till evening!' She went her way home, thinking the whole time of her linen, and anticipating its wonderful increase; but just then her cows began to low. 'Before I measure my linen,' said she, 'I will quickly fetch the cows some water.' But when she poured the water into the trough, her pail never emptied; she went on pouring, the stream increased, and soon her house and yard were under water; the neighbors complained that every thing was ruined; the cattle were drowned, and with difficulty she saved her life, for the water never ceased flowing until the setting of the sun."

Baron Haxthausen relates this in a very interesting chapter of his work, on *Transcaucasia*, reciting a number of Armenian legends and tales.

To trace the analogues of even a hundredth part of these stories would be not the work of a brief article in a review, but of volumes—our object rather is to suggest. Thus we find the story of "Jack and the Bean-stalk" in Polynesia; a hero goes up to the sky on a ladder made of a plant and brings thence three precious gifts, in much the same way as that in

which Jack does; but this is one of those stories which seem to be common to all the world; but it has its distinct character in the Highlands. Mr. Campbell gives several versions of it. Cinderella also, is another of these common stories existing in many varieties. Here is one told to Mr. Campbell in an inn, at the sound of Benbecula by a girl named Morag a chota Bhain—in English, Margory White Coats. The likeness of the Cinderella in the following story, may be seen in her white coats and short gown, blowing the fire in Highland inns.

"A king had four daughters, and his wife died, and he said he would marry one whom his dead wife's clothes would fit. One day the daughters tried, and the youngest only could wear them. The king saw them from a window, and wished to marry her, and she went for advice to her mother's brother. He advised her to promise to marry the king if he would bring her a gown of birds' down, and a gown of the colors of the sky, woven with silver; and when he had got that, a gown of the color of the stars, woven with gold, and glass shoes. When he had got them, she escaped with all her clothes, by the help of her uncle, on a filly, with a magic bridle, she on one side, and her chest of clothes on the other. She rode to a king's palace, hid the chest in a hill under a bush of rushes, turned the filly loose, and went to the palace with nothing on but a white petticoat and a shift. She took service with the cook, and grew dirty and ugly, and slept on a bench by the kitchen fire, and her work was to blow under the great caldron all day long. One day the king's son came home, and was to hold a feast; she went to the queen and asked leave to go, and was refused because she was so dirty. The queen had a basin of water in her hand, and threw it at her, and it broke. She went to the hill, took out the dress of down and silver, and shook her magic bridle; the filly came, and she mounted and rode to the feast. 'The king's son took her by the hand, and took her up as high as any there, and set her on his own lap; and when the feast was over, there was no reel that he danced but he gave it to her.' He asked her whence she came, and she said, *from the kingdom of Broken Basins*; and the prince said that he had never heard of that land, though he had traveled far. She escaped and returned to the cook, and all were talking about the beautiful lady. She asked about her, and was told not to talk about what she did not understand, 'a dirty little wretch like her.' Then the prince had another feast; and she asked leave again, and the queen refused, and threw a candlestick at her, and it broke, and she did as before. She put on another dress and went; the king's son had eight men on each side of the door to catch her. The same scene went on, and she said she came from the country of

Candlesticks—'TIE HAN COILLEARAN,' and escaped, leaving a glass shoe. Then the king's son fell sick, (of course,) and would only marry the woman whom the shoe would fit; and all the ladies came and cut off their toes and heels, but in vain. Then he asked if there was none other. Then a small creature put his head in at the door and said: 'If thou didst but know, she whom thou seekest is under the cook.' Then he got the history of the basin and the candlestick from his mother. The shoe was tried and fitted, and he was to marry Morag. All were in despair, and abused her; but she went out to her chest, shook the magic bridle, and arrayed herself, and came back on the filly, with a 'powney' behind with the chest. Then all there that had despised her fell on their knees, and she was married to the prince. 'And I did not get a bit there at the wedding,' said the girl."

It must be admitted that some of the stories seem to give the shadowy myth character to the forces and powers of labor. The smith easily becomes ennobled into something half infernal and half divine; but it was perceived apparently that there was something more divine than mere strength. We have the story of the wife who had fairy blood in her veins; but was married to a smith in the forest of Nordland—who at last hated her for her fairy blood. He cursed her, ill-used her, and upbraided her, and while she suffered and repented, till one day she went into the smithy to see, with a friendly eye, her husband at work; but he began as before; but on its coming to blows, she, by way of proving her superior strength, seized an iron bar and twisted it round her husband as if it had been a wire. The husband was now forced to submission and to promise domestic peace. The parable sometimes suspiciously oozes out, but rarely we believe in the oldest traditions. Our readers know the story of the Giantess, whose daughter one day saw a husbandman plowing in the field; she ran and picked him up with her finger and thumb, put him and his plow, and oxen, into her apron, and ran home to her mother, saying, "Mother! mother! what sort of beetle is this I have found wriggling in the sand?" But the mother said: "Ah, put it down, child, put it down. We must be gone out of this land now, for these people have come to live in it." The saline humor and conscious reverence, which peep out from a tradition like this, assure us that it does not belong to a very old age; but to a

period when narrators had begun to reason and to know; it might pass for one of Hans Andersen's fairy tales. Stories about smiths and swords are common to these tribes, the sword of light, the bright sword; that is, we suppose, stripped of supernatural qualities; the sword of well-tempered steel, to which, of course, extraordinary virtues were attributed. Such stories in which the mystic sword appears a kind of god, as in the romance of Arthur, point, most likely, to the first use of iron; the sword shines, cries out, the lives of men are bound up in it. We have the story even of a fox who changed himself into a sword of light, and the edge of the real sword touching an old witch, she fell into a withered fagot. Hints like these point to the dawn of time when Cunning, Strength, and Science—the mighty, almost omnipotent *three* grasped hands together and became *one*—hence we suppose the origin of the veneration which still continues for iron. As symbolizing man's power over the hidden strong forces of nature, the old iron horse-shoe, still seen fastened over many a farm-door, points to the faith in which many of these popular stories were first uttered. Illustrations of this the reader will find in the "Knight of the Red Shield." We also notice the frequent intimations of faith in the weakest; faith in results sometimes, coming out expressed in a clumsy but yet not indistinct manner. Only a few weeks since a friend of ours was admiring a magnificent field of wheat. The old farmer, to whom some pleasant remarks were made, said: "Aye, and some years ago we had three grains of wheat in a pound of plums, and I said to my old wife, now for curiosity we'll plant these in a flower-pot; and we did, and we planted all next year, next year, and next; and now, from they three grains, we've got that field, and two more yonder." Really, one might think some of our moralizing fathers had known some such incident, before they recited the following legend of

"THE MASTER AND HIS MAN.

"There were at some time ere now bad times, and there were many servants seeking places, and there were not many places for them.

"There was a farmer there, and he would not take any servant but one who would stay with him till the end of seven years, and who would not ask for wages, but what he could catch in his mouth of the seed-corn, when he should be thrashing corn in the barn.

"None were taking (service) with him. At last he said that he would let them plant their seed in the best ground that he might have, and they should get his own horses and plow to make the thraive, and his own horses to harrow it.

"There was a young lad there, and he said, 'I will take wages with thee,' and the farmer set wages on that lad, and the bargain that they made was that the wages which the lad was to have were to be as many grains of seed as he could catch in his mouth when they were beating sheaves in the barn, and he was to get (leave) to plant that seed in the best land that the farmer had, and he was to keep as much as grew upon that seed, and to put with it what seed soever he might catch in his mouth when he was thrashing the corn, and to plant that in the best land which the farmer had on the next year. He was to have horses, and plow, or any other 'gairios'* he might want for planting, or reaping, from his master, and so on to the end of the seven years. That he should have seven winters in the barn thrashing, seven springs to plant, seven summers of growth for the crop, and seven autumns of reaping, and whatsoever were the outcoming that might be in the lad's seed, that was the wage that he was to have when he should go away.

"The lad went home to his master, and always when he was thrashing in the barn his master was thrashing with him, and he caught but three grains of seed in his mouth on that winter; and he kept these carefully till the spring came, and he planted them in the best land the carle had.

"There grew out of these three ears, and there were on each ear threescore good grains of seed.

"The lad kept these carefully, and what grains soever he caught he put them together with them.

"He planted these again in the spring, and in the autumn again he had as good as he had the year before that.

"The lad put his seed bye carefully, and any thing he caught in his mouth when he was thrashing in the next winter he put it with the other lot; and so with the lad from year to year, till at last, to make a long story short, the lad planted on the last year every (bit of) plowing land that the carle had, and he had more seed to set, and the carle was almost harried. He had to pay rent to the farmer who was nearest to him, for land in which the lad might set the excess of seed which he had, and to sell part of his cattle for want of ground on which they might browse, and he would not make a bargain in the same way with a servant for ever after."

As the primeval family increases in age and knowledge, the fable and the riddle

are invented. Something of this we have pointed out in the story of the "Giantess' Daughter;" so also in the story of the fox, who, finding the bagpipes, which were usually made of tough hide, proceeded to eat the bag, and making a groan, exclaimed: "Ah! here's meat and music." But this range of tradition might open quite another class of selection; our object has been rather to call attention to the unity of the race, as manifesting itself through the varieties of popular fiction. The more closely the interesting subject of *storyology* is explored, the more curious and interesting become its revelations. Viewed from the scientific side, as a systematic study, we repeat, it furnishes us interesting contribution to the theory of the unity of the human family. Studied from any side, a number of incidents seem to be repeated over and over again; the documentary value and peculiarity being that they are never repeated twice in the same words, though they are so easily recognized. Mr. Campbell refers to the story of the Giant, whose life was not in his body, but stowed away somewhere else, and to his finding the same incident in hieroglyph on an Egyptian papyrus; and the Norse Giant, with no heart in his body, and the Arabic Djinn, who kept his life at the bottom of the sea, are evidently Eastern and Western varieties. "Nursery tales are the *débris* of natural religions, now fast fading away before the light of revealed religion, but which subsisted along with it before the flood." Twenty-five years since, Mr. Carlyle struck a fine key of explanation in his lecture on *Odin* in the *Hero Worship*, and whoso reads a little into the old Norse Eddas and Sagas, will see how plain men and women are found dealing with heroes and heroines, great birds, dragons, and subterranean powers; the elements personified, worshiped, dethroned: demons and hobgoblins, fiends, fairies, and furies; ghosts, bogies, and, high over all, some power greater and more powerful than they, the hidden reason and seed of all, to which all were certainly tending, and which could not be reached without his aid. In the same way unconscious, and yet traditional mannerisms, point in the direction of the popular tale, both point sun-wise and south ways. The worship of the sun, the usages and memories connected with it, hold in many an unconscious popular observance. There was a time when it was necessary,

* Apparatus; also spelt goireas and gairaoia.

In order to propitiate popular divinities, "to put the best foot foremost." The boat was rowed sun-wise—the English sailor coils a rope sun-wise; when a soldier faces about he goes right-about-face; girls dance in a circle, and usually, we believe, face the center, and move to the left, which is sun-wise. It is so over all Norseland, not only in the lonely Faroe Isles, where Mr. Campbell saw the men, women, and girls circling round the room, singing old heroic ballads in the Norse tongue, but in some benighted villages in England where still they dance round the Maypole. Mr. Campbell says:

"Now, if a man anywhere north of the equator will face the sun all day, and the place where he is all night, he will revolve right-about-face in twenty-four hours, and meet the rising sun in the morning with his right hand to the south, his back to the west, his left hand to the north, and his face towards his object of worship, if he worships the sun. If he walks round the gnomon of a dial on the sunny side, seeking light and avoiding shade, he will describe a portion of a circle from left to right, and if he crosses the arctic circle he may so perform a whole circle in a summer's day; but if an Asian or European walks continually towards the sun at an even pace, whenever he can see him, he will necessarily walk westwards and southwards, in the direction in which Western Aryans are supposed to have migrated.

"The Gaelic language points the same way. *Deas* means south, and right, and ready dexterous, well-proportioned, ready-witted, eloquent. Consequently to go south, and to go to the right; to coil a rope dexterously, or southwards; to be dexterous, southern, and to be prepared to set out; are all expressed by the same Gaelic words—'*Deas*,' '*Gu deiseal*,' etc. Now all this surely points to a journey from east to

west with the sun for a leader; to a camp awakening at sunrise and facing the great leader in the morning, watching his progress till noon, and setting off westwards when '*Dia*,' god of day, was south; *Deas*,* ready to lead them westwards on their pilgrimage. Surely all these northern games, dances, and ceremonies, and thoughtless acts, point to astronomical worship, and an imitation of the march of the stars round the world, or round the sun, if men had got so far in their astronomy."

We are aware that many readers will object to all this. Some primal instincts in the nature of man. We shall not attempt to argue the question; for the drift of our article, it is immaterial. We can not fail to find in these observances and traditions, stories and legends, the central stem and unity of our race, and whether it be found in what man was, or what man is, the argument is the same. We might apply the same remarks to the legends of the almost extinct Indian tribes, and Dr. Schoolcraft has gathered on the Western Continent curiosities of oral tradition similar to those collected by Mr. Campbell among the Western Islands, by the myths he has gathered the Indian is able to trace his connections with the human family in other parts of the world—there are not wanting signs of connection with the old Odin family; but the magnificent and volcano-lighted peaks of Mexico and the fertile deltas of the Mississippi valley hold legends which point to the symbolical fires of the valley of the Euphrates, and the symbolical worship of the sun.

* Pronounced *Djee-a. Djays.*

ANOTHER WEDGE IN THE INTERIOR OF CHINA.—Captain Alexander Bowers, of the Royal Naval Reserve, has performed an exploit as important, if not as interesting, as the discovery of the source of the Nile. He has taken a thousand-ton ship into the heart of China, ascending the Yang-tse to Hankow, the great tea *entrepôt*, fourteen hundred miles, by map measure, from Shanghai. He found a great city and flourishing trade, with about thirty British *hongas*, built upon land granted by the Chinese government, more *hongas* building, and every sign of great commercial prosperity. A club-house and church are building, and, of course, the third sign of civilization, a gallows, can not be long delayed. The anchorage opposite the town is fairly safe, the risk of the voyage is not excessive, and there seems little doubt that Hankow will henceforward be in

direct communication with London. This is really a great result from the capture of Peking, the valley of the Yang-tse being as productive as that of the Ganges.—*London Weekly, Nov. 28th.*

BIRDS AND INSECTS.—If the arrangements of nature were left undisturbed, the birds would kill so many insects that the insects could not kill too many plants. A certain insect was found to lay 2000 eggs, but a single tom-tit was found to eat 200,000 a year. A swallow devours about 440 insects a day, eggs and all. A sparrow's nest in the city of Paris was found to contain 700 pairs of upper wings of cock-chafers, though food of other kinds was procurable in abundance. It will easily be seen, therefore, that birds prevent too great an excess of insect life.

From the National Review.

THE STATE OF EUROPE.*

TRANQUILLITY can never be the lot of those who rule nations. Glory they may have; the praise of men; the approbation of their own consciences; the happiness which springs from the full occupation of every faculty and every hour; the intense interest with which dealing with great affairs vivifies the whole of existence; the supreme felicity of all allotted to men—that of feeling that they have lived the life and may die the death of the truest benefactors of their race. All these rewards they may aspire to; but *repose*, a sense of enduring security, comfortable and confident relaxation of nerve, attention, and exertion, that conviction of “having attained,” of being safe in port, of every thing “being made snug,” which enables a man to say to his soul, “Soul! thou hast much peace laid up for many years: eat, drink, be merry, and sleep;”—these blessings are not for either sovereigns or statesmen, at least not for those of Europe in modern days. “A murmur of the restless deep” is ever at hand to disturb even the briefest slumber. No sooner is one war ended than another is begun. No sooner is one quarrel, which taxed the resources and menaced the existence of great nations, quenched in utter exhaustion or settled after infinite intrigue, than some little insignificant question—a cloud at first sight no bigger than a man’s hand—arises in some other quarter, swells into unexpected magnitude, and threatens the direst results. Not a day passes which does not bring to the bureau of the minister for foreign affairs of every great state dispatches pregnant with the fate of empires and of peoples—inchoate “difficulties” which either slovenly neglect or judicious culture may nurse into mighty conflicts. Sometimes it is an oppressed “nationality” whose cup of misery is full, and which can keep silence and endure no longer. Sometimes it is a second or third

rate monarch who catches cold or falls from his horse, and dies *mal á propos*. Sometimes it is an intemperate sea-captain who insults our flag. Sometimes it is a savage tribe who murders our ambassador. Sometimes it is a weak and vain consul or envoy or *chargé d'affaires*, who makes a mountain out of a molehill, and gets up a wholly gratuitous row of his own. Sometimes it is an over-active or over-forecasting sovereign, who drops a pungent expression to an ambassador, or makes a troublesome suggestion to his parliament, that originates the uneasiness and the storm. But what with Sir John Bowring and the Arrow; what with Captain Wilkes and the Trent; what with General Harney and the “Island of San Juan;” what with Sir Hamilton Seymour and the “sick man;” what with the King of Denmark’s death, and the King of Greece’s dismissal; what with Louis Napoleon’s New-year’s day words to the Austrian minister, and his congress letter of a few years’ later date—there is no rest for the politician on this side of the grave.

Just now the appearance of the world is one of singular disturbance. It is a seething caldron. In the extreme West a civil war is raging with almost unexampled ferocity, and on a quite unexampled scale; a civil war with which, thank God, we have nothing to do except to watch it, to suffer from it, and to deplore it. In the extreme East a civil war appears imminent in Japan, of which we, if not the *causa causans*, are certainly the *causa sine quâ non*; and a civil war has raged for years in China, in which we have begun directly to take an active part. Greece has just got her new sovereign—who does not seem anxious to pay his predecessor’s debts. Mexico is waiting for her new emperor; and the emperor appears to be waiting till she definitely knows her own mind, and wishes her to be off with old love before she is on with the new. The new King of Denmark seems likely to inherit a war by the same title by which he

* *Le Moniteur*, 1863. (Emperor’s Letter proposing the Congress.) Paris, 1863.

inherits a throne; and two of the great powers who guaranteed to him both his scepter and his dominions are now marching hostile troops into a part of his territory on a plea which no outside politician is at all able to comprehend. It seems by no means improbable that a European war may arise out of a local dispute so complicated as to defy unraveling, and to our eyes so comparatively unimportant as to make us even more impatient and indignant than we are alarmed. Italy still suffers from two irritating sores which forbid all political comfort or security; while the barbarities of the Russian troops and officials in Poland have excited almost to the war-pitch the languid and dormant sympathies of Europe on behalf of that unfortunate and unsatisfactory race. And to crown the whole, the Emperor of the French, with his characteristically perverse sagacity, seizes the present moment to throw into the boiling pot one additional ingredient of perplexity and disturbance in the shape of a proposal for a European Congress to sit upon the agonizing body and prescribe for the sick man.

It would be too much to ascribe to Louis Napoleon all the feverish unrest of the last fifteen years. But it is undeniable that since he ascended the presidential chair of France, Europe has enjoyed no repose whatever, and that in every single conflict or convulsion that has occurred, or been averted, he has had his share, and usually a principal share. It is certain that immediately after his accession to power his brain was teeming with a variety of projects all incompatible with the existing European arrangements, and that enough of these leaked out to induce that general increase of armaments which has pressed so heavily on the resources of every State, and probably had a great deal to do with the wars which have since taken place. The *coup d'état*, whatever opinion we may form as to the political sagacity and moral defensibility of that proceeding, unquestionably pointed out its author as a man who would scruple at no measures, however violent and sudden, for the attainment of his ends, and made it necessary, therefore, for every potentate against whom he might by possibility entertain hostile designs, to be in a far more forward state of preparation for all contingencies than would be needful where they had only to

deal with ordinary men observant of ordinary rules and controlled by ordinary scruples. It must be conceded, too, though we hold Mr. Kinglake's theory as to the parentage of the Crimean war to be utterly extravagant and wild and in the teeth of acknowledged and notorious facts, that our dispute with Russia would assuredly not have culminated in a war had Louis Philippe, instead of Louis Napoleon, reigned at the Tuileries. The occupation of Rome by French troops has been one of the standing causes of European insecurity and uneasiness; and for the continuance of this occupation, though not for its origin, the emperor is solely and distinctly responsible. The Italian war of 1859 was his own deliberate and spontaneous act; and though we hold it to have been a beneficent, if not, strictly speaking, a righteous act, still it was a most revolutionary and perturbing one, and one the ultimate convulsing reverberations of which are not yet exhausted. Disgusted as we had long been with Mexican outrages and Mexican evasions, we should never have undertaken the Mexican expedition without the instigation of Louis Napoleon; and to him alone is due the conversion of a wretched republic into a possibly great empire. The secession of the Southern States of America was a strictly domestic event, which lies neither at his door nor at ours; but it is entirely owing to our self-abnegation and recalcitrance that that secession has not long since ended in the separate establishment of a powerful slave State, of which half the responsibility would have been ours. If it had not been for his initiation and zealous urgency, it is probable that England would never have ventured to incur a diplomatic rebuff from Russia by interposition between the butcher and his victims; and it is quite certain that, if our interest and zeal in the matter had been equal to his, either Poland would ere now have been free, or we should have found ourselves engaged along with France in a second Russian war. Finally, scarcely any *pacific* proposal has ever created such universal uneasiness and alarm as the emperor's suggestion of a congress; and this proposal, with all its disturbing ideas and all its possible results, is attributable to him alone.

In truth, no man in recent times, with the single exception of his uncle, has ever exercised any thing like the same amount

of *personal* influence over the current of the world's affairs. In former days, indeed, a great king, or a great minister, or sometimes even the mistress of a man in an arthritic position, was able to decide on peace or war, on the seizure or surrender of territories, on the happiness or the wretchedness of millions. In the more complicated politics and the more civilized times in which our lot is cast, these great issues usually lie in the hands of solemn assemblies, or the combination of events, or the working of that mighty but undefinable agency called public opinion. Where individual passion and individual will once guided and fashioned our courses, these are now determined by national sentiment and national resources. To know what is likely to happen we are wont to study the relations, the feelings, and the capabilities of the several peoples of the world, and to take small account of particular men among them. But now he who would be a forecasting and sagacious political seer must master, as the most proximately determining influence among all, the nature of the Emperor of the French, the proclivities of his singular character, and the exigencies of his intricate position.

Louis Napoleon has given us many means of knowing him. Perhaps scarcely any potentate has ever afforded such ample materials to the speculator and the student. He has done much; he has written much; and for so habitually silent a man he has spoken not a little—and when he does speak, he usually speaks significantly. As conspirator, as adventurer, as prisoner, as author, as deputy, as president, as emperor, he has been before the public for thirty years. If we do not understand him now, his nature must be peculiarly deep, complicated, or inconsequent.

In some respects he is a more remarkable man than even his uncle. He is not, it is true, gifted with his uncle's genius, either for administration or for war; but on the other hand he is not cursed with that willful and impracticable temper which so often neutralized the wonderful powers of the first Napoleon, and which led to his final overthrow. Napoleon the Third is *pertinacious* without being obstinate. He adheres to his plans often for long years; he recurs to them persistently again and again after the world fancies he had abandoned them for ever; but he seldom in-

sists upon them doggedly, vehemently, or blindly, in the face of formidable obstacles. The uncle, especially in his later years, used to be irritated by opposition into something very like insanity. The nephew measures the force of the opposition considerably, and recoils before it if it appears likely to prove stronger than he wishes to encounter. His temper, we apprehend, is naturally equable and placid. At all events, he never loses it, or gives way to those bursts of undignified passion which on more than one occasion disgraced the position and alienated the friends of the great warrior. Perhaps only twice since his accession to power has Louis Napoleon acted from passion rather than from deliberation; once when, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of all his well-wishers, he insisted on confiscating the Orleans property, and again when, after the Orsini *attentat*, his shaken nerves and natural indignation for a short period got the better of his judgment. He, however, recovered himself—and recovered with grace—as soon as he had time for reflection, and saw that danger was becoming imminent; and thenceforward he exerted himself to soothe down the angry passions of the people and the army.

Again, though Louis Napoleon is in one sense a *daring* man, he is the reverse of a rash or desperate one. This may seem a strange assertion of the Hero of Boulogne, Strasburg, and the *coup d'état*, but it must be remembered that the first two wild adventures belong to the period of his nonage, and the latter, though a bold and hazardous stroke for the supreme power, which he was determined to attain or die, was prepared with the most sedulous, patient, and forecasting care. Since that period certainly his caution has been more remarkable even than his political courage. He feels that he has won too much, and has too much to lose, to venture on any *very* hazardous attempts. Like Charles II., he is resolved never again to go on his travels. He takes infinite pains to make all his ground safe under him before he acts, as far as possible, so as not only to preclude all risk of failure, but to evade much probability of earnest opposition. He is especially anxious to carry as great a majority with him as he can—majority, that is, of strength, if not of numbers. He procrastinates and postpones with sometimes a self-de-

feasting excess of hesitation, wishing to keep as many courses as possible open to him, and to keep them open as long as he can. He shrinks from the *irrevocable* much; he shrinks from the *desperate* or the gamblingly dangerous still more. He likes to undertake all his ventures in concert with allies who will render discomfiture impossible, who will divide the cost, who will take the lion's share of the labor and the peril, and leave him the lion's share of the glory and the gain. He would never have gone to the Crimea unless Great Britain had been ready to go with him. He would never have gone to Mexico if Spain and England had not in the first instance joined the expedition. He would probably never have ventured on the Italian war of 1859 if he had not felt certain that the revolutionary element in Europe would suffice to insure his success, if he should find it necessary to call it into action. And we all of us remember that when the critical moment came he shrank from calling it into action, and contented himself with a *half* success instead. He earnestly desires no doubt to recognize the Confederate States, to establish their independence, and thus to consolidate and secure his own grasp on Mexico; yet he has twice abandoned, or at least postponed all action in this direction, because he could not obtain the countenance or support of England. We may feel very confident, therefore, that he will never bid defiance to any very powerful combination of foes, or act in such a fashion as to unite all Europe against him. His tact and good sense in drawing back when necessary, and seeing when it is necessary, constitute at once his security and ours.

He is *vain*, and he would neither be a Frenchman nor a suitable ruler for Frenchmen, were he not; but his vanity is a quality rather than a weakness. It may be unphilosophic, but it is neither irrational nor excessive. He loves grandeur; he loves power; he loves admiration; his enemies say that he aspires to the reputation of universality, and that he is prone to monopolize merit which of right belongs to others; he is desirous on all accounts to fill unceasingly a vast space in the eyes of Europe and the world. We doubt, however, whether this sentiment will ever betray him into any serious errors, and we are inclined to regard it as much a matter of policy as a mere per-

sonal characteristic. Nor is it the only instance in which his peculiar attributes subserve his policy and strengthen his position. He thoroughly understands the nation which he governs and the place which he holds. We think, too, that he understands his epoch, and the elements of political causation in the actual world, better than any other ruler now extant, whether sovereign or minister. And probably the secret of his especial and peculiar comprehension of the *popular* mind, both in France and throughout Europe, lies in his unaffected and innate sympathy with it. He has thought patiently, he has brooded long, he has studied profoundly. He is assuredly on most points in advance not only of the French nation but of nearly all French politicians. He has sounder notions of political economy, he has a greater capacity of appreciating foreign ideas and foreign institutions, he has a more dispassionate and less perverted vision, than any of them. His mind and character are essentially of the statesmanlike order—though not of the highest order of statesmen, because his ultimate aims are not noble, and his estimate of men is not high. But for a skillful adaptation of means to a clearly seen end, for *tentative* tact in a perilous course, for far forecasting, and every now and then for deep insight, he has shown himself superior to every public man of the day, and he has found himself in one of the very few positions in the modern world in which his qualifications for government could have found a fair and open field.

Practically, perhaps, his most pernicious characteristic is his *restlessness*. His mind is naturally busy, scheming, and prolific; and he finds it for his interest, as the elected chief of a most restless people, to follow his natural bent. He broods over a variety of conflicting plans, sometimes throwing out one feeler to the public, sometimes another; sometimes waiting till the project is matured; sometimes offering the world a sort of option between several disturbances, but never leaving it an hour's conscious security of repose. He is *incalculable* too as well as *remuant*. He is for ever breaking out in a fresh place. You never know what he may do or say next. You only feel certain that he will never be long without doing or saying something. His mind may grow any sort of crop—wheat or weed. The only positive thing is, that it can never lie

fallow. As long as he lives, to use an expression of one of his countrymen, *il n'y aura rien de certain, hors l'imprévu.*

In addition to the peculiarities of the emperor's character, those who would be able to form a sagacious estimate of the prospects of the political world must take an account of the various and inexorable exigencies of his position. That position is anomalous in the extreme. He takes rank among the sovereigns of Europe, and is about the most powerful of them all. But, singly out of the whole list, he holds his scepter partly by right of his own skillful and daring seizure of it, and partly by the direct sanction of the popular choice. He is the only monarch of the old world who has been distinctly elected by the people, who has been chosen because he represents them, who reigns because he understands them. He is the Crowned Democrat of Europe. He does not exactly, like actors, "live to please," but, like actors, he "must please to live;" and he must please both at home and abroad. France is no easy taskmaster. To satisfy her imperious demands, he must keep her prominent and make her glorious. He must not be quiescent, for what she loves is corruscation and *conspicuousness*; and these conditions can only be fulfilled by a sort of unrelenting officiousness in the concerns of all nations. Yet, on the other hand, he must not be baffled, and he must not fail; he must be ever on his guard lest the interposing activity which is exacted from him should draw upon him either ridicule or snubs. He must be ever on the watch to further those "ideas" which have taken so strong a hold of the French brain, and for which the French nation is *sometimes* willing to make war. He must stand forward as the champion of those oppressed nationalities with whom even Gallic selfishness has learned to sympathize. He must never let any other power steal a march upon him even in the most distant quarter of the world. He must never let there be a disturbance or a conflict any where, without stepping forward either as auxiliary or pacificator. Yet at the same time he must never be discomfited or rebuffed. All his expeditions must succeed, and all his battles must be victories. His wars, too, must be neither long, disastrous, nor costly. France is in one point singularly and incurably irrational, and refuses to listen to the "inexorable logic of facts." She ex-

pects her emperor to pursue a career of all others the most expensive, yet she expects him never to call upon her for any contribution to the outlay. She will have her theater and her banquet; but she refuses steadily either to take the ticket or to pay the bill. Her wars and interventions must bring her much glory, and yet cost her no treasure. Nothing will induce her to endure a new tax, or to keep out of an exciting adventure or a tempting broil.

Hitherto Louis Napoleon has satisfied all her inconsistent cravings with marvellous success. He has kept all the world on the tip-toe of expectation to know "what France would do next." He has made all Europe and half Asia uncomfortable and uneasy. He has compelled all nations to double or quadruple their armaments. He costs his fellow-creatures at least fifty million pounds per annum. He has, in conjunction with England, taken the strongest and best defended fortress in the world. He has, in conjunction again with England, defeated, humbled, and disarmed that hereditary northern foe who inflicted the first crushing reverse of his uncle's career of conquest; and ultimately was, next to England, the chief instrument of his downfall. He has for twelve years kept the Sovereign Pontiff of the Catholic world a dependent on his armed protection. He has done what various potentates and warriors before him had striven to do in vain—he has created, or paved the way, for the creation of a new and mighty kingdom. He has wrested one large province from Austria, and bestowed it upon Italy. He has wrested two provinces from Sardinia, and annexed them to his own dominions. He has conquered an anarchical republic, ~~has~~ changed it into a hopeful empire, and has bestowed the scepter of it upon the prince of that foreign house which his uncle so often humbled, and into which he finally intermarried. And if he had been encouraged to follow out his own designs, he would ere now have crowned all his other exploits by establishing the independence of the Southern States. All this he has done abroad: at home he has rebuilt Paris, and partly rebuilt other great cities; he has remodeled the first army, and reconstructed the second navy in the world.

And he has contrived to do all this without imposing a single new tax, and without laying on the people any burden

which is generally or sensibly felt; for although the cost of living in France has greatly increased, it has not increased so fast as either the wages of labor or the profits of trade. By profuse borrowing, and by the sagacious system of open loans, he has contrived to make his lavish expenditure a source of actual immediate gain to the small capitalists, to the hoarding peasants, to the saving classes; that is, to nearly the whole of the laborious classes of France. By providing them with a safe, accessible, and lucrative investment for their small and patient economies, he has added to their income, and has, perhaps, also reduced the price of land, which it is their great ambition to possess, and the purchase of which was formerly the only mode in which they could invest their savings. His course of action has, at present and ostensibly at least, proved as profitable to the *bourgeoisie* as to the peasantry. He has so dealt with the whole system of railroads in France as at once enormously to aid and gratify all the shareholders in it, and also vigorously to stimulate the spread of that species of outlay which, of all others, has been found most to develop industry and to yield rich returns. The foreign commerce of France has, we believe, doubled since his accession; and it would be ungrateful to deny that a considerable portion of this augmentation is due to his fostering attention and superior sagacity. How long he may be able to continue this singular prosperity and success it is impossible to say. There are not wanting indications which may warn him that there is a limit to the road he has been hitherto pursuing. France is unquestionably growing in wealth, but her debt is growing also; and her more competent financiers are evidently taking the alarm. Now alarm is danger—and danger of the most signal sort—to a nation which has stretched its credit and mortgaged its resources, and yet declines to be taxed to meet fresh emergencies. We may, however, feel assured that Louis Napoleon will not be blind to the signs of the times; that he will not venture on any very perilous enterprise, or any very desperate expenditure; that, if the alternative be forced upon him, he will risk *quiescence* rather than discomfiture; and that, of the two, he will prefer to disappoint France rather than to tax her. At the same time we should do well to remember how vast-

ly America has enlarged our ideas of the possible limits of the borrowing power in a country where the people are unanimous, or where the government is popular.

Louis Napoleon has some one else besides France to satisfy—a power at once his master and his tool—namely, the Revolutionary party throughout Europe, the democratic element in Continental States, the discontented and oppressed nationalities—those, in a word, who are fond of describing themselves as the adherents and devotees of “the principles of 1789.” With this party the emperor has strong sympathies; to it he is under great obligations; from it he has great hopes; of it he entertains great fear. He understands thoroughly its strength, its nature, its temper, and its designs. His early Carbonari connections gave him this knowledge, and it is a knowledge which, being his exclusive possession, confers upon him a notable advantage over all other governments and potentates. Then, too, he not only understands this party, but he believes in it. He is deeply impressed with the resolute purpose, the tenacious will, the martyr-like fanaticism, and the unscrupulous morality of its leaders. He is, we apprehend, strongly convinced that the “principles of 1789” are those which will spread and finally prevail; that, in the perennial contest between Democracy and its rivals, the ultimate victory must remain with the former; and that all political progress, as well as all political convulsions, is tending towards the establishment in all lands of the sovereignty of the people, delegated to and embodied in the sovereignty of one man, as the ultimate form which states and governments will assume. Of this tendency he is determined to be the exponent, the patron, and the leader, as he has contrived to make himself its first and most illustrious exemplar. This conviction we hold to be the key to nearly all his policy, past and present. He has no more notion than Tocqueville had that any aristocracy or autocracy can in the end make head against the organized and well-led might of the popular masses; he has a rooted distrust and dislike, almost amounting to contempt, for a parliamentary and constitutional régime; and he has no faith in the *working* capacity of really republican institutions. His doctrine—the *idée Napoléonienne*—is the administration of one man, sustained by the

great body of the people, imbued with their sentiments and wishes, but endowed with sagacity to sift them, to guide them, to modify and enlighten them, yet at the same time with full power to establish and enforce them. There is vast might because there is great truth in this conception of individual will and talent based upon brute force, backed by it, and wielding it. But herein also lies the great danger of modern civilization; and it is the devotion of Louis Napoleon to this conception, the clearness with which he apprehends it, and the vigor with which he grasps it, that renders him the most formidable foe that the higher elements of moral and intellectual, as distinguished from mere material, civilization ever had. It makes him strong with all the strength, and stable with all the stability, of a true idea, but at the same time pernicious with all the mischief, and mean with all the lowness, of a groveling and narrow aim.

For a man of such a nature and of such requirements as we have delineated, a solemn congress to sit in judgment on the wants and grievances of all nations must be the next best thing to a brilliant war undertaken to redress the injuries of one. In some respects it is even more tempting. It costs nothing; it does not risk much; and it places France and her emperor on a pedestal of conspicuous influence and conspicuous philanthropy. We may be of opinion that such a congress would be more likely to disturb much than to arrange any thing, and we may think it not the best way, nor the way at all, to settle the unsettled questions of Europe. But we can not deny that there *are* such unsettled questions; that they urgently press for settlement; that till they are settled we can have no hope of permanent security; and that it is better that they should, if possible, be settled by diplomacy and discussion than by obstinate and desolating wars. There is the question of Poland. Even the languid blood of England is beginning to be stirred to its depths by the brutalities it reads of, by the obvious resolve to proceed to something like the utter extermination of a whole people, and by the savage and unmanly severity with which that resolve is being carried out. We are beginning to ask ourselves whether Europe *can* stand by and see such things done, and whether, though we are hopeless of doing much good, we are not "verily guilty concerning our

brother" if we permit the perpetration of so much evil. France is truly and deeply interested in the matter; her sympathy with the Poles is perhaps the one really generous and disinterested feeling which ever enters into her foreign policy; and Louis Napoleon, as secret chief of the revolutionary democracy of Europe and as sharing many of its sentiments, can not wish, and can not *afford*, to have one of its most warlike and most pertinacious nationalities trampled out. If negotiation can do nothing in this matter, it is evident that a general and desperate war can only be averted by the passive witnessing and almost the tame connivance on the part of England and France in the consummation of a great iniquity and a cruel wrong. There is the case of Rome. It is clear that nothing but the fixed resolve of the Italian statesmen not to quarrel with their great, though in some respects their unintentional, benefactor, and their conviction that a conflict with France must end in their discomfiture and perhaps their total ruin, have been able to keep down the impatient patriotism of the Roman people. It is certain that their influence will not be able to hold back the revolutionary party for ever; and it is doubtful whether they can hold it back for long. All Europe, as Catholic, is so deeply interested in this question, that it must have formed one of the first questions for discussion at the projected congress; and the emperor in calling that congress could never have dreamed of holding it back, but must really have intended to call Europe into counsel to advise him how to escape with safety and without discredit from his false position. There is the case of Venice. Every one feels that as long as Venice remains Austrian, war may break out any moment, and must break out before many years are past; that in such a war the strongest sympathy of England, and most probably the active aid of France, will be enlisted on the side of the Italian kingdom; and that Austria can only be induced to surrender Venetia without a war by such pressure as only a European congress could bring to bear upon her, or such compensation as only a European congress could offer her or procure for her. Lastly, there is the case of Schleswig-Holstein, a complicated question and a small issue, but one which at the moment we are writing is endangering the peace of Europe more seriously than any controversy that

has been opened since the Italian campaign, and which it really seems as if a conference of all the interested powers *might* be able to settle amicably.

Now, though we think that on the whole our government were right in fancying that danger rather than safety was likely to spring out of the emperor's project of a congress, and acted judiciously therefore in declining to join it, yet we can not help feeling that they might have discouraged it in a less dry and cold fashion. We doubt whether our mistrust of Louis Napoleon did not in this case influence us somewhat too strongly, and prevent us from doing justice to the element of sincere and disinterested good intention which really formed part of the mixed motives that induced him to suggest the scheme. We believe there is in his character an ingredient both of the grand and the philanthropic which we habitually fail to appreciate—an ingredient strangely imperfect and impure indeed, and quite *sui generis*, but notwithstanding actually existing and genuine after its muddy fashion. He is, we apprehend, utterly devoid of the moral sense, as we in England and as most men in most countries understand it. But this deficiency he shares with many eminent Frenchmen—with Napoleon I., for instance, and with M. Thiers. We do not imagine that he would be restrained by any scruple or by any deference to principle from trampling down or stepping over any law or any life which stood between him and the cherished purpose of his soul. We have no doubt that like most foreign politicians he considers in his calculations almost exclusively the adaptation of his means to his ends, and scarcely ever or at all the righteousness of that end. Though the reverse of cruel or vindictive, no one would characterize him as a benevolent man or a lover of his species. But at the same time we believe that there mingles in his singular and complicated nature—what we have noticed in other jurists and philanthropists who were neither tender-hearted nor religious, nor specially moral men—a sort of desire to improve the condition of the world, to set things straight that are obviously wrong, to rectify mistakes and to redress grievances from which no one benefits—a philosophic and *workmanlike* dislike to seeing any thing, especially things appertaining to government and popular welfare, stupidly man-

aged and *ill done*—a genuine and unselfish wish to benefit mankind, not from any love for them individually or concern for their happiness, but from an instinctive and intellectual wish, inseparable from all thoughtful and *trained* intelligences, to have things well done, to see people well off, to make practice correspond to theory, to make the world at large what their own minds deem that it ought to be. The views of these men may be narrow; their philosophic insight may often be at fault; their temper may be sometimes meddlesome and troublesome, and their disposition not unfrequently dogmatic and tyrannical; but still they are not without their merit and not without their use, and ought not to be too suspiciously or antagonistically met. Now we regard Louis Napoleon as one of those cold and theoretical philanthropists; and we believe that while considering first his own interests in every scheme and measure he propounds, and next those of France as connected with his own, he is still sincerely anxious to remove what seem to him anomalies and blots on the fair face of the political landscape, to obliterate causes of danger and disturbance, from which he and his, as well as others, may ultimately suffer, to stand forth in history and before Europe as an imperial and far-sighted statesman, who saw what was wanted, and supplied it, who saw what was evil, and made war upon it, and who left the world at large happier, smoother, *better arranged*, more sensibly conducted than he found it. There can be no doubt that there are elements of great disturbance extant in the European system. There can be no doubt that he who can eliminate or neutralize these elements would confer a real blessing on humanity; and what more natural than to call together in conference all parties interested in the same great issue of peace and order, to assist in the work of neutralization and elimination?—and what more gratifying than to have them meet in Paris, and to preside over the grand Federal Parliament of Humanity in person?

There is another reason why we should treat Louis Napoleon with a more cordial appreciation and with less suspicion than we are usually inclined to show. It is certain that he is more favorably disposed to England than Frenchmen generally are, and, indeed, than any party or class who have ever held power in France. This

favorable disposition arises from many causes combined. He has a more philosophic mind, or rather a less narrowly and limitedly *national* mind, than the rest of his countrymen; he appreciates our character and our institutions far better than they, partly because he knows them much more thoroughly, but also because he has much more power of appreciating what is foreign; and while his good sense fully enables him to estimate our strength, all that is superstitious in his nature makes him determined that, if he can avoid it, that strength shall never be arrayed against him. He understands us too well to believe that we are the selfish and perfidious people we are usually represented to be by continental Europe and America; he can make far more allowance for our crotchets; and even when we thwart him, he is not without some capacity for doing justice to our motives. We are not sure that, all things considered—both the language of our press and the action of our government—he has not behaved as forbearingly to us as we have done towards him; and certainly we can not say the same either of the French army, the French Orleanists, or the French journals. At almost any moment of his reign he might have gained popularity by insulting us; he might have let loose the whole French people against us; we have not failed to give him what on the other side of the Channel have been regarded as plausible and even just opportunities of doing so; yet he has never done so, and has more than once slightly risked his popularity by declining to do so. On the whole, the *entente cordiale* between the two nations is safer with him upon the throne, Buonaparte as he is, than with any other ruler, or any other *régime*. And we ought not to be unmindful of, nor ungrateful for, this most material fact.

The position of the emperor at the present moment is more critical and less satisfactory than it has been for years; and when he is in difficulties all Europe is in danger. In the first place, his finances are not flourishing. The commerce of France is prosperous, the ordinary revenue is increasing, and the accumulated wealth of the country augments from year to year. But there is a regular and a large deficit in the public accounts; the unfunded debt has reached a figure which few consider safe; it is suspected that if

all balances were properly kept and unreservedly published, it would be found that the total expenditure exceeds the total income arising from taxation by many millions (some say twelve millions) annually. These facts have alarmed the monetary world; that alarm has been increased by the continuous drain of specie to the East, which has now become a normal occurrence; and uneasiness among moneyed men, if it last long and is well founded, sooner or later spreads to the general public. It seems probable that a point has been reached in the financial position of the empire at which either retrenchment must begin in earnest, or some popular excitement must be resorted to sufficiently strong and stimulating to banish every notion of economy from the Gallic brain.

Then the unreasoning mind of the nation—that is, the mind of thirty-five out of thirty-seven millions of Frenchmen—is discontented on two matters of foreign policy. The emperor's popularity has been shaken because he *has* interfered in Mexico, and because he *has not* interfered in Poland. The French people never construe contentedly the *sic nos non nobis* strain. They do not understand making honey, or plowing furrows, or building nests for other people; or, if they ever can do these disinterested things with comfort, it is to aid a democracy or to promote a revolution. To rescue a distant country from anarchy, in order to construct a throne for an Austrian prince, may have a peculiar glory of its own, but the glory has a quality of barrenness about it which deprives it of all attraction in their eyes. On the other hand, to allow a restless race of revolutionary sympathizers to be extirpated without drawing the sword to prevent the irreparable crime, argues, they fancy, either a hesitating purpose or a conscious weakness, neither of which they like to attribute to their chosen representative and chief. In the one case success, though brilliant, has been dearly bought, and has brought no solid gain to France. In the other case there has been mortification as well as discomfiture, and the temper of France is not trained to bear either with equanimity. Close upon these two causes of grave dissatisfaction has come the disappointment in reference to congress. A most gorgeous and flattering vision has been flaunted for a mo-

ment before the dazzled eyes of a vainglorious nation only to be withdrawn, and for them to be told in a stage whisper that the withdrawal is attributable to the jealousy of England and the selfishness of Austria. Their emperor has been baffled, and they will only forgive him for his discomfiture by turning their anger against those who have discomfited him.

Just at this time the Chamber meets, ready to rub every sore place, and to discuss every topic of foreign policy in an irritating spirit. That Chamber, for the first time since the establishment of the empire, really contains a considerable number of opposition deputies, fully capable of making their opposition formidable, far more than a match for any orators whom the emperor can pit against them, with their temper exasperated, and their consciousness of power enormously enhanced by the knowledge that they were elected by large masses of the people, and in spite of the most vehement and unscrupulous efforts of the government. Louis Napoleon must now make up his mind to encounter the searching criticism, and perhaps the vehement denunciation, of his

policy on the part of men who have no motives except fear to be either moderate or sparing. He must either meet them in argument or silence them by force. And to silence them by force would involve a second *coup d'état*: and, considering the hundreds of thousands of voters who elected them, would be virtually to declare war against the population of the cities who, as the recent elections at Paris and Dijon show, are at present by no means either intimidated or well disposed.

Precisely at this very conjuncture—while his hands are full and his horizon threatening with embarrassed finances, hampering and unpopular military success, discrediting diplomatic failures, defeat at the hustings, and menace in the Chamber—the Schleswig-Holstein quarrel on the one side, and the Polish insurrection on the other, step forward to offer him a way of escape from all his difficulties, except the single one of an impoverished exchequer; and possibly from that also, if popular enthusiasm could be aroused sufficiently to carry off a gigantic “open loan.” The temptation ought not to be regarded lightly.

From Chambers's Journal.

BANK-NOTES, FROM THEIR BIRTH TO THEIR DEATH.

THE paper upon which the notes of the Bank of England are printed is manufactured from the whitest and best of linen rags, by one firm at Laverstoke, in Hampshire. It is made in sheets sixteen inches long, and five inches wide, each being designed for the printing of two notes; they are divided in the middle after leaving the press; therefore, every note issued by the Bank of England has three rough or deckle edges, and one smooth edge. The paper and water mark has always been the great difficulty to makers of forged notes. The engraving has been successfully imitated, so much so, that even experts have been deceived by it; but spurious paper has never, up to the present time, stood the test. In the recent robbery of bank-paper from the mills, which caused so much anx-

iety to the public, the forgers had an opportunity such as they never had before, and, it is to be hoped, never will have again; yet even with this advantage, they were entirely unsuccessful. The paper appears to have been taken from the mills unsized, and the after-sizing was badly done, giving a dirty appearance to the notes: in fact, to those whose duty it is to examine notes all day long, this appearance gave to these notes an uncomfortable, suspicious look.

A quantity of paper, enough for making about nine hundred and ninety thousand notes, is forwarded to London once a month; it is delivered to the bank-note paper-office, where it is counted, and then handed to the printing-office. After passing through a machine which prints all

but the numbers, dates, and signatures, it is returned to the paper-office; in this transition state it is kept in store; as notes are required, it is again passed through a machine for completion; each sheet is then cut in half, as before stated, making two notes; they are counted, and carefully examined by cashiers, whose duty it is to reject all notes which are indistinctly printed, or are imperfect, for the Old Lady is very particular on this point; tied up in bundles of one hundred notes each, and five of these bundles in one, making a large bundle of five hundred notes.

The average daily manufacture is about thirty-seven thousand notes, or seventy-four bundles of five hundred notes; each bundle weighing one and a half pounds. The number of notes made in a year will be over eleven and a half millions, the paper weighing more than fifteen tons. Books are printed at the bank, with a record of *every note* issued. Every note presented at the bank for payment, is marked off these ledgers on the day following; the date of payment being stamped on the note and in the ledger. Should a forged note by any chance be passed, the impostor would assuredly be turned out the following day, on reference to the ledger for posting it.

About thirty-seven thousand notes are presented daily for payment; they are canceled by having the signature torn away, and two holes, the size of gun-wadings, punched through the amount in the left-hand corner of the note. Every such note is kept at the bank ten years; and the boxes containing these notes, if placed end to end, would reach from the bank to Kew Bridge, or more than nine miles. The authorities take pride in the fact, that should reference to any one of these notes be required, by furnishing the number, date, and amount, in ten minutes it would be placed before you.

Two or three years since, some of my readers, while walking in the vicinity of the bank, may have noticed small flakes like snow descending, and have become sensible of a smell something between that of a smouldering composition candle and burned curl-papers. It was a holocaust to the Old Lady. What they saw and sniffed was all that remained of what had done duty for twenty millions or thereabouts.

The notes are burned once a month,

and the practice now is to place them in a brick furnace, the smoke from which passes through water, thus avoiding all unpleasantness.

The Old Lady has some curiosities in the way of bank-notes. There is a note for one million; a note for five hundred and fifty-five pounds, dated 1699, bearing several receipts on the front for part-payment, as at that time payment on account could be taken; a twenty-five pound note, which was in circulation one hundred and eleven years—this amount, at compound interest for the time, would amount to six thousand pounds; a one thousand pound note, with which Lord Cochrane paid his fine. Lord Cochrane has given vent to his feelings, by writing on the back of the note as follows: "My health having suffered from long and close confinement, and my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of liberty or life, I submit to robbery to save murder, in the hopes of living to bring the delinquents to justice.—*Grated Chamber, King's Bench Prison, July 3d, 1815.*"

Bank-notes are subject to many mishaps: they are buried, burned, drowned, washed to pieces, and eaten.

Not many years since, a laborer in taking down a hedgerow came across a small box buried in the soil. Upon examining the contents, they were found to be bank-notes, the proceeds of a robbery, which had occurred so long previous as to be almost forgotten. It is supposed that the thieves being hard pressed by officers of the law, hid the box where it was found, and were perhaps taken and hanged for some other crime, and so their secret died with them.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for notes to be thrown into the fire along with waste-paper, and burned. Sailors, who, by the by, appear to have a penchant for pipe-lights worth five pounds apiece, are not the only persons who burn bank-notes; they are *frequently* used to light pipes, candles, gas, etc.

Notes have been blown into a river, and although the song has it:

"For a guinea it will sink,
But a *one-pound* note will float,"

five-pound notes will not.

Observe that man with the rueful countenance, standing at the window of the secretary's office; he is exhibiting what

appears to be a pellet of paper, such a one as when school-boys we used to jam into our popguns—pellets like unto this one would have made them “ten-pounders,” for it is a ten-pound note, and has only been sent to the wash in a waistcoat pocket. The small lump will be placed in careful hands, and will be delicately manipulated. If the number and date be decipherable, the note will at once be paid.

A wealthy grazier, on his return from market one day in summer, took out his well-filled pocket-book to count the contents; placing them on the drawing-room table, which stood between two windows, he was astonished to see a twenty-pound note blown out of the room. He rushed to the window only in time to see the note disappearing down the throat of his daughter's pet-lamb. The animal was killed directly, and the note taken from its stomach, and sent to London, with a

statement of the circumstances. It was of course much discolored; but being “all there,” the grazier got his twenty pounds.

When a note is irrecoverably lost, the usual practice is—if the note be under one hundred pounds—to make the loser wait five years, after which time application for payment will be entertained. But, with notes of one hundred pounds and upwards, a sum equal to the amount lost is invested in consols, in the names of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, for twenty years. During this time, the dividends, as they accrue, are paid to the loser; and at the end of the term, the stock is transferred into his name.

It may be fairly said, from the above remarks, that the Old Lady is as liberal as is consistent with safety to herself and protection to the public.

From Chambers's Journal.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

THAT animals have souls which are immortal, has been maintained by many writers long before Mr. Wood had entered on his present existence. Some of the following anecdotes respecting what some are pleased to call “brute beasts,” have been related to me by friends, the remainder are derived from my own observations.

The first I shall relate was told me a few days ago by a friend and a man of probity, and proves that a dog may be trained to perform acts which have very much the appearance of being the result of reasoning, and comprehension of the meaning of what is said to him. The friend in question was staying with a clergyman, and after the cloth was laid, the latter said to a sharp little terrier, who was stretched out comfortably on the rug before the fire, and watching with deep interest the preparations for dinner: “Billy, get your table-cloth!” The dog ran under the sideboard, brought out a copy of the *Saturday Review*, and spread

it on the rug. “What, Billy, can a dog of your sensibility eat a dinner off a paper which advocates prize-fights? and, perhaps, may encourage next a return to the practice of canine encounters?” If ever a dog protested against an imputation, that dog was Billy. He barked furiously, and seizing the paper in his teeth, he worried it as though he held an unusually strong rat in his mouth. When he had satisfied himself with this amusement, he shot under the sideboard again, and brought out a copy of the *Times*, which he held up to his master with an inquiring look, that seemed to ask: “Is there any objection to this?” His master shook his head, and said: “I am afraid its opinion on the subject of church-rates is not quite what it should be.” The dog seemed troubled by some misgiving as to whether it was, under these circumstances, a suitable table-cloth for a clergyman's dog; but, finding his master made no further remark, he proceeded to open it with great care and deliberation.

As soon as the mutton was placed on the table, a couple of slices were cut off and put on a plate, and laid on the table-cloth he had spread out. With an eager appetite Billy was about to begin his dinner, when his master said: "Ah, Billy, Billy, isn't it a sad thing to find the woman who cooked this dinner is a Roman Catholic!" Without a growl or a whine the dog turned away from the food, and retired to the furthest corner of the room, where he lay down with an air of resignation which a human being might have copied with advantage. After a minute or two, his master said: "Billy, I find I was mistaken about the cook. She is as good a Protestant as ever attended a May meeting." The joy of the dog at this intimation was expressed in the most emphatic manner, and the eagerness with which he attacked the mutton, was the strongest possible proof of the greatness of his previous self-restraint.

Some years ago, I was living in Hampshire, on the borders of the New Forest. Suddenly, the shopkeepers in the neighboring towns became aware that a good deal of counterfeit coin was in circulation among them, though they could give no hint where it came from. At last, a man, having the appearance of a small farmer, was detected in the act of trying to pass a bad half-crown. He was detained, and the constable was sent for, who, on his refusing to give his name and address, locked him up. The next day a man arrived from London, bringing with him a placard, issued by the government, stating that a gang of coiners had established themselves in the neighborhood of the New Forest, and offering a reward of a hundred pounds for their discovery and apprehension. The man in custody was induced by judicious manipulation to give information of the spot where his accomplices were concealed, and to serve as a guide to the constables. On getting within two or three hundred yards of the place where he said they were at work, he refused to go any farther, and as they were too few in number to spare a man to look after him, and any noise would probably disturb the gang, they did not try to force him, but relied on the reward being a sufficient guarantee of his good faith. The constables went cautiously forward; but when they arrived at the spot indicated, they could find no sign of an entrance to a cave such as had been

described. In vain they searched, and equally in vain they sought for the coiner who had led them there; he had disappeared, and they naturally concluded he had deceived them. This, however, was not the case. Three days afterwards, a boy who was looking after a herd of pigs, noticed them clustering about some object. He ran to see what it was, and found it was the body of a man, which the pigs had not dared to touch from fear of a nearly starved mongrel that lay with his paws across the chest of the corpse. The body was identified as that of the coiner, and the terrible condition it was in proved very clearly at whose hands it had suffered. A portion of the dress had been filled with red-hot coals; the head bore traces of having been thrust into the fire; in a word, a glance was sufficient to show that the wretched man had been subjected to the most cruel tortures. Several laborers and a constable were brought to the place, and as soon as they had recovered from the feeling of horror the spectacle awakened, they took notice of the peculiar actions of the dog. He ran from one man to another, catching hold of his trousers or his smock-frock, and trying to drag him in a particular direction. Neither kicks nor blows deterred the poor animal, and at last it occurred to one man, a little brighter than the rest, that the dog wished to lead them in pursuit of the murderers. Acting on this idea, they followed the dog along a path through the wood till he brought them to the very place which, the constable remembered, the dead coiner had pointed out as the spot where the cave existed in which he and his accomplices carried on their operations. The dog ran to a bush, and began tugging at it with all his might. One of the men took hold of it to assist him, when it came away, and disclosed a hole four or five feet deep, which ran in a slanting direction. The dog then began in the same expressive manner to call their attention to a thicket of underwood and ferns, a few feet from this entrance, too dense to be penetrated before a way had been cut with the axes of the woodmen present; but this having been done, a shaft, nearly a yard in diameter, was discovered. Shouts to those within to come forth received no reply, and those without had too vivid a recollection of what they had seen shortly before to descend into the cave. In this difficulty, somebody suggested it would be a good plan to

set fire to the dry ferns and under-wood, and throw it down the shaft. All this time the dog had shown a most intelligent interest in what was being done, and when he saw the flaming mass thrust down the hole, he stretched himself close beside it, regardless of the burning sparks which fell on him, and watched the men heap on the fuel with an expression of the most eager interest. No cry or sound was heard to issue from the cave, but when a man took a powder-flask from a boy employed in keeping the birds from a field close by, and threw it down the shaft among the burning embers, cries of agony followed the explosion. The dog, on hearing these, rose, walked deliberately to the hole, and looked down, wagging his tail all the time, as though he perfectly understood and rejoiced in what had happened. Then turning away, he trotted back with drooping head and a most dejected appearance to the dead body of his master.

A most ingenious method of poaching without risk was carried on by a poacher, through the agency of his dog, for a long time before it was discovered. The animal was a rather under-sized spaniel, and was trained by his master to set an iron trap, or gin, as it is sometimes called, by the pressure of its foot. When this trap had been placed in a part of the "run," where the game keeper was not likely to perceive it, by the poacher, the dog carefully noted the spot; and at dawn every morning, just when the night-watchers were on their way home, and before the head-keeper had come out for his morning walk, he visited each trap in succession, taking out the game where there was any in a way that effectually prevented its making further noise. The act of releasing the captive pheasant or hare, set the trap afresh, and at dusk he made a similar round, though he seldom brought any thing home on these occasions. The manner in which the discovery was made of this system of poaching by deputy, was through the habit of early rising practiced by a Captain Palmer, who lived on the outskirts of one of the woods visited by the spaniel. Walking through some low furze bushes, his attention was attracted to a hare by its cries; it was evidently caught in a gin, or was attacked by a weasel, or stoat, or some other animal of that species. He was pushing his way between the bushes in the direction whence the sounds issued, and had just caught sight of the

hare, when a spaniel rushed in upon it from another direction, seized it by the back of the neck, and putting his paw on the spring of the trap, released the hare, and started off with it at a rate which made pursuit hopeless. The whole thing was over in an instant. The captain was so struck with the proceeding, that instead of telling the keeper, and probably causing the dog to be shot, he contented himself with carrying away the gin, and making inquiries as to the owner of the spaniel. Having discovered it belonged to a man who supplied him with fish and many kinds of vegetables before they could be got from his own garden, he induced him to acknowledge the fact that the dog was in the habit of visiting the traps in the way described, and in obtaining a promise from him that he would discontinue the practice, on condition that he, the captain, did not inform against his dog, which would soon have insured its death. Whether the dog refrained from his evil courses in future, or merely pursued them in another direction, is best known to his master.

The instances of canine sagacity given above, though new, are by no means so wonderful as many that have been elsewhere recorded. The following case of the influence of supernatural terror upon a Newfoundland dog is of quite recent occurrence, and came out in the course of a trial at Thames Police Court of a steward for neglecting his duty. The man went on very well for a time after he came on board; but suddenly disappeared, and it was supposed he had jumped overboard. This was not so, however; he had merely concealed himself, and came out at night to get provisions. On one of these excursions, the dog caught sight of him, and the instant it did so, it dashed up on deck, rushed to the side and sprang into the sea, evidently believing it had seen the steward's ghost.

Anecdotes respecting foxes are universally interesting; there is so much sagacity in their operations, that the very fact of their being hunted should be a stronger claim on our sympathy. One pack of hounds had repeatedly dislodged a fox from a wood, and just as frequently lost him in a particular meadow. Sometimes the scent suddenly failed in one part of the meadow, sometimes in another, but wherever it happened, there was no trace of any hole or place where he could con-

ceal himself. So determined were the huntsmen to catch the animal that had so often foiled them, that meet after meet was fixed at the same spot, and the same wood drawn; the fox always going away at the first sound of the hounds among the underwood, and thus getting a good start, and invariably taking the direction of this meadow; till at last the farmer, to whom the cows feeding in it belonged, complained of their being injured by these frequent alarms. The secret was at last discovered by a boy, who had been sent by the farmer to drive the cows into a corner of the meadow when he saw the "field" coming. He saw the fox come through the hedge into the meadow, check his speed, look about him, and then rush towards a red cow and spring on its back, holding on so tightly with mouth and legs that the rushing hither and thither of the frightened animal did not shake him off. Similarly, another fox disappeared several times in succession in a rather deep brook, and every effort to get on the scent again was unavailing. It was at last found that he swam to a hole cut through the bank on which the hedge grew, and backed into it; and here he remained, with his nose just above water, till the hounds had been taken away to try their luck at another cover. Another, finding itself in imminent danger of being taken, scrambled into a carriage in which two ladies were seated watching the running of the horses and hounds. As the "field" was coming straight down upon them, the coachman drove on a little distance from fear that his horses would be frightened by the red coats and the noise. As soon as the vehicle was stopped, the fox, as if aware that it was not a safe refuge for him any longer, sprang out, and ran into a copse so dense that the hounds could only force their way through it with difficulty, and probably emerged from it on the opposite side, and made his escape across the country, for the scent was not recovered. Another fox, when hard pressed, managed to squeeze through a tall, quickset hedge, into a garden belonging to an old lady, where the hounds could not follow, and hid itself in the conservatory. As the lady refused to allow the animal to be taken out, the "field" were obliged to betake themselves elsewhere, very much to their disgust.

Two more anecdotes, taken from for-

eign sources, and I shall conclude what I have to say on the subject of animal intelligence on the present occasion. In *Le Nord*, it is related that a cook was recently greatly perplexed by the disappearance, day after day, of a cutlet or a steak from the kitchen-table when she was preparing the dinner. In each day's tale there was a deficiency of one. At last it occurred to her that, as the bell was rung every day while she was preparing dinner, and when she went to the door there was nobody there, there must be some connection between the two occurrences. Once this idea had entered her mind, she determined to satisfy herself on the point. The bell rang at the usual time, but instead of answering it, she hid herself in a cupboard. She had hardly done so before a cat rushed into the kitchen, sprang on the table, seized a cutlet in its mouth, and vanished. Her mistress was made acquainted with this felonious act on the part of the animal, and it was determined to set a watch to see who it was had trained it to this mode of robbery. The discovery was soon made. At the usual time, when the cook had her dishes arranged for the stove, the concealed watcher saw the cat creep stealthily towards the bell-wire, hook her claws in it, give it a furious pull, and then rush away kitchenwards.

The *Patrie* is the authority for the following: At one of the cafés on the boulevards they had a dog, which was a universal favorite. He was accustomed to fetch and carry, and one of his duties was to go with a basket to the baker's shop every morning for the rolls. One morning the mistress of the café found that a roll was wanting. The same thing occurred the next morning, and the attention of the baker was called to the error. As the deficiency continued, the baker unhesitatingly asserted that it must be the dog that stole it. A waiter was sent to follow the dog from the shop home; but the latter, instead of returning direct, took his way down a by-street, and entered a passage leading to a stable. Here he placed his basket on the ground, drew the cloth aside, and taking out a roll, he approached a closed kennel, from which the nose of another dog was protruding. His imprisoned friend took the roll in a quiet, undemonstrative way, as though it were a thing to which she was accustomed, and the dog picked up his basket and

trotted home. The waiter made some inquiries of the porter, and learned that the animal for whose sake the dog had committed petty larceny, had had maternal duties to perform towards three pups from the day when the first roll was missing. The landlady was so much interested in the matter that she would not allow the dog to be interfered with, and he continued to abstract the roll daily till his friend was in a condition to do without it, when he resumed his former probity.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

PERSONAL IDENTITIES.

"ONE of these men is genius to the other;

Which is the natural man,

And which the spirit? who deciphers them?"

—*Comedy of Errors.*

A VERY learned and able divine in a past generation once wrote a celebrated dissertation upon Personal Identity. It struck him as a very difficult metaphysical question, in which the affirmative had been somewhat insufficiently proved by those who had undertaken to maintain it. There is no intention on the present writer's part of reviewing either Locke's or Bishop Butler's theory; still less of plunging into any of the speculations of our German neighbors as to the *ego* and *non ego*. But looking at the question in the most commonplace view, it is very puzzling to a man occasionally to realize that he is himself—the self, that is, of thirty, or twenty, or even ten years ago. That such identification, in the case of others, should have its difficulties, is not surprising. To take a common illustration, the father of that thriving family, as he looks kindly upon the excellent wife and mother who presides at the breakfast-table, packs the boys' boxes for school, and scolds the servants, can not but find it difficult sometimes to realize that the lady is the same from whom he stole a glove or a bunch of violets (how many years ago?) which was but the beginning of a whole three volumes of real romance; indeed, in this case, it is as well perhaps that he should not insist upon verifying the undoubted fact too pertinaciously—better to keep that first image undisturbed by any retouching, as quite a separate picture in his memory, and allow it to have only a shadowy and mysterious connection with any flesh-and-blood reality

in his present establishment. It is very easy, and conjugally polite, to quote the graceful line which tells us—

"How much the wife is dearer than the bride:"

it may be true; but even the poet admits, you see, that the wife and the bride are two different persons, or how should one be dearer than the other? It is wiser for a woman to be content to have her former self loved and cherished as a separate thing, than to insist upon having it identified in every line and feature with the present. She might as wisely insist upon the waist-ribbon of eighteen recognizing the development of eight-and-forty.

But if it be difficult sometimes, in the case of those whom we associate with from day to day, to feel sure that they are the same whom we remember in their youth, it is very often almost as difficult in one's own case. Many of us must look back and remember a very different person who bore our name and occupied our place in the family genealogy half a generation back. We laugh at the little old woman in the nursery song, who had her petticoat cut short by an irreverent tinker, and entertaining thereupon the most serious doubts as to her personality, allowed her dog to decide the question in the negative—that "*I*" wasn't "*I*." No doubt, to the female mind, the proper length of a petticoat is a very important circumstance; and it is possible to conceive many modern ladies whose costume forms so important a part of their per-

sonality, that any sudden and serious reduction of it in their case might puzzle not only their little dogs and other admirers, but even themselves, in the matter of personal identification. But if we were all as honest and simple-minded as the little old woman of the story, we might often put the same question to ourselves with the same wondering amazement as she did. No need to refer to those terrible cases in which a man has plunged, either from sudden temptation or by gradual declension, into such a miserable corruption of his former self, that when he looks upon the contrast between what he was and what he is, he may well doubt the reality of the links which seem to connect the two. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" No need here to dwell upon this; it has always been found hard to believe that the murderer has ever been a little child, that the wretched dram-drinker you pass in the streets has ever been the plaything of an innocent household. But, putting aside with a shudder all such fearful mysteries of moral transformation, there is quite enough to puzzle us in identifying the past with the present, even in the commonplace lives of ourselves and our friends.

Those who grow up from childhood to old age in the same place, and very much amongst the same companions—in whose lives there have been no abrupt breaks either of position, or circumstances, or local interests—may have comparatively little difficulty in recognizing in themselves the same personal existence during all phases of their life. But with many—perhaps with most of us who are not blessed with territorial estates—there has been, at some time or other, very often more than once, an entire change of local habitation, of associations and acquaintances, and of general habits of life, even if not in any great degree of wordly circumstances and position. And when we look back upon that past life and its daily ways and occupations, which seemed to suit us then exceedingly well, and which, no doubt, had a very considerable effect in making us what we are now in character and feeling, and think how entirely separated from it we are now—how entirely we have become woven into the complex fabric of our present locality and surroundings—it is difficult to realize that it is not two distinct lives of two distinct individuals that we are regarding—

especially since years will have worked quite sufficient other change to make us feel, really and truly, that it is not altogether the same person that figures as the hero in both performances. There are some melodramas which every reader will remember, which suppose an interval of ten or twenty years to elapse between each act. The characters are the same from first to last, but the child in the first act becomes perhaps a wife in the second, and is found a widow in the third. And—inasmuch as there is a limit even to the best stage making-up—sometimes the child and the grown-up woman, whom the audience are to suppose the same, are played by two different performers. One could fancy that something of the kind takes place in the actual drama of human life; that the player we remember in those earlier scenes was not *ourselves*, but some other whose life has passed on into ours in some strange way, but who is utterly gone from the stage, whose performance is entirely over, and who will never appear again in this present moral entertainment. We must all be aware of a certain tendency to look back upon much of our past life as the acts and deeds of some third person, pitying ourselves with an almost ridiculous mental pathos for some remembered suffering of our childhood, and entertaining an unmerciful contempt and indignation for some piece of weakness or folly that we were guilty of in riper years. It may be true, as wise men tell us, (though not by any means so universally true as they would insist,) that we are blind to our own faults in the present; but at least we are not blind to them in the past: we often pass a very severe judgment upon them, as we do in the case of our neighbors, because in the retrospect we are no longer conscious of the temptation, and only think of the weakness and the evil result. In fact, the self whom we thus summon up for trial is not the self of to-day, but a different person; and therefore we look upon his acts and deeds with something like impartiality.

More especially does this feeling of separateness from our past life come upon us, when we go back to visit again, after an interval of long years, places in which we lived once, localities of which we knew almost every square foot, and which were associated with events quite as important to us as any of the events of the present. It surely was we who were there; yet it

can hardly be this present actual "we." It all seems to us now not like what it must be, if we come to calculate a real past period of this natural life, but rather like some sort of previous existence. There is always a sadness in revisiting old scenes after a long lapse of time. Naturally enough; partly it is not pleasant to think how many years of our allotted life are gone, past recall; partly there is a kindly regret for some who shared with us the pleasures of those old days, and who will never share again with us any interest or pleasure belonging to this life. But perhaps, after all, the real sadness is, that we feel so little regret about it all; that our old interests are so dead within us, that our past self, which once moved and lived and loved in that old place, seems to us now so much a stranger; that what we can recall of its sayings and doings—and that is not a great deal, compared with what we have entirely forgotten—we recall with almost the calmness of a historian. Nay, let us not stop to question that old woman who passes, whose features are recalled to us by the associations of place, though somewhat a heavier share of toil and exposure has changed her even more than ourselves—never stop to ask her whether we are remembered or not; be content to recognize the natural fact that

"Year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills."

The world does right to forget us when we hardly recognize ourselves. Regrets for the past—pensive memories of vanished years—are almost banished even from the poets of this modern, real, busy, rapid life. We must not lose the express by lingering five minutes too long in Dreamland. It is very well that it should be so. Life would be a misery to us instead of a blessing, if we allowed regrets for the past, merely because it is the past, to become any thing more than a sentiment.

Physiologists assert that our actual corporeal self undergoes a total change in the course of about every seven years; that a waste and reproduction of corporeal tissue are continually going on, so that the body of to-day is not the same body, in any one particle, that it was seven years ago, but an entirely new formation, moulded as it were upon the same last, and therefore presenting, in the main, the same appearance. If this be true, it was not we, af-

ter all, who were in those places and did those things in past days; only another likeness of ourselves, a similar combination of oxygen and what not else.

Even with this explanation, the identity of men from childhood to old age is not free from difficulties. There are some men whom it is very hard to imagine as babies. Dr. Johnson, for instance, or Dr. Parr—were they ever as other babies? Did the great lexicographer ever allow his nurse to contradict him, and was Dr. Parr born in a little wig? It is difficult to imagine the Great Duke ever whipped by a nursery governess; yet, if the common theory of growth and gradual development be true, it must be concluded that he was. One understands much better the feeling which led to the exhibition in some provincial museum of "Oliver Cromwell's skull when a child," which was looked at by many unsuspecting sight-seers with much reverence and curiosity. Naturally, the little Oliver died in the innocence of infancy, and the king-killer appeared first to men in the brewery at Huntingdon, with a skull already strong enough for the steel morion. An "infant Hercules" we have seen, and an infant Jupiter is comprehensible; but no doubt it was a strong appreciation of congruities in the Greek mind which represented Minerva as springing to light full-grown and full-armed. Venus might once have been a little darling; Mercury, we know, was a troublesome child; but it was impossible to conceive that goddess of wisdom even in the most classical swaddling-clothes.

And as to what we should be more right in calling our real self—our moral and intellectual essence—how are we sure that this is the same? The memory alone—and this in a somewhat marred and imperfect shape—seems to remain unaltered, and by this it is that we identify ourselves with the "I" of the past. The replacing theory harmonizes with actual experience much more satisfactorily in the case of our minds than of our bodies. We know that in many instances we are altogether changed—not developed or modified—in our spiritual elements. Our characters are often as entirely re-formed since our childhood or our early manhood, as we learn that our bodies have been. The child, it is said, is the father of the man; which is to say, that the qualities of the man exist, in their germs, in the child's

nature. It is very doubtful whether this theory is not formed upon striking and exceptional cases. And those who have written books upon the boyhood of great men, and so forth, find it convenient to forget—as indeed it would be very troublesome to collect—the vast majority of cases wherein the great men have been not at all remarkable as boys, and in which the wonderful boys have turned out any thing but great men. Certainly, in the case of one's own personal acquaintance, it is commonly an implicit faith in a chain of circumstantial evidence which induces us to regard them as the same persons we knew as boys—not any positive resemblance that we can trace in them now. Where these do exist, we point to them with a sort of pleased wonder, as a thing worth noting, that a man really does something, or says something, or likes and dislikes something, just as he did when a boy. "The same good fellow that he always was!" What a heartfelt testimony this is to a man's sterlingness of character, when it can be truly paid! of more real significance than if we were to remark in him the acquisition of some respectable quality which we had not fancied him to possess; *that* may possibly be adopted by a calculating prudence, the other is real and spontaneous. Nay, even a foible or a harmless weakness becomes respectable, if it helps to mark the man; so gladly do we catch at any countersign of identity. Mothers not uncommonly complain that their darling sons have been changed at school. Not meaning always positively for the worse, (for the pet of the home nursery is not always the sort of pet it is desirable to maintain for life,) nor yet always for the better; but simply that he is become quite a different being. And those who look on more dispassionately than mothers, see these changes come periodically. Sometimes they are very sudden and startling; and one understands how the superstition about changelings in the cradle grew up: it was a convenient exposition of the occasional phenomenon of a child turning out contrary to all natural expectations. One is almost tempted to think, even now, that these changelings are substituted occasionally, by some mysterious interference, in those who are long past their cradles. Such a theory may not be altogether comfortable, but it would explain a good many difficulties. Nothing else

will fully account for the total impossibility which we sometimes feel in recognizing the companions of our boyhood when we fall in with them in after life. That they should have become older and graver would be only natural; that they should also have become wiser would be, in many instances, very desirable. But that they should have become such entirely different persons—that there should be no trace of the boy left in the man—seems neither natural nor desirable. Nay, sometimes even if you come to question them upon old times, they appear to have forgotten entirely that previous state of existence. But for corroborating circumstances, you would be inclined to set them down as impostors, such as there have been cases of, who have passed themselves off upon affectionate relatives as long-lost children stolen or strayed in infancy: or have tried to palm themselves upon a loyal nation as suppressed princes, emerging from long years of forced obscurity. Even fond parents on the stage are supposed to depend entirely for the recognition of a child's identity upon a mole on the right breast, or, as in Dromio's case, "a great wart upon his left arm;" and really, when the entire *differentia* (to speak logically) between your own child and another's depends on the locality, marked down to an inch, of a natural blemish—when nothing is left of the old self that one can be sure of but a mole—the fact of this personal identity, even if you admit it, becomes hardly worth establishing. No; when it comes to that, the fond parent might quite as well adopt some promising young woman for a daughter, (whether with a mole or two more or less,) and look upon the lost infant as having become an inevitable gypsy; or, if in this case the maternal yearning may plead a natural instinct, in the case of your friend, at all events, if circumstances have changed him in character and feeling as well as person, it will be wiser and more satisfactory to look upon him as a mere recent acquaintance, and cultivate his society or not, as you please, according to his present qualifications, than to blind yourself by any religious faith in his identity with any one whom you knew in a different place and under different circumstances. If you can only swear to him by the mole or the wart, it were better not to risk perjury for the sake of so inconsiderable a relic of the past.

Nothing is more common in police reports than to read of adventurous heroes, who, having found it convenient, for private reasons, to change their domiciles and their occupation from time to time, have also changed their names, and figured under a successive *alias*. There is, however, in most of these cases, a uniformity of character and pursuit, under every variety of circumstance, which perhaps justifies the law in insisting on a rogue's identity. But in the more respectable world which seldom figures in police courts, it is much to be wished that this *alias* system were adopted and recognized. In the case of new-made peers and bishops, indeed, its convenience is already acknowledged. It does not require the disguise of a wig or a small apron to inform us that the man whom we used to address as "Jack Robinson" is not the same person as the prelate who now signs himself "John Cantab.," or "John Wroxeter." But as it has now been ruled that there is no legal obstacle to a change of name, the practice might be adopted in many additional cases with advantage both to the individual and the public. It is done occasionally when a man is anxious to ignore all his antecedents; passing by all such half-measures as the substituting a *y* for an *i*, or tacking on an *e* final, we could point to popular preachers and rising barristers who have "made themselves a name" in the very literal sense. What the genealogists are to make of such cases, in future archaeologies, and how far they may complicate searches after missing heirs-at-law, is another matter. But whenever a man's self has become intrinsically changed by any outward change of position and circumstances, it ought to be lawful for his acquaintances, with or without his own consent, to change his name also. It should be at once conceded that for all purposes of life the old personality has disappeared, and that society agrees to recognize the new. "One man in his time plays many parts;" what right has an impertinent audience to mar the performance by loudly reminding the hero of the after-piece that he was the smart valet-de-chambre of the preceding play?

Therefore, disappointed lover, console yourself. The lady of your fancy, who has just married Calvus for his coronet, is not the same being who once returned your affection. *She* exists somewhere

still—like the lost Arthur, perhaps, in "faerie"—at least let her exist in your generous recollection. Do not confuse her image with any worldly-minded creature that has taken her place. Let that sweet musical interlude in your and her existence stand alone; do not insist upon tracing the fascinating *artiste* under the mask and rouge of the "grand spectacle" that is to follow. Possibly you will yet meet the lost one again; with as gentle a smile, as winning a voice, as sweet a nature as before—surely much more truly *her*, than one who has so lost all that makes woman lovely, that

"'Twere perjury to love her now."

Courage, also, discarded friend. It is not the same man who walks about and takes no notice of you, even if he has borrowed the same skin and employs the same tailor. A proper name, a peculiar gait, a trick of speech and look, are not what makes a man. You knew your friend by some better token than that. He is gone. One of those accidents of life, that do separate friends as completely as death can, has come between you; be content to bear the separation; but never waste your time in blaming one who has no more identity with your friend of other days, than Damon and Pythias in the legend.

And, learn a little diffidence, O shrewd observer, who art a discernor of spirits. The man you think you "see through" is not the real man—no more than the ghost at the Polytechnic. The man whom you confidently pronounce hard and insensate has another self somewhere, full of heart and feeling. You have tested some nature thoroughly, as you fancy, and found it vain and frivolous; if you had the true Ithuriel's spear, you might have discharged that flimsy covering, and thrown light into a depth of soul that would have startled you. Who saw in that young guardsman, the "curled darling" of London life, the quiet soldier who shamed his hardier followers out of complaint in the cold and mud of the Crimean trenches? Who saw the heroes of the Indian mutiny in the Company's lazy officials? Who knows, at this present moment, the future rulers of America? Who recognizes the "coming man," until he comes? He is made, we say, by circumstances. Circumstances *do* change men; humiliating as the fact may be, we, the immaterial spiritual essences,

are at the mercy of a thousand material combinations of the veriest trifles in themselves. As an accident of our childhood makes us cripples or idiots for life, so the accidents—what we, at least, call accidents—of our position, our relations with others, our presence at a particular time and place, change us either into criminals or heroes. Possibly—if that will be any comfort to us—we have all a heroic self somewhere, ready to take the place of the very unheroic self we are conscious of to-day, if only circumstances call it into existence; possibly also, and quite as probably, we have a criminal self—a sleeping devil that wears our likeness—and that only waits the hour and the place to enter in and take possession of our personality.

Even our own identity is thus, as the learned bishop found it, a difficult point to establish. No doubt it has been held to be a test of sound intellects, that we should know ourselves to be ourselves, now and always, and not imagine ourselves somebody else. We call an unfortunate man a lunatic, and put him under surveillance, if he insists upon it that he was formerly Emperor of China. Yet, after all, shutting a man up is no infallible proof of lunacy; possibly, as a witty French writer has observed, the sane minority is put into confinement in order that the majority may fancy themselves rational. Pythagoras was no madman; yet he affirmed that he had been somebody else, and, as is said, gave what was held to be satisfactory proof of it. Elliston acted the king so often, that when wine had warmed his wits a little, he blessed his supposed subjects as cordially off the stage as on. A man will tell a story of personal adventure, wholly imaginary, until he comes to have a distinct recollection of having been an actor in it. Our Scottish friends have a notion that there are "double-gangers" about, and that a man may be, visually if not bodily, in two places at once. A French abbé wrote a treatise to prove that the bodily presence of one man in several places was possible, "according to the principles of sound philosophy." And most unquestionably, in that strangest of all mysteries, which would awe and bewilder us if it were not so familiar—the mystery of dreams—our bodies are resting for hours in the same place, while our spiritual or imaginative faculties (let us leave it to philosophers to distinguish them) are absent on the most distant and

chimerical expeditions. And it is only then that the old self reappears and takes its place in the old scenes, re-peopled with the dead and the past; and we are conscious, when we wake, of a double existence, as though past time and our past selves were still existing realities, and only separated from our waking senses by some conditions which we can not comprehend.

Adam Lyttleton, in one of his sermons, asserts that "every man is made of three *Egos*, and has three selfs in him;" a theory which that pleasant "Breakfast-table" companion, our American cousin Holmes, has adopted, whether consciously or unconsciously, and expanded in such original fashion as to make it rather more fairly his own than most modern ideas are. He says that "at least six different personalities may be recognized as taking part in a dialogue between John and Thomas; three Johns: 1. The real John, known only to his Maker; 2. John's ideal John, never the real one, and often very unlike him; 3. Thomas's ideal John—never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either." And, in like manner, three several Thomases, one real and two ideal. If he had added that John's ideal John undergoes the most startling transformations, he would not have overstated this puzzle of personalities. The real John or Thomas, plainly, have no practical existence for any ordinary human purposes; the real self is out of mortal ken; *γνώθι σεαυτὸν* was a mere bantering puzzle set by the philosophers.

There have been impostors, like the Count St. Germain and Cagliostro, who professed to have lived a succession of lives, and to have figured, under different names and different characters, in distant quarters of the world, or under successive dynasties. How far they had taught themselves to believe their own assertions, is even now a query. But many a man, if he were to sit down and write honestly that autobiography for which it is said that we might all find readers if it were so written in truthful detail, and were to write it in the telling fashion which fiction sometimes adopts, of showing a succession of striking *tableaux vivans*, dropping the curtain between each—if he were to set down his real thoughts and feelings, (or at any rate his own ideal of them,) his aims and thoughts, as well as his words and actions, at each distinct period—the

pictures he would show would never be looked upon as presentments of the same person, unless he were careful to inform us that they were chapters in the history of one man; the incongruity of the characters would revolt almost as strongly against our notions of identity, as the mysterious reminiscences of the charlatan contradict our belief in time and place.

There might be a new and entertaining series of "Imaginary Conversations" written, if we could but get the true data for them, between the New Self and Old Self of many persons, historical and unhistorical. At their first meeting they would not be more surprised at the outward difference in person, than at the utter unlikeness between their opinions and views of life, when they began their discourse. The individual whom the New Self fancies he remembers to have been, once upon a time, was not much like this apparition of Old Self, with which suddenly he is confronted. The childish self was neither so happy nor so innocent, the youthful self not altogether so foolish, as the present self pictured him. Each might make wise comments upon the mistakes of the other; and the balance of wisdom would not be always on the side that might be supposed. On the whole, if no unhappy circumstances had cast a gulf between them, and made them turn from each other with horror and mistrust, they would part, it may be hoped, good friends; recognizing each other's distinct good qualities, understanding better each other's feelings and shortcomings, and making allowance for them—as all good kind of people, even with less claim to identity, will do when they are brought together in personal intercourse—and ready to admit that each was best fitted for his own sphere of action, and had better confine itself to that, making as few disagreeable comparisons as possible.

Theirs has surely been a very happy lot in life, even if not a very eventful one, who can trace back its course without any such grave transitions as may lead them to doubt their own identity; who have never had cause to wonder in their own minds whether the self of to-day is the same as the self of yesterday. In this respect, no position would seem so fortunate as that of the English country gentleman, inheriting an old name and an old estate, and wise enough to set a just value on them. The scenes of his life, whether

joyous or solemn, are not the sudden shiftings of the theater, but melt gradually one into another, like dissolving views. Where he was born, he lives and grows old. The same familiar faces—friends, tenantry, servants—grow old around him, and he is hardly conscious of the change. His life may be a continuous whole; a harmony, more or less musical, not a succession of dislocated passages—fragments, as it were, from this and that—as some of our lives necessarily are. He need not know what it is to say farewell to pleasant neighborhoods, to give up cherished schemes, to bury some dead ambition, to shut and lock for ever (to borrow Napoleon's metaphor) the drawer which contains one long chapter of life's history, and to make, as we call it, a fresh start. "I dwell among mine own people," said the Shunammite—"a great woman," as the sacred chronicler has it; with a complete life, a continuous happiness and duty; who needed not to be "spoken for to the king," and to whom any change must be an evil. It is a very happy thing, and ought to be a very good thing, for any man with a true human heart, to have all his aims and interests gradually taking root in one place from his childhood—to feel, alike in joy or sorrow, in foreign travel or in domestic quiet, all his best thoughts and affections tend to one center, his English home, and that the hope of his forefathers, and the inheritance of his children.

But we can not all of us have the old hall and the paternal acres. Let us be content without them, venting any little envious feeling which may vex us in an honest malediction on the senseless prodigal who barter the home of his ancestors for a restless career of self-indulgent folly. For that large majority of us whose lives are set in no such goodly and substantial framework, but are a mere shifting diorama, still there is a gift, richer than any inheritance, which, if we have it, will give to them a unity independent of place or circumstance. It is what Southey somewhere calls "a boy's heart"—that freshness of feeling which is as a perennial spring of youth throughout life's successive changes; which cherishes old friendships and old memories, can recall old sorrows with a smile, and is never too grave or too grand to recognize the self of lighter hours or humbler circumstances.

From Good Words Magazine.

THE OCEAN OVERHEAD.

THAT there is an ocean above us as well as beneath us, is philosophically as well as metaphorically true; for as the waters of the sea cover a vast depth of rocks, and fill up immense intervening spaces, so the atmosphere in the opposite direction covers the sea and the land, spreads itself between and above mountains and hills, and fills up a vast space with air as completely as the sea does with water. There are, moreover, points of likeness in condition, for the air has its numerous currents as well as the ocean; its waves likewise, although they do not appear to the eye; and its tides, which may be traced to the influence of the sun and the moon. But there are few points of similarity in constitution. In this respect we can only notice contrast; for while water can be changed by heat from its liquid state into vapor, as we see every hour, air can not be correspondingly converted into a liquid by any amount of cold or pressure as yet known. Furthermore, while water can be compressed into any shape without resistance, air is a highly and permanently elastic gas, which although compressed and confined in any vessel, yet when it is again liberated, has a tendency to expand at the least diminution of pressure, and expands itself on all sides, and becomes lighter, bulk for bulk, in proportion to its expansion.

Both oceans are limited in depth, as is easily conceivable of the sea, which we know must have a bottom; and this, if we take the average depth of great oceans, has been calculated at about five miles. But it is not so natural to assume that the atmosphere has a very limited height. Hence, some have thought that it extends upwards indefinitely, an opinion, however, which is quite untenable; for it is highly probable that the aerial ocean has a height as defined as the depth of the aqueous one; a height which is not, indeed, materially bounded, but is a limit above which there is no air, no moisture, no clouds, and where any amount of air elevated from below would not expand in-

definitely and continually, but would finally (however dilated for a time) fall down upon the upper surface of the atmosphere, and then mingle with the inferior mass, as water lifted up from the surface of the sea finally falls down again upon it.

What may be the actual height of the aerial ocean it is impossible to say. Some have supposed it to be fifty miles, and others twenty miles, but mountain travelers and aeronauts have ascertained that the air in which man can breathe does not reach to ten miles, and probably not to eight, from the level of the sea. In accordance with recent experience of Mr. Glaisher and his companion, who in their balloon ascent of September 5th, 1862, may have attained to seven miles, that height appears to be nearly the limit of human vitality, and probably death would be the consequence of greatly exceeding it. Certainly there can be no such air as a man could breathe at about ten miles high—although a very light gas may float there. But without aeronautic experience, simple reasoning would conduct us to a similar conclusion; for the barometer supplies a direct measure of the rate of diminution in the quantity of air as we ascend from a given level, and thereby becomes a useful instrument for measuring the heights of mountains. When we ascend one thousand feet in height, we leave beneath us about a thirtieth of the whole mass of the atmosphere. Upon attaining ten thousand six hundred feet, (rather less than the height of Mount *Ætna*, which is ten thousand eight hundred and seventy-two feet,) we leave about one third of the mass beneath; and at the height of eighteen thousand feet, (nearly that of *Cotopaxi*,) we should have passed through one half of the ponderable body of air weighing upon the surface of our earth. At the lesser and more familiar height of the summit of *Mont Blanc*, which is fifteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-four feet, the sensations of mountaineers are very painful owing to the levity of the air; the head is oppress-

ed as though with a heavy weight, and respiration becomes difficult, while the faces of many become livid; and the danger of being frost-bitten is not slight—owing to the decrease of temperature in proportion to elevation.

PRESSURE AND WEIGHT OF AIR.

We should dread instant death by being placed under the weight of the aqueous ocean, which, as we know, crushes in the sides of any collapsible body; but we seldom reflect that we do really live at the bottom of an aerial ocean, the weight of which must be immense. Doubtless our bodies would be crushed in by it, as hollow vessels collapse when sunk deep in the ocean, were it not that the elasticity of the air is an effectual and perpetual counterpoise to its pressure. And it seems probable that the weight of the superior ocean acts conservatively upon the surface of the inferior one, so that the pressure of the atmosphere prevents the too rapid evaporation of the waters of the sea. This pressure, too, is the cause of the liquid state of certain bodies, which, apart from it, would have only a gaseous existence. Not only, therefore, do we walk safely, and breathe freely on the bottom of an aerial ocean which is ever exerting a great pressure upon us, but that very pressure is the condition of our existence, and the cause of certain conditions of existence in other bodies.

What is the actual pressure and weight of the air, and how do we ascertain it?

The height of the barometer is nearly thirty inches, (29.95 at London,) and there is reason to believe that this is the mean pressure of air over the surface of the globe. In another form of expression, the weight of a column of air extending upwards to the extreme limit of the atmosphere, exactly equals the weight of the column of mercury in the tube of a perfect barometer. Therefore the weight of the entire atmosphere is equal to a sea of mercury which should cover the surface of the globe to the depth of about thirty inches. Hence the pressure of the air upon each square inch is equal to nearly 14.6 lbs. avoirdupois, or 58,611,548,160 lbs. upon every square mile. From this, we estimate the pressure of the air at about eight ounces avoirdupois for every inch of mercurial elevation in the tube of the barometer. With these data we shall

find little difficulty in calculating the absolute weight of our entire atmosphere, which, after Pascal's computation, may be given as equal, in English notation, to about *eleven trillions of pounds*; a sum which the mind can not possibly grasp. The only popular and appreciable form of computation is that of Dr. Cotes, by which the weight of the whole mass of air is equivalent to the weight of a globe of lead sixty miles in diameter. How few know, or reflect, that we live underneath such a weight of air! Let us only remember that every minute we are breathing in and under a load, which, when reduced to and expressed in figures, passes our comprehension.

AERIAL CURRENTS AND WINDS.

If the mass of our atmosphere remained at all times in what is theoretically conceived to be its normal condition, namely, a perfect balance of its parts, (statical equilibrium,) there would prevail a dead aerial, as there often is a dead oceanic calm. But a series and succession of disturbing causes prevent such a calm. The chief of these is solar heat, which acts daily and strongly through our atmosphere while the earth revolves; and to this powerful agency, in combination with its negation, or cold, and also with gravitation and electricity, may be ascribed most of the atmospheric changes of which we are aware. It is probable that more is due to electricity than we have been hitherto accustomed to acknowledge, and much also to the influence of the moon; but at present we may refer to solar heat as the principal disturbing agent in the mobile and expansive body of air around and above us.

Currents in the sea, as we have hinted, have their equivalents in the currents and winds of the atmosphere. Every disturbance of the balance existing in neighboring masses of air, whether it arise from an increase of density, and consequently of pressure, on the one side, or from a diminution of density and of pressure on the other, immediately occasions a movement from the heavier air in the direction of the lighter; in the same way as water is put in motion when it suffers a greater pressure on one side than on the other. Unequal heating is the commonest cause of disturbance of aerial balance. The air takes its heat chiefly

from the surface of the earth, and as the warmed and expanded air rises therefrom, the heat of the soil is spread over the higher regions of the atmosphere. That which rises most rapidly over the warmest spots, is replaced by air rushing in from cooler places, and thereby those movements are set up which are generally found on the borders of forests, in the shadow of trees, and at the openings of shaded mountain glens, as well as in valleys, on the banks of rivers and lakes, and on the sea-shore.

But let us view similar operations on a large scale. Conceive the torrid zone of our globe to be considerably heated, while the polar regions are cold, and thereupon a process ensues like that of the boiling of water. First the heated portions of the water rise, while the colder portions take their place. The former, which are now chilled, though previously warmed, again descend as they find their way, and thus a circular rather than a vertical course ensues. In like manner the warmed mass of air at the torrid zone, which is vastly greater than the cold mass at the poles, is set in motion and necessarily proceeds. Probably a very considerable portion of the air near the equator descends just beyond the tropics, and there makes its way between opposing polar currents, or else under or over them towards the north and east, while another portion turns southward in the calm variable latitudes, and contributes to the perennial *trade-winds* which may not be sufficiently maintained from the comparatively small polar regions. The polar current having gained force after an interval, approaches, either suddenly with a great conflict, occasioning storms or lightning or hail, or more gradually, causing only a change from southwest through west to northwest, and afterwards again by north to east.

The course of such currents will enable us to understand the origin of powerful winds. The *trade-winds*, the direction of which is never changed; the *monsoons*, whose direction is changed periodically, and the so-called *variable winds* of higher latitudes, have all been referred, by the help of what Professor Dove calls the "Law of Gyration," to one common general principle, and it is therefore not unreasonable to suppose that in the more violent disturbances of the atmosphere

certain general conditions exist which are common to all these winds, both as relates to their origin and to their subsequent course—even while they present many varieties in appearance.

The ordinary condition of our atmosphere seems to be that of a mixture of currents between half a mile and five miles upwards from the surface of the earth, and these currents vary in temperature, tension, electricity, direction, force, and moisture. Heat from near our earth probably does not reach upward beyond the range of tropical currents, which may range from two or three miles in general to three or four miles less frequently. Above, below, or between those warmer currents, there may be cold or cool polar winds; and above all these there may exist excessively cold space, with proportionate electrical tension.

When we experience the cheerful warmth of the sun, it is difficult for us to imagine that by ascending higher *towards* him, we should be not warmer but *frozen*. Yet such would be the consequence of attaining the extreme coldness of lofty space. The last registration which was made during Mr. Glaisher's balloon ascent on the 5th of September last year, just before he lost his consciousness, was ten inches, and this was in the extreme cold of *fifty-seven degrees below freezing-point*.

CLOUDS, FOG, RAIN, ETC.

To the heating of air and its consequences in currents must be attributed many of those atmospheric phenomena with which we are most familiar. Clouds are merely condensed vapor held between lower and higher temperatures. They are never stationary, although they often appear to be so. Sometimes in Alpine excursions, we are disappointed to see an apparently moveless cloud wrapping the summit of a lofty mountain, and remaining upon it as many days as we remain in annoyance below it. In reality, however, every particle of such a cloud is in ceaseless motion, and there is a continual succession of atoms, which may be observed through a good telescope, while to the ordinary observer the cloud seems unchanged.

Clouds float sometimes in one current, and at other times in another. Occasionally also they remain between two cur-

rents. Were it not for crossing currents, with changes of temperature and of their electric conditions, only one kind or form of clouds (*stratus*) would appear. It was hence found by the aeronautic observations of Welsh and Glaisher that depths or masses of cloud may exceed two thousand feet, or a third of a mile continuously, without the presence of any other cloud above this thickness. No trace of a cloud has been observed at a greater height than seven miles.

Fog is the moisture of warm earth evaporating into cold air. It resembles the steam of warm water greatly magnified, surrounded by air too moist and cool to permit further evaporation, but not cold enough to cause it to become condensed in rain. Different effects follow from varying degrees of heat and condensation. Heat radiated upwards, and cold air in the higher regions, cause the suspension of vapor in the air until one predominates, and greater or less precipitation follows. The clouds that hang over us pile upon pile, the fog that throws its impenetrable veil over a town or a city, the mist that overspreads the course of a long river, or the lighter mist that floats over a green meadow, are all vapor more or less condensed, and in chemical constitution are identical.

Greater or more rapid condensation of vapor results in rain, snow, or hail. Dew also is simply the vapor of air condensed by contact with a body colder than itself. At sunset the earth's surface becomes so cold by radiation of its previous heat, that the warm vapor of the air is chilled, condensed, and descends in dew. In rain the drops fall from a considerable height, while in dew the condensation takes place near the earth's surface.

HAIL.

It may appear difficult to account for the formation of hail and large hail-stones in such a body as the atmosphere, but Professor Dove has suggested that a grain of sleet first formed at a great height in the air, may make several revolutions in an inclined whirlwind, and during its passage through cold and hot strata alternately, obtain that shell of ice which covers the grain of sleet, like a grain of snow, in the center, until it becomes so heavy that at last it falls to the earth. This seems a probable theory, and would

account for the noise which generally precedes a heavy hail-storm, and which is due to the rotating motion of the hail-stones before they fall. "Such hail-storms," says Dove, "and many severe thunder-storms, present the striking appearance of a long, almost horizontal column of clouds, which is rolling on, and when projected on the sky appears more or less bent. At times the dark bank of clouds covers itself with a number of brighter stripes of grayish clouds, which envelop it, as a waterfall does the cliff over which it falls. The edges of the whirlwind seem to favor the formation of hail, in consequence of the fact that the circles described by the hail-stones are largest, and consequently the difference of temperature which they have to pass through is greatest. It has been very often observed that the district where hail fell, whose breadth is never great, has been double, with a district in the middle where it has only rained. The reference of the formation of hail to the whirlwind explains the fact that the boundaries of the hail district are very often clearly marked."

The most destructive hail-storms seem to be of great length but little breadth, and quite in accordance with Dove's view was the great hail-storm which passed across France on July 13th, 1788. It marked two parallel tracts respectively of one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred leagues in length. Yet these were in breadth only four leagues in the one case and two in the other. In the separating breadth of five leagues only rain fell.

The size of the larger hail-stones varies greatly, and although some of considerable dimensions occasionally fall in England, nevertheless those which fall in India are (according to Dr. Buist) from five to twenty times larger, and often weigh from six ounces to a pound. It is difficult for Englishmen to credit Dr. Buist when he adds that these stones are seldom less than walnuts, and often as large as oranges and pumpkins! When these fall the storms are almost always accompanied by violent wind and rain, and by thunder and lightning.

Some hailstorms in our own country have been very remarkable. In April, 1697, one passed over Cheshire and Lancashire, the course of which was two miles broad and sixty miles long, and

which sent down hailstones weighing eight ounces, and measuring nine inches round. On the 4th of May of the same year a shower of hail fell in Hertfordshire, after a thunderstorm, the hailstones measuring fourteen inches in circumference, and killing several persons. It is curious that on the 4th of May, 1797, that is, exactly a century afterwards, another hailstone was seen in Hertfordshire which measured fourteen inches in circumference.

There is reason to think that hailstones may be forced together so as to form aggregates, which should be regarded as masses of ice rather than single stones. Thus a hailstone which measured six inches in diameter fell near Birmingham in June, 1811, and it resembled a congeries of masses, about the size of pigeon's eggs, agglutinated together. In the summer of 1815, during a thunderstorm at Malvern, in Worcestershire, hailstones fell as large as walnuts, and in some places to the depth of several inches. In August, 1828, pieces of ice fell at Horsley, in Staffordshire, some of which were three inches long and one broad. In 1826 a mass fell in Candeish which must have weighed more than one hundred-weight, and which was some days in melting. In 1832 a lump fell in Hungary of no less than a yard in length and nearly two feet in thickness, and if we can credit the account printed in the *Ross-shire Advertiser*, there fell in August, 1849, a block "of irregular shape, nearly twenty feet in circumference," on the estate of Mr. Moffat, of Ord, immediately after an extraordinary loud peal of thunder. This mass is said to have been composed of lozenge-shaped pieces from one to three inches in size, and firmly congealed together. We may perhaps attribute the formation of such large masses of ice in the atmosphere to the reassociation of fragments upon a principle which has been expounded to philosophers under the name of *regelation*, and which resembles a welding together of pieces of ice under considerable pressure.

The destructive force of hailstones is owing to the height from which they fall, and probably to the whirling momentum imparted by the rotary storms which accompany them. We all remember particular instances of their injurious effects. One of the most appalling storms on record was that of August 1st, 1846, when hailstones weighing from one to two ounces fell in London, and destroyed a

great amount of property in Buckingham Palace, Westminster Hall, and other buildings, while the loss suffered exclusively by gardeners was estimated at £15,000. Large hailstones do not, however, fall so frequently in this country as in India, North-America, and the South of Europe. In mathematical form, Sir John Leslie calculated the destructive force of a hailstone as equal to the fourth power of its diameter.

LIGHTNING.

The accumulated electricity which is discharged from meeting clouds is commonly recognized as lightning, and thunder is the noise caused by the successive discharges of such accumulated electricity, or the concussion of the air when it reunites after having been divided by a flash of lightning. We are all so familiar with the ordinary appearances and effects of lightning, that to dwell upon them would be superfluous, while to enter into minute details on the questions of scientific interest connected with them would carry us far beyond our present limits. In this country the month in which these pages appear is frequently marked by thunder-storms, and we are visited by them at intervals during most years; but in the high latitudes of the northern and southern hemispheres, thunder-storms are almost wholly unknown, and it is believed that they are of very rare occurrence over the ocean in the middle latitudes when distant from continents. On the other hand, there are localities where, during certain months of the year, thunder-storms are periodical phenomena of daily occurrence. For example, in the Port Royal Mountains, in Jamaica, such storms occur every day about the hour of noon, from the middle of November to the middle of April.

A flash of lightning differs only from the spark obtained from an electrical machine in the amount of its force. Its course is uncertain, but it chiefly seeks such things as are good conductors of electricity, as metals and water, avoiding non-conductors. When a flash has passed through a body which is not a perfect conductor, the smallest possible hole or mark is made visible; although in other parts of its course the same flash may have shivered a tall tree or the mast of a ship. A good conductor must be so

placed as to rise high above the highest point of the building, and must run down in unbroken metallic connection to the earth, or to running water, presenting to these the greatest possible number of points, so as to favor the escape of electric fluid. When the metallic conductor is of sufficient thickness and properly placed, lightning will not quit it, though the conductor may lie directly upon wood or stone, or may pass through water, or even if a man should grasp it with his hand; for the stroke passes through a perfect conductor without leaving a trace of its passage. Even though gunpowder may be placed around a metallic conducting rod, the passing lightning will not kindle it. Hence good conductors are perfect protectors of powder magazines.

The apparent interval between the flash of lightning and the commencement of thunder has been known to vary, in different cases, from less than a single second to between forty and fifty seconds; on very rare occasions it has exceeded fifty seconds.

Forked lightning is perhaps divided by its approach to particular terrestrial objects, and a zig-zag flash takes place when the lightning adopts the course of least resistance. In rare cases zig-zag lightning forks or returns upwards.

Globular lightning, or balls of fire, present remarkable appearances, which should be carefully noted by observers. They are known to be of the nature of lightning from the damage they have inflicted on ships or buildings struck by them; but they differ from ordinary lightning not only in their shape, but by their slow motion and the length of time during which they are visible. Sometimes they occur, as has been reported, without the accompaniment of a storm, and even under a perfectly serene sky.

WHIRLWINDS.

While in Britain during the month of August we are basking in the heat of an often cloudless sun, and luxuriating in a calm atmosphere, the inhabitants of the West Indies are particularly liable to hurricanes, which have most frequently desolated those islands in August, their principal seasons for hurricanes extending from August to October. In the Indian ocean, however, these visitations are most common from December to April.

We may advert to the special character which during recent years has been found to appertain to many, if not all hurricanes, namely, that they are revolving storms, or literally *whirlwinds*. The same meaning is expressed by the term *cyclone*, (Greek,) now generally applied to them. We can not venture to assign a producing cause to cyclones.

Whirlwinds advance towards the poles obliquely, but blow in opposite directions in the two hemispheres, although they maintain a determinate course in each of them. The manner in which they move onward is not simple, nor easily described without diagrams, for a double motion marks them in both hemispheres. The speed at which they advance is the mean velocity of the progress and rotation of which their motion is compounded. Such speed is sometimes very high, as in the case of the first hurricane of August, 1830, in the West Indies, which advanced at the rate of five hundred miles a day. The storm of 1831, at Barbadoes, rolled at the rate of three hundred and eighty-three miles a day over a space of twenty-three hundred miles. The Rodriguez hurricane of 1843 advanced at the rate of about two hundred and twenty miles near the equator, but only at fifty miles as it approached the tropic of Capricorn. A tempest in our own country in November 25th, 1838, swept on at the rate of about twenty miles an hour.

The rotatory, regarded as distinct from the onward motion, is subject, as already said, to ascertained laws. The main principle of the course of a revolving gale must always be remembered to be this: The direction of the wind in the northern hemisphere is from east by north to west, and from west by south to east, or contrary to the movements of the hands of a watch. On the contrary, in the southern hemisphere the rotation is from east by south to west, and from west by north to east.

The rotation of such storms is not strictly circular, but rather cycloidal, and thus the word cyclone exactly designates it. A diagram would show it to be what is familiarly known as an eddying or corkscrew motion. The gyrating axis, or axis of revolution of a hurricane is supposed to be inclined forwards in the direction of its motion, the lower part being retarded by the resistance of the surface of the earth. The lulls and gusts which alter-

nate in the vortex of the storm may arise from an oscillation of this axis. The diameter of a revolving hurricane varies greatly. The largest diameter of a hurricane in the northern part of the Indian Ocean is estimated (by Thom) at six hundred miles.

Different observers describe differently the frightful noises heard at the center of cyclones. "An awful silence," says one, "was followed by an awfully hollow and distant rumbling noise." Biden states that the gusts which succeed it are "like to successive and violent discharges of artillery, or the roaring of wild beasts;" and Cattermole notes "a continuous roar in the air." Piddington observes that the usual expressions for waterspouts are "rumbling and hissing," while for cyclones they are "roaring, thundering, yelling, and screaming."

Two notable storms which raged on October 25-26 and November 1, in 1859, and which, from the loss of a large vessel of that name, are known as the "Royal Charter Storms," were the result of a cyclone.

It is supposed that on this memorable occasion, the central area of a great cyclone passed over the middle of the British Islands. On the morning of the day (26th October) upon which the Royal Charter was driven against the north coast of Anglesea, the cyclone advanced from near the entrance of the channel, where it had raged on the previous morning; and on the following day (the 27th) its circuitous sweep affected the North Sea, having crossed Lincolnshire. It was still traceable after the 27th, though less determinately, towards Norway and the Baltic, gradually widening and thereby diminishing in power. This most violent cyclone, one of the most violent indeed which has passed across these islands, has thus been very carefully traced from its first indications through its rotation during three days and nights.

• GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

Even such a limited account as we have now given of the ocean overhead must impress the reader with the astonishing evidences which it displays of power, design, adaptation to man's condition, and benevolence upon the part of that Almighty Being who sits enthroned in the highest heavens, while the clouds are

the dust of his feet; who is encompassed by obedient winds, veiled by awful lightnings, and unmoved by fiercest storms! That all these are the messengers of his will and instruments of his power is a familiar thought; but there are other kindred thoughts by no means so familiar. All these elements and phenomena are, through his contrivance and benevolence, also made subservient to the comforts and necessities of man, and in this light the wonders of the ocean overhead are even greater than those of the ocean below us.

Consider only the conveniences, compensations, and skillful adjustments of the conditions of our atmosphere, to say nothing of its chemical constitution. Over us lies an enormously heavy mass, whose perpetual pressure is rendered nearly insensible to us, and we know it not until we contrive to measure it. Through it winds blow from all quarters and in all degrees. A zephyr fans us, a gust purifies us, a gale sweeps a whole country clean; sea-breezes invigorate us, strong winds fill our sails and promote our commerce, and equatorial and polar currents keep up interchanges in accordance with discovered laws. In this vast aerial body nothing stagnates, nothing is useless, every thing circulates, temperature is equalized, warm air is transferred to colder regions and cold to warmer ones. Mobile, permeable, and elastic, it is open to the sunbeams, free to heat, unimpaired by cold, receptive of moisture, the storehouse of rains, and the gentle deposer of softening dews. It is a groundwork for the gorgeous mountains of cloud-land, a stage for the display of the most varied and swiftly shifting scenery of sunlit vapors, and a pure medium for the inimitable and ever-admirable rainbow.

Though apparently the subject of all kinds of caprices in wind and weather, yet the more we study it the more do these caprices diminish, and laws take their place. "As uncertain as the wind" is a proverbial saying, yet in this respect few things are more certain than some winds, and nothing is more advantageously regulated. The great trade wind circulates round the globe where the ocean is widest, and then lays out, as it were, upon the waters a great highway for communication between the most distant places. Where it is needed there it is always to be found, while the steadiness of its declinations from the fundamental

course renders it not less serviceable in the same parts. Within the range of these winds, and through their assistance, the navigator can accomplish nearly all he requires; and when they become fugitive, the very shores which he desires to sail along or reach act upon them to produce variable and local winds to aid him.

To discover design in organized existences is now an ordinary result of study, but who thinks of discovering it in atmospheric phenomena in the clouds and in the winds? Yet one of the oldest of reli-

gious observers of nature had true philosophy enough to make such a discovery, when he exclaimed in language not less correct than sublime, "Out of the south cometh the whirlwind: and cold out of the north. By the breath of God frost is given: and the breath of the waters is straitened. Also by watering he wearieth the thick cloud: he scattereth his bright cloud: and it is turned round about by his counsels: that they may do whatsoever he commandeth them upon the face of the world in the earth."

THE HON. RICHARD COBDEN, M.P.

THE name of this eminent British statesman is doubtless more familiar to our readers than his strongly marked and expressive countenance, a finely-engraved portrait of which we beg to introduce to their attention in this number of the *ECLECTIC*. In doing this we hope to impart a personal gratification to numerous friends who have long watched the progress of this distinguished member of the Imperial Parliament, whose talents, character, and public services command respect on both sides of the Atlantic. We beg to add, that this attractive portrait has just been engraved for the *ECLECTIC* by Mr. Perine, from an accurate photograph of the original taken a few weeks since in London. This fact may add interest to it as a work of art, and the pleasure of possessing a good likeness of an eminent man. It will be sufficient for our present purpose if we give a brief outline biographical sketch of Mr. Cobden, to accompany the portrait and illustrate in part his personal history and public life.

The Hon. RICHARD COBDEN, M.P., was born at Dunford, near Midhurst, in Sussex, England, in 1804. On the death of his father, the son while yet young was taken in charge by his uncle, who kept a wholesale warehouse in London, and who placed him in his establishment. He began his business life at Manchester, and soon after for commercial purposes visited Egypt, Greece, and Turkey in 1834, and in 1835 came to the United States. He was one of the founders of the Manchester Athe-

næum, and delivered the inaugural address.

In 1837 Mr. Cobden traveled in France, Belgium, and Switzerland. In 1838 he made a journey in Germany. Soon after his return to England, at a meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, he advocated the repeal of all taxes on grain, and carried a petition to that effect, addressed to the House of Commons, and very numerous signed. In 1839 about two hundred delegates brought up to London a vast number of petitions for the repeal of the Corn Laws. In 1841 Mr. Cobden was elected member of Parliament for Stockport. After the establishment of the Anti-Corn-Law League, that body, on the 20th of October, 1842, announced its intention of raising £50,000, for the purpose of sending lecturers to every part of the country, and of spreading information on the effects of the Corn Laws, by means of pamphlets, etc. Mr. Cobden became one of the lecturers; he attended public meetings throughout the country, and also occasionally in London, and was distinguished above all the others, not less by the extent and precision of his information than by his acuteness of reasoning, his boldness of declamation, and his popular style of oratory. These qualities also gained him much influence in the House of Commons, where he often spoke in support of his object. The struggle for the repeal of the Corn Laws was terminated by Sir Robert Peel's memorable speech, and by the royal assent being

given, June 26th, 1846, to an Act for repealing the duties on the importation of foreign corn.

Mr. Cobden, soon after the passing of the Act, set out on a journey on the Continent, and visited successively France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Russia, and Sweden, and was received with great applause at meetings in the principal cities and towns. During his absence in 1847, he was re-elected member of Parliament for Stockport, and also for the West Riding of Yorkshire, which he preferred and chose, and continued to represent for a course of years. After the repeal of the Corn Laws his political friends set on foot a subscription to remunerate him for his services, and the large sum of £70,000, is said to have been collected and given to him. Mr. Cobden, as a member of the Peace Society, took an active part in the congresses of Paris in 1849, at Frankfort

in 1850, and in London in 1851, in advocating and supporting the principles of non-intervention and of the prevention of war by arbitration between the States interested. Mr. Cobden has written and published various pamphlets expressive of his opinions on the subjects which he has advocated. We have not room to trace the public labors and eminent services of Mr. Cobden in more recent years, nor is it necessary. What he has said and what he has done in Parliament and out of it, by his great personal influence, and addresses for the benefit of the public, forms a large chapter of current English history. One of his grandest and noblest achievements is the bold and salutary lesson which he administered to the London *Times* in December last, as a just rebuke to the editor for his misrepresentation and injustice to Mr. Cobden.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE New Year is a month old; and eighteen hundred and sixty-four is rushing away from its first fresh weeks as swiftly as any one of its predecessors. In this busy tide of human life in London it seems already long ago since Taunton greeted Captain Speke with a public dinner and cordial speeches; since the Christmas books were a novelty on drawing-room tables; since meteorologists all over the kingdom were sending paragraphs to the newspapers about the extraordinary mildness of the season, and the number of flowers in bloom; since the friends of Cooke and Millais were congratulating those two worthy artists on their elevation to R.A. from A.R.A.; and since a mournful throng followed to the grave in Kensall Green Cemetery the mortal remains of W. M. Thackeray. A little month has passed, and new topics are pressing for attention; Parliament is about to begin its annual talk; and in the stir and bustle it seems as if the incidents of Christmas-tide were forgotten. But the great stream has an undercurrent;

and there are found those who think and remember; for whom last year's experience will become this year's salutary discipline, encouragement, or warning.

The Astronomer-Royal, in a paper read before the Royal Society, supplies us with some interesting particulars and views of terrestrial magnetism; in itself one of the most interesting subjects of modern science. By a discussion of all the magnetic storms, one hundred and seventy-seven in number, observed within a given period, 1841-1857, he is enabled to draw certain conclusions, to point out some laws of the phenomena, and suggest a theory to explain them. Any one who has noticed the swirls and eddies of water in confined channels traversed by different currents, as among islands, or who has paid attention to the movements of the atmosphere in tempestuous weather, may form a notion of the theory suggested by Mr. Airy. He shows that in air and in water the general type of irregular disturbance is traveling circular forms, with radial or tangential currents, and sometimes with increase

or decrease of vertical force in the center; and arguing from these he assumes the presence of a magnetic ether or fluid as an envelope of some feet in thickness over the surface of the whole earth, which, being affected during magnetic storms in the same way as air and water are, occasions the phenomena which have long been regarded as the most interesting in observations of terrestrial magnetism.

Whether Mr. Airy be right or wrong in his theory is a question which magneticians every where will be ready to discuss. Meanwhile he points out a way in which the question may be answered, namely, by careful observations with apparatus identical in construction at five or six observatories within the limits of Europe. This would be a practical way of testing the theory which we should be glad to see applied.

The Geological Society have read and discussed papers on fresh discoveries of fossil teeth and bones in Central India, and "On the Recent Geological Changes in Somersetshire, and on their Date relatively to the Existence of Man and certain of the Extinct Mammalia." The latter was communicated by Sir Charles Lyell, and was listened to and talked about in a way that showed how lively an interest on such questions prevails among geologists. They have had also further communications concerning the earthquake at Manilla, mentioned in a former number of this *Journal*, from which we learn that two hundred and eighty-nine persons were killed by the shocks, and a large number more or less injured. Facts so grave as these enable us to form a notion of the violence of the convulsion. Compared therewith, the earthquake that alarmed England in October last was but the jolt of a wagon.

In connection with geological subjects we may mention the discovery of ancient relics which was made a short time since near Rosebury Topping, a high hill of the North Riding, that looks into the vale of Tees. The district is much cut up by excavations for ironstone; and in making a new roadway at about fourteen feet below the modern surface, the diggers came upon fragments of pottery, broken querns, bones of animals, and, as is said, part of a human jaw containing three teeth. The bones comprised those of oxen, deer, and sheep, the last so small in size as to lead to the inference that a diminutive

breed of sheep once inhabited Cleveland. All the marrow bones are broken in two, which may be regarded as evidence that aboriginal Britons, after picking off the meat, knew how to get at the marrow. One of the smaller bones has been bored, probably that it might be suspended by a string, and among other things which showed signs of handiwork, were pegs of wood and bone, and a jet ring. Yet, as some of our readers will remember, has been dug out of the cliffs of Cleveland from time immemorial. No weapon or implement has been discovered, but there are a quantity of sticks, twigs, leaves, nuts, and acorns, and a considerable bed of mussel-shells, all of which have been opened. Neither are there any signs of a dwelling: hence it is questionable whether the deposit has been formed at the bottom of a pool, or under huts raised on piles. The date of these interesting relics is as yet uncertain, but it must be assigned to the Celtic period. There are archaeologists enough in Yorkshire to investigate this point, and we hope to hear of their taking it up with spirit. We conclude our brief notice with the statement that the human jaw is described as remarkably massive and large, as if it had belonged to a person of huge proportions. And that "the three teeth, which are still in their sockets, are of great size and very much worn down; indeed, nearly the whole crown is worn away; a fact which testifies plainly enough to the coarse nature of a very considerable portion of this ancient man's daily bread."

Metallurgists, and all others who have to do with iron, will be interested in hearing that Mr. Sorby has succeeded in making microscopical examinations of the structure of iron and steel, which, in what they reveal, are really astonishing. Judging from what he has already achieved, it may be said that hitherto nothing has been known of the structure of iron and steel; for by his method of investigation he sees particulars and peculiarities whose existence has never been suspected. Mr. Sorby's reputation as an investigator of the microscopical structure of minerals stands deservedly high, but in this new field he bids fair to raise it still higher.

A scheme has been proposed, in the United States, for "laying on" heat in towns and villages, in the same way as gas and water are laid on, from a central source. This heating of all the houses in

a town from one fire would be the perfection of economy, provided that it will cook the food as well as warm those who are to eat it. The scheme, however, is not new; it has been suggested more than once within the present century. We can match it with the proposal of another republican to lay on the piano to as many drawing-rooms as would be willing to pay for the harmonies played on the great central instrument. And we once heard it suggested in Birmingham, that where churches and chapels stand near together, the organ-music might be laid on from one to the other.

Some of the principal jewelers in London have adopted a plan for the prevention or detection of burglary, which is worth notice. They leave a light burning in the shop all night, and cut a small opening in the door-shutter, through which a policeman can look and see that the iron safe stands untouched. Should he find the shop in darkness, that would at once excite suspicion, and he would take measures to raise an alarm, and capture the depredators. Dr. Vander Weyde, of New-York, has invented a gas-whistle which effects the same object in a different way. This instrument can be fixed in any place where gas is used, and is so contrived as to set up a shrill whistle the instant the gas is turned on. By connecting it with an electro-magnetic apparatus a light may be produced at the same moment, the needful contact being accomplished by the opening of a door, putting a key in a lock, or disturbing a shutter or window. The doors of a whole range of shops or warehouses may be connected with it, so that if any one be disturbed the noise of the whistle would alarm the whole neighborhood. It can be used also as a fog-signal, and as a night-light, with the advantage, in the latter case, that by a little contrivance the whistling will begin at any desired hour, and keep on until the person who is to be waked rises and turns off the gas.

A method of stereotyping, by which the cost of metal plates may be greatly reduced—invented also by Professor Vander Weyde—has been mentioned. He prepares the moulds of paper, rendered incombustible by a peculiar process; these moulds are light, and in a dry place will keep for many years. A publisher having a stock of these moulds on hand may cast sixteen or thirty-two plates,

print as many sheets as he wants, then melt the metal, and cast another sheet of plates, and so on, till the whole book is printed. In this way a few pounds of metal suffice, with a great economy of warehouse-room, manipulation, and expense. Another advantage is, that as soon as the pages are composed, in the first instance, with movable type, they need not be kept waiting for the casting, but may be distributed immediately after the moulds are taken.

At a meeting of the American Geographical Society, Dr. R. P. Stevens read a paper on the elevation and subsidence of land in the United States, from which we take a few interesting particulars. It appears that the coast of New-Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island is rising, while that of the Bay of Fundy is sinking. Greenland is slowly sinking along a line of six hundred miles; New-Jersey, and the coasts to the east, are rising; and in the Pacific there is in some latitudes a subsidence of the water. Continuance of these movements will bring about great changes: a projection of the American continent to the North Pole; Hudson's Bay will appear as a fertile valley, with one or more lakes; the banks of Newfoundland will become dry land, and, with St. George's Bank and neighboring shoals, be added to the mainland. Steamers will then cross the Atlantic in four days. The coast-line of all the ocean States will be carried out to the inner edge of the Gulf Stream. The Bahamas, with all their reefs and shoals, will grow into one large island; the Delta of the Mississippi will extend a hundred and fifty miles further into the Gulf, and all down the coast there will be a corresponding lengthening of the rivers, producing remarkable changes of scenery and modifications of climate. Judging from present appearances, we may infer that the more the land is exposed in the north the wider will become the region of barrenness.

It is often argued, especially by political economists and professors of social science, that the present century has fewer prejudices and more enlightenment than any preceding period. Will they tell us how they reconcile the fact under mentioned with their theory? The Metropolitan Board of Works, whose annual report shows what satisfactory progress has been made with respect to extending sewers, advancing the main drainage, re-

naming and re-numbering streets, and preparing for the Thames embankment, had arranged to open the new street in South-work at the beginning of the year. To have the roadway completed by the required time, they offered piece-work to the paviors, who accepted it, and by working fourteen hours a day earned three times their usual amount of wages. The work was progressing satisfactorily, and the superintending engineer was congratulating himself on the operations of his well-drilled gang, when the council of the Pavior's Society heard of what was going on, went down to the place, and ordered all the men at once to cease piece-

work and go on with day-work only. The order was obeyed, and the work, greatly to the chagrin of the chief, went on at the usual take-it-easy pace.

Now, in this instance, the men had no complaint to make of the "tyranny of capital," for capital was putting into their hands between three and four pounds a week, instead of one pound ten shillings; and yet, with such a tangible means of judging which was most to their advantage, they reject the larger sum, and accept the smaller, in opposition, as it seems, to one of the most powerful of human motives. It is a social phenomenon which requires to be accounted for.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

A COMPREHENSIVE TAMIL AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY OF HIGH AND LOW TAMIL. By the Rev. MIRON WINSLOW, D.D., American Missionary at Madras.

We are glad to witness the completion of this great and important work. The *Madras Times* announces it as "a work of prodigious labor and great value, laying not only the British nation but also the whole literary world under great obligation." Other journals of India, Oriental scholars, missionaries, and distinguished official residents, concur in the same opinion. We confess to some national pride in such honor, merited and secured by American scholarship. We are not merely a race of "bustling money-seekers," as we have been deridingly called; we have produced scholars that challenge comparison with those of any country or age. This work of Dr. Winslow's is thoroughly original in plan and execution, and largely so in *material*, having more than thirty thousand words, never before cognized in Tamil and English lexicography. It includes both the common and poetic dialects, and the astronomical, astrological, botanical, mythological, official, and scientific terms, also the names of authors, poets, heroes, and gods. It contains nine hundred and sixty octavo pages, with three closely-printed columns on a page. The work is printed in Madras, and is executed in the best style of modern typography. We are informed that the work can be seen and ordered at the Mission Rooms, (Bible House,) in New-York, and in Boston. Price ten dollars. To all colleges and theological seminaries, and to Oriental scholars generally, this work is of great value.

LIFE OF EDWARD LIVINGSTON. By CHARLES HAVEN HUNT. With an Introduction by GEORGE BANCROFT. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 443 & 445 Broadway. 1864.

This eminent publishing house has sent us a copy of this work, beautifully printed and finely executed,

forming a rich addition to American literature, and giving much valuable information of historic interest to the reading public. In the conception and preparation of this *Life of Mr. Livingston*, Mr. Hunt has done honor to the memory of a great and good man, and exercised excellent judgment in the use of "the whole mass of papers left by Mr. Livingston at his death; a collection, it hardly need be said, of great interest and value, as well, for more general researches" of the historian.

If the public needed further testimony to the value of this *Life of Edward Livingston*, it is amply furnished from the pen of Mr. Bancroft, the historian, than whom a more competent judge of such a work can scarcely be found. In the introduction to the volume, Mr. Bancroft pays a very high tribute of respect to the name, character, and public services of Mr. Livingston, which will be fully verified by a perusal of the work. No one who reads the introduction will be willing to lay aside the book till he has perused the whole. The author and the publishers have performed a timely service to the country in the issue of this work at this juncture in our national affairs. And many of our public men would find interest and profit in the pages of this work of great practical value. We commend the book to all lovers of American character and history.

MUSIC OF THE BIBLE; OR, EXPLANATORY NOTES UPON THOSE PASSAGES IN THE SACRED SCRIPTURES WHICH RELATE TO MUSIC, INCLUDING A BRIEF VIEW OF HEBREW POETRY. By ENOCH HUTCHINSON. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington-street. New-York: Sheldon & Company. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 1864.

This is a learned work, combining long and patient research in sacred literature and oriental customs. The author claims that "in ancient times the signification of the term *music* was far more comprehensive than it is at present. It included dancing, gesture, poetry, and sometimes the aggregate of all

sciences." Starting with this view, the author marches along in his investigations, with patient step and toil, imparting new information concerning the ancient Scriptures and the meaning of the words there employed. The student of the Bible will find much in this work to interest and instruct him and lead him further into the storehouse of truth, among the precious treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are there laid up.

THE GREAT CONSUMMATION. THE MILLENNIAL REST; OR, THE WORLD AS IT WILL BE. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMINGS, D.D., F.R.S.E., Minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden. Second series. New-York: Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway. 1864. Price, \$1.

THE name and writings of Dr. Cummings are familiar to many American readers, who will only need the announcement of this volume to induce them at once to purchase and read it. Whenever we spend a Sabbath in London, we turn our steps almost instinctively to the sanctuary where Dr. Cummings preaches, to listen to his instructive eloquence. He is a model preacher. His diction is rich and attractive, as will be seen by every reader of this volume. And we speak of him thus because we doubt not all this language has found utterance in the sanctuary where he preaches. Mr. Carleton has done good service in giving this book to American readers.

DIARY FROM NOVEMBER 18TH, 1862, TO OCTOBER 18TH, 1863. By ADAM GUROWSKI Vol. II. New-York: Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway. 1864.

THE author makes the following announcement on his title-page, which will indicate to the reader his views and his reasons for writing this book:

"Of all the peoples known in history, the American people most readily forgets yesterday. I publish this diary in order to recall *yesterday* to the memory of my countrymen. GUROWSKI.

"WASHINGTON, October, 1863."

The reader will find in this volume a spicy, amusing, and racy record of current events concerning public men and measures, matters and things, which will make him smile even if some things displease him in the perusal.

JUST PUBLISHED: "A fascinating, entertaining, and useful book!" *Rambles among Words: Their Poetry, History, and Wisdom.* By William Swinton. Revised edition. "It is a book to be studied with profit, and read for pastime." Handsomely printed on tinted-laid paper, and tastefully bound in cloth; one volume, 12mo, price \$1.50. Sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price, by Dion Thomas, publisher, 142 Nassau-street, New-York.

POLISH EXILES.—The *Siecle* publishes a letter from a young Polish physician who was sentenced to transportation to Siberia by the Governor of Warsaw. He states that the political prisoners transported with him accomplished the journey as far as Nijni Novgorod in sledges, whence they proceeded on foot to Perm, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, sinking every step into the snow, the thermometer marking thirty degrees under zero. Any prisoner who possessed sufficient means was offered permission to travel in a sledge, on condition that he should take two gendarmes with him, and defray

all the expense, including their pay. This pretended indulgence was a cruel mockery, for there was not one among the exiles possessed of sufficient money to indulge in such luxury.

THACKERAY AND ALBERT SMITH.—The "Lounger at the Clubs," writing in the *London Illustrated Times*, says: "I found the following in a lady's album the other day:

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago;
But who they got to put it on
Nobody seems to know.—ALBERT SMITH."

"I know that Albert wrote in a hurry.
To criticise I scarce presume;
But yet methinks that Lindley Murray
Instead of "who" had written *whom*.
"W. M. THACKERAY."

A MASTODON's tusk, exhumed by a party of salt-miners in Oregon, has recently been contributed to the Cabinet of the Rochester University. The tusk is six inches in diameter at the larger end, and about two and a half inches at the smaller. Its length is about four feet, which is perhaps not more than one half the original.

THE Washington correspondent of the *Worcester Transcript*, who has examined the Internal Revenue returns, says that tobacco pays a tax of \$2,850,000; leather comes next, paying \$1,900,000; then iron, \$1,700,000; and then malt liquor, \$1,500,000. Peddlers pay \$300,000 for their licenses, and those who ride in carriages \$250,000.

LOVE, HONOR, AND OBEY.

Love all on earth that's worthy love,
The beautiful, the good;
Love God in heaven, for His works,
The earth and briny flood;
Love honest hearts wherever found,
In hut or palace hall;
Love those who love thee, those who hate,
Love every one, love all.

Honor the man who, rich in gold,
Gives largely of his store;
Honor the poor who envy not
The rich their glittering ore;
Honor the silver locks of age
And help them on their way;
Honor the forms that gave thee birth,
Living, or in the clay.

Obeys the first of Heaven's commands,
To love thy fellow-man;
Obeys the best of Nature's laws,
To help him, if you can;
Obeys the still small voice within
That bids thee guilt abhor;
Obeys the voice that trembling cries,
"Arise, and sin no more."

A FISH-HATCHING factory is maintained by the French government at Haingue, on the Swiss frontier. Year before last the expense of the establishment was ten thousand dollars, and the crop seventeen million of eggs, chiefly of large fleshy fishes, of which thirty-four per cent. were lost.

RELIC OF THE "ANCIENT MARINER."—An ancient boat, probably of the third century, has been found in a peat moss near Flensburg, in Sleswig, by M. Engelhardt, director of the Museum at that place. An account of it has been inserted by Mr. John Lubbock in the new number of the *Natural History Review*, from which we select a few particulars. This large, flat-bottomed boat is seventy feet in length, three feet deep in the middle, and eight or nine feet wide. The sides are of oak boards, overlapping one another, and fastened together by iron bolts. On the inner side of each board are several projections, which are not separate pieces of wood, but are continuous with the boards, and were therefore left when the latter were cut out of the solid timber. Each of these projections has two small holes, through which ropes, made of the inner bark of trees, were passed, in order to fasten the sides of the boat to the ribs. The row-locks are formed by a projecting horn of wood, under which is an orifice, so that a rope fastened to the horn and passing through the orifice leaves a hole through which the oar plays. There appears to have been about fifty pair of oars, of which sixteen have already been discovered. The bottom of the boat was covered by matting. The freight consisted of iron axes, including a socketed celt with its handle, swords, lances, knives, brooches, whetstones, wooden vessels, with, oddly enough, two birch brooms, and many smaller articles. Only those, however, have yet been found which remained actually in the boat, and as in sinking it turned partly over on its side, no doubt many more articles will reward the further explorations which M. Engelhardt proposes to make next summer. It is evident that this interesting boat was sunk on purpose, because there is a square hole about six inches in diameter hewn out of the bottom, and it is probable that in some time of panic or danger the objects contained in it were hidden by the owner, who was never able to recover them. Some time ago, a few yards from the same spot, at Nydam, were found a quantity of arms and ornaments, and also a collection of fifty Roman coins, ranging in date from A.D. 67 to 217. There is little doubt that these belong to the same period as the boat above-mentioned, and, under these circumstances, M. Lubbock thinks that this vessel and its contents may be safely ascribed to the third century.

FINANCES OF FRANCE.—The *Times* says that among the heavy embarrassments which are crowding round the Emperor of the French, there is none so serious in its remote consequences as the state of the finances of France. France requires a loan of 12,000,000 sterling. We know not on what terms she will obtain it, but every one can clearly see that the present is a most inopportune time for such an operation. All Europe has been thrown into confusion by the announcement that the treaties of 1815 are at an end; by the suggestion, from one so well able to realize it, that war is inevitable unless a congress can be convoked; and by the failure, which might easily have been foreseen, to convocate a congress announced without previously consulting the great powers of Europe. All these things tend to act most adversely on the money market, and all these things are the voluntary and spontaneous acts of the French government.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Her large sharp features might perhaps have been thought handsome rather

than beautiful, but for the winning vivacity and high joyous spirit which beamed through them. It has been questioned whether her eyes were hazel or dark gray, but there is no question as to their star-like brightness. Her complexion, although fresh and clear, would seem to have been without the brilliance so common among our island beauties. Her hair appears to have changed with her years from a ruddy yellow to auburn, and from auburn to dark brown or black, turning gray long before its time. Her bust was full and finely shaped, and she carried her large stately figure with majesty and grace. She showed to advantage on horseback, and still more in the dance. The charm of her soft sweet voice is described as irresistible; and she sang well, accompanying herself on the harp, the virginals, and still oftener on the lute, which set off the beauty of her long, delicate white hand.—*Inventories of Mary, Queen of Scots.*

THE QUEEN REFUSING TO BE COMFORTED.—The Queen continues to be oppressed with the terrible loss she sustained in the death of the Prince Consort. The second anniversary of her bereavement was passed, on the 14th inst., in strict seclusion. A religious service took place early in the morning in the Royal Mausoleum, at Frogmore, attended by her Majesty and several of her children, who placed on the tomb wreaths of evergreens and *immortelles*. Her Majesty makes frequent visits to the mausoleum, and the custom, so general in France and other continental countries, of paying those honors to the memory of the departed, seems likely, from this high example, to be introduced in England.—*European Times*, Dec. 19th.

DAVID HUME IN A QUAGMIRE.—Ramsey's recently published *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character* contains the following:

"There is a story traditional in Edinburgh regarding David Hume, which illustrates how the peasantry were shocked at persons of infidel principles, and which I have heard it said that Hume himself often narrated. The philosopher had fallen from the path into the swamp at the back of the castle, the existence of which I recollect hearing of from old persons forty years ago. He fairly stuck fast, and called to a woman who was passing, and begged her assistance. She passed on, apparently without attending to the request; at his earnest entreaty, however, she came where he was, and asked him: 'Are ye na Hume the atheist?' 'Well, well, no matter,' said Hume; 'Christian charity commands you to do good to every one.' 'Christian charity here, or Christian charity there,' replied the woman, 'I'll do naething for you till ye turn a Christian yersell—ye maun repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye grope there as I find ye.' The skeptic, really afraid for his life, repeated the required formulas."—*Reminiscences*, p. 40.

IMPORTANT LITERARY DISCOVERY.—The *Temps* says: "An important literary discovery has just taken place in London. MM. Francisque Michel, Professor at the Faculty of Bordeaux, and Edouard Fournier, the writer of the *Chronique* in the *Patrie*, were a few days back in the shop of a London publisher, when the latter mentioned that he had in a corner of his warehouse a bundle of papers forming seven volumes, entirely written by Beaumarchais himself. A rapid examination of this treasure soon convinced these gentlemen of the importance of the

discovery, and the manuscript passed at once into the hands of M. Michel to return to France. How those papers got to England we can not say, but the most probable supposition is that they were taken to London by Beaumarchais himself when he sought refuge there in 1793, against the consequences of the accusation brought against him by Chabot and Lecointre, of having sold arms to the royalists."

A RUSSIAN SUBMARINE BOAT.—Another means of defense is also in course of preparation (at Cronstadt)—a submarine boat of colossal dimensions, in the construction of which about two hundred tons of iron and steel are to be used. It is rapidly progressing toward completion. Great secrecy is being used about this boat. We can, however, say that it is to have engines worked by compressed air, to have a very strong beak, with provision for attaching large cylinders charged with powder to the bottoms of vessels, to be fired by electricity. The parties navigating the vessel will see what they are doing by means of bull's eyes, and they will be able to regulate the depth at which they swim, generally keeping quite close to the surface. The emperor has not only approved the plans, but some months since signed the decree appropriating about £27,000—say 175,000 silver roubles—for this monster.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

BE ON GOOD TERMS WITH YOUR PILLOW.—The instant the head is laid on the pillow is that in which conscience delivers its decrees. If it has conceived any evil design, it is surrounded by thorns. The softest down is hard under the restless head of the wicked. In order to be happy, one must be on good terms with one's pillow, for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard; yet it is never so delicious, so tranquil, as after a day on which one has performed some good act, or when one is conscious of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.

ALL uncertainty as to the ultimate destination of the head of the beautiful Princess de Lamballe, which was cut off, and carried through the streets of Paris at the end of a pike, during the terror in 1793, has been removed by the publication of a minute of one of the permanent Committee of Sections, from which it appears that the head was buried in the cemetery of the *enfants trouvés*, permission to do so having been obtained by a certain Citizen Jaques.

THE overseers of Harvard College have voted to raise the charge for instruction in the undergraduate department from seventy-five dollars as heretofore to one hundred and four dollars a year. The property which now constitutes the foundation of the university, leaving out of the account the buildings, grounds, and libraries, amounts to \$1,627,468.55.

A SEVERE COMPENDIUM.—The Emperor wishes sometimes to get out of Mexico, but he can't; he as often wishes to conquer it, but he can't; he wishes to deliver Poland, but he can't; on finding which he wishes to conciliate Russia and unite with her in the East against England, but he can't; he is sincerely desirous of getting rid of the burden of the Roman occupation, but he can't; he wants, on the other hand, to conciliate the clergy, but he can't; he wants to be a despot, and when he finds it is impossible to continue the autocratic game, at

which he has played since 1853, he tries to be liberal, but he can't; he wants to be on friendly terms with European powers, but he can't; he wants to get up political capital by putting himself forward as the champion of democracy, but he can't. How have all his projects ended and his dearly-bought glory? At home in moral and financial weakness, and abroad in isolation.—*French paper.*

THERE are nineteen universities in Italy, at which there are fourteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-two students. The cost of these institutions to the government is about four million five hundred thousand francs per annum. The number of students at Naples is about ten thousand, who listen with enthusiastic delight to thirty different lectures on philosophy, all, however, teaching different theories.

A NEW COMET.—Mr. W. T. Lynn, of Greenwich, in a letter to a cotemporary, says: "It may interest your readers to know that a comet, which was discovered on the 28th of December last by Respighi, is rapidly approaching the earth, and will probably become visible to the naked eye. Its nearest approach will be about February 1st, being then eighteen million miles. There appears a high degree of probability that it is identical with a comet observed in 1810, and that its period is, therefore, rather more than fifty-three years."

THE number of horse-races in Great Britain last year was one thousand six hundred and sixty-eight, and the number of the horses entered, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven.

EXTRAORDINARY depressions in the moon's disc on the western limb have recently been discovered by the Rev. H. C. Key, and by him communicated to the British Astronomical Society. It appears as if large sections had been cut out of it. Is the moon in a state of change, or have our telescopes increased in power?

THE milkmen of Paris are kept honest by a well-known practice of stopping their cans at the city gates, while an inspector examines their contents. If he finds any milk watered, he kicks over the delinquent can and the contents run into the gutter. Sometimes so much milk is spilled in this way that a stream half a mile long is seen running down the gutters.

THE GOOD QUEEN.—Queen Victoria had the children of the workmen on the Osborne estate assembled at Christmas, where a Christmas tree loaded with presents was arranged. Assisted by members of the royal family, the Queen spent the afternoon in distributing the presents to the children, consisting of wearing apparel, books, toys, etc.. Afterwards she gave greatcoats, blankets, etc., to the laboring men and women. A few days before, the Queen dispensed liberally to the blind and paralytic in and around London. The English people are accustomed to the bestowment of charity during the Christmas holidays, and their amiable Queen is giving strength and beauty to the fashion by her bright example. Her sad heart finds comfort in the relief of sorrow and poverty.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

MOUNT VESUVIUS has recently been covered with snow from the base to the summit.

UTILIZATION OF SEAWEED.—At a recent meeting of the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, Mr. E. A. Wunsch read a paper "On the Utilization of Seaweed," illustrated by chemical tables and specimens of plants. He took a rapid glance at the statistics of "kelp," the production of which is now about ten thousand tons per annum, but could be almost indefinitely increased if the difficulties of climate in the drying process could be overcome. The supply of seaweed on our shores is practically inexhaustible, being estimated by one authority at twenty-one million tons per annum; while the present consumption, both for kelp and for green manuring, does not reach one million tons. The wrack cast up on our shores during the winter season, is by far the largest in quantity and the most valuable in quality, and is now proposed to be saved and dried artificially by a contrivance for burning "wet fuel," by which the seaweed itself is made to contribute towards the heat required for drying large quantities of it at a cheap rate, at all seasons of the year. Other mechanical appliances for largely increasing the present supply were suggested.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—A London paper of the 16th ult. says: "During the present week there has been found in the Public Record Office, a very curious holograph on paper of the period, which is probably unique, and which contains a song or melody by the celebrated Dr. John Bull, the reputed composer of the National Anthem. And by the way, it may not be generally known that the origin of the words 'God save the King' is to be traced to the watchword and countersign given out in the Lord Admiral's orders on the 10th of August, 1545, 'the watch wourde in the nigot shalbe thus: God save King Henrye; thother shall answer: And long to reign over us.' Dr. John Bull was organist to the Queen's Chapel, in the reign of Elizabeth, and on the establishment of Gresham College was elected professor of music. The paper in the national repository just discovered, is signed 'John Bull.' It assuredly preserves to us one of the most interesting examples of English musical notation, and will probably be highly esteemed by all lovers of music, as well as archæologists and antiquaries."

STONE COFFINS FOR ROYALTY.—The Peterhead *Sentinel* states that a stone has been successfully cut from the Cairngall Granite Quarry at Peterhead, ten feet long, by about seven broad and three and a half deep: it is to be cut into a sarcophagus, to rest on a pedestal. Two cysts are to be cut for the insertion of coffins, and lids left to be cemented down. The body of the late Prince Consort is to occupy one cyst; and we believe it is the express wish of her Majesty that her own remains shall be deposited in the other. The obtaining of this stone has been a work of extreme difficulty—one or two fine blocks having been rejected for flaws. The stone weighs above eighteen tons, and will at once be dressed and polished.

THE TRIAL OF BISHOP COLENZO.—Dr. Colenso has been condemned by the Bishop of Capetown on all the nine charges of heresy preferred against him, with the full concurrence of his two brother bishops on every charge. None of them expressed any real doubt either on the construction of Dr. Colenso's meaning or the meaning of the church formulas, and their judgments were about as much like Dr. Lushington's scrupulously conscientious interpretation as

a sermon is like an Act of Parliament. Dr. Colenso is condemned to be deposed from his office as bishop, and "to be further prohibited from the exercise of any divine office within any part of the metropolitan province of Capetown," unless he recant all the heretical opinions cited from his writings before the 4th day of march next, (or the 16th day of April in Capetown.) The bishop's agent, Dr. Bleeck, protested against the legality of the judgment, and gave notice of appeal, and the Bishop of Capetown declined to recognize any appeal except to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and required that to be made within fifteen days.—*London paper, January 30th.*

COMPOUND INTEREST.—In California any stipulated rate of interest is lawful, and the current rates are often fearful. In January, 1861—not yet three years ago—Daniel K. Vance borrowed thirteen hundred dollars of Morris Wise, payable on demand, with compound interest at eight per cent. per month. Not being paid, Wise sued it and obtained a verdict a month ago for the snug sum of one hundred and sixty million dollars! Vance not feeling able to lose so much money, Wise concluded to strike off one hundred and forty million dollars from the amount, and only have judgment entered for the trifle of twenty million dollars.—*California paper.*

TRADE AND NAVIGATION.—The annual statement of the trade and navigation of the United Kingdom with foreign and British possessions for the year 1862 has been issued. The total of the real value of merchandise exported amounted to £166,168,184, and the total of merchandise imported was £225,716,976. The exports show an increase of six and a half millions over that of the year 1861, and the imports an increase of eight and a quarter millions. In the year 1858 the exports were £139,782,779, and the imports £164,583,832.

DETECTIVE PHOTOGRAPHY.—Two soldiers on guard were recently found murdered in St. Petersburg. It was suggested that the eyes of the murdered soldiers should be immediately photographed, in the hope of successfully testing the discovery recently made, when, to the surprise of all, the result was the production of the portraits of two soldiers of the private guard at the palace, on whose breasts were the insignia of the Cross of St. George. The murderers were at once sought out and arrested.

EUGENIE'S WIT.—It is beginning to be the fashion, now that the Empress is just showing the first traces of waning beauty, to speak of her Majesty as possessing an immense fund of wit, a mind of a superior order and of great cultivation. It has just been divulged that her Majesty's favorite poets are Lopez de Vega, Shakspeare, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Musset. During the skating parties, it happened that the Empress fell more than once; the last day, having fallen several times, a very spiritual *bon mot* is maliciously ascribed to her. Rising, or rather being assisted to rise, she exclaimed good-humoredly, "Ah, well, we must learn to do everything; it may be useful even to learn to fall."—*Paris letter, in New-York World.*

THE new King of the Sandwich Islands, Kamehameha V., is thirty-three years old. In 1849 he visited the United States, England, and France, and two years ago traveled through California.

DISEASES OF OVERWORKED MEN.—Time was when the very phrase, diseases of overworked men, would have been considered foolish and out of the question. Now it conveys a truth of national importance, which the nation must consider. From being a comparatively idle world, we have of late become an insane world on the subject of labor. So long as the muscles merely were employed, so long little harm was done; we remained men; now we aspire to be gods, and we pay the forfeit of our ambition. From overwork we now get a class of diseases the most prolonged, the most fatal. The sons of our best men go down at noon, and so accustomed are we to the phenomenon that we cease to regard it as either strange or out of place. It is through the mind, now, that the body is destroyed by overwork; at all events, it is so mainly. The men of intense thought—men of letters, men of business who think and speculate, men of the state who are ambitious to rule, these men are sacrifices. With them, the brain has not merely to act on its own muscles, bidding them perform their necessary duties, but the one brain must needs guide a hundred other brains, and all the muscles thereto appended. An electric battery works a single wire from the city to Brighton, and does its work well, and goes on for some months before it is dead or worn out. Can it do the work of a hundred wires? Oh, yes it can, but it must have more acid, must wear faster, and will ultimately die sooner. We may protect the plates, make the battery to an extent self-regenerative as the body is, but in the main the waste is in excess of the supply, and the wear is as certain as the day. Men of letters, men of business who do their business through other hands and do great business, and men immersed in politics, suffer much the same kind of effects from overwork. They induce in themselves, usually, when they suffer from this cause, one or the other of the following maladies: Cardiac melancholy, or broken heart; dyspepsia, accompanied with great loss of phosphorus from the body; diabetes, consumption, paralysis, local and general; apoplexy, insanity, premature old age. They also suffer more than other men from the effects of ordinary disorders. They bear pain indifferently, can tolerate no lowering measures, are left long prostrated by simple depressing maladies, and acquire in some instances a morbid sensibility which is reflected in every direction; so that briskness in action becomes irritability; and quiet seclusion moroseness. They dislike themselves and feel that they must be disliked, and if they attempt to be joyous they lapse into shame at having dissembled, and fall again into gloom.—*Dr. Richardson, in Social Science Review.*

ANTEDILUVIAN INHABITANTS.—We have to record a singular discovery just made in the department of the Hérault, and which derives additional interest from the question about the antiquity of man, which is still being debated by geologists with great ardor. It appears that some men employed in a stone quarry contiguous to the road which leads from Castries to Baillargues, a few days ago came upon a natural cavern, which seems to have been a burial-place, from the number of human remains found there. Competent men who have since visited this spot concur in the opinion that these skeletons date further back than the visit of the Phœnicians to the coast of France. One thing is certain, that in their time metals were still unknown, and that they consequently lived in the age of stone; for one of the flint implements characteristic of that

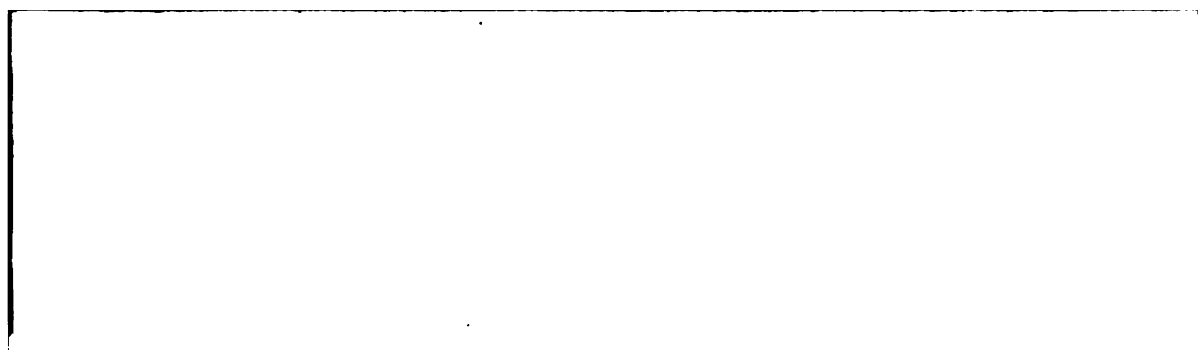
age has been found in the same grotto, together with certain small calcareous bodies, like disks, having a hole in the center, and bearing other marks of human ingenuity. These small disks were made up into necklaces like those which are still worn by the South Sea savages. There is one circumstance which is calculated to cast a doubt on the precise age of these skeletons, namely, that none of the bones of the large extinct mammalia have been found in the same grotto. The only bones which have been discovered there are those of the fox, the rabbit, and two reptiles which still exist in the country. It is probable that these bones were washed into the cavern by torrents long after these bodies were buried there; but they might also have belonged to animals that had sought a refuge in the cavern, and by some accident were afterwards unable to leave it. The only organic relic that belongs to a species not existing in the department is a shell of the genus *Parmacella*, hitherto only found in France, near La Crau, in the Bouches-du-Rhône; whence it may be inferred that this genus existed at a very remote period in the department of the Hérault. The objects found in this grotto have been preserved by Dr. Delmas, who also directed the researches.—*Galignani.*

THE camels imported for the government six years ago, and since kept near the Tejon reservation on the plains, have increased from fifteen to thirty-seven. They are now removed to Benicia, California. They can easily travel fifty miles a day, but they are not allowed to do more than thirty. One of them has carried four bales of wool or cotton.

QUEEN VICTORIA has undertaken visits of personal inspection to the female departments of the English prisons. The Poole (England) *Herald* has the following announcement:

"On Friday last her Majesty spent considerable time in going over the government prison, the major part of which is occupied by female convicts, and the other part by boy convicts. Attached to the females' prison is a nursery for the children born of convicts since their conviction, and in that department her Majesty remained for some little time. On Monday the Hon. Mrs. Bruce drove to the prison with a present from her Majesty—quite a load of toys for the nursery."

LORD NELSON'S COXSAIN.—Mr. John Pringle, Lord Nelson's coxswain on board the Victory, died at Newton Bushel, Devon, on the 4th, having attained the extraordinary age of one hundred and three years on the 19th of May last. He had only been ill about a month. Prior to his illness, although he was rather infirm, still his mental faculties were unimpaired, and he used to display those social qualities which so greatly distinguished him in early life. On his birthday for several years past he was in the habit of driving round the town with his wife, and the respected couple were the observed of all observers. He was by birth a Scotchman, having been born in the county of Fife, and on attaining the age of twenty-one, he joined the royal navy. While in the service he took an active part in many of our celebrated naval battles, and among others those of the Nile and Trafalgar. He had a pension granted him, and at the ripe age of ninety-two, he married, and his wife survives him.





Portrait of a man in a suit and cravat, seated in a chair.

Portrait of a man in a suit and cravat, seated in a chair.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the transparency and accountability of the organization. The text outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data, ensuring that the information is reliable and up-to-date.

2. The second part of the document focuses on the implementation of the proposed changes. It details the steps involved in the process, from the initial planning stage to the final execution. The author highlights the challenges faced during the implementation and provides solutions to overcome them. The text also discusses the role of the management team in ensuring the successful completion of the project.

3. The third part of the document presents the results of the study. It includes a detailed analysis of the data collected, showing the impact of the proposed changes on the organization's performance. The author compares the results with the initial objectives and provides a clear conclusion on the effectiveness of the implementation. The text also discusses the implications of the findings for future research and practice.

4. The final part of the document provides a summary of the key findings and conclusions. It reiterates the importance of accurate record-keeping and the successful implementation of the proposed changes. The author expresses confidence in the organization's ability to continue to improve its performance and maintain its commitment to transparency and accountability.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

APRIL, 1864.

From the British Quarterly.

REIGN OF ELIZABETH.*

THE first two volumes of Mr. Froude's contemplated history of the reign of Elizabeth are occupied with events which belonged to the first eight years since the queen's accession. At this rate, the author's narrative, before reaching its close, must extend to not less than ten volumes; and if the volumes to follow shall be of equal value with the instalment now before us, thoughtful Englishmen will not regret that so much space has been assigned to the subject. We speak of thoughtful Englishmen, because so minute and thorough a treatment of the period as the author is prosecuting can hardly be popular; especially as his narrative is made to consist so largely of

relations taken from manuscripts, and often strung together by a slight thread of connection on the part of the historian. Mr. Froude possesses descriptive power of a high order, and it comes into play in some instances with great effect in the pages under review; but his judgment or his taste disposes him to leave the men of the time, as far as possible, to tell their own tale after their own manner. Such writers as Gibbon, Prescott, and Motley, prefer gathering up the substance of ancient documents, and giving it in the condensed and eloquent language at their command. To the many their course will be the most acceptable; but persons who read history in search of distinct and certain information on the matters of which it treats, will prize Mr. Froude's method very highly. The extent in which

**Reign of Elizabeth.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. I. II. London: Longman & Co.

he has succeeded in basing his history on manuscript authorities, and in making the men of the times our instructors concerning them, is really surprising.

The effect, indeed, is not to reverse any of our old impressions in relation to the policy or the parties of that age. We all knew that the safety of England under Elizabeth was to be traced very largely to the complications of European politics; that the guidance of the vessel through a sea so full of danger devolved mainly upon the genius and labor of Cecil; that the character of Elizabeth seemed at times to exhibit the strength of her father and the weakness of her mother; that the Queen of Scots, with her more feminine and graceful texture, was fully a match to Elizabeth in subtle policy and in manly daring, and could wear the mask of deception much more artfully, and purchase the objects of her ambition at a much more guilty cost; that English Puritanism and the English Parliament had work enough to do to guard the person of Elizabeth, and to keep the elements so hostile to her power in check; and that the religious policy of her Majesty, Protestant as she was supposed to be, was of a kind so oscillating, and at times so doubtful, as to subject both Catholics and Protestants to many alternations of hope and fear. But though we have known all these things, in Mr. Froude's chapters these elements of the past are developed more fully than elsewhere, and if his work should be completed they will be engraven more deeply than ever in our national literature.

The French possessions of our Norman kings served to perpetuate relations between England and the Continent through a series of centuries. But before the accession of Henry VIII. that state of things may be said to have come to an end. Since the days of Henry V. English politics had become almost wholly domestic. Calais was retained. The rest had gone. It was left to Henry VIII. and Wolsey to make England a power in the affairs of Europe on a new basis. The great rival sovereignties were Spain and France. The remaining states allied themselves with the one or the other according to circumstances. England often held the balance between them. The men who ruled under Edward VI. had much to do at home: they looked little abroad. Mary, by her marriage

with Philip, embroiled England in Spanish politics to its great loss and dishonor. Under her evil sway even Calais had been taken by the French. Nothing could be more pitiable than the general state of the country as left by that misguided woman.

"The economy with which Mary had commenced had been sacrificed to superstition, and what the hail had left the locusts had eaten. She had brought herself to believe that the confiscation of the abbey lands had forfeited the favor of Heaven; and stripping the already embarrassed crown of half its remaining revenues to reestablish the clergy, she had sacrificed, at the same time, the interests of England to her affection for her husband, and forced the nation into a war in which they had neither object to gain nor injury to redress. She had extorted subsidies only to encounter shame and defeat, and in the midst of the general exasperation of the disgrace which had fallen upon England, she had allowed Philip to avail himself of the scanty revenues of the treasury, and had made him a present of sixty thousand pounds, with the valuable jewels of the crown.

"Although the country was financially ruined, there was still the land, and there was still the people to fall back upon; but in the two last sad years famine and plague had been added to other causes of suffering, and the long gaps in the muster-rolls told a fearful tale of the ravages which they had made. The revolt of the Commons under Edward had led also to a general disarmament. The art of war was changing, and the English peasantry, so far from having been taught the use of harquebuses and pistol, were no longer familiar even with their own bows and bills. Themselves untrained and undrilled, their natural leaders, the young men of family, had been entangled one side or other in rebellion or conspiracy, and had been executed or driven into exile. The nobility were scanty and weak."

But weak as England seemed to be, it was of the greatest moment to Spain that France should not be allowed to become the ruling power on this side the channel—an event which seemed to be menaced, not only by her new hold on Calais, but by her old influence in Scotland. Of no less moment was it to France that the power of Spain should not be rooted among us. Hence one of these monarchies could not become the assailant of Elizabeth without having to lay its account with the most formidable resistance possible from the other. Such was the mutual jealousy between these two Catholic powers, that they were content to see England become the great focus of heresy, rather than one would tolerate

the other in any attempt to *force* it into more orthodox ways. The two great spoliators were in feud, and so England happily was able to keep her own. But complicated, intricate, and subtle were the intrigues thus brought into existence and perpetuated. The game was a busy, and sometimes a desperate one. But however varied, the pieces played were the same, the hands which moved them were the same, and even Mr. Froude's skill has not sufficed to prevent the account of these endless plottings and counter-plottings from becoming somewhat wearisome.

But the agents of France and Spain erred greatly in their estimate of the strength of England when passing through this great transition from Romanism under Mary to Protestantism under Elizabeth. The signs of disorder were many; but they might nearly all be traced to the influence of the ecclesiastical advisers to whom Mary had committed herself, and they were all to be dealt with, and largely corrected, by the lay statesmen who were to be the counselors of Elizabeth. The calling of Cecil to his office as Secretary of State, by Elizabeth, was characteristic of the great change which was to become more or less perceptible every where.

"I give you this charge," said the queen, "that you shall be of my privy council, and content yourself to take pains for me and my realm. This judgment I have of you that you will not be corrupted with any manner of gift, and that you will be faithful to the State, and that without respect to my private will, you will give me that council that you think best."

The man so addressed was to be, during many long years, the presiding spirit in her Majesty's affairs.

"Every where among the State papers of these years Cecil's pen is ever visible, Cecil's mind predominant. In the records of the daily meetings of the council, Cecil's is the single name which is never missed. In the queen's cabinet or in his own, sketching Acts of Parliament, drawing instructions for ambassadors, or weighing on paper the opposing arguments of every crisis of political action; corresponding with archbishops on liturgies and articles, with secret agents in every corner of Europe, or with foreign ministers in every court, Cecil is to be found ever restlessly busy; and sheets of paper, densely covered with brief memoranda, remain among his manuscripts to show the vastness of his daily labor, and the

surface over which he extended his control. From the great duel with Rome to the terraces and orange-groves at Burleigh, nothing was too large for his intellect to grasp—nothing too small for his attention to condescend to consider."—Vol. i. pp. 461, 462.

Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, came from the stock of our English gentry. His father, Richard Cecil, Esq., was Yeoman of the Wardrobe under Henry VIII. In 1541 William Cecil was a student at the Inns of Court, and was then twenty-one years of age. In the following year he married the sister of Sir John Cheke. In 1544 Sir John became tutor to Prince Edward, and through Sir John's influence Cecil's connection with the court would seem to have commenced. Three years later he is known as private secretary to the Duke of Somerset. He does not appear to have become Secretary of State before 1550. When his first master, the Duke of Somerset, came into his troubles, Cecil showed himself careful not to be involved in them. The duke resented his conduct, as betraying a want of fidelity and gratitude. We have no means of judging as to the justice of this feeling, but it is certain that Cecil passed from the confidence of Somerset to become the great instrument of the good or bad in the government of his rival, the Duke of Northumberland. Cecil had been fully committed, though with some reluctance and misgiving, to what was done in favor of Lady Jane Grey. But he was one of the first to see when that scheme had become a failure, and one of the most active in endeavoring to propitiate Mary's government, by hastening the overthrow of the government opposed to her. It is probable that office would have been open to him on Mary's accession, had he felt himself at liberty to avow himself a convert to the queen's religion. Subsequently, when the intolerance of the government diffused so much terror, Cecil consented to do for the sake of life as not a few of the men of his class did—he conformed in religious matters to what the law had so imperatively enjoined. In those evil times, he appears to have found more occupation in husbandry than in politics; but, strange to say, his name occurs in the list of persons deputed to conduct Cardinal Pole to this country on his mission to reconcile England to Rome. On the whole, we may believe that Sir William

Cecil was in conviction a Protestant. But his religion was that of the statesman; it was not that of the martyr or of the saint. The science of politics is eminently a science of compromise. The statesman must know how to cede the less for the sake of the greater. It was imperative that Cecil should be a statesman of this order to the end of his days if he was to be successful. Elizabeth might well weep, as she is said to have done, when death had taken him from her side, though even her favor toward him had its seasons of fickleness, and he was rarely to be free from troubles from the influence of court factions.

The Dauphiness of France, the future Mary Queen of Scots, was the rival to Elizabeth set up by the French court; and the first advisers of Elizabeth knew, that do what they might, Philip would not cease to be the friend of England rather than see the English crown pass in that direction. Hence the Bishop of Arras, writing to Philip in May, 1559, says: "The French, I think, would have tried a descent on the Isle of Wight before this, had you not given them to understand that you would not permit it." Great accordingly was the perplexity of Philip's ambassadors. They were intent upon saving English Catholicism, and upon crushing English Protestantism; but how to accomplish those objects they saw not. To attempt to bring them about by persuasion seemed a hopeless task. To attempt to realize them by force would be to see France, England, Scotland, and the Low Countries marshaled against them. The correspondence of these distressed envoys furnishes in consequence many an instructive glance into the character of Elizabeth, and into the real state of affairs both in the court and through the nation.

The Spanish minister, Count de Feria, was in England at the juncture of Mary's last illness, and was deputed by Philip to put himself into communication with Elizabeth at that crisis. De Feria spared no pains to influence the new queen in favor of her sister's policy. Philip himself descended so far as to offer his hand to Elizabeth, in the hope of securing that object. But husbands were proffered to the Ocean Queen from nearly a dozen quarters, and on nearly all these proposals her Majesty bestowed some courtesy and by-play, while she secretly resolved that no one of them should be accepted. Early

in 1559, De Feria said, concerning Elizabeth:

"I have ceased to speak to her about religion, although I see her rushing upon perdition. If the marriage (with Philip) can be brought about, the rest will provide for itself. If she refuse, nothing which I can say will move her. She is so misled by the heretics who fill her court and council, that I should but injure our chances in the principal matter by remonstrating."

Writing some weeks later, he says:

"After we had talked a short time she said she could not have married your Majesty because she was a heretic. I said I was astonished to hear her use such words. I asked her why her language was now so different from what it had been. But she would give no explanation. The heretics, with their friend the devil, are working full speed. They must have told her that your Majesty's object in proposing for her was only to save religion."

"She spoke carelessly, indifferently, altogether unlike herself, and she said positively that she meant to do as her father had done. I told her I would not believe that she was a heretic. I could not think it possible she would sanction these new laws. If she changed her religion she would ruin herself. 'Your Majesty,' I said, 'would not separate yourself from the church for all the thrones in the world.'

"So much the less," she replied, 'should your Majesty do it for a woman.'

"I did not wish to be too harsh with her, so I said men sometimes did for a woman what they would do for nothing else.

"She told me she did not intend to be called head of the church, but she would not let her subjects' money be carried out of the realm to the Pope any more, and she called the bishops a set of lazy scamps.

"The scamps," I said, 'were the preachers to whom she had been listening.'

"At this moment Knolles came in to tell her that supper was ready—a story made for the occasion, I fancy. They dislike nothing so much as her conversations with me.

"Cecil governs the queen. He is an able man, though an accursed heretic."—Vol. i. pp. 66, 67.

Not many weeks afterwards De Feria was superseded by Alvarez de Quadra, Bishop of Aquila, a diplomatist of the first order, and one who by his spies became acquainted with nearly every thing said or done in the court. But the most sagacious politicians, while guided by nothing higher than their own worldly maxims, often prophesy falsely. Concerning the rising of the Protestant party in

Scotland, De Quadra writes that they and the English together "are to expel the French between them, and establish heresy all over the island. Such is the programme, *which I regard myself as a chimera*. But the spirit of the woman (Elizabeth) is such, that I can believe any thing of her. She is possessed by the devil, who is dragging her to his own place." (Vol. i. 98.)

Twelve months later, the unsatisfactory aspect of the queen's affairs, and her fondness for Lord Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, disposed her Majesty to look with more interest towards a Spanish alliance, and led her to express herself concerning Protestantism in language of a somewhat startling and hardly credible description. At that time a Papal nuncio was on his way to seek an audience of the queen. The question as to the reception of this functionary awakened interest every where.

"Leaving other matters," says De Quadra, "we talked of the mission of the Abbot of St. Saviour's from the Pope. She seemed surprised, and remembering the humor of the Catholics, even alarmed.

"I said his Holiness, being a wise prince, and a loving father to his children, could have no object, save to give her paternal admonition and advice. I thought perhaps the mission had originated in a suggestion from the king our sovereign, who always hoped that a woman so gifted and so wise would find a way to reunite her subjects with the Universal Catholic Church. His Majesty, I knew, had expressed this conviction to the Pope, to obviate the designs of the French, and the Pope perhaps wished to ascertain her real feelings.

"She was evidently pleased. She was afraid his Majesty had withdrawn his support from her at Rome, and a declaration of the Pope against her at this moment, she knows, would be most unseasonable. For this reason she went on to tell me that she was as good a Catholic as I was. She called God to witness that her belief was the belief of all Catholics in the realm.

"I said that if this was true she had done wrong in dissembling against her conscience on a question of so vast importance. She had committed a crime against her poor subjects, who had been led by her example to desert their religion. Her very honor was touched by it.

"She replied that she had been compelled at the time to act as she did, and that if I knew how she had been driven to it, she was sure I should excuse her.

"I brought her to say that the nuncio which the Pope was sending should be welcomed, and that it should not be her fault if

the church was not united again."—Vol. i. pp 245-247.

It was certainly true that Elizabeth was not a Protestant in the sense in which the Puritans were Protestants; nor even in the sense in which men like Cecil were such. In some respects she had no doubt been induced to go further than she would have chosen; but these facts were hardly such as to justify the above language: and there are graver matters behind. The Dudley project hung on during the next six months, and seemed to become more serious every day. The queen's best friends, the wisest men about her, without knowing all the lengths to which she had seemed disposed to go, risked her displeasure by remonstrating against her waywardness. And, after all, De Quadra has to write as follows touching the proposed Dudley marriage, and the case of Lady Dudley, the ill-fated Amy Robsart:

"There came lately to me Sir Henry Sidney, who is married to Lord Robert's sister, a high-spirited, noble sort of person, and one of the best men the queen has about the court.

"After speaking generally on ordinary matters, he came to the affair of his brother-in-law, and the substance of his words to me was this: The marriage was now in every body's mouth, he said, and the queen, I must be aware, was very anxious for it. He was surprised that I had not advised your Majesty to use the opportunity to gain Lord Robert's good will. Your Majesty would find Lord Robert as ready to obey you, and do you service, as one of your own vassals, with more to the same purpose. . . . He is evidently well acquainted with what has passed, and he is not too prejudiced to see the truth. But he added that if I could be satisfied about Lady Dudley's death, he thought I could not object to informing your Majesty of what he had said. The queen and Lord Robert were lovers, but they intended honest marriage, and nothing wrong had taken place between them which could not be set right with your Majesty's help. As to Lady Dudley's death, he said that he had examined carefully into the circumstances, and he was satisfied that it had been accidental, although he admitted that others thought differently. He allowed that there was hardly a person who did not believe there had been foul play. The preachers in their pulpits spoke of it, not sparing even the honor of the queen, and *this, he said, had brought her to consider whether she could not restore order in the realm in these matters of religion*. She was anxious to do it, and Lord Robert, to his own knowledge, would be ready to assist. . . .

"He mentioned a multitude of things most

distressing, and he assured me, on his solemn oath, that the queen and Lord Robert were determined to restore the religion (Romanism) by way of the General Council, and he then went on to press me to write to your Majesty to forward the affair in such a form that Lord Robert should receive the prize for which he aims at your Majesty's hands.

"Of this I am certain, that if she marry Lord Robert without your Majesty's sanction, your Majesty has but to give a hint to her subjects, and she will lose her throne. But I am certain, also, that without your Majesty's sanction she will do nothing in public, and it may be when she sees that she has nothing to hope from your Majesty, she will make a worse plunge."—Vol. i. pp. 308-312.

Mr. Froude feels bound to admit, from the evidence of these letters, that Elizabeth's interest in the Reformation was eclipsed for an interval by her interest in Lord Robert Dudley.

"Stung by the reproaches of the Protestant preachers, which in her heart she knew to be deserved, she was tempted to forsake a cause to which, in its theological aspect, she was never devoted. If Philip would secure her the support of his friends in making a husband of the miserable son of the apostate Northumberland, she was half ready to undo her work, and throw the weight of the crown once more on the Catholic side.

"Self-witted, self-confident, and utterly fearless, refusing to believe in her lover's infamy, and exasperated at the accusations which she might willfully have considered undeserved, she could easily conceal from herself the nature of the act which she was contemplating, and the palace clique might have kept her blind to the true feeling of the country. The bishop's story has not the air of an invention; and it is incredible that Sir Henry Sidney could have ventured to have made a commutation of such a character unless he had believed himself to have the queen's sanction.

"But the bishop learnt afterwards that Elizabeth had consented with extreme reluctance, and only at the passionate entreaties of Lord Robert, who had persuaded her that her life was in danger. Cecil's efforts, then and always, had been to divert her from the wrong course, by forcing her to commit herself to another; and before Sidney was allowed to speak to De Quadra, the league with the Huguenot leaders which Throckmorton had so earnestly advised, and the Spanish ambassador had so anxiously dreaded, was already under consideration."—Vol. i. pp. 314, 315.

In the end, the men who watched and worked for the better cause were successful. But it was a protracted and difficult business, and the result of the disclosures made in these papers is to cast

another and a deep shadow over the glory of Elizabeth.

Who this Lord Robert Dudley was is sufficiently known. His grandfather was a baron of the Exchequer, and the Dudley executed with Empson in punishment of the oppressions perpetrated by him to gratify the rapacity of Henry VII. His father was the Duke of Northumberland, who had set up the pretensions of Lady Jane Grey against Mary, and had expiated his offense on Tower Hill. Lord Robert, with the other Dudleys, had been thrown into the Tower, and had been a prisoner there with Elizabeth. He had, when young, married Amy Robsart, the daughter of Sir John Robsart; the match was a love affair, but the marriage had been public in the court of Edward VI. Since then the lady had lived alone in a manor house in Oxfordshire; and as the star of Dudley rose at court, this folly of his youth, as it was deemed, was regarded as a sad impediment in the path of his ambition. His handsome person, and his courtly manners, were his only possible recommendation to man or woman. He possessed neither talent, nor courage, nor any kind of virtue. He was more woman than man, and the marvel to all men was that he should have become a favorite with Elizabeth. The caprices incident to women, in such relations, hardly seemed enough to account for such a fact. Before the death of Amy Robsart, it was rumored that she was to be taken off by poison, or by some other means. Such was the court talk, and ambassadors speculated upon it in their dispatches. This may have been no more than the conjecture of Dudley's enemies as to what he was likely to do. But the deed was done; and the fact that it was done in the face of such predictions, seems to warrant the conclusion that the rumors which went before had not been without reason.

In the autumn of 1560, more than a year had passed since the bruit had become common that Elizabeth was likely to marry Dudley. On the 11th of September, De Quadra writes as follows to the Duchess of Parma:

"On the 3d of this month the queen spoke to me about her marriage with the archduke. She said she had made up her mind to marry, and that the archduke was to be the man. She has just now told me dryly that she does not intend to marry, and that it can not be.

"After conversation with the queen, I met

the Secretary Cecil, whom I knew to be in disgrace. Lord Robert, I was aware, was endeavoring to deprive him of his place. With little difficulty I led him to the subject, and after many protestations and entreaties that I would keep secret what he was about to tell me, he said that the queen was going on so strangely that he was about to withdraw from her service. It was a bad sailor, he said, who did not make for port when he saw a storm coming, and for himself he perceived the most manifest ruin impending over the queen through her intimacy with Lord Robert. The Lord Robert had made himself master of the business of the State, and of the person of the queen, to the extreme injury of the realm, with the intention of marrying her, and she herself was shutting herself up in the palace, to the peril of her health and life. That the realm would tolerate the marriage, he said, he did not believe. He was therefore determined to retire into the country, although he supposed they would send him to the Tower before they would let him go.

"He implored me for the love of God to remonstrate with the queen, to persuade her not utterly to throw herself away, as she was doing, and to remember what she owed to herself and to her subjects. Of Lord Robert he twice said, he would be better in Paradise than here.

"Last of all he said that they were thinking of destroying Lord Robert's wife. They had given out that she was ill, but she was not ill at all. She was very well, and was taking care not to be poisoned. The day after this conversation the queen, on her return from hunting, told me that Lord Robert's wife was dead, or nearly so, and begged me to say nothing about it.

"Since this was written the death of Lord Robert's wife has been given out publicly. The queen said in Italian: '*Que si ha rotto il collo.*' It seems that she fell down a staircase."—Vol. i. pp. 277-281.

From the documents relating to the end of Amy Robsart before accessible, and from those cited in these pages, Mr. Froude considers the following points as clear: first, that Amy Robsart was murdered; second, that those who perpetrated that deed did so either under the direction of Dudley, or well knowing that the act would be acceptable to him; and thirdly, that if Elizabeth did not hold him to have been more or less implicated in the proceeding, she ought so to have done. On her part, in this affair, we see the indications of a rough, hard, and selfish nature, little accessible to the finer vibrations of moral feeling; and in the case of Dudley we see the timidity, the cunning, and the want of principle to have been ex-

pected from him. On the 8th of September Cecil told De Quadra that the report was, that Dudley's wife was ill and not likely to live, while he knew her to be well, but knew also that a plot was laid against her life. On that day, or at the latest on the day following, Amy Robsart is found dead at the bottom of a staircase, as if killed by a fall, all the servants of the house having been sent away to amuse themselves at a neighboring fair. The scene of this tragedy was Cumnor Hall.

It is observable that while no period in our history had been so marked by the action of great men, and by great events, as the latter half of the sixteenth century, during those years the most prominent actors in public affairs in relation to this country were three women—Mary Tudor, Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots. In Mary Tudor, we see capacity, hereditary courage, and a heart, not perhaps naturally ill disposed, soured by misfortune and bodily infirmity, and drugged with superstition. Elizabeth was of another mould; and so was her great rival, the Scottish queen. Married to the Dauphin, Mary Stuart had become Queen of France, and during the short reign of her husband she had cherished the hope of seeing the crowns of France and England united in her person. But the event which made her a widow left her simply Queen of Scotland, and with her highly French nature, and French culture, she had to seek an ungenial home north of the Tweed. The shades of identity and difference between Elizabeth and Mary are nicely given in the following paragraphs:

"Rarely perhaps has any woman combined in herself so many noticeable qualities as Mary Stuart; with a feminine insight into men and things and human life, she had cultivated herself to that high perfection in which accomplishments were no longer adventitious ornaments, but were wrought into her organic constitution. Though luxurious in her ordinary habits, she could share in the hard field the life of the huntsman or the soldier with graceful cheerfulness; she had vigor, energy, tenacity of purpose, with perfect and never failing self-possession; and as the one indispensable foundation for the effective use of all other qualities, she had indomitable courage. She wanted none either of the faculties necessary to conceive a great purpose, or of the abilities necessary to execute it: except perhaps only this, that while she made politics the game of her life, it was a game only, though played for a high stake. In the deep-

er and nobler emotions she had neither share nor sympathy.

"Here lay the vital difference of character between the Queen of Scots and her great rival, and here was the secret of the difference of their fortunes. In intellectual gifts Mary Stuart was at least Elizabeth's equal; and Anne Boleyn's daughter, as she said herself, was no angel. But Elizabeth could feel like a man an unselfish interest in a great cause. Mary Stuart was ever her own center of hope, fear, or interest; she thought of nothing, cared for nothing, except as linked with the gratification of some ambition, some desire, some humor of her own; and thus Elizabeth was able to overcome temptations before which Mary fell."—Vol. i. p. 360.

An English minister writing of Mary Stuart when she was under twenty years of age, says: "Whatever policy is in the chief and best practiced heads in France, whatever craft, falsehood, or deceit is in all the subtle brains of Scotland, is either fresh in this woman's memory, or she can gette it with a wet finger."

Great was the solicitude to see these ladies suitably married. Elizabeth sometimes spoke of married life in such terms as to seem to say that she would never marry. Mary at the same time claimed that she should be at once and formally acknowledged as next in succession to the English throne, in default of issue from Elizabeth. But Mary was not the only person in whose favor the right of succession might have been with some reason declared, and Elizabeth had valid grounds for refusing to grant what her sister across the Scottish border was so anxious to obtain. The point settled that on the death of Elizabeth, Mary must be queen, the life of Elizabeth would have become exposed to dangers from which escape could hardly have been possible. Moreover, who was to become the husband of the Queen of Scots? It might be the King of France, the Prince of Spain, or a scion of the house of Austria. In such case, a brief space might suffice to bring in another Marian persecution. The horrors perpetrated by the first Mary from motives of superstition, might have been repeated by the second from pure levity and ambition.

The feeling of Mary toward Elizabeth was that of a tigress ever watching to pounce upon her prey and to rend it without mercy. Whatever in her words or policy might seem to be of another nature, was such only in seeming. Eliza-

beth in her view had usurped a crown which did not belong to her, and dissimulation, falsehood, treason in any form, was allowable, in her apprehension, if it only promised an approach toward a successful seizure of her own. When gay in the court of Paris, and under nineteen years of age, her malicious wit was rife against the Queen of England. Dudley was master of the horse to Elizabeth. "So," said the Queen of France, "her Majesty of England is about to marry her horse-keeper, who has killed his wife to make room for her." After all the agitation in relation to her own marriage on her arrival in Scotland, Mary was to become the wife of Lord Darnley. Through that connection she was to hold the Scotch and English Catholics in her service, and to find some happy juncture in which Elizabeth might be brought to the dust.

But it soon became known that the newly-wedded pair were not on good terms. Darnley was not faultless. Mary was sure not so to be. She had humored her husband in allowing him to be called king; and her husband humored himself into the notion that being king it became him to show that he was not to be wholly ruled by his queen. The result was disastrous. As Darnley declined in Mary's esteem, if he can be said ever to have had a place there, David Ritzio, the man who played and sang her love songs in her bed-chamber, became more her companion; and the Earl of Bothwell, the able and bad earl, was more than ever in her thoughts. The tragedies of which all the world has heard, followed. Darnley was to survive Ritzio, but not for long. Mary said passionately concerning Darnley, in the presence of the official persons about her, that "unless she was freed of him in some way, she had no pleasure to live; and if she could find no other remedy, she would put hand to it herself." Her friends marked this language, and much like it, and talked first of bringing about a divorce, and afterwards of finding some other means by which her Majesty should be quit of her husband. Mary's friends say she did not assent to these dark, hardly dark, utterances. But it is certain that those who knew her best, were satisfied they had nothing to fear from her resentment if the end promised should come. The bond which doomed the unhappy king was accordingly signed by those who were to execute it. "I know what

is in the queen's mind," said Bothwell: "she would have it done."

"On the 14th of January, the queen brought the king to Edinburgh. On the 20th she wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow at Paris, complaining of her husband's behavior to her, while the poor wretch was still lying on his sick-bed, and about the same time she was rejoined by Bothwell on his return from the border. So far the story can be traced with confidence. At this point, her conduct passes into the debatable land, where her friends meet those who condemn with charges of falsehood and forgery. The evidence is neither conflicting nor insufficient. The dying depositions of the instruments of the crime taken on the steps of the scaffold, the "undesigned coincidences" between the stories of many separate witnesses, with letters which, after the keenest inquiry, were declared to be in her own hand-writing, shed a light upon her proceedings as full as it is startling; but the later sufferings of Mary Stuart have surrounded her name with an atmosphere of tenderness, and half the world has preferred to believe that she was the innocent victim of a hideous conspiracy."—Vol. i. pp. 351, 352.

With the Queen of Scots; as with her grandson, Charles I., death may be said to have been as life. Had they been allowed to die in their beds, few would have been found to bewail their loss. To send them to the scaffold, was to raise them to martyrdom, and to put the misguided sympathies of mankind upon a new reading of every chapter in their history. In 1567, when the Darnley murder became the whispered or indignant talk of court and country, at home and abroad, the wide impression was, that there had been foul play, and that the queen herself had been a party to it. But though Mary might rid herself of her husband, and Bothwell might rid himself of his wife, and the guilty lovers might be thus far successful, the power of the Queen of Scots, as the head of the Catholic interest in these nations, was broken by that deed, so broken as not to admit of being repaired. "Lady Lennox," says the Spanish ambassador, "demands vengeance upon the queen of Scots; nor is Lady Lennox alone in the belief of her guilt. The heretics denounce her with one voice; the Catholics are divided; her own friends acquit her; the connections of the king cry out upon her without exception." Three weeks after the event, the ambassador of the Duke of Savoy at Edinburgh passed through London. The Spanish minister

questioned him anxiously on the subject. "I pressed him," he says, "to tell me whether he thought the queen was innocent; he did not condemn her in words, but he said nothing in her favor." The disconsolate envoy adds: "The spirits of the Catholics are broken; should it turn out that she is guilty, her party in England is gone, and by her means there is no more chance of a restoration of religion." In describing these events, Mr. Froude has to bear comparison with Mignet. It is only just to say that in his narrative there is a calm intelligence and a simple pathos which are his own.

We must confess that we have looked forward with some solicitude to the manner in which Mr. Froude would deal with the ecclesiastical affairs of this reign, especially with the case of our English Puritans. We are ourselves painfully sensible to the imperfections which marked the principles and the reasonings of the Puritans; but from some expressions dropped by the way in the earlier writings of our author, we have been afraid lest his perception of the short-comings of that class of religionists should render him insensible to the real worth of the men, and to their great service in relation not only to our English piety, but to English liberty. We are glad to have reason to think that Mr. Froude, while at times under a somewhat unfriendly bias on this subject, is not likely to err so seriously as we had imagined.

The writers who have been concerned to defend the policy of Elizabeth in so far resisting the demands of the Puritans, have commonly done so on the plea that the Catholics in the land were still a large majority, and that it would have been dangerous to extend her innovations much further. Mr. Froude supposes at least two thirds of the people to have been Romanists, and it is a fact that the Catholics themselves were wont to make that assertion. Lord Macaulay, in one of his dashing speculative moods, has insisted that the Protestants were not only a minority, but a very small one, even to the end of this reign, founding his opinion on the fact that the dramatists said so little to the disparagement of Romanism in their plays. It would be easy to show that the vices of Catholicism have had as little place on our stage representations during the first half of the nineteenth century as during the latter half of the sixteenth.

But who will say that this has happened because since the year 1800 the Protestants of England have been a very small number compared with Catholics? There are many ways of writing history, and this is one of them. Every one knows that if players were to "live" at that time, their living must be obtained among the people in London and in our large towns; and every one knows also, that whatever may have been the state of things in the rural districts, the mass of the people in our towns, and especially in London, were Protestants. Play-goers have never been people of strong religious feeling, and there has been little temptation accordingly for endeavoring to bring the stage into the controversy between Romanists and Protestants.

Cecil said five years after the queen's accession, that "scantly a third part" among the magistrates of the realm could be confided in to enforce the penal laws against recusants, and Mr. Froude takes this as sufficient evidence that two thirds of the general community must have been Catholics. But we require evidence of a much more decisive character to settle this point. It should be remembered that during all the years of Mary's reign, the government had been naturally assiduous in placing the administration of the laws in the hands of men on whom it could depend. The fact, accordingly, that not more than a third of the magistrates seem to have been Protestants at the time mentioned, is not extraordinary. The wonder rather is that the men of that creed filling such offices were so numerous. Assuredly the fact stated by Cecil is no proof that not more than a third of the persons in that rank of life were of the reformed faith, or that not more than a third of the people were of that creed. What a government as much Protestant as Catholic would do in respect to the appointment of magistrates, is one thing; and what a government would do in that respect, so rabidly and mercilessly intolerant as the government under Mary, is another. Beside which, an indisposition to enforce the penal laws against religious errors, was not in itself a proof that the functionary must have been a Papist. Many Protestants shared in that reluctance, some from doubting the policy of such measures, and others from feeling that if the penal laws were made to bear severely upon Papists, the Puritans could hard-

ly hope to go free. Then there is the evidence arising from the constant complexion of the House of Commons during this reign. It should be remembered that no man was excluded from that House in those times on account of his being a Catholic. It is certain that Catholics were returned as members. In Elizabeth's first House of Commons, the most intolerant Papistical sentiments were uttered. The ambassadors of the Catholic powers often speak of the majority of the Commons as being heretics, never of the whole as being so. Yet it is a notorious fact, that not only did the constituencies return a vast majority of Protestants, but in some Parliaments the majority showed themselves to be zealously Puritan. In many of the *counties* we can suppose the majority of the constituents to have been Catholics. But it is certain that even there it was not invariably so, and it is well known that in the towns and cities the preponderance went the other way. Government influence may have been much greater in those days than in our own, and the custom of elections may not have been the organized affair it became not long afterwards. But still the difference in these respects was not such as to allow us to suppose that electors who were two thirds Catholics, would have so uniformly stultified themselves as they must have done in allowing Elizabeth's Parliaments to be constituted as they were. Could the Commons have had their way in those times, the Church of England would have become a Puritan Church. The lawn of Episcopacy might have given place to the Geneva cloak of the Presbyterian, and England and Scotland have become one in ecclesiastical matters, or very nearly so.

But however it may have been as to the preponderance of numbers, it is clear that the young and earnest blood of the country went with the Reformation, taking with it enough of the older and more thoughtful element to secure to it an efficient leadership. In English history, the great changes for the better have come, not from majorities, but from men who have compensated for their lack of numbers by their greater intelligence and their public virtue.

Many of the ruling clergy under Mary now refused the oaths submitted to them, and did so with a dogged firmness. But their courage came not from any thing they could expect from the English people. It

came from the assurance of Spanish emissaries that help would soon be sent to them from Madrid. Change had followed change so quickly of late that the next, it was thought, could not be far distant. Courage, therefore, said the brave man. By conforming now we may lose every thing. By waiting a little we may recover all. The following is Mr. Froude's account of the posture of affairs as it must have presented itself to Elizabeth and her advisers in 1558:

"Seven years later Elizabeth told Guzman de Silva, then Philip's ambassador, that at the beginning of her reign she had not been wholly a free agent, and that she had been driven by the pressure of the Protestants beyond the point where she would have preferred to rest. It is possible that she was intentionally deceiving De Silva, but it is likely also that, if left to herself, she would have accepted a less innovating policy. Politically there was much to recommend it. The Council of Trent had proved a failure. The Lutherans had recovered the ascendancy in Germany, and the Ultramontanes had not yet succeeded in dividing the Church of Rome by any sharply-defined line from the communion of the more moderate Reformers. The chances were equal that if a general council should reassemble, the Confession of Augsburg might be acknowledged, while the Genevan Theology, and the Articles, and the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI., would be certainly condemned. The *Premunire* Statutes would secure the national independence, and so long as the critical doctrine of the Eucharist was unimpugned, the Church of England might still consider itself in communion with Catholic Christendom, while the great powers could have no pretext for interference or complaint. Personally and individually, the dogmatism of Calvin was as distasteful to Elizabeth as the despotism of Rome. The practical complexion of her genius gave her a dislike and distrust of speculation. She was herself, in her own opinions, studiously vague, and she would have been contented with a tolerated orthodoxy which would have left to Catholics their ritual, deprived only of its extravagances, and to the more moderate of their opponents free scope to feel their way towards a larger creed."—Vol. i. pp. 23, 23.

That Elizabeth would have given the liberty here indicated to Catholics we do not doubt, but it does not appear, we think, from her history, that it ever entered her thoughts to cede to their opponents "free scope to feel their way towards a larger creed." Too often such presumption on their part was little less in her eyes than a sort of treason. The following passage sets forth the difference

of principle between Catholics and Protestants at this juncture with considerable fairness, and shows how vain, when you have to do with an infallible church, must be all attempts at compromise.

"Revolution can not be controlled with the logic of moderation, and toleration of those who are themselves intolerant is possible only when the common sense of mankind compels them to an inconsistency with their theories. The Lutheran might seem nearer to the Romanist than he was to Beza or Zwingle, but the vital differences were not the apparent differences, and the distinctions between the Reformers were after all but insignificant shades of variety compared with the principle which parted all of them from the orthodox Catholic. The Catholic believed in the authority of the church, the Reformers in the authority of reason. Where the church had spoken, the Catholic obeyed. His duty was to accept without question the laws which councils had decreed, which popes and bishops administered, and, so far as in him lay, to enforce on others the same submission to an outward rule which he regarded as divine. All shades of Protestants, on the other hand, agreed that authority might err, that Christ had left no visible representative whom individually they were bound to obey, that religion was the operation of the Spirit on the mind and conscience, that the Bible was God's Word, which each Christian was to read, and which, with God's help, and his natural intelligence, he could not fail to understand. The Catholic left his Bible to the learned. The Protestant translated the Bible, and brought it to the door of every Christian family. The Catholic prayed in Latin, and whether he understood the words, or repeated them as a form, the effect was the same, for it was magical. The Protestant prayed with his mind as an act of faith in a language intelligible to him, or he could not pray at all. The Catholic bowed in awe before his wonder-working image, adored his relics, and gave his life into the guidance of his spiritual director. The Protestant tore open the machinery of the miracles, flung the bones and ragged garments into the fire, and treated priests as men like himself. The Catholic was intolerant upon principle, persecution was the corollary of his creed. The intolerance of the Protestant was in spite of his creed. In denying the right of the church to define his own belief, he had forfeited the privilege of punishing the errors of those who chose to differ from him."—Vol. i. pp. 23, 24.

It was even so. The question to be settled was the question of "liberty as opposed to submission, the natural intelligence of the living man as opposed to the corporate sovereignty of the outward

and visible Church." To retain all that Henry VIII. had retained, and at the same time to reject what Henry VIII. rejected, small as the rejected element may seem, was to take sides with Luther and Calvin. The authority of the Papal Church was in either case discarded; and that being discarded, it mattered little what else might be perpetuated. The rent had come. The garment that should have been without seam became divided. Hence the error of Elizabeth's attempted midway policy. To discountenance Puritanism availed nothing. Submission to Romanism was the thing demanded. Some English Romanists, indeed, pleaded the Catholic character of the Prayer Book as a reason why they should perhaps be allowed to attend the services of the church, and so to escape the fines and inconveniences to which they were exposed as recusants. No, was the answer of his Holiness, and of his advisers—you can not engage in such services, however unexceptionable and Catholic, without hearing sermons which shall be surely false and heretical. Elizabeth was thus to find that to go one mile, or to go twain, was not enough. Nothing short of the whole journey would suffice. The Romish idea of church authority made this inevitable. The Vatican would show no more favor to Canterbury as fashioned by Elizabeth, than to Geneva as fashioned by Calvin. So long as this unbending pretension is maintained there is no place for compromise. Where there is absolute infallibility there should be absolute submission.

The truth is, Elizabeth, in her mongrel adjustment of past and present, was not choosing so much for her subjects as for herself. Her mind was ever in a haze between the two creeds. If her intelligence revolted against superstition, her imagination was fascinated by dreamy, mystical, and imposing elements in worship; and her faculty for organization, and her love of rule, did the rest. It was the pleasure she felt in the consciousness of holding the reins and guiding the chariot of the state, which made the Court of High Commission so acceptable to her. The old spiritual courts had enabled the Popish bishops to hold a diocese assize in relation to all sorts of ecclesiastical delinquencies within their respective jurisdictions. Elizabeth, in the true spirit of her policy, did not restore this power to the prelates, but retained it virtually in her own hands. What the

old spiritual courts had been to parts of the kingdom, the Court of High Commission became to the whole.

To that court it pertained to determine what should be accounted "error, heresy, or schism." But the things so declared must be shown to be such "by the authority of the Canonical Scriptures, or by the first four general councils, or any of them, or by any other general council, wherein the same was declared heresy by the express and plain words of Scripture; or such as shall hereafter be ordered, judged, or determined to be heresy by the high court of Parliament, with the assent of the clergy in their convocation." (1 Eliz. cap. 1.) This mixture of the authority of general councils and of the English Parliament with the authority of Scripture, is eminently characteristic. It will be seen that this statute left the commissioners a wide field of interpretation. And memorable was the use they made of it, especially in their dealings with Puritans and Separatists. This phase of ecclesiastical rule under Elizabeth is touched upon but briefly in these volumes. The test of Mr. Froude's candor, in relation to this significant chapter in our history, is still to come. No man of sense will affect to be ignorant of the faults chargeable on the Puritans. But the question is, were not those faults the almost inevitable result of their circumstances? Were they not in a great degree provoked? Were they not allied with qualities which made those men comparatively the free men of their time, and the great conservators of freedom for their country?

We must repeat, that while we are hopeful we are not without some misgiving as to the manner in which Mr. Froude may deal with this section of his great subject. In his description of the opening of Parliament in 1563 he has given expression to some just and noble sentiments.

"Sir Thomas Williams, the Speaker of the Lower House, followed next in the very noblest spirit of English Puritanism. With quaint allegoric and classical allusions, interlaced with illustrations from the Bible, he conveyed to the queen the gratitude of the people for their restored religion, and her own moderate and gentle government. He described the country, however, as still suffering from ignorance, error, covetousness, and a thousand meaner vices. Schools were in decay, universities deserted, benefices unsupplied. As he passed through the streets he heard almost

as many oaths as words. Then turning to the queen herself, he went on thus :

"We now assembled, as diligent in our calling, have thought good to move your Majesty to build a fort for the surety of the realm, to the repulsing of your enemies abroad ; which must be set upon firm ground and steadfast, having two gates—one commonly open, the other as a postern, with two watchmen at either of them ; one governor, one lieutenant, and no good thing there wanting ; the same to be named the Fear of God ; the governor thereof to be God, your Majesty the lieutenant, the stones the hearts of your faithful people ; the two watchmen at the open gate to be called Knowledge and Virtue, the two at the postern-gate to be called Mercy and Truth.

"This fort is invincible, if every man will fear God ; for all governors reign and govern by the two watchmen Knowledge and Virtue ; and if you, being the lieutenant, see Justice and Prudence, her sisters, executed, then shall you rightly use your office ; and for such as depart out of this fort, let them be let out at the postern by the two watchmen Mercy and Truth, and then shall you be well at home and abroad."

"All that was most excellent in English heart and feeling—the spirit which carried England safe at last through its trials—spoke in these words. Those in whom that spirit lived were few in number ; there was never an age in this world's history when they were other than few ; but few or many, they are at all times the world's true sovereign leaders, and Elizabeth, among her many faults, knew these men when she saw them, and gave them their place, and so prospered she and her country. The clergy cried out for the blood of the disaffected : the lay speaker would let them go by the postern of Mercy and Truth."

—Vol. i. pp. 480, 481.

Good, very good : but is it true that the "clergy cried out for the blood of the disaffected," while the laymen would have allowed them to go free ? More than once our author speaks of the Protestant clergy as though there was not a whit to choose between them and the Romanists on the score of a readiness to persecute, and to persecute even to the death. In support of such censures, so grave in their reflection on the character of the dead, and so injurious to the reputation of principles dear to the living, the most unexceptionable evidence should be given. But such evidence is not given, and we venture to affirm that it can not be given. In our author's account of this same session of Parliament we find the following passage :

"On the 20th of February a bill was intro-

duced, by which, without mention of doctrine, Protestant or Catholic, all persons who maintained the Pope's authority, or refused the oath of allegiance to the queen, for the first offense should incur a præmunire, for the second the pains of treason. Cecil, in a passionate speech, declared that the House was bound in gratitude not to reject what was necessary for the queen's security.

"After Cecil, arose Sir Francis Knowles, who said that there had been enough of words : it was time to draw the sword. The Commons were generally Puritan. The opposition of the Lords had been neutralized by a special provision in their favor, and the bill was carried. The obligation to take the oath was extended to the holder of every office, lay or spiritual, in the realm. The clergy were required to swear whenever their ordinary might be pleased to offer them the oath. The members of the House of Commons were required to swear when they took their seats. Members from the Upper House were alone exempt.

"Heath, Bonner, Thirlby, Feckenham, and the other prisoners, at once prepared to die. *The Protestant ecclesiastics would as little spare them as they had spared the Protestants.* They would have shown no mercy themselves, and looked for none.

"*Nor is there any doubt what their fate would have been had it rested with the English bishops.* Immediately after the bill had received the royal assent, the hated Bonner was sent for to be the first victim. Horne, Bishop of Winchester, offered him the oath, which it was thought certain he would refuse, and he would then be at the mercy of his enemies. Had it been so the English Church would have disgraced itself, but Bonner's fate would have called for little pity. The law, however, stepped in between the prelates and their prey—as Portia between Shylock and Antonio—and saved them both. By the act archbishops and bishops might alone tender the oath, and Bonner evaded the dilemma by challenging his questioner's title to the name. When Horne was appointed to the see of Winchester, his predecessor was alive ; the English bishops generally had been so irregularly consecrated that their authority, until confirmed by Act of Parliament, was of doubtful legality ; and the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench caught at the plea, to prevent a needless cruelty. Bonner was returned to the Marshalsea, and Horne gained nothing by his eagerness but a stigma upon himself and his brethren."—Vol. i. pp. 489-491.

Here it is to be observed, that the bill so much reprobated by our historian, is a bill debated and carried, not in an Upper House of Convocation, but in an English House of Commons ; and we not only see it carried there, but approved by the Lords,

with the large number of Catholic peers who had seats there, and assented to by the queen. It is clear that if it was a severe and oppressive enactment, the guilt of that severity and oppression rested on the gravest, the most honest, and the wisest of the lay statesmen about Elizabeth. Every student of history knows, and no man better than Mr. Froude, that, under the Tudors, it was common to pass such laws without the slightest thought of their being generally enforced. In this case, too, it must be observed, the penalty of the first refusal did not go beyond deprivation and a loss of property. The enforcement of the act in a second instance, where the refusal might expose the recusant to the penalties of treason, was left to be wholly optional, and no man dreamt of that step as being other than a very rare one.

We have then to look at the passage cited bearing these facts in mind. Horne regarded Bonner as belonging to his diocese of Winchester. Bonner grounded his refusal to take the oath on a series of quibbles, and did so, as was his wont, in the most offensive manner. The exception which denied Horne to be a bishop was only one of these. The difficulty thus raised was one of a sea of embarrassments of this nature, consequent on the imperfect legislation which has never ceased to characterize the Anglican Church. Had Cranmer completed his digest of ecclesiastical law, and thus severed the legislation of the reformed Church of England entirely and forever from the past, no such question as this could have been raised. But that digest was not perfected, and our Acts of Parliament on church matters have left a large portion of the old canon law to come into force in such cases. According to those unrepealed regulations Bonner was right. Horne was not Bishop of Winchester. The citation sent to him was not valid. But this point has nothing to do with the purpose with which we call attention to the preceding extract.

Horne, Bishop of Winchester, requires Bonner to take the oath. The effect of Bonner's refusal would be, that he would be formally deprived of ecclesiastical office, and his substance would be at the mercy of the crown. On this fact Mr. Froude grounds the following assertions, in effect, if not formally. First, that Horne not only expected that the secular power

would thus punish Bonner, but that he intended to go further, and to press the oath a second time, and on Bonner's refusal, to call for his being sent to the block. Second, that what Horne would thus have done in respect to Bonner, the English prelates were all prepared to join in doing towards the whole of his brethren! Surely this is a very grave accusation. Where is the evidence? We ask in vain. The only reference given is to Strype, and in that reference we find nothing more than the paper in which Bonner sets forth the sort of defense made by him. It does not furnish a particle of evidence as to the bloody-minded intentions thus attributed to the whole bench of bishops. Mr. Froude, we believe, is incapable of conscious unfairness; but his mind seems to have its fits of humor on such questions. At times he appears as if disposed to startle his readers by saying very unexpected things. There are connections in which he can utter great and noble words in behalf of men on whom the philosophical world has rarely bestowed even a scant justice; and there are other times in which he will say of good men the very things which bad men would wish him to say of them.

Protestants under Elizabeth had indeed much to learn on the subject of religious liberty; but to say that they had as much to learn on that subject as the Papists themselves, is to do them great wrong. Protestantism was ascendant during the reign of Edward IV., and Protestant ecclesiastics were in great power during all that reign, but no drop of Romanist blood was shed. Bonner and Gardiner were in the hands of those ecclesiastics. They insulted prelates and laymen almost without limit. But not a hair of their head was injured. We know the course of things under Mary. Look on this picture, and on that. What the man did who preceded Edward VI., was a matter for which neither Protestants nor Romanists can be held responsible. Had the government of Elizabeth proceeded so far as to send Bonner to the stake, there would have been scarcely a comparison between its deed and the deeds with which that brutal man was chargeable. We earnestly hope that in a second edition Mr. Froude will be led to reconsider some passages of this nature in his history which greatly mar the general caution and integrity of his narrative.

Unfortunately, among the lessons which

Mr. Froude appears to have learnt from Mr. Carlyle, and which he has not yet forgotten, is the maxim, that all religionists who "claim exclusive possession of truth," are, in proportion to their sincerity, intolerant and persecuting. The consequences of this paradox should have sufficed to prevent any thoughtful man from adopting it. If true, mankind may be said to be doomed, by the necessities of their condition, to become either skeptics caring nothing for truth, or bigots cutting men's throats to uphold it. In such cases, the only hope the world can have of tranquillity, is in the probability that society may some day become so wise as to be indifferent to the distinctions between true and false; or, rather, so happy as to be wholly ignorant of such differences. Amity should be expected in proportion to the absence of truth; the contrary in proportion to its presence. But may not a man be convinced that the truth which he holds is truth necessary to salvation, and be at the same time convinced, and in no less a degree, on another point—namely, that, right as it

may be in him to believe as he does, it would be as certainly wrong in him to attempt to force that belief upon others? The Teacher who prohibited the rooting up of the tares growing among the wheat, and said let both grow together until the harvest, certainly seemed so to think. It is no doubt true that some of the most earnest religionists have been, and apparently as the consequence of their earnestness, among the most zealous persecutors. But both logic and fact show, that it does not follow that men zealous to convert their fellows to their own faith, must of necessity evince a passion for burning the bodies of such persons when they happen to find their souls incorrigible. What is wanting in such cases is not that men should be less zealous, but that their thinking should be broader, and that their truth should be more comprehensive, embracing their whole duty. The study of the human mind should teach us this lesson, and the book whence the truth necessary to salvation must be derived reiterates it in a hundred forms.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE WOMANLESS REGION.

THERE are many islands, and not a few large continental districts, which have no stated representatives of the human race. But as far as information extends, there is only one territory of any size, and never has been but one, occupied by a goodly number of the descendants of Adam, from which that exquisite variety of the species—woman—is carefully excluded, the society being entirely masculine. A description of this singular spot may be readily given. Suppose Flamberough Head to stretch some forty miles into the North Sea, varying in the midst from two to nine miles, and traversing at the extremity to the height of six thousand feet above the waters; imagine it attached to the coast of Yorkshire by a low narrow isthmus; and to be well clothed with woods, gay with flowers, rich with odors, and stocked with song-birds, while overhung by the

brightest, bluest of all skies—the reader will then have before his mind's eye a general outline of the locality, as far as relates to its natural features. The sons of Eve are there, but none of the daughters; and lest they should attempt to intrude, influenced by the curiosity attributed by common fame to their primal mother, there is a guard stationed for the express purpose of keeping them out. So well has watch and ward been maintained, that some of the gentlemen who entered in early years, and have not since mingled with the outlying world, have lost almost all idea what kind of creatures women are.

Reference is here made to the easternmost of the three tongues of land which project in so striking a manner from the north coast of the Greek Archipelago. This is the old peninsula of Acte, now called Monte Santo, or the Holy Mountain, of

which Mount Athos forms the terminating point—a conical mass of limestone, shooting up gradually and abruptly to the height of six thousand three hundred and fifty feet. It has a very magnificent appearance, the base being clothed with pines, while the upper slopes and the peak are bare, and shine with dazzling whiteness when lit up by the sunbeams. The mountain is easily ascended, and commands a splendid view of the principal Thessalian and Macedonian summits, with shores on every hand, deeply penetrated by the clear blue water. Ninety miles to the westward, Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus may be discerned on the horizon, when the atmosphere is free from haze. A small chapel at the top, under the name of the Transfiguration, is annually visited by some monks, on the 6th of August, for the purpose of saying mass. In the days of inexpert and timid navigation, this lofty promontory was greatly dreaded by mariners, owing to the rough seas encountered in its neighborhood. Hence, to avoid rounding it, Xerxes, on his famous invasion of Greece, had a canal cut for his fleet through the narrow neck of the peninsula, some traces of which remain. From this point, through the proper peninsular district to the foot of the mountain, the country is a table-land of moderate elevation, rugged and intersected by numerous ravines. It is for the most part beautifully wooded. Fine chestnuts, oaks, beeches, and plane-trees intermingle with the ilex, bay, wild-fig, wild-olive, and much underwood; but the landscape is diversified by many small clearings and patches of cultivation.

The bold headland itself is not inhabited, only the country between it and the isthmus, the whole of which belongs to a monastic confederation of from two to three thousand Greek Christians. They occupy some twenty convents; besides these, there are a great number of places of ascetic retirement, cells and hermitages, often romantically situated, which are so many dependencies of the great houses. The date of the first foundations is entirely unknown. Two of the monasteries claim Constantine the Great for their founder. Two more claim the Empress Pulcheria. The majority arose in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. These fraternities had the prudence to submit to Mohammed II., prior to the fall of Constantinople, and received from him a

protection, which has been generally respected by his successors. Though the domain is of course part of the Turkish empire, not a single rood of it is claimed in property by the Sultan, or by any Mussulman subject. An annual tribute of one hundred and fifty thousand piasters, about fifteen hundred pounds, is paid by the whole peninsula, towards which the different societies contribute their share, according to an assessment determined by their representatives. Each convent sends a deputy to a kind of diet, which manages general interests, and holds its sittings at Karyes, a small central town, answering to the communities of Mount Athos, as Washington to the United States. It is occupied by a few artisans, who carve crosses and ornaments of cypress wood, and is the residence of a solitary Turkish official, who collects the revenue, and is the medium of communication with the government. Besides the representatives, there are four presidents of the confederation, upon whom the duties of administration devolve. They are taken from four different monasteries each year, so that in five years each of the twenty monasteries has its turn to name one. Precedence is given to one of these functionaries with the style and title of "The First Man of Athos."

At the entrance of the peninsula, a few soldiers in the pay of the monastic bodies are stationed, for the purpose of excluding unauthorized parties. No female is ever allowed to cross the frontier. Any woman, with the requisite ability and will, may climb Mont Blanc, but not Mount Athos, or indeed come within some forty miles of it, at least by land. The prohibition is of long standing, originated partly by superstition, and partly by an idea that it was necessary for the maintenance of ascetic discipline. But rumor states that two of our countrywomen once landed from a yacht on the coast, and certainly without confirming the belief of the Greek sailors, who were persuaded that any woman guilty of such a trespass would be infallibly struck dead for her presumption. The rule is absurdly extended to every other female creature, as far as practicable. Hence, from time immemorial, no cow, mare, hen, or abscot, has here been suffered to make acquaintance with hill, vale, or shady grove. But travelers say, that both the king and queen of the seas keep their court in the

convents, and reign over legions of subjects, who are particularly partial to the rich juices of Europeans from the northwest, especially the beef-eating English. If she-cats are not tolerated, toms are in high favor, huge fellows, imported from the world without as kittens, which are taught by the younger brethren to perform summersets, and other tricks, for their diversion. Karyes has a weekly market, assuredly unique. Chanticleer is there exposed for sale, but without his mate; and all the other live-stock consists of *he's*, while the buyers and sellers are exclusively men. Even the Turkish resident official can not have his wife with him.

Few of our countrymen, except those of the learned class, have thought it worth while to peep into the peninsula, long celebrated, though perhaps not justly, for its literary treasures of classical and ecclesiastical antiquity, preserved in the conventual libraries. Dr. Pococke and Mr. Tweddle were there in the last century; Professor Carlyle and Dr. Hunt at the commencement of the present, as well as Dr. E. D. Clarke. More recently it was visited by Mr. Curzon, in 1837, and Mr. Bowen, in the summer of 1850. The first named of the recent tourists went out with a letter from the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, commending the bearer to the good offices of the Greek Patriarch, at Constantinople, in furtherance of the objects of his journey. Upon presenting the missive, a curious dialogue occurred.

"And who," said the great dignitary, "is the Archbishop of Canterbury?"

"What!" replied the traveler, not a little astonished.

"Who is the Archbishop?"

"Why, the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Archbishop of what?"

"Canterbury."

"Oh! ah! yes! and who is he?"

It was explained to his venerableness, that the person in question was head of the Church of England, who had crowned William IV., and would soon crown the young Queen Victoria.

"Well," said the Patriarch, "but how is that? How can it happen that the head of your church is only an archbishop? whereas I command other patriarchs, and under them archbishops, archimandrites, and other dignitaries. How can these things be? I can not write an answer to the letter of the Archbishop of—of—"

"Of Canterbury."

"Yes, of Canterbury, for I do not see how he who is only an archbishop can by any possibility be the head of a Christian hierarchy. But as you come from the British Embassy, I will give my letters as you desire."

So the long-bearded dignitary summoned his secretary and wrote the desired mandate—

"To the blessed Inspectors, Officers, Chiefs, and Representatives of the Holy Community of Monte Santo, and to the Holy Fathers of the same, and of all other sacred convents, our beloved Sons:

"We, Gregorius, Patriarch, Archbishop Universal, Patriarch of Constantinople, etc., etc., etc.

"The bearer of the present, our patriarchal sheet, the Hon. Rob. Curzon, of a noble English family, intending to travel, and wishing to be instructed in the old and new philology, thinks to satisfy his curiosity by repairing to those sacred convents which may have any connection with his intentions. We recommend his person, therefore, to you all," etc., etc.

This epistle acted as a talisman. Every attention was paid to the wants and wishes of the traveler, from the monastic authorities; and he obtained at a cheap rate several MSS., finely executed, though not of much intrinsic worth. A magnificent-looking monk told him the brief story of his life. He came from a village in Roumelia, but did not recollect its name or exact position. His parents and most of the other inhabitants had been massacred in some revolt or disturbance; so he had been told, but he remembered nothing about it. He had been educated in a school belonging to one of the convents, and had never quitted the peninsula since he entered it in early boyhood. He did not recollect his mother, nor was he quite sure that he ever had one. He had never seen a woman, and his only notion of the phenomenon was put together by fancy and hearsay. Mr. Bowen encountered a brother specimen of the genus. The man startled him by suddenly asking, "What sort of human creatures are women?" He had only seen his mother, and had forgotten even her appearance, having been a recluse ever since he was four years old. An amusing incident occurred during Mr. Curzon's stay at Karyes, in the house of the Turkish officer. One day a cat came into the room with two kittens.

"Ah!" said he, "how is this? Why, this is a she-cat, a cat feminine! What business has it on Mount Athos?"

"Hush!" replied the host, with a solemn grin; "do not say any thing about it. Yes, it must be a she-cat. I allow, certainly, that it must be a she-cat. I brought it with me from Stamboul; but do not speak of it, or they will take it away; and it reminds me of my home, where my wife and children are living, far away from me."

Little did the monks imagine, at the period of the visit, that there was one among them "taking notes," who would make them known to the world. As little did the traveler fancy, when writing an account of his tour, which simply contained some good-humored quizzing, that the fame thereof would reach the Hellenic land, and excite, in no slight degree, the choler of a touchy race; but so it was. His book, published some ten years ago, has since been translated into Greek, and appeared by piece-meal in the pages of the *Εστέρη*, a monthly publication at Athens, containing versions from the lighter literature of England, France, and Germany. There is a preface appended to the translation, from which an extract may be made: "When the English traveler, Clarke, plundered the monasteries of Athos of the MSS. of Plato, our countryman, Coray, broke forth into loud lamentation for that deed of sacrilege. At the present day, we have a certain Robert Curzon, also an Englishman, publishing his recent tour in Athos, in which he sarcastically relates how the Patriarch of Constantinople gave him a letter to the monks of the mountain; and how, by means of this letter and a judicious use of money, he succeeded in extracting from them sundry valuable national heir-looms of Byzantine art; as if it had been fated that unhappy Greece should never cease to be a windfall to foreigners, and, according to the proverb, 'spoil of the Mysians.' The tour of this Englishman we now translate into our own language, both for the reasons already given, and because it embraces many curious matters relating to that national history which is an object of so much study to every Greek; but we leave as we find it all his bitter mockery of the Patriarch, that it may serve as a lesson, for the time to come, to the ecclesiastical chiefs of our race in Turkey." These angry strictures are quite uncalled for. Much more appro-

priately might the editor of the "Enterpe" have lamented, or been indignant, at the degeneracy of his countrymen, for valuing pounds, shillings, and pence above the antique monuments of their own literature.

Several of the monasteries are very picturesquely seated, perched on high cliffs of difficult access. Reared in turbulent times, when attacks from banditti and pirates might not be improbable, they are fortress-looking buildings, with massive walls, answering to the description of Lindisfarn, in "Marmion"—

"And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they."

The offices within the walls commonly include a granary, mill, bakehouse, kitchen, workshop, and infirmary. Being recruited from the outward world, the inmates come from every part of the Turkish empire where the Greek language is spoken, and are chiefly Greeks in blood and speech from Roumelia, although there is a large number from the adjoining kingdom, late of Otho. As there is no unappropriated ground, every new comer has to seek admission into one of the existing societies. To obtain this, he must devote his time and labor to the common service, such as till the lands, tend the vines, engage in house-work, or in the necessary handicrafts for which he is qualified. For three years after admission he is called a probationer, and at the end of that time, if he has proved his ability and willingness to keep the monastic discipline, he receives the first tonsure, and becomes a caloyer, literally "good elder," or monk. The discipline observed by the brotherhoods is in no slight degree oppressive to the bodily inclinations. Their church services last six or seven hours every day—sometimes twice, now and then even thrice as long. Their sleep does not exceed four or five hours. Their food is always meager in quality, and often also in quantity. They never taste meat. On one hundred and fifty-nine days in the year they have only one meal; and at this, eggs, cheese, fish, wine, and oil are forbidden them. In some of the establishments a candidate is admitted on paying to the common stock five thousand piasters, about forty-five pounds, and then he

becomes a kind of gentleman-caloyer, being exempted from all servile work. For this sum he obtains a cell, with the usual daily allowance of bread and wine; but additional fare he must provide for himself. These monks do not eat together in the refectory, except on some great festival occasions; nor are they bound to a common attendance on all the services of the church, but may repeat some of the offices in their own rooms. They are at liberty to possess money, and make what use of it they please in life; but at death it becomes the property of the particular house to which they belong. Few care to take orders and become priests, but prefer to remain lay-brethren, owing to the onerous duties of the church service.

And now, what of the long and widely-renowned libraries of Mount Athos? To

them the learned have occasionally looked as likely to contain some of the hitherto lost works of ancient writers.

For some years past, a Greek named Simonides has claimed the attention of western scholars, alleging himself to be the possessor of a large number of Greek manuscripts derived from this region. He has appeared in many countries, dealing with scholars, and endeavoring to gain for his literary treasures the notice conceived to be their due, receiving countenance from some, and regarded by others as an impostor. At any rate, if an impostor, he is unmistakably a clever one; and Mount Athos may number among its celebrities, with tom-cats and monks, the accomplished Dr. Simonides.

The most recent questions raised in connection with these disputed manuscripts will be stated in a separate article.

From the Westminster Review.

THE TUNNEL UNDER MONT CENIS.*

FANCIFUL speculators have often amused themselves with the question, what would remain of London were it abandoned for two or three thousand years, like the cities of Assyria? Lord Macaulay figured to himself a New Zealander musing over a vast heap of bricks at some period in the far future, but perhaps by the time A.D. 4000 or 5000 had arrived, even bricks might have disappeared, and nothing be left but a gigantic mound of dust, which the one near Euston-square,

lately sold for a vast sum, may represent to our fancy, in spite of its diminutive scale. This image is certainly not calculated to give us a grand idea of the nineteenth century, especially if we compare it with the splendid ruins which still attest the power of Nineveh and Rome. But a little reflection may perhaps help us to salve over the wound to our vanity. The remains of bygone days are the memorials of individuals; the palaces of old recall the name of some dead tyrant, and even the most useful works of antiquity—the Roman aqueducts—were but the presents of emperors to their subjects; whereas now the object for which we labor has been displaced, and the advantage of millions, instead of the gratification of units, is the aim we strive after. If our cities are no longer adorned with buildings of a material and massiveness calculated to resist the assault of ages, it is not that our engineers are incapable of producing works worthy to excite the admiration of posterity. We no longer, indeed, build pyramids to shroud the bones of some

* *Senato del Regno. Rapport du Bureau Central, composé de Messieurs les Sénateurs de Brignole-Sala, Plana, Mosca, De la Marmora, et Jacquemoud, sur le Projet de Loi pour la percée du Mont Cenis, et l'Approbation du nouveau Cahier de Charges de la Compagnie Victor Emmanuel.* Turin: 1859.

Discorso del Ministro dei Lavori Pubblici, Conte Menabrea, pronunciato alla Camera dei Deputati nella tornata del 4 Marzo, 1863, sul Traforo del Montecenisio. Torino: 1863.

Traforo delle Alpi tra Bardonnèche e Modane: Relazione della Direzione Tecnica alla Direzione Generale delle Strade Ferrate dello Stato. Torino: 1863.

dead Rameses, or erect a cathedral like that of Glasgow to the memory of an obscure St. Mungo; but in this very island we have spanned arms of the sea with railway bridges under which the largest line-of-battle ship can pass, all sails set; our nearest neighbors are toiling, despite a short-sighted and ungenerous opposition, to open a canal between the Mediterranean and Red Sea, while another scion of the Latin race is working equally hard to pierce the natural barrier of the Alps, and put their railway system in direct communication with that of the rest of Europe. To the present generation the Menai tubular bridge is a nine days' wonder; the Suez canal has been discussed until the subject has been worn threadbare, and must now be left to the practical test of success; but the third great engineering work of the day is almost unknown in England, at least in its details, and we therefore propose to devote some pages to an account of this marvelous tunnel—marvelous, not so much from its great length, though that will be between seven and eight miles, (12,220 mètres,) as from the scientific interest attached to the employment of natural forces not hitherto utilized.

At the late meeting of the British Association at Newcastle, Sir William Armstrong startled and probably alarmed many of his hearers by imparting his opinion that the seams of coal in these islands would be exhausted in little more than two centuries. Posterity will have to judge of the accuracy of this calculation. It may perhaps be found that as coal becomes dearer by the working out of the upper veins, it will be profitable to sink the shafts down to the lower ones, now left untouched because the market price is not such as to cover the expense to be incurred, and a supply be thus obtained for a considerably longer period. Be this as it may, however, there can be no doubt that we are now expending coal at a rate far more rapid than that at which it was formed by the decay of primeval vegetation; and it would therefore be a discovery of no small benefit to our race were it possible to find some power capable of setting all our manufacturing machinery in action, other than steam, to generate which in sufficient quantities so vast an amount of coal is daily consumed; and the advantage would be all the greater if the new force we desiderate could be one

sure not to be exhausted so long as the physical conditions of our globe remain unchanged, or indeed fit for the habitation of such creatures as ourselves. The only two forces of which this can be predicated with any safety are *air* and *water*, and the use that may be made of them is the great lesson to be learnt from a consideration of the tunnel under Mont Cénis.

Scarcely had the importance about to be assumed by the railway system of Europe been acknowledged, than a tunnel under the Alps became the dream of engineers, especially those of Italy. It is indeed evident, that even supposing the Peninsula suddenly endowed with a railway net as complete as that which intersects the manufacturing districts of the West Riding or Lancashire, Italy must be cut off from the great flow of transit and traffic so long as no direct communication exists between her railway system and that of other nations. The difficulty of creating one was, however, enormous, and the Alps presented an obstacle as difficult to turn as to overcome. Apart from all engineering impediments, the Corniche line implied so great a circuit, that the railroad journey from Paris to the Valley of the Po by this route would have cost more in time and money than the twelve or fourteen hours' passage over Mont Cénis in a carriage; and the same might be said of the circuit round the upper end of the Adriatic, without adding that the problem would not have been in any degree solved even thus, before the construction of the remarkable ascending lines over the Bocchetta Pass and the Simmering. Nor when these were made, did the question seem nearer to a real solution. The Alps were too high to be crossed by this system, even had the snow which covers them for half the year not opposed an invincible obstacle, and the same double objection presented itself to the construction of a tunnel on any method hitherto employed, for shafts could not be thought of, and yet no tunnel of even a quarter the length had hitherto been considered possible without them. Nevertheless, as a tunnel seemed the only resource, engineers continued to devise schemes for piercing it, more or less impracticable, very much like those we periodically hear of for bridging over or boring under the Channel.

To add to the difficulty, it so happened

that Mont Cénis, the shortest and most frequented of the Alpine passes, the one by which it was soonest possible to reach the plain and the railway system on either side, and which the genius of Napoleon had marked out as the true line of communication between France and Italy, was in the hands of a third-rate State, counting scarcely five millions of inhabitants. Fortunately, however, though the kingdom was small, its destinies were directed by the greatest statesman of our day—one whose eagle glance took in far more than the interests of the moment, and who, foreseeing the time when Piedmont would be Italy, was steadily bent on preparing her to play the part of a great power. As it happened, also, the minister was not only a skillful politician, but he had received an admirable scientific education, and when three engineers, whose names deserve to be chronicled for all ages, MM. Grandis, Grattoni, and Sommeiller, supported by the authority of M. Ranco, whose views gained weight from the distinguished part he had taken in the construction of the Genoa and Turin railway, presented their invention to him, Count de Cavour did not turn away with disdain, because no tunnel had ever before been pierced by machines impelled by compressed air* produced by the action of water, but rather saw in the novelty of the idea a ground for hoping that difficulties insuperable by any means usually practiced would thus be overcome. To the above-mentioned four engineers, in the first instance, and secondly, but no less perhaps, to Count de Cavour and his two illustrious friends and colleagues, M. Paleocapa and General de Menabrea, who concurred and sympathized in his opinion of the feasibility of the scheme, will the world owe lasting gratitude for breaking down the barrier of the Alps, and still more for introducing a new motive power into mechanics.

The whole scheme was so new, that the first thing to be done was to test the models of the proposed machines. A commission of five persons was therefore appointed by the Piedmontese government to try a series of experiments, to prove the

possibility of compressing air by water-power, and then conveying it to a distant spot there to put a perforating machine in motion, and also to determine whether so long a tunnel without shafts could be ventilated.

The report of this commission was so favorable as fully to answer to the farsighted anticipations of the minister. Much doubtless remained to be done, for the machines tested were mere models, requiring to be greatly modified and increased in size before they could be used on a large scale; still the principle was so well established, and the whole scheme appeared so far superior to any other that either had been, or was likely to be presented, that the commissioners did not hesitate to recommend its immediate adoption. At the same time a favorable conjuncture presented itself by the absorption of the companies running the lines between Susa and the Ticino into the Victor-Emmanuel railway, and when the bill for this fusion was brought in, the government added clauses authorizing the construction of the tunnel by the State, and the necessary expenses, to which the Company agreed to contribute a sum of twenty million francs, (eight hundred thousand pounds,) besides premiums on the shares, and so great was the faith inspired by Counts de Cavour and Menabrea, that the Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies actually passed this audacious law by a large majority.

The practical difficulties of the enterprise now began. But it was much that the project should have been approved, and the confidence of the Government and the Parliament would have been a spur to the energy of the engineers had not the grandeur and glory of the undertaking itself been sufficient to excite their utmost zeal. No sooner had the bill passed into law than the works were begun, in the autumn of 1857. The trigonometrical survey necessary to obtain an accurate tracing of the axis of the future tunnel was in itself no slight task, if we consider that its extreme points could not be made visible from one another without placing them at a distance which would have rendered any accurate observation impossible, and also that all the operations had to be carried on at heights varying from three thousand to ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and amidst the constant atmospherical changes character-

* An Englishman, Mr. Bartlett, had previously adopted a perforating machine for boring holes for mines, eight or ten times quicker than by hand; but this machine was impelled by steam, a method evidently inapplicable, from the want of air in a tunnel of great depth and without shafts.

istic of such elevated regions. The first difficulty was overcome by establishing an observatory on the very summit of Grand-Vallon, the highest peak in that part of the Alps, and two extreme points of the axis in the same vertical plane with it and one another, having been determined by turning the theodolite 180° it was comparatively easy to fix the intermediate signal points on each side one by one, always keeping the extreme point in view, and then lowering the instrument perpendicularly until a site for an observatory had been found in each of the two opposite valleys of Rochemelles and Fourneaux, exactly on a level with and opposite to the respective entrances to the tunnel, so that the signals received from the outside could be repeated underground, and the works kept on the correct line necessary to insure the junction of the two halves under the very center of the mountain. To increase the difficulties to be contended with, it was found that the valley of Rochemolles was more than seven hundred feet higher than that of Fourneaux, on which account it was determined to give a slope of twenty-two in one thousand to half the tunnel.

Nor were the obstacles presented by the ground confined to the trigonometrical survey. Every single article required for the works, or for the persons engaged in them, from the chief engineers to the lowest laborers, had to be conveyed from the plains below. Fourneaux, indeed, though itself a wretched hamlet, was not very distant from Modane, a considerable village situate on the main road into France; but Bardonnèche, the opposite end, is not only distant from Susa, the nearest railway terminus, but nearly twenty-five hundred feet above it. Yet it was requisite here to assemble vast bands of workmen, with their foremen and directors; to provide dwellings and daily food for so vast an increase of population in a place the resources of which barely sufficed for the wants of its own inhabitants; to construct canals, huge reservoirs, workshops, and engine-houses; and finally to set up an immense system of machinery with which no one could boast himself practically acquainted, and every portion of which had to be separately brought from Seraing in Belgium, where it was originally constructed.

All this required time; and that not a moment might be unnecessarily wasted,

it was resolved to begin boring the tunnel at both ends by the ordinary methods. The progress made might not be great; still, every yard gained was always something, and it was the only resource until the machines were constructed and fairly set in motion. So the works began in 1857 itself, and were continued at Bardonnèche (at Fourneaux even longer) until January, 1861, for owing to various reasons, chief among which may be mentioned the war of 1859, which stopped all the transports for nearly a year, it was not till then that the mechanical perforation could be inaugurated. Nor will this lapse of time seem excessive if we reflect how much had to be done before attaining this first result. Not only had the machinery to be designed and constructed, with the improvements suggested by the experiments made by the commission, to arrive from Belgium, and be put together in the engine-house, but two large reservoirs, one twenty-six, the other fifty mètres above it, had to be prepared, and a supply of water sufficient to keep the former constantly full brought through a canal from a torrent more than a mile distant, and all these works in solid masonry had to be roofed in, to preserve the water from the influence of the frost. And when all this was done, the machinery had to be tried repeatedly and for a considerable time before it could be employed with safety to the mechanics intrusted with it, or with advantage to the works in the tunnel itself.

After repeated trials, the machinery was at length brought into working order, the pipes for conveying water and compressed air from the machine-house where it is produced, to the further end of the tunnel where the works were proceeding, were laid down in a trench which, in the finished section, is built in to serve as a main drain, as well as a third pipe for gas, which is fabricated in a gasometer just outside the entrance, and the additional light of which is found greatly to facilitate the maneuvers of the workmen, while, not being affected by the explosions, etc., constantly going on, the whole apparatus gives less trouble than a single lamp. At last, the perforating machines were pushed in on a framework along rails prepared for the purpose, and since that time they have continued to be employed. At first there were many interruptions, owing to various causes, and especially the awk-

wardness of the workmen in dealing with machinery of which they had not the slightest experience, and many days were of course lost; still the Report before us testifies to the general satisfaction of the engineers, and also to the fact that every succeeding month of increased practice sees the work proceed with greater facility and regularity.

Nothing can be more curious than the account M. Sommeiller gives of the manner in which the works proceed. The section of the tunnel which the machines are employed to excavate is about eleven feet wide and eight high; a double rail runs along the center, upon which a framework upon wheels is rolled forward, carrying the ten perforators, of which nine are usually kept at work at once, close up to the face of the rock. Once there, the distributing pipes for air and water which are fixed on the frame are put in connection with the main tubes, carried along under the floor of the tunnel from the machine-house outside by means of flexible pipes, and each perforator is then supplied with air and water by turning the cocks belonging to it in the distributing pipes. Pressed forward by the compressed air the augers then strike the rock, which they pierce very much as a gimlet bores a plank, only that by a special contrivance they recede after each blow, that a jet of water may be impelled into the hole being bored, in order to clear it of dust, and to keep the auger itself cool. This retrograde motion is produced in a manner very similar to that in which the same movement is given to the piston of a steam-engine. In the perforating machine the auger is fixed to the end of a piston moving backwards and forwards in a cylinder. Compressed air enters this cylinder at both ends: but as it is contrived that the front surface of the piston (the one towards the rock) upon which it presses should have only half the size of the other end, it follows that at an equal pressure of six atmospheres, the pressure received from behind is twice as potent as that in the contrary direction, and the auger strikes the rock, although less violently than if there were no compressed air in front of the piston to resist its forward motion. As soon as the blow has been given, however, this relative proportion of the strength of pressure is reversed. The valve by which the compressed air enters the portion of the cylinder

behind the piston closes; and another, communicating with the outer atmosphere, opens. This escape being afforded, the forward pressure is immediately reduced to the strength of one atmosphere, which is of course overcome, and the piston recedes, while the compressed air which has just escaped resumes its primitive volume, and thus fulfills its second purpose, by driving out the mephitic air, which naturally collects in so small a space with no draught through it, and supplies the workmen with fresh air to breath. The augers of the perforating machine continue their work until eighty holes have been bored, each from twenty-seven to thirty-two inches in depth, an operation often accomplished within six hours, though, in the beginning especially, it took a good deal more—ten, or occasionally even fourteen hours. The connection with the main pipes is then cut off, and the whole framework, with all its apparatus, is rolled away by the workmen to a distance of a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards, behind great gates made of thick planks and beams, called "safety doors." A fresh gang of workmen, the miners, then appear on the scene, whose duty it is to load the mines thus prepared, and then to fire them. No sooner have the mines been exploded, those in the center, where they are closer together, first, then the ones on the circumference, than a burst of compressed air is admitted into the farthest end of the tunnel, to clear it from smoke and the gases produced by the explosion, and a third set of workmen arrive, with a number of little trucks running upon side rails laid for this special service, in which they cart away the fragments of rock brought down by the explosion. In this way about a yard of progress is generally attained.

At first this operation could only be attempted once in the twenty-four hours, owing to the inexperience of the workmen, of whom only a small number could be taught to use the machines at once; but gradually it was found possible to organize a second gang, and after that, whenever a series of maneuvers such as those above described was effected within twelve hours, it was immediately repeated; and as improvements are gradually introduced into the machinery, and the workmen acquire greater facility in employing it, M. Sommeiller and his colleagues express their hope that it will be

possible for them either to make three breaches in the rock every twenty-four hours, or else to attain a more rapid rate of progress by boring deeper holes each time, if two attacks only be found more advantageous.

After the small section of the tunnel has been excavated by the perforating machines, it is enlarged by the ordinary method—a work which it is always the endeavor of the directing engineers to keep a certain proportionate distance from the front of attack; while the masons who build in the part of the tunnel already enlarged to its full size, follow close upon the workmen who have been digging it out with their picks, for it is of course desirable to leave as little as possible to be done towards completing the tunnel after the mountain shall once have been pierced.

But we need not dwell on this part of our subject, which offers no peculiarity worthy of remark: we will rather say something of the special machinery employed, and particularly of the two systems at work for obtaining the necessary supply of compressed air.* The Report of M. Sommeiller is accompanied by a series of drawings, with detailed descriptions, without which it would be of course impossible for any one to master all the intricacies of these machines; but we may perhaps be able to give our readers some notion of the system employed. The first idea was that of what is called a column-compressor. It had been calculated that a tension of six atmospheres was required for the compressed air to be employed in the tunnel, and to produce this, a fall of twenty-six mètres (eighty-five feet four inches) was found necessary to give a sufficient impetus to the descending rush of the volume of water which was to compress a certain amount of common atmospheric air to this extent. This fact once having been theoretically ascertained by calculation, the means of reducing it to practice were simple enough. At Bardonnèche there was no difficulty in procuring any quantity of water with which to fill a reservoir eighty-five feet above the machine-house, and this reservoir serves to feed ten compressing col-

umns in the shape of syphons, each of which communicates with a chamber filled with atmospheric air, of such a height and size that the impetus of the water when turned on is just sufficient to carry it to the top. This is effected by opening a valve in the column, through which the water in the upper part (previously, as it were, suspended) rushes, pushing before it the water at rest below the valve in the lower part of the syphon formed by the column. Rapidly rising above its original level at the bottom of the chamber, the invading water thus compresses the air therein contained, until it has attained a tension of six atmospheres, at which point it has acquired strength sufficient to raise a valve at the top of the chamber, and thus escape into a recipient specially prepared for it. Every particle of compressed air is driven out by the pursuit of the water, which continues to rise until it touches the top of the chamber, when, at the very moment, the valve in the column is shut, so as to cut off the downward rush; another valve* situated in the lower part of the column is then simultaneously opened, to allow the water in the compressing chamber to run off until it has sunk to its normal level in the syphon, after which fresh atmospheric air is admitted into the vacuum above it, through a series of suspended valves at the side of the chamber, which are shut by the water as it rises, and open again by their own weight as it recedes, and the operation is thus indefinitely repeated, at the rate of three pulsations per minute. At Bardonnèche there are ten compressors constantly at work, every one of which can be stopped for repairs without interfering with the rest, and each impels the air it has compressed into its own recipient. The ten recipients of compressed air, however, communicate together, and a very simple and beautiful contrivance has been resorted to in order to keep the tension in them invariable, independently of the production going on in the compressors, and of the quantity drawn off for use through the pipe carried into the tunnel. To effect this, a vast reservoir of water was constructed, fifty mètres (163 feet 5 inches) above the recipients, connected with them by a long pipe. The

* In 1862 the production of the ten compressors at Bardonnèche was no less than 1,404,000 cubic mètres of compressed air, and it is found that a still greater quantity will be required as the works advance farther from the outer air.

* The alternate play of these two valves—one of which is always open and the other shut—is regulated by a contrivance called an *aërometer*, also set in motion by compressed air.

static weight of the water thus superimposed on the compressed air being exactly sufficient to maintain it at a tension of six atmospheres, when the supply of air is low, the water enters the recipients, when on the contrary it is superabundant, the water is forced back up the pipe into the reservoir.

When this system was first proposed there were innumerable objections urged against it in the scientific world. It was declared impossible to construct recipients strong enough to hold a supply of compressed air, which was thought capable of bursting the vessel in which it was inclosed, and perhaps even of oozing out through the pores of the cast-iron plates of which it was made. The practicability of conveying compressed air to any distance through pipes, without a loss of tension rendering it utterly useless, was even more strongly and generally insisted on. Fortunately, the experience acquired at Bardonnèche affords a full refutation of these unfavorable predictions; for we learn that not only is there no escape of air from any part of the machinery or pipes, sufficient to stir the flame of a taper, but experiment shows, that the loss of tension liable to be incurred in the transport of compressed air would not equal one tenth of an atmosphere in any distance less than twenty-five thousand mètres, or nearly four times that which it can be required to traverse for the works under Mont Cénis! Another fear also expressed by the opponents of the tunnel was, that from want of shafts the workmen employed must necessarily be suffocated; it is, however, found, that though the temperature is somewhat higher, it is as easy to breathe at the further end of the tunnel as on the hillside itself, since a quantity of compressed air is daily impelled into the small section seventeen times greater than its cubic capacity, and this rush of compressed air not only renews the atmosphere, but also tends to moderate the heat generated by the presence of a large number of workmen in a small space, in which a number of gas-lights are perpetually burning; for it has been demonstrated by experience, that when air is compressed it loses a portion of its natural caloric, whence it follows, that when it resumes its primitive volume on being allowed to escape, it is ready to absorb an amount of heat equal to that which it had previously emitted.

From what we have already said, our readers will readily perceive that there need be no fear of the workmen being suffocated; nevertheless the directing engineers proposed at least to double the supply of compressed air before the end of 1863.

At the northern entrance, the system employed for compressing air is different, and of greater general interest, since it is more readily applicable than that of the column-compressor, which requires a quantity of water and a fall by no means attainable every where, as was soon found to be the case at Fourneaux, where one torrent at a sufficient height above the engine-house had not the necessary supply of water, and another, which was abundant, had but an insignificant fall. To combat this difficulty, the first device was to raise water to the requisite height by means of hydraulic wheels, when a new invention, the pump-compressor, afforded a real solution of the problem, so satisfactory, that it will supply three times the amount of compressed air, while the machinery costs one third less than the column-compressor. In this machine the compression is effected by a piston, which an hydraulic wheel causes to move backwards and forwards in a chamber communicating with two vertical columns, supplied with water in such a way and such a quantity, that when one is full the other must be empty, and this occurs alternately as the piston moves. Each time a vacuum is left in the one, it is filled with air from the outer atmosphere, which the water on its return compresses until it acquires sufficient tension to raise a valve and escape into a recipient, just as in the column-compressor. In this machine, however, the air is driven into the vacuum by water flowing from an outer basin. This water serves a double purpose; when the column is full of air, it accumulates over the valve by which the latter has entered, and the superimposed weight prevents any leakage through this valve when the air begins to be compressed by the return of the piston; when, on the other hand, the column is empty, the water flows in, entering with the air, and makes up for the loss of water in the column caused by evaporation. Any extra amount which may thus enter escapes with the compressed air into the recipients, at the bottom of which it accumulates until it is enough in quantity to raise a concentric float, under which it makes its way out, and which then closes

again over the orifice. It is calculated that each pump-compressor is able to supply the works with thirty litres (nearly seven gallons) of compressed air per second, and when six of them shall be at work, according to the declared intention of the engineers, it is evident there will be no difficulty in obtaining a quantity of compressed air amply sufficient for the perforating machines, for renewing the atmosphere in the tunnel, and for speedily clearing it of smoke after the explosion of the mines.

At Fourneaux, two other contrivances of considerable interest are in use. We have already said that the valley of Rochemolles is at a level considerably higher than that of the Arc; so much so, that the tunnel, which at the south entrance is at the bottom of the one valley, issues out at the north end at a height of one hundred and eighty-six mètres (three hundred and forty seven feet and ten inches) above the opposite one, in spite of the slope given to half of it. To obviate the inconvenience of having to drag every thing required for the works in the tunnel up so considerable a perpendicular height the engineers bethought themselves of constructing an automatic plane between the platform at the mouth of the tunnel and the valley below, sufficiently wide for a double line of rails to be laid on it. At the top stands a large drum with a cable, each end of which is attached to a truck, one of which is at the top while the other is at the bottom. When the latter has been loaded, the former is filled with water, and descends by its own weight, dragging up the other as it moves; a contrivance by which a weight of fifteen hundred kilogrammes (not far from a ton) can be raised in a few minutes, and the water being emptied out of the truck which reaches the bottom, it is ready to convey another load to the top in its turn.

The second contrivance, peculiar to Fourneaux, concerns the ventilation. When the tunnel shall be completed, in order to allow the railway lines from each side to run into it, it will be necessary to make it take a curve up the valleys on each side, and a branch from the main tunnel is already being excavated for this purpose at Bardonnèche, in addition to the straight one, which will be kept open, as it facilitates the work, and the admission of air. In spite of the straight line observed at Fourneaux, the slope inwards of twenty-two per one thousand is found to be a great obstacle to the entrance of a current of

fresh air, in spite of the difference of temperature which had been counted on to promote it. A special contrivance has therefore been devised for sucking out the bad air which accumulates in the tunnel, through a large wooden conduit hanging from the roof. The torrent of Charmaix has been made to supply a small quantity of water with a fall of seventy mètres (in round numbers two hundred and thirty feet) which, by means of a wheel, sets two enormous pistons in motion. These alternately raise and let fall a mass of water inclosed in two chambers, communicating with the conduit from the tunnel; as the water sinks in each alternately the vacuum thus produced is filled by the bad air, which is immediately afterwards expelled into the outer atmosphere by the return of the piston; and it is calculated that in this way all the mephitic air likely to be generated will be drawn off without difficulty, even when the works shall be under the center of the mountain.

We have now sketched the peculiar machinery employed for tunneling Mont Cenis. The perforators we will not attempt to describe minutely, partly because the extreme complication of parts necessary to fit them for their various functions is such as to render them unintelligible without the assistance of drawings on a large scale, and also because the great singularity in them that we wish to impress on our readers is quite independent of their arrangements and form—viz.: that of their been kept in motion by compressed air, conveyed from a distance which even now exceeds a mile, and will be considerably more before the works are terminated. For the first time since the application of steam to machinery, a great engineering work is being carried on without its assistance; and the accounts given of the success attained in the employment of compressed air, as well as the small cost, calculated per dynamic horse power, ought to commend this great enterprise to general attention. Air is a commodity to be obtained every where, water is neither scarce nor dear, especially if we remember that it is by no means necessary to produce compressed air at or even near the spot where it is to be employed, for even supposing it has to be conveyed to a distance such as to occasion a considerable loss of tension, (and experience, confirming the tables of the commission, shows that this would not occur at any mode-

rate one,) it would suffice slightly to raise the degree of the original compression, a result which it is found can be attained by the same water power, provided the quantity of air to be operated upon be reduced in proportion to the additional tension it is desired to give it. The column-compressor, indeed, was not generally applicable, owing to the great fall required to make the water used for compression descend with sufficient impetus, but this difficulty is removed by the invention of the pump-compressor, for which but a very small quantity of water, and no fall, is required, and in which, if necessary, another motive power, such as the wind, we conceive, or steam, might be substituted for the hydraulic wheels used to move the compressing pistons at Fourneaux. A review intended for general perusal is not the place in which to discuss the applications which may be made of the working power contained in compressed air, nor to enter on the abstract scientific advantages it presents; nevertheless we can not refrain from expressing our hope that engineers will take advantage of the works now going on at Mont Cénis to make themselves practically acquainted with this new motive force, and to study the use that may be made of it elsewhere.

The scientific interest in the tunneling of the Alps, excited by the employment of compressed air, though in our eyes the chief, is by no means the only one connected with this great enterprise, the importance of which, owing to the political events of the last seven years, has enormously increased since the project was first presented to Count de Cavour. When the bill authorizing the tunnel passed, both slopes of the Alps belonged to the same State, the two parts of which it was to connect, while it put the Mediterranean port of Genoa in communication with France, Switzerland, and Germany, but owing to the restrictive commercial policy of the governments that then ruled all the rest of Italy; its influence did not seem likely to extend further south. Three years, however, sufficed to bring great changes. The southern half of the Italian peninsula had fused itself with the northern, and the frontier of France was on the crest of the Alps. Savoy having thus passed into the power of another State, a special convention was concluded on the 7th of May, 1862, to regulate the interests concerning the tunnel. The

Italian government insisted on retaining the exclusive command and direction of the works, which it had begun at its own risk and cost; but it was agreed that when they were terminated, France should pay for half the length at the rate of three thousand francs per mètre; and, moreover, that for every year less than twenty-five—the extreme limit of time fixed by the convention—she should pay an additional sum of five hundred thousand francs, a premium to be raised to six hundred thousand per annum if the works be terminated within fifteen years.

Our readers thus see how great an interest the Italian government has even financially in the speedy termination of the tunnel; an argument made use of by General de Menabrea, in his interesting speech of the 4th of March last, to induce Parliament to grant additional sums for the works, showing that to spend now is true economy, since every year gained will increase the proportion of the general expense to be borne by France. According to the calculations of the minister, twelve and a half years may be looked to with confidence as the ultimate term of the undertaking; in January last, the works were already twelve hundred and seventy-four mètres, or rather more than a tenth of the whole distance, from the entrance on the side of Bardonnèche, and of this, five hundred and fifty mètres (one hundred and seventy in 1861, three hundred and eighty in 1862) were, owing to the mechanical system, which, there is every reason to hope, will every year afford increasingly satisfactory results, not less at any rate than a yearly progress of four hundred mètres. At Fourneaux, where it was only inaugurated in January, 1863, at a distance of nine hundred and twenty-five mètres from the entrance, the progress made in the first two months was such as to afford ground for the confident expectation that the works on that side will soon be in as forward a state as those at Bardonnèche; and if these calculations be not falsified by encountering some fresh obstacle in the center of the mountain, and the expected total advance of eight hundred mètres (four hundred at each end) be attained each year, it will follow that France will be liable by the treaty for a sum which will go far to acquit the obligations of the Italian government with respect to the tunnel; since, including the interest on

the sum spent on the French half, it will exceed thirty-one million seven hundred thousand francs, (one million two hundred and sixty-eight thousand pounds.) Besides this an additional sum of thirteen million francs, (five hundred and twenty thousand pounds,) will have to be reimbursed by the Victor-Emmanuel Railway Company, leaving little more than twenty million francs out of the sixty-five million francs the tunnel is computed to cost, to be finally paid by the Italian government, in which sum is included the cost of the railway between Bardonnèche and Susa.

As long as the opening of the tunnel could be deemed problematical, it would have been idle to speculate on the advantages to be derived from its existence—advantages incalculably multiplied by the fusion of the greater part of Italy into a single State, blessed, moreover, with freedom of commerce. Less than twenty-five miles (forty kilomètres) of railway will suffice to connect the southern entrance of the tunnel with the iron net which covers the valley of the Po, and though the whole descent is little less than twenty-five hundred feet, the engineers promise that in no part of this line will the slopes exceed twenty-seven per one thousand, nor will the curves have a radius of less than five hundred mètres; and as only a sixth of this line will be underground, computing the whole of the eighteen tunnels of different lengths through which it will have to pass, we need not fear but what it will be completed in time to give its full value to the tunnel as soon as it shall be opened. On the northern side there are but a few miles of railway wanting to connect St. Michel, where it at present stops, with Modane, the works for which are already progressing, and we can not doubt that the French authorities, who coöperate so heartily with the Italian engineers, that, as it is pleasant to hear from the Report of the latter, not a single dispute has arisen in the course of three years, nor a day been lost to the works by the transfer of the province, will make it a point of honor to terminate them before the tunnel can be completed.

We are, therefore, safe in considering that as soon as the Mont Cénis tunnel is open, a train will be able to run direct from Chambéry to Turin. Let us now see what advantages this will imply; Chambéry, as most of our readers are doubtless aware, is in direct railway com-

munication with Paris and Switzerland, and scarcely thirty hours distant from London, and when once the barrier of the Alps shall be broken down, the enterprising statesmen of Italy hope to see their country once more the high road between Europe and Asia. For this purpose they are busily engaged, in the construction of railways, and the repair and enlargement of long-neglected harbors. Already a line of steamers is running between Ancona and Alexandria, the starting place of which it is proposed to transfer to Brindisi (the Roman Brundisium,) and perhaps in time to Taranto, when the railway which now stops at Foggia shall be successively open to these ports, an event which may reasonably be expected to occur within a very few years, certainly before the completion of the tunnel. If we look to the consequence of this we shall find that when Brindisi is in direct communication with Boulogne, the journey from London to Egypt, and therefore to India, by this route, will be shorter by at least three days and nights than it ever can be through Marseilles, and that the sea passage will be reduced to less than half what it is at present. This fact only requires to be stated to give an idea of the great advantage this road will possess for the Indian mails, for passengers, and all the lighter and more valuable species of merchandise, in regard to which greater rapidity of transmission will more than compensate for any additional expense incurred by the substitution of railway for sea carriage, while as for travelers, we conceive there would be few unwilling to abbreviate a journey oftener undertaken from necessity than pleasure, and to substitute a railway route down the Adriatic coast for the constant tossing of the now inevitable Gulf of Lyons.

To our merchants, too, the opening of the Mont Cénis tunnel, and the railway system of which it may be regarded as the crown and keystone, should be a matter of no small interest, especially now that the commercial treaty just signed will entail a great reduction of the tariff. The southern provinces of Italy afford a field for commercial enterprise hitherto neglected, and necessarily so, from the utter want of means of communication between it and the rest of Europe; and yet, while Manchester mills stand idle for want of cotton, there is perhaps no soil more capable of producing it than the

plains of Taranto and the southern shores of Sicily,* while it would be tedious to attempt even the most cursory enumeration of the many objects of use or luxury that might be obtained from these rich but long-abandoned lands. The portals leading to them have long been closed by a barrier which seemed insuperable to human skill, and every day which brought places connected by the iron bond of the age more closely together, appeared proportionately to isolate and doom to atrophy all such as had no part in the great community of interests.

All honor then is due to those who have rescued a country so fertile and so progressive as Italy from the moral and commercial suffocation to which she seemed condemned, by the Alpine girdle which cut her off from the rest of Europe, both to the engineers who devised, and the statesmen who encouraged the enterprise. In whatever light we look at the tunnel, it can not fail to do the highest credit to Italian genius and Italian perseverance. Count de Cavour never lived to see the works which owed so much to his fostering care, for on the 6th of June, 1861, which had long been fixed for him to visit Bardonnèche, and inspect the new machines in motion, the great minister expired; but while the department of public works is in the able hands of General de Menabrea, we may be very sure that nothing will be omitted to favor an undertaking of which he may justly be held one of the principal authors, owing to the share he took in the labors of the original government commission, and the zeal with which he has always upheld it, against every objection, both in the Parliament of his own country, and in the scientific assemblies of other nations.

For the directors of the works, and the engineers carrying them out under their orders, no praise can be deemed extravagant. The glory of utilizing a force hitherto without employment, and of contriving means for executing a work which seemed to defy the utmost resources of art, belongs entirely to the former; but the great merit of the latter can not fail to be appreciated, if we consider the extraordinary difficulties with which they have had to contend. At no time, and

in no circumstances, would the task of inaugurating an entirely new system of machinery, constructed on purely theoretical principles, the action of which was totally unknown, and whose every defect had to be discovered, and a remedy devised by the light of the experience practically acquired day by day, without any data, either in books or in engineering traditions, which could be of the slightest use as a guide, while a whole series of complicated maneuvers had to be taught to a large band of workmen all at once, have been an easy one; but in the case before us the inherent difficulties were incalculably increased by adventitious ones. They would have been great enough in the center of an industrial district, with workshops and tool manufactories close at hand, with a choice of intelligent mechanics, trained to turn their attention to different kinds of work—what must they have been in an Alpine region, buried in snow for nearly half the year, far away from even a village offering the smallest resource, with only such workshops on the spot as could execute small repairs or slight modifications in the machinery, while every alteration of real importance had to be made in Belgium by the original constructors? If we consider, moreover, that all the requirements, and the very daily subsistence of great numbers of workmen* collected together from distant places had to be provided for—that bridges had to be built, and roads constructed, before even a cart could arrive at the scene of the works, besides the reservoirs and canals we have already mentioned, and that all this was accomplished in a country and by a nation among which all industrial enterprise had been unknown, and political and commercial liberty had only just sprung into life, we think it must be conceded that no panegyric can exceed the deserts of such men as M. Borelli, local director of Bardonnèche, and MM. Mella and Cello, who have successively occupied the same post at Fourneaux. It is indeed their highest praise to say that they have overcome difficulties like those we have briefly hinted at above, leaving it to such of our readers as are practically

* We believe that in the course of the winter it is intended to open an exhibition at Turin of this cotton cultivated in different parts of Italy.

* On the 1st of January, 1863, nine hundred workmen were employed at Bardonnèche, and seven hundred and twenty at Modane, a number intended to be increased during the past year.

acquainted with engineering enterprises to appreciate their magnitude, and brought the works and the machinery to a state of such forwardness and perfection, as to make it possible approximatively to calculate the time and cost still requisite to assure the completion of this extraordinary work.

All the persons concerned in it have given such proof of their capacity and energy, that it would be unjust to doubt that they will continue to the end equal to themselves, and we therefore look with confidence to their final success at the period they have assigned for the conclusion of their labors. The annual report the chief directors are bound to present to the Italian Parliament, and of which the one now before us is the first (since none could be made until the mechanical perforation had been sufficiently tried to attest its powers,) must be looked for each spring with increasing interest, and engineers will be glad to learn, that the present volume holds out a promise of a technical work already in course of compilation, giving a detailed description of the different ma-

chines, and an account of their action, both in a theoretical and practical point of view, as well as accurate data, illustrating the phenomena connected with the compression of air, besides various studies on the use that may be made of it as an industrial force, which it is hoped may be given to the public in the course of the next two years.

To this future work, and in the meanwhile to the Appendix of the present Report, with its excellent illustrations, we must refer whosoever wishes to acquire an exact knowledge of the state of the works under Mont Cénis, and especially of the means employed for boring the tunnel. If we have succeeded in giving our readers any clear general notion of this great undertaking, and of the vast commercial interests involved in its success, we have done all that lies within the province of a reviewer, and can but rejoice in having had the opportunity of paying our tribute of admiration to the men who are at once doing so much for the honor of the Italian name and the advantage and prosperity of the world at large.

From Weldon's Register.

THE RELIGION OF GEOLOGY.

PROFESSOR HITCHCOCK, in his well-known book, *The Religion of Geology*, speaking of the influence of light upon bodies, and of the formation of pictures upon them by means of it, says: "It seems, then, that this photographic influence pervades all nature; nor can we say where it stops. We do not know but it may imprint upon the world around us our features as they are modified by various passions, and thus fill nature with daguerreotype impressions of all our actions that are performed in daylight. It may be, too, that there are tests by which nature, more skillful than any human photographer, can bring out and fix these portraits, so that acuter senses than ours shall see them as on a great canvas, spread over the material universe. Perhaps, too, they may never fade from that canvas, but become specimens

in the great picture-gallery of eternity." One Dr. Denton and his wife Elizabeth—that they are Americans need scarcely be said—have just published a book, called *The Soul of Things; or, Psychometric Researches and Discoveries*, in which they assert that what Professor Hitchcock thus says "perhaps may be," really is. They say that radiant forces are passing from all objects to all objects every moment of time, and photographing the appearances of each upon the other—every action, every movement, being thus infallibly registered for coming ages. "The pane of glass in the window, the brick in the wall, and the paving-stone in the street, catch the pictures of all passers-by and carefully preserve them. Not a leaf waves, not an insect crawls, but each motion is recorded by a thousand faithful

scribes, in infallible and indelible scriptures." This having always been so, there is thus stored up in nature the most faithful memorials of the entire past—of the early world, and its tides of liquid fire, its rushing floods, and steaming vapors; of every plant, from the club-moss to the tree-fern; of every animal, from the polyp to the pachyderm; and of every tribe and nation and race of man. All have sat for their portraits, and "there the portraits all are, faithfully daguerreotyped in this divine picture-gallery for all time." And it is not sights alone that are registered, but *sounds* as well. Nature is not only a picture-gallery, but a whispering-gallery, too. As no scene is ever effaced, so no sound ever dies out. "The lullaby sung by our cradle, the patter of the rain upon the roof, the sighing of the winds, the roll of the thunder, the dash of falling waters, the murmur of affection, the oath of the inebriate, the hymn at the church, the song at the concert, the words of wisdom and folly, the whisper of love—all are faithfully registered." All sounds record themselves on all objects within their influence, and "these 'phonotypes,' as they may be termed, are almost, if not entirely, as enduring as the objects themselves." Neither the "phonotypes" nor the "portraits" may be brought out, or "developed," by any known chemical application, "but in some individuals the brain is sufficiently sensitive to perceive them when it is brought into proximity with the objects on which they are impressed." Persons thus sensitive are called "Psychometers," and of the sights which such persons have seen, and of the sounds which they have heard, when exercising their

peculiar faculty, this book sets forth one hundred and fourteen instances, all of which are indeed "wonderful, if true." A piece of brick or stone from an ancient city has enabled them to see and hear all that was ever done or uttered in its vicinity; a piece of fossil animal has taken them back to the world in which that animal lived and moved and had its being, and enabled them to observe minutely its physical condition, and all the characteristics alike of its vegetable productions and of its brute inhabitants; a bit of granite has made them spectators of the primeval chaos amid whose throes the mountain whence it was taken had its birth; and a fragment of an *aeolite* has given them wings on which to travel through the limitless fields of space. It is obvious that, if "Psychometry" be true, nature will no longer have "mysteries," nor history "secrets;" we shall no longer be puzzled by theories as to the origin of the antiquity of man, or as to the methods by which the infinite variety of complicated results which we see in the three kingdoms of nature have been produced. All the processes which are going on, or ever have gone on, in nature, will be unveiled to the gaze of the "Psychometer," and all that men, in any age or country, have said or done, will be similarly present to his eye and ear. So far the latest development of American psychology. Well may we ask Mr. Cobden's question, "What next—and next?" It should be added that an English reprint of Dr. and Mrs. Denton's book, "with an Introduction by a Clergyman of the Church of England," will be published in a day or two by Messrs. Houlston and Wright.

ETRIQUETTE REBUKED.—Those very stiff-necked swells, the Austrian nobility, have recently received a heavy rap upon their noble knuckles from no less a personage than the Emperor Francis Joseph. At one of the court balls a young officer of artillery, of plebeian birth, asked a lady of high rank to dance with him. All the lady's blue blood flushed into her face as she refused with marked disdain. Poor young officer! For a moment he must have felt every inch a democrat; the contempt of a woman is hard to bear. The emperor, who had seen the insult offered to his guest and his uniform, came up and said: "Captain, my mother wishes to dance with you!" And a minute after the gunner was clasping the hand, and perhaps the waist, of her

Imperial Highness the Archduchess Frederick Sophia Dorothea Wilhelmina, mother of his Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria.—*Illustrated Times*.

THE Macaulay memorial for Trinity College, in Cambridge, England, is nearly finished. The historian is seated in his college gown, with a book in his hand—the fingers pressed into the open leaves, as if he had been collecting points in an argument. The attitude is graceful, the face noble. It has not been settled where this memorial shall stand—some prefer to see it in Trinity Chapel, others in the library, the floor of which would have to be strengthened by supports in order to bear the great weight of marble.

From Fraser's Magazine.

RAMBLES WITH THE LION-HUNTERS OF ALGERIA.

SPORTSMEN who, like Nick Bottom, hold lions to be "wildfowl," or in other words, creatures made to be shot, ought by all means to try Algeria before they go farther a-field in quest of that species of game. As compared with the Cape, Natal, North western India, or any other habitat of the *felis leo*, it has the recommendation of being easily reached; so much so, that a man who has dined on Monday in London can, if he likes, by making the best use of express trains and quick steamers, put himself in a position to be dined on by a lion in Africa on the following Friday evening. But the great advantage of its situation is that he does not stand committed to the enterprise to any great extent; and if, as by no means unlikely, he finds the sport rather trying to his patience, and gets very tired of it at the end of a fortnight or so, there is no great harm done, or vast amount of time or money thrown away. If he can condescend to become a mere tourist he has a most delightful country ready to his hand; if not, he can go straight home, and say he has only been to Paris. His chances of success, too, are probably just as good as any where else. Jules Gérard a few years ago estimated the lions he left behind him on French territory at about two hundred, but the number has no doubt increased since then. Strange as it may seem—and it is in its way a curiosity of civilization—one of the effects of introducing European ideas into Africa has been the encouragement of lions. Before the French occupation, the Arabs thought nothing of setting fire to the woods and destroying leagues of forest at a time, whereby many deserving lions were suddenly rendered homeless and destitute. The French, very properly considering the timber to be an important element in the natural wealth of the country, set their faces against this practice, and by means of their "gardes forestiers" have effectually put a stop to it. Consequently, these animals have now a far better time of it. The struggle for existence is less

severe, and as any student of Darwin would anticipate, the leonine population has increased in proportion, not counting the additions to it by such burnt-out lions from Tunis and Morocco as prefer emigration to becoming chargeable to the parish. They are not, however, distributed over the whole of Algeria. At least four fifths are settled in the province of Constantina, either on the northern slopes of the Aures or in the mountainous region which lies in the north-eastern corner, between the coast and the frontier of Tunis. There is no greater voluptuary in the matter of scenery than the lion. He seems always to fix his lair in the most picturesque spot he can find; and if in the mountains of Northern Algeria you come upon a particularly lovely valley, where nature has done all she could in the way of wood, water, and crag—in fact, just the place an esthetically-minded hermit would select for his retreat—you may be sure it is a favorite haunt of some old "father of robbers," as the Arabs would call him. Some tangled thicket near its head is his permanent residence, or at least his hunting-box, and some commanding summit his watch-tower, where he lounges at sunset, observing the movements of the wild boars stealing across the glades of the wood beneath him, or the cattle trooping home to the douars on the plain below, and making his arrangements for supper accordingly. No part of North Africa offers greater inducements to an animal gifted with these tastes than that beautiful mountain country lying around Guelma, Bona, and Phillippeville, once the diocese of St. Augustine, and now the district where Christianity (chiefly in connection with agriculture) flourishes most satisfactorily on the soil of Barbary. Here French colonization approaches nearer to a success than in any other tract of the same extent in Algeria. There is more ground under cultivation, the settlements lie thicker, and the towns and villages look as if they did some business on their own account instead of existing

merely to supply the military with coffee, tobacco, and billiards. Very nearly the same natural advantages which have attracted the colonist make it a desirable residence for the lion. Being mountainous and lying near the coast, it is well watered and fertile. There is an abundance of thick luxuriant cover for him and the wild boars his prey, and plenty of streams for him to drink at; for being a thirsty soul he can no more enjoy life without water than a member of the Band of Hope. He and the colonists on the whole get on pretty well together. Indeed, I have heard inhabitants, native as well as European, say that the extinction of the lion is by no means to be desired, as he keeps down the numbers of the wild boars who do an incalculable amount of damage to the fields and gardens in their neighborhood, and in this way quite makes up for the occasional cow or mule he takes by way of a change of diet. His services to society, however, are not sufficiently marked to secure him a perfect immunity at the hands of man. Sometimes, when from a scarcity of wild pork or sheer laziness he has been led to levy too heavy a tax on the flocks and herds of his neighbors, the Arabs prepare a pitfall for him, as their predecessors, according to Oppian, used to do, or turning out in force, surround the thicket to which he has been tracked, and "with wild halloo and brutal noise," drive him into the open, where they fire away at him from a safe distance until he drops. Horace Vernet's well-known picture representing a group of horsemen performing Astleyan feats with the assistance of a couple of raging lions, is, I fear, only the theatrical version of an Arab lion-hunt. Such things may possibly take place in the province of Oran, but in that of Constantina the very nature of the ground where the animals are to be found would make such a mode of attack impossible. But his most formidable enemy is the solitary hunter, who lies in wait for him, seeking the bubble reputation even in the lion's mouth, and stimulated by the fact that a good skin will fetch two or three hundred francs. The proper time is a little after sunset, or a little before dawn, and the place a spot commanding some one of the paths by which the lion leaves or returns to his lair. The Arabs are rather fond of perching in trees or planting themselves in holes fortified with timber and stone, for which they

can hardly be blamed when their clumsy ineffective guns are taken into consideration; but with the better armed European it is generally a point of honor to meet his antagonist on more nearly equal terms, and he seldom seeks for any protection beyond that of the bush in or behind which he takes his post.

Riding into the town of Guelma, I had as little intention of joining in one of these expeditions as of giving a reading of Shakspeare or a performance on the tight-rope. But such is the force of circumstances, before many hours had passed I found myself issuing from the opposite gate pledged to a lion-hunt in company with the most indefatigable hunter of the town. This unexpected result was altogether due to the eloquence of M. C—, of Guelma, who put the joys and excitement of lion-hunting in such a fascinating light that resistance was useless. My ambition in the sporting line had not soared above a quiet evening at the wild boars which abound in the neighborhood; but he suggested, by way of amendment, that I should include the nobler game, especially as a favorable opportunity then offered. He was, it appeared, on the point of starting in quest of a certain "grand vieux lion," of which he had just received intelligence, and good-naturedly proposed that I should accompany him. The offer was certainly a tempting one. The supreme good luck of bagging a lion was, it is true, rather too much for a reasonable tourist to expect; but at least there was a chance of seeing one, and it seemed almost a shame to leave a lion country without making an attempt at an interview with the king of the brute creation; not as he appears at Regent's Park, a sullen captive, leading a life of "long mechanic paces to and fro," but an independent monarch, free and strong among his native hills. Even if he did not show it was at any rate a new experience in sporting life, and from that point of view worth trying. On the other hand, there were one or two trifling objections, which, however, were easily got over by M. C—. It was true I had no experience in this kind of sport, but then nobody had when he made his first attempt; if I had never tried shooting at night it did not make much difference, as the moon was at the full and the light would be nearly as good as at noonday; and to my suggestion that a badly placed shot, or even a miss, might

be a more serious affair in an encounter with a lion than in one with a wild boar, I got at once the encouraging reply that a lion was a far better and bigger mark than a boar, and came a great deal closer to the shooter. There was no answering arguments like these, and we started without further delay; but I reserved to myself the right of withholding my fire in the presence of the enemy in case it seemed more prudent to do so, and made a mental vow not to risk any snap shot, or pull trigger unless I saw my way to drilling a hole into his heart or brain. I did not think it necessary to communicate this resolution to my companion, and perhaps it was just as well for his opinion of me that I kept it close, for I soon found that he did not by any means share Jules Gérard's views of the seriousness of engaging with a lion. Like other professed lion-hunters that I met in Algeria, he apparently thought as little of the business as of a day's partridge-shooting; at any rate, he never treated it as the kill-or-be-killed sort of affair which some writers represent it. Perhaps it is only fair to warn the reader before he goes any farther that neither on this nor on the two or three subsequent occasions when I tried my luck, had I any opportunity of judging for myself upon this subject. If he is looking out for thrilling incidents and hair-breadth escapes he had better stop here, for in spite of a perseverance worthy of a better cause, I was not rewarded with even a glimpse of a lion. But I have no right to complain. It cost Gérard six hundred nights spent in the forest to meet with five-and-twenty lions; so that until a man has watched every night for three weeks without getting a shot he can not fairly consider himself unfortunate; and, indeed, from what I have seen of the sport, I suspect that for success in lion-hunting there is far more need of the patience of Job than of the pluck of Jules Gérard. I do not, however, consider the time to have been wasted, for these expeditions produced many a delightful ramble through the beautiful forest and mountain scenery of north-eastern Algeria, and many a pleasant bivouac in the woods, and gave an insight into the haunts, habits, and customs of the lion, panther, wild boar, and other beasts, such as no Buffon, Cuvier, or zoölogical garden could give.

We left Guelma by what will, perhaps, in the fullness of time, be the road to Con-

stantina. Our destination was the very spot Jules Gérard recommends as a good one for the sport, the western slope of the Mahouna Mountain—"Le jardin de plaisance des lions," as he calls it. If one could believe that the lions were influenced by a love of the picturesque, this pleasure garden of theirs would reflect the highest credit on their good taste. From its base up to the twin peaks which, from their fancied resemblance to the pommel and cantle of an Arab saddle, have given the mountain the name of Serdj-el-Aouda, "The Mare's Saddle," this side of the Mahouna is clothed with a thick wood or rather bush of wild olive, jujube, arbutus, mastic—here called lentisk—and other shrubs which flourish so luxuriantly on the northern spurs of the Atlas. Matted and interlaced, their branches make an impenetrable roof of varied foliage, and their stems closely set form a labyrinth of gloomy caverns stretching for miles along the mountain-side, and only broken here and there by a ravine, down which a streamlet tumbles in miniature cascades. Below lies the broad rich vale where the waters of the Cherf and Zenati unite to form the Seybouse, and set out on a round-about journey to the Gulf of Bona; and opposite is a weird-looking nook, shut in by lofty mountains, containing the Hammam Meskoutin, or "Enchanted Baths," whose waters—kept hot, the Arabs say, by genii under the orders of King Solomon—have the power of attracting the fashion and the infirmities of the province to this wild region.

Along the road there were spots whose interest was more closely connected with the business we had in hand. First we crossed the ravine where Gérard killed his first lion. Then we came to the place where my companion had wounded one recently; and it was a satisfaction to perceive that his statement about the lions coming close enough was fully borne out in this case. His post was on the side of the road, in a lentisk bush, the center of which he had cut out with his knife, so as to make a sort of nest, and the lion when fired at was not five yards from the muzzle of the rifle. Nevertheless, the brute was only slightly wounded, and got off. Above us on the mountain side he showed me the spot supposed to be the favorite lair of the old beast, the object of our expedition, who, I gathered, had been a well-known character in the neighborhood for

—if I do not mistake—nearly half a century. Gérard, Chassin, almost every lion-hunter in Algeria, had tried to compass his death. M. C—— himself had made several attempts to get a shot. But hitherto all stratagems had been unsuccessful. Long observation of mankind had invested him with a preternatural cunning; and the Arabs believed he was under the immediate protection of Shietan. As far as I could make out, however, there was nothing in his behavior to warrant the latter theory. As lions go he seemed to be a well-conducted animal, not doing wanton mischief to the flocks and herds about him, but helping himself now and then with the moderation that became his years and sagacity. In spite of his wariness, M. C—— had hopes of encountering him this time. He had been frequently observed of late descending to drink at the river hard by, and it had been ascertained that there were two paths he especially affected. We were to take post, one on each of these. "If you want wild boars," said M. C——, "you could not be in a better place, and as for the lion, if he comes this side to-night, one or other of us will probably see him, and your chance will be as good as mine." Presently we came to a solitary house, an auberge for the refreshment of travelers bound to Constantina or Medjez-Amar: and my companion left me while he went to fetch his horse. He returned leading an animal which only by courtesy could be described as a specimen of horse-flesh, for there was not enough of that substance about him to base an observation upon, not to say swear by. He bore at best the same relation to a horse that an old hulk undergoing the process of breaking up does to a ship; by his ribs, frame-work, and general outline, you could see that he had been a horse once; but it seemed a misuse of the present tense to speak of him as being one still. He certainly had his points, but they were not of the sort which usually find favor with good judges; and being especially prominent and abundant about the region of the back, they held out no promise of ease to the rider. How anybody, on a fine autumn evening, not too warm, could prefer such a mount to walking, I was at a loss to imagine, and I suppose looked as if I was, for M. C—— hastened to explain that his matchless steed was devoted to a nobler service than that of bearing burdens. To be a lure for lions was the mis-

sion of his declining days, and he had been purchased for that purpose for the sum of two and sixpence English Emoney. His coat, white with age, made him a conspicuous object at night, and his efficiency as a bait was increased by a chronic cough, which signaled his whereabouts with the regularity of a minute gun. This explanation lent an unexpected interest to the animal; but it also suggested a destitution among the lions of the Mahouna, for which I was unprepared. If natural history had given any reason for believing that these creatures were partial to broiled bones, I could have understood the temptation. A lion who had previously dined, might certainly have made a light and digestible supper off M. C——'s ancient courser. But that he should regard him as materials for a serious meal, could only be attributed to a great scarcity of leonine food in these parts; and then arose the question, might not a lion with an appetite up to the mark of such a scarecrow, look with favor upon a moderately succulent Christian?

We were now joined by the landlord of the auberge, and a young man in a costume half Zouave, half civilian, which made him look like a transpontine pirate of the N. T. Hicks' period. This proved to be a person of whom I had already heard a good deal, Constant Cheret, christened by the Algerian press "Le Nouveau Gérard," from his brilliant successes as a lion-killer. There was very little of the ideal lion hunter in his appearance. Instead of a brawny Hercules fit to "whip his own weight in wild cats," I saw a little fellow not more than five feet three or four in height, slight but well built, and looking as if he might have ridden for the Derby. The only thing about him that could have indicated his anomalous calling, was a piercing black eye, that seemed able to penetrate the darkest night, and an intentness about the expression of his rather handsome features, as if he were trying to catch some low distant sound. Cheret's history curiously illustrated the fascinations of lion-hunting. One night, three or four years ago, he was alone in the woods, watching for a shot at a tiger-cat or mungoose, or some such small game, when an enormous head suddenly protruded itself through the brushwood, within a dozen feet of him, and he found himself, for the first time in his life, face to face with a lion. For weapons, all he had was one of those

cheap single-barreled guns that are exported in such numbers from France. However, he did not hesitate, but aiming between the two glowing eyeballs before him, pulled the trigger. Fortune, favoring the brave, so far interfered with the usual action of colonial firearms and ammunition, that the piece went off and burst not; and as it had been held straight and steady, Cheret, when the smoke cleared away, found a fine old lion lying dead at his feet. From that time forth the chase of the mungoose knew him no more. Having procured a more trustworthy weapon, he devoted himself to the destruction of lions with the energy of an enthusiast; and at the time I met him, had scored some half dozen victories, fairly entitling him to write "Cheret, tueur de lions," which—and it was his only vanity—he invariably did, in "bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation." He was then a private in the Third Zouaves, but enjoying apparently indefinite leave of absence, granted (I believe by the Emperor) to enable him to pursue a mission beneficial to the colony, and calculated to keep up the prestige of the French with the natives.

It must not be supposed that all his triumphs were as easy as his first, or that he staked nothing against the reputation he won. A short time before we met, he had an adventure which is a good illustration of the chances of lion-hunting. He was sitting one night among the scrub just over the path usually taken by a certain lion, when he suddenly heard close behind him the deep-breathing sound which almost always gives notice of the lion's approach; and turning round, perceived him fairly marching down on him. "Never fire at a lion standing on higher ground than your own," is one of the fundamental maxims of the craft; but here there was no choice; another step, and the brute would have been upon him. All he could do was to let fly rapidly, and then "duck." The lion, as a wounded lion generally does, sprang forward, and clearing Cheret, rolled down the hill-side below him, growling and swearing like a huge cat. As it would have been madness to attempt any thing more that night, Cheret got away quietly and went home. Next morning there was plenty of blood, but no lion to be found. A fortnight afterwards, however, he discovered the carcass, but decomposition and vultures had left nothing worth pre-

serving except the teeth, one of which he gave me as a keepsake when we parted.

It turned out that Cheret's object was the same as ours. He was on his way to Nechimeya, a village on the road to Bona, but tempted by the fineness of the night, and the news he had heard, determined to halt here for the philanthropic purpose of hunting the veteran of the Mahouna. There was a pot-au-feu simmering pleasantly on the hearth when we entered, and as internal contentment is held to steady the nerves and improve the shooting, it was agreed to sup before we started. The fare may have been commonplace, but the conversation was remarkable. Its subject was what might have been expected from the circumstances and the company, for even mine host was something of a lion-slayer, and often of an evening strolled out into the forest behind the house, in a quiet unpretending way, to look for a shot, as a man might who had a rabbit-warren handy. But what chiefly struck me was that they appeared to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with all the lions of the neighborhood. It seemed as though there was not a lion within a radius of fifty miles that was not personally known to some one of the trio. His appearance, his habits, his consort, his family, and the period at which the next little addition to it might be expected—all these were detailed with a freedom and minuteness that would have made the London correspondent of a country newspaper jealous. I noticed, too, that this intimacy with the king of beasts produced a familiarity of expression in speaking of him, calculated to upset notions derived from *Peter Parley's Tales about Lions*, and other scientific works on the subject. It was always as "Le vieux coquin de Penthievre," or "Ce drôle que j'ai blessé l'année dernière à Aïn Mokra," or by some similar playful if not contemptuous title that he was referred to. The anecdotes also that were related, did not, upon the whole, increase one's respect for the animal; and some of them attributed to him a low sort of humor, not hitherto noticed by naturalists, and a taste for practical joking quite incompatible with true dignity. It is, it would appear, a pleasant practice of the lion to present himself suddenly to timid travelers in his dominions, and accompany them for some distance, growling and showing his teeth, until they are reduced

to a state of extreme terror, which end attained, he leaves them uninjured. Stories of this sort are very common in the Algerian newspapers, and my companions mentioned several instances of the same kind, but always on hearsay evidence. I could see that they placed little faith in such yarns, which I suspect are merely expansions of what is almost an every day occurrence in these parts—that of simply meeting a lion on the high road. It is true that he does show a preference for beaten roads and paths—not so much, I imagine, from “*ce mépris qu’il professe pour l’homme*,” as Gérard says; but because he finds them easier and more comfortable walking than the tangled thickets at each side of him. It may be very well for the panther, a slim, snake-like creature, but for the lion, a burly, broad-chested beast, with a carcass like a bullock’s, it can be no easy matter to bore a passage through the dense jungle that covers the hill-sides of the Atlas; and no doubt, like the coffee-drinker in the ballad, “he blesses the generous Frenchman” for increasing his comfort so materially. Some of the roads in north-eastern Algeria have become celebrated for these “*rencontres*,” that between Bona and Guelma so much so, that I could not suggest a better plan for a tourist who is anxious to see one of these animals in his natural state, than to travel back and forwards for a week in the *banquette* of the night diligence, which plies between these towns. But I never heard any one who has actually met a lion in the path charge him with any greater breach of politeness than staring hard, which, after all, is a privilege that has been long ago conceded to the cat tribe, even in the presence of royalty.

There was a good deal of that kind of conversation which, in the vulgar tongue, is called “*chaff*,” turning chiefly upon sporting misadventures. One of the party had been unfortunate enough to shoot a cow in mistake for a lion—a crime which I can now understand, as I was very near becoming accessory to a repetition of it a short time afterwards; and an allusion to that accident led to the query, “Who shot the camel?” This, it appeared, referred to a mishap of recent occurrence. The hunter in question had been applied to by some Arabs to rid them of a lion in their neighborhood that was becoming rather troublesome. He was sitting in the tent of the sheikh over the evening

kouskous when an Arab rushed in with the news that he had just seen the lion lying under a tree not far off. Of course he immediately repaired to the spot, and, approaching stealthily, perceived a huge tawny animal, with a massive hairy head. There could be no doubt about it. There he was indolently lounging, getting up his appetite, and debating in his own mind whether he should have a cow, or only a sheep, and a goat to follow. His flank, too, was temptingly exposed; so our chasseur, crawling nearer, deftly planted a ball in the proper spot, just behind the shoulder. A hideous bellow answered the shot, and a fine camel struggled out into the moonlight, and presently died in uncouth convulsions. The dead and neck had been concealed by the trunk of the tree, and it was the hump, with its fringe of shaggy hair, that had represented the head and mane of the lion. To complete the tragedy, the murdered beast proved to be the property of the Arab who had given the information.

A considerable part of the evening was taken up in giving me that instruction of which, as a neophyte, I stood in need. The first and most important of the rules laid down was that you should always, if possible, allow the lion to pass before firing at him. The object of doing so is two-fold: in the first place, the most vulnerable spot in the carcass—that just behind the shoulder—is exposed. At night, and when the animal is in motion, firing at the head is looked upon as rather hazardous, the brain of a lion being but a small target, and bullets apt to flatten or glance off harmlessly, owing to the shape and hardness of the skull. On the other hand, a ball behind the shoulder, passing through the region of the heart and lungs, has, as Sir Lucius O’Trigger says, a double chance; “for if it misses a vital part on the right side, it will be very hard if it don’t succeed on the left,” not counting the chance of its breaking the opposite shoulder, and, at any rate, crippling the enemy. The second advantage gained by waiting till he has passed is that the bound which the lion makes on feeling himself wounded carries him away from, instead of towards you, in which case, to use Gérard’s expression, if he has but two seconds of life left in him it is all over with you. The next point of importance is to keep perfectly still, especially after administering the first pill, so as to avoid calling attention

to your whereabouts, either by sound or motion; and not to be in too great a hurry about exhibiting your second dose. There is little danger of the lion coming on the hunter unawares, for even if he does not roar, his heavy breathing can always be heard as he approaches. "But," said M. C——, "it is a positive pleasure to hunt a lion that roars. You can do as you like: smoke your pipe, or lie back and doze. There is no fear of oversleeping yourself; he'll call you." Notwithstanding its charms, these men—to whom it was a familiar sound, and who feared a lion no more than they feared a cat—one and all confessed that his roar was an awesome thing to hear at close quarters, and that it produced a certain *frissonnement* even on their tried nerves. "Parole d'honneur," said the landlord, "I have felt the house shake when he roared outside there."

The lion, however, is as capricious with his voice as a leading tenor. In the springtime, when his fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, he is by no means chary of his chest notes, but at other seasons is fitful in his utterances—at one time filling the valleys with echoes, at another snuffing mutely along his mountain path, as if "unable to perform, on account of a severe cold." This particular autumn, for instance, it was a matter of general remark that the lions were unusually silent.

"After all," said M. C——, with the air of a lecturer bringing his discourse to a conclusion, "the grand secret is *TIREZ HARDIMENT*."

This, however, is not all that is required. M. C—— himself had "*tiré hardiment*" more than once without producing any greater effect than a slight wound; thereby, of course, putting himself in a position of some considerable danger. As we were loading I thought I discovered the cause. When he found that I put in two and a quarter drams of powder, surely not an excessive charge for the Enfield bullet which I used, he expressed strong disapproval, and showed me how he loaded with scarcely half that quantity for a bullet at least a fourth heavier than mine. He reasoned on the fallacious argument, that as he could make good target practice at three hundred mètres with such a charge, it must be powerful enough for any other purpose.

Thus we sat chirping over our cups, like the comrades of the good Gargantua,

while the old horse sadly regarded us through the open doorway. The moonlight falling softly on his meager carcass, cast no shadow worth speaking of; and he might have passed for a specter come to warn, but too well mannered to intrude, were it not for the persistent cough which proclaimed him mortal. When at last we made a move M. C—— declared it was far too late to think of going up the mountain, and that we had better try the plain near the river, and take our chance of such game as might pass. The fact was, I suspect, that although he did not mind letting a green hand like me into the secret of the two paths, and the ambush he had prepared for the patriarch of the Mahouna, he was loth to take so redoubtable a hunter as Cheret into his confidence. Be it a lion or a covey of partridge, when a sportsman has his game marked down, he naturally objects to seeing it shot under his very nose by a rival. Between the auberge and the river lay a strip of plain, about half a mile wide, dotted with a few trees and patches of brushwood, and two or three plantations of prickly pear. That the lion did occasionally pass this way, we had evidence before we had gone many hundred yards, in the form of the bones of a goat, on which he had supped some nights back. But it was obvious that where there was such a choice of paths, if we saw any thing, it would be by the merest chance, and to increase that chance we spread ourselves out in a line parallel with the river.

They assigned me a post on the right flank, under the shade of a prickly pear garden, commanding an open space in the brush, and left me with strict injunctions not to sleep. These, to any one who has never tried the position, will seem wholly unnecessary. They did so to me at first, but long before the vigil was over I found that a state of drowsiness was by no means so remote as I fancied. For the first hour or so expectation, excitement, the novelty of the situation, all combine to keep you well up to the mark; and you sit probing the twilight with patient eye, and straining your ear-drum to extract sound from silence. Time after time some falling leaf sets you a listening with an intensity that threatens to crack your tympanum; time after time you fancy some bush or rock in your limited landscape does not look exactly as it did before, and

you watch it with a vigilance that makes your eyes run water, until you find that there is nothing new in or about it. But after a while the optic and auditory nerves grow weary of that most wearisome of all labors, striving to do when there is nothing to be done; and then supervenes that state of restlessness under difficulties which men call fidgets. Your nose, stung by the sense of inferiority which the temporary importance of its rivals, the eye and ear, suggests to it, begins to assert itself by itching violently. The privilege of scratching it privately would be cheap at any price; but dare you do it? If a boar or a panther be in the case, it is just possible that the animal, having perceived something peculiar about the bush or bank under which you are sitting, is at this moment studying your position with watchful eyes from the depths of some shade which yours can not penetrate; and the slightest movement on your part will clear up the doubt which is now agitating his mind. With a young and inexperienced lion, perhaps, it does not so much matter; but if it be an old and wary bird, who has been wounded once or twice, he will know the meaning of a crouching figure, with a gun on its knee, and will take another path, so the hunters say; or he will fall upon you and rend you, say the books. Quien sabe? At any rate, scratching your nose is not to be done unconsiderately; but at last, driven to desperation, you stealthily raise your hand, (hoping fervently that no body or thing sees you,) and find, when you reach the offending member, that the irritation has suddenly transferred itself to the nape of your neck, or to your spine between your shoulder blades, or to some other spot, as unattainable in your present position as Spitzbergen. Your nose, having exhausted that line of aggravation, suddenly starts a new idea, and you find that he has taken it into his tip that he wants to sneeze. This, of course, would be fatal; so, with a tweak or two, you bring him to a sense of the situation. No sooner have you put down insurrection in this quarter than you discover a fresh seat of disturbance in the stone upon which you are sitting. Besides being harder than any geological formation has a right to be, it seems to have suddenly acquired the property of producing knobs, lumps, and protuberances for your especial discomfort; and, encouraged by this, and by the

fact that they have been at the same angle for some hours, your knees begin to ache, and your lower limbs begin to show symptoms of the disease known in nursery therapeutics as "bone in the leg." Most likely there will be a running accompaniment of mosquitoes all the time; but that being a fair and legitimate annoyance on the part of nature, you have no right to complain. After a couple of hours of this, the period of reaction sets in, bringing with it weariness. Like ear and eye, your mind has now got tired of doing nothing laboriously. You have thought of every thing you can think of to kill time, and now you begin to think that this kind of sport is rather monotonous. At this point a faculty for making Latin verses would stand a man in good stead. If you could only put "I wish I was with Nancy," or some other lyric appropriate in sentiment, into Sapphica, the employment would carry you famously through the remainder of your watch. A hardened snuff-taker, too, one seasoned beyond sneezing-point, would have a great advantage. I recommend the acquirement of these two accomplishments to all intending lion-hunters.

I had reached this stage, and was battling hard with drowsiness, when, lifting up my eyes, I beheld in the middle of the clearing before me, a wild boar. How he had got there, I could not make out. I had heard no sound of his approach, nor seen any movement among the surrounding bushes. However, there he was, with a magnificent pair of gleaming white tusks, and looking, in the uncertain moonlight, about as big as a moderate-sized donkey. Four-and-twenty hours before such a sight would have seemed too much happiness to be real, and I have no doubt there would have been a certain tremor of the rifle, and one or two other symptoms of "hirschfieber," as German sportsmen call the nervous affection to which tyros at large-game shooting are so liable. But since then I had been in the company of men who rather despised pigs, and whose talk was of lions, and I regarded the boar much as a small boy who has been initiated into the mystery of perch fishing regards a stickleback. I don't know that I did not even, in some degree, resent his abrupt appearance as an impudent attempt at producing a sensation. This extra coolness very likely lost me an uncommonly fine beast. He was not more

than fifty yards off, and even if I did not succeed in dropping him scientifically on the spot, I might have given him such a pill as would have enabled us to find him next day; but, influenced by the opinions of the company I had been keeping, I did not think it worth while firing until I was certain of success. Of all animals, a wild boar is the worst subject for a Fabian policy. Long before he had reached the distance at which I had determined to open on him, his quick eye or nose detected something wrong, and with a loud, angry grunt he slid out of sight. There is no other word to describe his disappearance. He did not run, or rush, or bolt, but seemed rather to glide away into the darkness, like a magic-lantern figure. Shortly afterwards the cracking of a twig hard by put me again on the *qui vive*; but this time my vigilance was thrown away, for it was only Cheret, coming to tell me that they were going to return.

At the auberge nature's sweet restorer behaved with its usual perversity, and took a mean advantage of the fact that I had repelled its advances before. Furthermore, the floor was what Mrs. Gamp would call "harder than a brick-bat," and the establishment proved to be, like Shakspeare's inn at Rochester, "a most villainous house for fleas." From a persistent rustling in Cheret's corner, I inferred that he, too, was a sufferer; and he confirmed my opinion in a tone that would have touched the heart of a lioness, even though she were a widow through his means. "Allons," said he, "vaut mieux d'être mangé par le lion que par les puces;" and, taking our guns, we strolled up the hill behind the house. We sauntered and sat under the trees till daylight, but nothing came of it except an invitation from Cheret, who doubtless thinking it a pity not to encourage a nascent taste for sport, proposed to me to go with him to Nechmeya. The chances, he said, were far better there than near Guelma. Boars were plenty; there were tiger-cats, lynxes, hyenas, a sprinkling of panthers, "and other enchanters;" and, to complete the attractions of the spot, it had been ascertained that there were four lions in the immediate neighborhood. These natural advantages were enough to prepossess one in favor of any place; but before we agreed, I felt myself bound to caution him, as Dante did Virgil when they were starting on their expedition—

"Consider well if virtue be in me
Sufficient, ere to this high enterprise
Thou trust me."

But it appeared that he was willing to accredit me with enough of that property to meet the demands that might be made upon it, and I had nothing more to say, except to stipulate that I should be permitted to fire at any wild boars or other inferior game that might turn up in the way of business, as a sort of training for the more important work.

That night's diligence brought us to Nechmeya, a pleasant, though perhaps shabby little village, situated in the belt of hilly country that lies between the valley of the Seybouse and the great salt lake of Fetzara; and next morning, having laid in breakfast, and comestibles enough for one, or it might be two days in the wilderness, we started to seek what Cheret called "renseignements." For this purpose we repaired to an Arab douar, some miles up among the hills, where Cheret was immediately hailed as an old friend; and a conversation ensued in which, from the frequent repetition of the word "said," it was evident that the recent proceedings of some local lion or lions were being discussed. A friendly and refreshing bowl of milk was passed round, and we left with what I presume were benedictions from the adults, and sarcasms from the children, most of whom were dressed in a string round the middle, a light summer costume much worn by the younger members of society in remote regions of Barbary. From the information which he had received, Cheret decided upon trying a fountain a few miles further on, called Ain Mounchar, a favorite drinking place with the wild animals of the neighborhood,* and led the way along a valley of promising loneliness. At every step the red-legged partridges rose and skimmed away, or trotted up the path before us with easy indifference, and every pool showed traces of the recent mud-bath of some family of wild boars. At length we came to a mass of dense brushwood, apparently blocking up the valley, into which Cheret plunged through an aperture that looked like the mouth of a sylvan tunnel, so closely were the branches interlaced overhead. This seemed to

* This is the spot where Jules Gérard's perseverance was so tried by a panther, as recorded in the third chapter of his *Chasse au Lion*.

be the great thoroughfare for the inhabitants of the forest. In about ten minutes he had shown me the slots of a whole menagerie of wild beasts. The broad pugs of the lion were indeed wanting, but all the other fæ of North Africa, from the panther to the porcupine, were represented; and the different styles of signature left in the soft clay—the firm, decisive impress of the boar, the clumsy scrawl of the hyena, the neat, dainty foot-prints of the lynx and tiger-cat—would have furnished a study for one of those sages who offer to describe characters for four-and-twenty postage-stamps. Creeping out of this, we entered upon an open glade surrounded by wooded hills. Just before us, on the summit of a bushy knoll, rose a lofty precipitous limestone rock, so like a Rhineland castle, that at first sight it was hard to believe it was of nature's rearing, and over and around it there wheeled a flock of vultures, just as one sees the jackdaws circling round a village steeple. Some steady old birds had already retired to roost on the top and ledges of the rock, and others might be seen in the distance leisurely sailing home. At the foot of this Cheret led the way into a sort of cavern among the bushes, where many generations of wild animals had left a well-marked foot-path, and we came upon a little pool of clear cold water, upon which the sun's rays never fell. This was the Ain Mounchar, and he showed me with some pride the nest he had made for himself, and sat in on divers previous occasions. It was undeniably snug, but there was not room for two in it; so, after one of the hearty repasts usual in such circumstances, we looked about for a suitable lair, and fixed upon a flat slab like a tombstone, partly screened by brambles, and commanding the approach to the spring. Here we settled ourselves for the night, and cleared for action, Cheret producing, among other things, a formidable-looking pistol. He had laughed to scorn my little Adams' revolver, until he had seen its penetrating power, when he agreed that it might be as well to take it. I am not sure, however, that he was not right, and that, in case of a difficulty with a dangerous animal, a common pistol of large bore is not better than any revolver. While on the subject of arms, I may as well add that he, as well as every man of any experience that I met, was strongly in favor of

the explosive balls made by Devisme, of Paris, which they said never fail to explode and knock a terrific hole in a beast's carcass. To use these safely, as well as for other reasons, I fancy the model tool for lion-hunting would be a double breech-loading rifle, on the Lefauchaux principle, about fourteen gauge, and made as short as possible, so as to be handled easily in a confined space. With such a weapon a man might take it easy in the face of a wounded lion; for he could reload in little more time than would be required to cock both barrels; not to speak of the time saved by not having to cap, which will be appreciated by any one who has tried that operation at night.

Night, as it does in the south, came on rapidly. First the various tints of the foliage became blended into one uniform sap-green, then the stems of trees faded away, the trees themselves got mixed up with the background behind them, and the surrounding hills loomed out like great black walls, which might have been ten feet or ten miles away, according to fancy. Strange sounds, too, began to float about. Hoarse croaks rose from the valley below, and now and again a cry rang through the woods as of a person shivering with bitter cold. It was somewhat of a disappointment to find that these, so far from being the voices of monsters peculiar to Africa, were nothing more than the night-songs of the frog and the owl. Suddenly I felt Cheret begin to tremble violently. The chill and the damp had brought on a sudden attack of a fever which he always carried about with him—a legacy left by an old illness caught in the woods some years before. His teeth rattled like the bones of Mr. Pell, and he shook so vehemently, that the only wonder was that he did not shake off the fever then and there. To return to Nechmeya then was impossible; but luckily, contrary to his advice, I had brought with me a plaid, the tried companion of many bivouacs, with which he made himself as warm as possible, and lay down to try and sleep off the fit. "If the lion comes," said he, "mind, waken me before you do any thing;" and with this he turned over, and left me to mount guard.

Cheret slept and I watched, the frogs croaked, and the owls hooted, without interruption for a couple of hours; but at last I thought I detected a rustling among the bushes on our right. After a moment's lia-

tening there could be no doubt about it: there was something there. The only question was, whether that something was of sufficient importance to justify me in rousing the invalid: it might be only a pig or a porcupine. But at length it got beyond all bearing, and I laid my hand quietly on Cheret's arm. He started up just as if I had touched some spring, or as if he was a Jack-in-the-box; and I had raised the lid, and peered into the night in the direction whence the sounds proceeded with eyes that gleamed like those of the animals he hunted. When I spoke of this afterwards, he said: "Ah, that's what M. le Comte used to say: he told me my eyes looked like coals when I was watching for a lion." Whatever the creature was it did not show; the sounds ceased after a little, and Cheret lay down once more. Soon after this the moon rose above the hill-tops, lighting up the valley, and I felt relieved of much of the responsibility thrown upon me; for now there was no possibility of any thing stealing a march upon us. Once during the night I thought we were fairly in for it. My eye was wandering listlessly, perhaps a trifle sleepily, over the moonlit clearing at the edge of which we lay, when it fell on an object at the other side that I certainly had not perceived before. It seemed to be just the size and shape of a recumbent lion, and as I watched it I felt almost sure I saw it move gently, as if stretching itself. For the moment the illusion was so perfect, that I said to myself: "No mistake this time: there he is"—and was going to waken Cheret, when I thought of the former false alarm. He was sleeping so soundly, that it seemed a pity to disturb him for any thing short of a certainty; besides, the lion, if lion it was, was at least a hundred and fifty yards off, and there would be plenty of time after he began to move in earnest. I must confess, however, in spite of all the encouraging tales I had heard, I was conscious of a somewhat heightened pulsation. When ten minutes of close watching had failed to detect any further movement in the object, I began to suspect my mistake; but it was not until the moon shone out brightly through some passing clouds that I was quite convinced. The incident shows how necessary it is on an expedition of this sort to make a mental memorandum of every object within range before night sets in, in order to prevent

deception afterwards. The false lion, examined next morning, proved to be a large block of light-colored stone, sufficiently like, however, in shape to justify the mistake, and the appearance of motion was no doubt produced by the shadows of some clouds passing rapidly over it. But the strangest thing of all was, that the stretching action which I had attributed to it was, Cheret said, eminently characteristic of a lion under the circumstances.

As morning approached the air got chilly, and Cheret, waking up, proposed lighting a fire, as there was now no chance of any thing coming till daybreak. We were fortunate enough to find plenty of dead branches, and in a few minutes we had got up a lordly blaze, that threw a glare over the woods, and lit up every cranny of the old rock above us, making several serious-minded vultures, to judge by the croaking and flapping of wings that followed, fancy the end of the world had come. By the side of this, after either the latest of suppers or the earliest of breakfasts, we lay down for a short nap, but overslept ourselves shamefully, for it was daybreak when we woke; so that if the lion came, it is probable he either was touched by our confidence or judged us to be tough. On the principle of having something for our money, we managed before starting to bag one of the vultures. Not without some difficulty, however; Cheret said he took as much killing as two lions or half a dozen boars.

At the inn at Nechmeya we found two carriers at breakfast, who accounted for the absence of at least one of the lions of the neighborhood. They had met him that morning on the roadside, not far from the village, and he had almost frightened their horses into the ditch. Cheret, however, was too ill for any thing except quinine and castor-oil, of which I luckily had a stock in my portmanteau, so their information was useless. We strolled out one or two evenings to try for a boar or a panther, or any thing that might turn up; but he was not well enough for night-watching. On one of these occasions we had something of an adventure, which was rather illustrative of life (and death) in Algeria. We were making our way one evening after dark through the brush-wood, I in front, Cheret a few paces behind, when something in the nature of a firearm went bang among the bushes, and

a bullet whizzed passed unpleasantly close to my head. "Cré nom de Dieu!" said Cheret, dashing into the brush, where, as I followed, I found him at grips with a long Arab, who held one of those villainous-looking horse-pistols which figure so conspicuously in Horace Vernet's pictures of Arab warfare. In spite of this evidence of a criminal intention, the gentleman swore, first that he had not fired at all, then that he had fired under the impression that it was a wild boar that was coming, and finally that he thought it was a marauder. Cheret, in his wrath, was at first, I think, for shooting him, which certainly would have been the simplest way of settling the difficulty, and, with such conveniences for disposing of the body, might have been done with impunity; but ultimately he proposed that we should take him, and that I should proceed by that night's diligence to Bona and lodge a *procès verbal*. This did not quite suit my views. Being bound over to prosecute at the assizes scarcely seemed to come in among the pleasures of an autumn tour; so I suggested, as a kind of friendly compromise, and to settle the matter on the spot, that it would be better to thrash him, especially as there were plenty of sticks lying ready to hand. There was a particular fascination, too, about the idea of this mode of punishment. He was a stately-looking scoundrel, and picturesque withal; and as he roared and rubbed himself under castigation, there would have been that incongruity about his appearance which Sydney Smith says is essential to a sense of the humorous—to say nothing of the strict justice of the infliction. Cheret, however, wisely I have no doubt, objected to this as being a half measure, and only calculated to get us into a scrape; so we let the poor fellow go, with a promise that he should be arrested the next day, and shot at the earliest convenience of the authorities. No doubt he did not perceive the second figure when he fired; and his motive was probably either a desire of plunder, or of knocking over a Christian, or possibly a mixture of both.

A night or two afterwards I was in the diligence bound for Bona, when, just about the spot mentioned by the carriers, the horses began to snort and plunge violently, and the driver to call them pigs and brigands, after the manner of French Jehus in difficulties. At this a stout gen-

tleman, who had been asleep in the opposite corner of the *coupé*, woke up and said: "C'est un lion dans les broussailles; on le rencontre souvent ici," and went to sleep again; but whether or not he was right in his conjecture, the darkness of the night prevented me from ascertaining.

Once again, notwithstanding previous disappointments, I was induced to try my luck. Being at the pretty little town of Jemmapes, on the road between Bona and Philippeville, led away by glowing descriptions of the scenery and sport to be found, I accompanied a *garde forestier*, Fannet by name, up into the mountains between the town and the coast. As far as I could judge in a two days' ramble, the accounts I had received were not exaggerated. The scenery was something like that of Devonshire, but on a larger scale, richly-wooded hills and winding valleys opening out here and there into park-like expanses, dotted with noble evergreen and cork oaks; and as for game, there was evidence enough to show that it was not scarce. Wherever the acorns fell the tracks of the wild boars abounded; and once or twice we got glimpses of their black backs, like porpoises rolling in a sea of foliage, as they plunged through the underwood of some ravine. Panthers, too, seemed to be plenty, from the frequent occurrence of their footprints, and of spots where they had torn up the soil with their claws, stretching themselves, I presume, or, as our Arab guide put it, by way of "fantasia." Of lions we saw nothing, though we heard a good deal. A plucky old lady, the wife of the forester at whose hut we put up, said they used to come and roar in the little garden before her door. She did not mind it now, she told me, though when she first came to live there she did not like it at all, especially when her husband was from home. It made her feel lonely, she said, and she used to keep a candle burning all night.

One morning, in one of the higher valleys, we came upon a colony of apes holding a noisy public meeting on some subject which seemed to admit of a vast variety of opinions, and I confess with shame that I was led to put up the rifle and cover one of the orators. But happily the reflection, "What would Professor Huxley say?" joined with a certain "am-I-not-a-man-and-a-brother" expression about the creature, checked me in

time, and saved me from a crime worse than even monkeycide; for here there was not tail that I could have pleaded in excuse.

Our attempts here show what a Will-o'-the-wisp kind of pursuit this sport is. The first night we selected a spot where the traces of the panther were numerous and fresh. It was a well-known place, too, evidently; for up in a tree hard by was one of the nests the Arabs build for themselves when they try for a lion or a panther. But nothing visited us, nor did we hear any thing except the chattering of the apes, and once, miles away among the hills, a deep moaning sound, which swelled gradually into a prolonged bellow, and died away again as it had commenced. Distant as the sound was, there was no mistaking what Jules Gérard calls "la voix du maître."* In the morning

* The Arabs fancy they can detect in the lion's roar the words "Ana ou ben el m'ra"—"I and the son of woman;" implying that he and man reign jointly over the brute creation; but the distance was so great that I can not speak to the resemblance.

we heard that a panther had been seen at a spot lower down the valley, and there we placed ourselves for the night. Next day we found that if we had kept to our first position we should most likely have met with him, for he had been observed in that direction. Finally, at Jemmapes I learned that on the evening of the day we left the hills a lion had passed down the valley, close to the place where we had been sitting the night before.

From all I have heard from the mouths of old hands, it would seem that this kind of thing enters largely into the experience of the hunter in Algeria. Still I can not regret the trials my patience underwent in this way, for I look back upon these rambles as some of the pleasantest episodes of a pleasant tour. As Camps says, speaking of this same land:

"The echo of these wilds enchanted me;
And my heart beat with joy when first I heard
A lion's roar come down the Libyan wind."

I thought it reminded me more of the voice of an angry bull than of any thing else: at the same time there was an indescribable difference.

From the North British Review.

THE SEAFORTH PAPERS.

[Concluded from page 174.]

THE public joy at the downfall of Napoleon was heightened by the visit to England of the allied sovereigns and princes, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, etc., with old Marshal Blücher and the Hetman Platoff, who proved still more attractive to the multitude. Addresses of congratulation, magnificent entertainments, and applauding crowds greeted the illustrious strangers. A lady writes as follows, June 15, 1814:

"Nobody has thought, spoke, or dreamt of any thing for the last fortnight but these great potentates; and this, to be sure, is natural enough, as such an event never occurred before, and probably never will occur again. The newspapers will tell you all they have done publicly; but as I know you have, as well as myself, a great regard for Lady Jersey,

I must tell you how much I have enjoyed the sort of triumph she has had. You perhaps know that she is on very bad terms with the Regent. She is warm in her politics; he warm in his resentment, and, in short, as there is a mutual hatred, each goes on making bad worse. Of course, she is excluded from every party at Carlton House, and the Regent is as perfectly uncivil as he can be. The first ball that the Emperor of Russia went to was at Lady Cholmondeley's. All the old ladies to whom the Regent presented him, such as Lady Hertford, Lady Winchester, Lady Melbourne, etc., were all ruffling their plumes and fussing to get up to him, because, they said, 'He will have nobody to speak to unless some of us get to him.' They made to the first row, but not one imperial word or smile did they obtain, for the emperor spied some younger, and, in his eyes, handsomer ladies in the background, as Lady Jersey, and Lady Grantham, whom he poked

out and brought forward, leading Lady Jersey out to dance, exactly in front of the Regent. This, you may be sure, was good fun, and Lady Jersey made excellent use of her time, for she asked the emperor to come to her ball two nights afterwards, which he promised to do, if he could get back in any time from Oxford. She accordingly prepared her house magnificently: but when at half-past two in the morning he had not arrived, we all gave him up. The Russians alone said he would come. They all observed, 'Il la dit, et quand il dit quelque chose c'est sur qu'il le fait.' Sure enough, at half-past three he came, having fresh dressed in plain clothes, without any stars, orders, or attendants. He stayed till near six, and I really never saw, according to my ideas of good manners and good breeding, so well-mannered a man. Wherever I have seen him, he has allowed no disturbance or fuss to be made. He does not suffer himself to be controlled in the slightest degree by our Regent. At Lady Hertford's ball, the Regent told him it was customary here to hand the lady of the house to supper, which he did accordingly, but having taken her to her place, and planted her there, he went himself to the bottom of the table to stand by Lady Jersey.

... He does not at all admire our Regent's taste in Lady Hertford, for he shrugs up his shoulders whenever he sees her, and exclaims, *Quel goût*. It is lucky he can not stay longer, for otherwise we should certainly have a Russian war again!

"The King of Prussia is so shy and reserved, that few people have got acquainted with him; but he is so truly and un-royally grieved for the loss of his wife, that I think his gravity most interesting. His brother, Prince Henry, is one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and, with his cousin, Prince Augustus of Prussia, the ladies are all desperately in love—his eyes are so fine, his moustaches so black, and his teeth so white. The King of Prussia's two sons and nephew are cheerful good-humored boys, and are much liked.

"The influx of foreign princes, and of foreigners of distinction, is immense. Only conceive there being here seventy-nine Russians and eighty Prussians of note! The Prince of Orange, too, is very much liked: but the marriage is at hand, and poor Princess Charlotte is in a lamentable situation. She was hurried into consenting to the marriage originally, but at last liked it, and only stipulated that she should have her establishment here, and not be compelled to leave the country unless she chose. This has been resisted by Ministers. She begged hard to be allowed to partake of all these festivities, which was refused, by way, I suppose, of taming her into compliance and forcing her to capitulate. She has taken great offense at the Prince of Orange not commiserating her situation, but going about amusing himself, and she has broken off the marriage. Now, I suppose the poor girl will be used

worse than ever. I firmly believe it is all owing to that horrid old queen! I own I do enjoy her being well hissed whenever she appears in public. Last Sunday the mob spat at her chair in the park, and now she goes in her sedan with guards. The Princess of Wales gets applauded by the mob, and Whitbread keeps Ministers in hot water by talking about her in the House of Commons. Her character, however, is too generally known to get beyond that."

Two months after the date of this letter, Byron wrote his *Condolatory Address* to the Countess of Jersey on the Prince Regent's returning her picture. The lady was triumphant both in verse and prose.

Among the entertainments given to the allied sovereigns was one by the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, at which the Prince Regent was present. It was like all the rest, remarkable for gayety and splendor, and connected with it, the Marchioness used to relate an amusing incident, characteristic of the prince's vein of humor and *bonhomie*. In the course of one of the dances, the noble host and hostess happened to meet at the bottom of the room, when Lady Stafford, looking round on the brilliant scene, whispered to her husband, "What would Willie Young say?" Willie Young was their Scotch commissioner or manager—a shrewd, intelligent man, who was likely to regard all such costly vanities as threatening to trench on the funds that could be better employed in the improvement of the northern estate. The Regent standing close by, behind a pillar, overheard the ejaculation, and when he was about to withdraw, the Marchioness expressed her hope that his Royal Highness had enjoyed himself. George, in his usual style, poured out profuse acknowledgments; "But," he added, "I could not help thinking, what would Willie Young say!" Of course, an explanation followed, to the infinite amusement of all the parties.

With Sir Walter Scott there appears to have been a frequent correspondence. Scott was in London in 1820, on the great occasion of his baronetcy, and one incident of his visit seems to have afforded him much gratification:

"Old Mr. Crabbe was so good as to come up to town expressly to meet me; a circumstance which flattered me as much as any thing I ever met with,* as I am a great admirer of

* Testimonies to his popularity must have been

the British Juvenal, though his views of life are somewhat of the darkest, owing, I think, to his having had his home amongst a very degraded set of the English peasants—smugglers, poachers, and so forth. He is a man of very simple manners, and with a certain degree of affectation. This sounds odd, but it is just so. The affectation is of a very quiet and entertaining kind, and pops out on you as the puns do in his poetry, and you love the gay old man the better for it."

There was one point on which Sir Walter Scott and his fair friend cordially agreed. They were both passionately fond of dogs—as much "bitten" as Dr. John Brown himself—and had equal room and affection for all breeds and varieties of the faithful animal. Mrs. Mackenzie sent the poet a beautiful thorough-bred Highland terrier, which reached Abbotsford in great preservation :

"I never saw a creature more perfect of her kind," writes Sir Walter. "I did not like the name of *Sharp*, as not being quite appropriate to a Highland Miss: I have therefore called her *Oursik* or Goblin, to which her little sharp eyes and shaggy coat seem to give her a good title. She went out a-coursing with me the only day that the fresh weather gave us leave, and shows a natural genius for rummaging out hares, which is highly creditable. I leave her for two or three months in the country under the charge of my overseer, who is an accomplished sportsman, and he has promised to enter her properly both against vermin and rabbits, which is a most material part of her education, according to Dandie Dinmont. She has a fine Highland temper of her own; for when I huffed her a little for some inaccuracy, she sat in a high state of sulkiness for half a day beneath a chair. I should not forget to add, that, to supply the shortness of her legs, she rode on Sophia's knee when she went a-coursing."

The unfortunate Queen Caroline, her travels and trials, furnished abundant materials for comment and speculation. One lady writes, July, 1820 :

"We are in a strange state here, agreeable to no one, I suppose, except the downright

constantly occurring. We find the following curious compliment mentioned in a letter. Anne Scott wrote to her sister, Mrs. Lockhart, for a fashionable bonnet. "I knew," said Mrs. L., "that my humble people would never do for Anne, so I went to the great Madame Maradan." Well, the bonnet was chosen by her best advice, and ordered to be packed and dispatched to Miss Scott, at Sir Walter Scott's. "Mais comment donc! Le grand Sir Walter?" She lifted up her hands; and what was more, she insisted upon bating ten whole shillings of the price.

Radicals, those who really wish for the days of 'rugging and riving' to commence, and wise good Lady Anne, whose love of fishing in troubled waters must now be fully gratified. Does it not amuse you to think of her in the midst of it, sitting backwards for fear Alderman Wood should be sick in the carriage? Do you see her grave face? When I recollect the amazing mischief and *imbroglio* she made, with the best intentions in the world, in a family with whose concerns I was much acquainted—pleading the cause of a poor unfortunate woman in an embarrassing situation with such zeal that she made bad a good deal worse, did her all the harm imaginable; and at last the father of the person came to me with 'Oh, Lady L., if you could but induce Lady A. H. to hold her tongue.' When I remember this, I say I can comprehend the consequences of her engaging in matters of State. Miss M. says, 'We live at the court end of the town.' We do, indeed, and have twice seen a royal procession. Her — is daily dragged about the streets by the dirtiest ragamuffins, with such a troop of boys hollaing as you see round Jack o' the Green on May-day. She would fain have gone to the theatre and Vauxhall, and had actually ordered a play, but Mr. Brougham threatened to resign, and wash his hands of her affairs if she went, and thus with great difficulty prevented her. I fancy she makes her *legal advisers*, as she calls them, half-mad. And, I presume, pretty much the same may be said on the other side. Mercy on those who have to answer for the actions of ungovernable people!"

The death of the queen did not terminate this strife, her funeral having been attended with violence, and even bloodshed. Caroline had left injunctions that her body should be conveyed to Brunswick for interment; but the government—or rather the petty vindictiveness of the king—prescribed that the procession should not proceed through the city, but take a by-route out of the metropolis. This was effectually prevented by the populace, who interrupted the progress of the cavalcade by throwing carts, wagons, and other vehicles across the road and streets, and forced it into the Strand, and from thence through the heart of the city of London. Of the subsequent journey with the royal remains, Lady Anne Hamilton writes, November 7, 1821 :

"I was obliged to take much upon myself or be guided by Alderman Wood, and I never thought him the man to set a queen upon the throne. I am glad I have gone through what I did, now that it is over. But what a journey!—nearly shot at Tyburn turnpike (instead of being hanged!) The ball hit the carriage immediately before ours while my head was out of the window, not four yards from it—thirteen

hours in the coach without stopping—horses and all ready to drop—then at sea so sick, and no assistance, for all the women were equally sick; and not having been abroad, I could not reconcile myself to men's care and superintendence on that occasion. Then as to traveling in Germany, you must see it to believe it. From Cuxhaven to Brunswick, nearly the whole way is a sandy desert, without the vestige of a road, sloughing through sand at one English mile an hour, and yet that was paradise compared to the pavements. We had our axletrees broken four times, and our wheels mended at every blacksmith's shop; and when these things did not occur, our carriage was taken to pieces and packed into a German wagon, with a truss of straw in the middle for Lady Anne Hamilton, as her bones were too much dislocated to walk like the rest of the party! Arrived, straw beds, with plenty of company; dinner, garden-stuff fried in oil and garlic, and raw bacon; sour bread and sour wine, no cheese or meat, and rancid butter. These were their delicacies, and they wondered that we were so nice as not to be able to eat them!

"But the palaces at Brunswick and Cassell were worth almost all we had suffered. The former was fitted up by Jerome, thirty-six rooms in one floor, one hundred and forty-five rooms in which they lighted fires, done up in the French taste, each room different; the richest velvets, the richest silks, such carpets as I never saw before, every ceiling painted and gilded, the floor in mosaic, and such pictures! Yet Jerome lived there only eight days in four years. He preferred his palace at Cassell, one day's journey from Brunswick, and no wonder. We could not see the interior, but such a situation and view!—such woods, cascades, and water!—all these must be drawn, not described. Brunswick Palace is in the town, open on one side to a garden, like Hampton Court, with this addition, that the myrtle trees, in tubs upon wheels, are twelve or fourteen feet high, with stems as thick as one's body, and some eighty years old. At Cassell you approach the palace by an avenue a mile and a quarter long, with a double row of trees; so no sun can scorch, and on either side are scattered pretty houses, gardens, and villas. Before I quit Brunswick, I must tell you that the government there is (regarding Queen Caroline) the same as ours, consequently every impediment was thrown in the way of the people showing respect to their princess; but notwithstanding this, the town was partially illuminated, and several deputations presented addresses to us. The two chamberlains who govern during the minority are both in the king's interest, but, thank God, the prince takes the reins into his own hands, now that he is eighteen. As to newspapers, they are nothing. The poor princes adored their aunt, adore England, and are never so happy as when they can speak with the English; they wrote, begging to come to the funeral, but of course were refused, and kept at

Lausanne on purpose. They are very popular. Failing them, the dukedom *descends* to our king. Think, then, how precious their lives to their own country!

"I suppose you know that we had the largest frigate in the service and two others to carry us away, but only one small one to bring us back, which would only have afforded standing-room. We therefore preferred taking our government allowance, and paying the extra cost to find our own way home by land. We went to Hanover, and saw the Duke of Cambridge's house, which is but a little larger than South Audley street; we met himself, his duchess, and son while we were waiting to have our carriage mended. He came up with three broken carriages out of four, and put up at the same inn. His son preceded him, a fair sickly child, but I did him the honor to kiss his hand. The duchess is a pleasing, genteel-looking woman, with a long thin pale face, and the blackest eyes and eyebrows I ever saw. He was dressed in a green coat, and would not look where we were; but Lady Hood, who minds nothing, went up and spoke to him. From Hanover we went to Frankfort, came up the Rhine to Cologne in boats, from Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle, and thence to Brussels, the finest town we passed through. At Calais we sold our carriages for five pounds! I have done nothing but write letters since I have been in London, and shall be happy if I can wind up my political career in a twelvemonth, and enjoy my books and my work as I used to do. . . . I only hope that now party spirit will cease, and that they will please to leave her remains in peace. I hear that the king can not sleep, that her image continually haunts him, and that the ministers let him travel about to engage his mind. Suppose he should end as his father did? Sincerely yours, A. H."

The greatest family in the north sixty years since was the ducal family of Gordon. Early in life Alexander, the fourth Duke, married Jane Maxwell, "the flower of Galloway," and a handsomer couple has rarely been seen. The duke was in his twenty-fourth year; the bride in her twenty-first. Reynolds, in a fine portrait that still graces Gordon Castle, has preserved some memorial of the youthful beauty of the duchess, in which intelligence was mingled with sensibility and tenderness. A lovelier profile was never drawn: the woman of whom so many tales are related, representing her as scheming, worldly, and gross, might have sat for a Saint Cecilia or a Theresa. And there were passages in the life of Duchess Jane that wore the hues of poetry and romance. As a girl she was strongly attached to a young officer, who reciprocated

cated her passion. The soldier, however, was ordered abroad with his regiment, and shortly afterwards was reported dead. This was the first great calamity that Jane Maxwell experienced; and after the first burst of grief had spent itself, she sunk into a state of listlessness and apathy that seemed immovable. But the Duke of Gordon appeared as a suitor, and, partly from family pressure, partly from indifference, Jane accepted his hand. On their marriage tour the young pair visited Aytoun House, in Berwickshire, and there the duchess received a letter addressed to her in her maiden-name, and written in the well-known hand of her early lover. He was, he said, on his way home to complete their happiness by marriage. The wretched bride fled from the house, and, according to the local tradition, was found, after long search, stretched by the side of a *burn* nearly crazed. When she had recovered from this terrible blow and re-entered society, Jane presented an entirely new phase of character. She plunged into all sorts of gayety and excitement; she became famous for her wild frolics, and for her vanity and ardor as a leader of fashion. She shone at the balls and musical suppers of Edinburgh, leading the poet Burns one season in her train. In London her routs and assemblies were the most brilliant of the capital, attracting wits, orators, and statesmen. When her family grew up, she found fresh occupation and interest in chaperoning her daughters, and stimulating the ambition of her favorite son, the Marquis of Huntly. It was chiefly through her exertions that her son was able to raise a regiment for general service. In order that the ranks of the Ninety-second, or Gordon Highlanders, might be filled up, and Huntly obtain his command, she has been known to *recruit* in kilt and hose, bonnet and feathers, dancing with and kissing parties of half-mad mountaineers! No Cameron or Macpherson could resist this—the recruiting was eminently successful.

Having married all her daughters, the gay duchess said she would set about marrying herself again to her old duke! She was, however, too late. It was no use looking to the east in the evening expecting still to find the sun there. The duke's affections had strayed towards a village damsel, a certain Jane Christie, destined afterwards to become Duchess of Gordon. In the commencement of this

unfortunate and reprehensible connection there was also a touch of something like "sensational romance." Jane Christie was on the eve of marriage, she was actually a bride, when the Duke of Gordon interposed, the intended marriage was broken off, and Jane became inseparably united to her lordly admirer of the castle. She was a fine-looking woman, as such hapless victims usually are—above the middle size, always plainly though richly dressed, without feather, flower, or jewel; she had sense and tact, was kind-hearted, and beloved by the poor over all the ducal domains. During this time the veritable and great duchess resided chiefly in the south, and led a wandering, *scattered*, homeless life. She died in London, and the event is thus announced by Lady Keith:

"So the great leader of fashion is gone at last—the Duchess of Gordon! Her last party, poor woman, came to the Pulteney Hotel to see her coffin! She lay in state three days, in crimson velvet, and she died more satisfactorily than one could have expected. She had an old Scots Presbyterian clergyman to attend her, who spoke very freely to her, I heard, and she took it very well. She received the sacrament a few hours before her death."

The clergyman referred to was the minister of the Scots Church in Swallow-street, to which the duchess bequeathed a service of communion plate, which is still in use. Another lady writer, May 5th, 1812:

"When we consider that active spirit sunk to rest, it affords a striking and forcible lesson on the vanity of those schemes of worldly greatness in which she found her almost unparalleled success, but which contributed so little to her happiness. There was something peculiarly revolting in the kind of mockery of state which attended her remains. The idea of her lying in state at such a place as the Pulteney Hotel seems in itself preposterous, and from the great want of judgment and attention with which the body was exposed for above a week after her death to the curiosity of all who thought fit to go into the hotel, it became quite indecent. It is said that the whole was done, not only without the consent, but without the knowledge of the duke, who by no means approved of the proceedings when he heard of the expense of £2000 which they brought upon him. I shall not waste much compassion on him. It was his part to give what orders he thought right about the funeral, and see that they were performed. Nor was this last mark of attention too much to have given to one whom his own conduct, perhaps more

than any thing else, contributed to make what she was—a melancholy instance of gifts neglected and talents misapplied. . . . C. P.”

Eight years after this event the duke married Jane Christie. We find him referring to the event in terms of sincere satisfaction :

“GORDON CASTLE, August 7th, 1820.

“You, no doubt, have heard of the step I have lately taken, for which I know that I am much blamed; but my conscience approves, and I trust that I shall not have any cause to repent it.”

In fact the old peer was supremely happy, for he had at last done justice to the woman, whom he loved with the strongest affection. Duke Alexander was one of the most accomplished and graceful noblemen of his time. He was a scholar, had a great practical knowledge of mechanics, was a draughtsman, a musician, and even a poet; at least he wrote a good Scots song to a native air, “Cauld kail in Aberdeen,” which obtained the praise of Burns; and this song is characteristic of its author, in decrying indulgence in the wine-cup or *cogie*, and extolling the superior fascination of the fair sex. In the afternoons, when the ducal work-room was closed or the chase over—for his Grace was a keen sportsman, and thought nothing, even after he was seventy, of swimming his horse across the Spey after a stag—the duke would sit down to dinner with his old librarian, James Hoy, and over a bottle of claret discuss any new book that Hoy had been reading, or any new discovery in science; and by this pleasant mode of *cramming*, the duke kept up pretty well with the literature of the day. Their post-prandial colloquies were not disturbed, it appears, by female society :

“My spirits have been much distressed since I had the pleasure of seeing you. The duchess's state of health becomes more serious every day, and I dread the consequences. She grows weaker, and can take no nourishment. God only knows how it may end; I am very unhappy about her. Her kindness and attention to me are beyond my powers of expression; and I can say that upon every occasion *but one*, she has always conformed to my wishes, and that one is rather to her credit, and must give all those who know the circumstance a high opinion of her. I must now, however, explain myself. After my marriage I wished to bring her home to Gordon

Castle, and have urged her since; but she has always refused, saying, that were she established at Gordon Castle, she is sure that my friends would not come to the castle, and she should never forgive herself if she were the means of preventing any of my friends from visiting me as they have always done. Excuse me for giving you this detail on what only concerns myself; but, being well aware of your friendship, I open my mind to you, knowing you will feel for me in my present distress.

“Yours most affectionately and truly,
“Gordon.”

The illness thus deplored and dreaded proved fatal. The unambitious duchess died in July, 1824. The duke erected a monument over her remains, and it was his wish to be interred beside her, (he died in 1827,) but the family refused their assent. His dust is mingled with that of his ancestors in Elgin Cathedral, while she whom he loved, not wisely but too well, slumbers among the rude forefathers of the hamlet, in a church-yard near the banks of the Spey.

In the circle of friends and correspondents embraced by these *Seaforth Papers*, there was no one more valued or beloved than Lady Louisa Stuart, daughter of the celebrated Earl of Bute. Her letters are remarkable for literary ability, fine observation, and delicacy of taste, with just a tinge of the old patrician exclusiveness. In the course of her long life (she lived to the age of ninety-four, and was never married) Lady Louisa had, from her position and talents, mixed in the best society of her times, both literary and fashionable. With Sir Walter Scott she maintained an intimate friendship, which, after his death, was extended to his children; and all who knew her reposed unbounded confidence in her clear judgment and goodness of heart. Though well qualified to excel in literature, she shrunk from the publicity of authorship, and from any thing like literary display. The following is an illustration of this peculiar sensitiveness :

“June, 1816.

“I dined one day with Mr. Morritt and a troop of blue-stockings, Lady Davy taking the lead amongst all. It diverts me to witness the progress of people who ride into the world, whether on a fiddle-stick, as the Duchess of Gordon said, or on any other stick; to see the regular steps of humility and confidence, till at last they attain to superiority, ‘scorning the base degrees by which they did ascend. Lady Davy, I assure you, is now a great lady, and I observed she took quite a tone of pro-

tection with Agnes Berry. Payne Knight was of the party. . . . I do not repent of my advice to you [not to publish her Indian journal.] Have you repented of following it, or do you waver? I am more than ever confirmed that loss of caste, and what is worse, loss of peace and comfort, would have been the consequence. You would have had from your connections high compliments in the *Edinburgh Review*, and that would have determined the other reviews to sneer with all their might. Witness your friend and my cousin's account of Cabul.* The *Edinburgh Review* talked of the high expectation, etc., rather, indeed, in the way of puffing. The *Quarterly Review*, by mere dint of sneering, has convinced half the world that it is a very silly book, not worth reading. Yet there can not be a work that affords less *prize* to ridicule, from the unpretending plain manner in which it is written. Oh, what a *mer à boire* would all this be to a woman of quality! The *pros* and *cons*, and *dits* and *redits*!—and finding one's self unawares engaged in a faction, instead of standing on one's own ground independent, and bowed to by both parties—a person who has nothing to do with them being by tacit consent, though they would not own it, held above their sphere. But once entered the lists, there is no retracting, and the very people who most advised you to publish would have a secret pleasure in setting up Maria Graham above you.† I have often thought, however, that not one person in a hundred would have taken my advice as you did, whether they had followed it or not; and I wonder how I dared to give it. Pray take it in another respect—learn Gaelic."

In the previous extracts, some members of the family of George the Third appear in a ridiculous and unenviable light. We may, however, quote affectionate notices of another of the royal household, whose name has now faded from the public recollection. Lady Louisa appears to have entertained a strong regard for the Princess-Royal, married to the Duke (and subsequently King) of Würtemberg.

"May 20th, 1827.

"I expect a very old acquaintance in England shortly, one I little thought I should ever see again, the Queen Dowager of Würtemberg. Thirty long years have elapsed since she left us, and few, very few of her friends will she find still living. I used to be often at the queen's

* The Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone's *Account of the Kingdom of Cabul, and its Dependencies in Turtary, Persia, and India*. 1815.

† Mrs. Graham, afterwards Lady Calcott, published *Travels in India*, 1812, and various other works evincing taste and research. She died in 1843.

house in her youth, and she was the only princess I felt inclined to be attached to; for she had sense, though not brilliancy, a thoroughly right mind, and real dignity, which I preferred to the *hail fellow well met* manners of some of the rest. Then she dearly loved her excellent father; she had no taste for gossip, and did not take notice whether your gown was a new or an old one, while her mother and sisters took an exact account of every body's wardrobe and trinket-box. 'I always think I will observe how people are dressed,' said she, 'but somehow I forget it.' I am glad the king has invited her to visit him, for of yore she was no favorite of his, and he often mortified and teased her; therefore it is the more flattering. How the recollections of age naturally pass over little unpleasant passages, and lead one to return to those whom we ought to have loved even if we did not!"

The visit to England was duly made in the summer, and is thus mentioned:

"July 5th, 1827.

"I had a long interview with the Queen of Würtemberg when she was in London, and had real pleasure in seeing her far better than she was represented by the reports circulated. These talked of her size as something enormous, which it really is not; she is rather shapeless than fat, not having worn stays of any kind these twenty years. And her dress is nothing extraordinary—what any body's would be who went with their own few gray hairs, instead of wearing a wig. Revisiting this country seems to give her great pleasure, yet she speaks with affection of the King of Würtemberg and her *grandchildren*, and I have heard that he is most respectful and attentive to her. There is a general benevolence about her difficult not to love. Mentioning her, of course, brings the rest of the family to one's mind. Would you believe that the head of it received a letter from Mrs. Coutts, to ask his consent to her marriage? I do not speak from report. I had it from Lady Elizabeth Stuart, who spent a day at Windsor, and heard his Majesty give a very droll account of it at his own table. Dickie brought the letter;* as that promised better entertainment than the ministerial red boxes which were on the table, they were all put aside, and Dickie was immediately admitted into his presence. 'Well, Dickie, you are the very last person I expected to see in the character of *le Mercure galant*.' 'In what character, your Majesty?' quoth Dickie, alarmed, and probably not understanding the words. 'Well,' resumed the king, 'the Duke of St. Albans has greater power than I; for, Dickie, I don't think I could possibly make you a duke.' But her impudence (as I must call it) succeeded to her wish; for, delighted with so good a joke, he actually wrote

* Mr. Dickie was a confidential clerk in Coutts' banking-house, and afterwards a partner in the establishment.

to wish her joy with his own hand, which, you know, was all he could have done to the daughter of the first duke about to marry the second—all that the most respectable character in the kingdom could have claimed—all that Queen Mary could do to Lady Russell. Yet she might just as well have asked my consent as his, being equally my banker; and one does not see in what other way he was a party at all concerned. Lady Sheffield and I going down to dine with the Butes at Sheen, met the happy pair proceeding to Highgate through the middle of the *aisiers* in the Park, then at high tide. All the equestrians (in newspaper language) turned about and galloped after them."

The Queen of Würtemberg did not long survive her visit to England. She died on the 6th of October, 1828, in the sixty-third year of her age. The event attracted little public notice, but Lady Louisa writes:

"No one of any rank ever left such sincere mourners. Her charities were unbounded, and she had so endeared herself to her husband's family and to all his subjects, that from the present king down to the beggar, I hear, all seem to have lost a parent. In speaking of him, she constantly said: 'My son;' she sent for him when she thought herself dying, had a long conversation with him, and bade him bring his wife and children the next day. By that time her sight had failed. She said: 'J'entends vos voix, mais je ne vous vois plus,' and was in the act of putting out one hand to him, while his little boy, on whom she doated, was kissing the other, when an apoplectic seizure ended her life. They could hardly remove the child from the body; and the young Princess Pauline, the orphan daughter of the *caurien* Prince Paul, would not leave it for several hours. The last day I saw her, she showed me a set of ornaments she had bought at Rundell and Palmer's, saying: 'Don't think I wear such things myself; these are for Pauline, my spoiled child.' It was her custom on Sundays to make her English maid read her an English sermon. On the 5th of October, she said, after hearing it attentively: 'There, my dear, you have done, and I thank you; you will never read me another.' The woman answered, she hoped she should. 'No, no,' replied the queen, 'I know my death is near at hand,' so prepared was she for the awful change; I trust a blessed one to her."

We may here string together a few observations taken from the letters of this accomplished lady. The fortitude with which Sir Walter Scott bore his loss of fortune is thus alluded to:

"Before I left town on Friday I received a letter from Walter Scott, whose thus answering

mine by return of post sufficiently showed he took it kindly; and so he expresses himself. But he writes with such calmness and content, dwelling on the blessings he has left, and making light of what he has lost, (though at the same time saying he shall not tell so stupid a lie as to pretend indifference,) that really, like the honest chambermaid in the play: 'I could cry my eyes out to hear his *magnanimity*.' It completes his character. One sentence I must copy out: 'We have ample means for ourselves. I am ashamed to think of it as a declension, knowing so many generals and admirals who would be glad to change fortunes with me.' . . . Perhaps by this time you know it all from himself or Mrs. Lockhart. If not, I think it will give you and Mr. S. M. satisfaction in seeing a character you esteemed rise instead of fall under such circumstances; for of all things one hates to be disappointed, and forced to give up one's favorites—even favorites one never saw."

On the kindred subject of recollections of eminent persons seen in youth, Lady Louisa observes:

"I quite agree with you as to the benefit of early recollections of remarkable people, but I own I have a doubt whether they are often to be found or formed where many children herd together. *Le mot pour rire* is then the thing sought for, let the elders preach as they may. Any trifling particularity is much more attended to than the intrinsic merit of the character, or even the agreeableness of the conversation. One naturally looks back to one's own experience. I was in some sort a solitary child, from being much the youngest of my family. In after life I recollected with a degree of respect all my mother's friends, some of whom were eminent people—for example, Anne Pitt, Lord Chatham's sister, and his counterpart in petticoats, whom we saw almost every day, and whose wit was remarkable. I found that my elder brothers and sisters—those from ten to seven years older than myself—chiefly recollected that she had a long nose and a great square foot, wore a French cap and very long petticoats, and altogether was a person to be laughed at; but not one word of the conversations which I could repeat to you at this day. The reason was that they were an assembled group who amused themselves with quizzing the particulars above mentioned, and never dreamt of listening to what an old woman with a square foot could utter. If I had had a comrade to play with, no more should I have done, but being alone, and not fond of quizzing, (because usually the object of it,) I, perforce, heard and remembered her words. It was the same with the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Delany, and others. Familiarity breeds contempt, as our writing-masters told us, and not veneration. Solomon himself, probably, had some odd trick or other, which would have withdrawn the at-

tention of a set of young folks or of children from his proverbs."

On the death of relations :

"As to the death of relations, where the nerves are concerned, they do play strange tricks with us, banishing reason to an extraordinary degree. Occasions of this sort always appear to me peculiarly apt to display the infirmities of human nature. It is rare that mutual affliction produces the mutual union which one would, in cold blood, suppose to be its inevitable result. It is not only that there are gradations in sorrow—that A is more grieved than B—but two people, who feel equally, perhaps, show their feelings so differently as to disgust or irritate each other. Even when this does not happen, when the mournful event softens all hearts for a time, the effect seems to cease almost as soon as the mourning is put on. You hear in the first month how admirably everybody has behaved, and, in the second, you are astonished to find the whole family at variance, possessed with heart-burnings and discontent."

Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, on her first perusal of Scott's novel of *Woodstock*, conceived that there had been too free a use of Scriptural expressions, and that the novelist had painted certain vices too broadly. From this hasty impression Lady Louisa dissented, and successfully vindicated their illustrious friend :

"(July, 1826.)

"I can not agree with you about *Woodstock*. I believe the author means no more than to paint the times faithfully, which can not be done without the language then used. The irreverence is in those who use it, not in him. Nor is it, I am sorry to say, obsolete. I have the copy of a letter which a lady I know received from a tallow-chandler, that beats any thing in *Old Mortality*. The most awful names and phrases are so blended with the puffing of his mottled soap, and his cheap spermaceti candles! What is far worse, I have myself known higher people employ scriptural language, and drag in texts when the matter in hand was most thoroughly worldly—in fact, when they were bent on gratifying their own passions. This I think irreverent and pernicious—the exposing it neither. I have lately been reading some of Walter Scott's prefaces to Ballantyne's *British Novelists*, and I am sure the manner in which he reprobates infidel writers there, shows how much at heart he has the cause of true religion. For Cromwell, if we are to read history at all, we must take the liberty of forming our own different judgments of him; and of Queen Bess, and Louis Quatorze, and William the Conqueror, and Julius Cæsar to boot. And Walter Scott is surely

free to think of him as was thought in his own day by Walker, Whitelocke, Colonel Hutchinson, and all the Presbyterians—that is, all the religious men of the Roundhead party. You forget the famous anecdote of his dismissing some of these with 'The Lord will reveal, the Lord will help,' and then turning round to Waller, 'Cousin Waller, I must talk to these men in their own way.' I think you will be like his granddaughter, Mrs. Bendysh, who, her biographer says, 'got into many quarrels about him; for she was not content with his being a great general and statesman, which most people would allow, but she would have him a great saint, and that few would allow.'"

Nor would Mr. Carlyle, we suspect, allow as proof the anecdote of Cromwell and Waller, which rests on no good authority, and is inconsistent with the real character of Oliver.

The death of friends, that penalty which all must pay for advanced years, calls forth some striking and pathetic communications :

"ROYSTON, HERTS, 26th October, 1832.

"I have lost my earliest and latest friend, poor Lady Emily Macleod, with whom I had been on a sister's footing since I was fourteen years old. Our mothers had been the companions of each other's childhood like ourselves; and as neither of us had a sister near our own age, all the little half-childish, half girlish interchange of thoughts and schemes and wishes—folly to grown-up years—took place, which perhaps never can begin later. Sometimes it fades away and is wholly forgotten; the parties grow gradually estranged or indifferent. But where people go on together through life—a long life—as we had done, it is something no intimacy formed in riper years can resemble. We knew each other as no one else knew either of us, thought aloud to each other, wrote as if we were talking to ourselves. Yet such is the tranquillizing effect of time, that I have borne the blow without those violent emotions it would have produced formerly."

"The news of poor Sir Walter's death came just at the same sad moment, consequently made little impression on me at the time; but I have thought enough about him and *them* since. Miss Berry, whose forte is not delicacy of tact, picked up a life of him in an Edinburgh Journal, and thought it so fair and accurate that she sent it to me in an office frank. It strikes me as depreciating throughout; high general praise, only he was no poet, and a very indifferent writer of prose. This is matter of taste; but what enrages me is the audacious assertion that he was too aristocratic to care for the people, and never painted a good character in the middle or lower classes! Jeanie Deane, Dandy Dinmont, and I know not how many more, were lords and ladies, I suppose! If he

had one characteristic more than another, I should say it was his kind and affectionate familiarity with those below him, which I know he took pains to make others adopt likewise."

"November 19th, 1832.

"The best character of our poor friend [Sir W. Scott,] and the best critique on his works which I have yet seen, is in that most mischievously Radical magazine, the *New Monthly*, edited by Lytton Bulwer, author of *Eugene Aram*. This character dwells particularly on the kindly feelings of Sir Walter towards the lower class, and the favorable portraits he drew of them. It has pleased me highly, notwithstanding the doctrines which the magazine pretty plainly inculcates, namely, away with clergy, universities, lords, courts of law, primogeniture, and every thing that used to be held dear to old England—France and America for ever! The work, however, holds forth a very taking lure just now—Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Lord Byron*, which make one ten times better acquainted with him than one can be by wading through Moore's two quartos, and all the other books and pamphlets that have been written about him since he died. Was she not one of the class yclept *Oh Fies!* Be that as it may, she is a very sensible woman, details every circumstance very well, and makes the most just remarks as she goes along, keeping herself out of sight—at least in the background—which a vain person would not do. She simply tells what she saw and heard. *Apropos* of Lord Byron, was it not a strong measure in Miss Berry to have Countess Guiccioli at a soirée? This was told me by a person highly scandalized at it, though I know not that Countess Guiccioli is any worse than others whom I have met there and heard of elsewhere. But the real four-footed lion, wearing mane and tail, and teeth and claws, is not so greedy of prey, nor so indiscriminate in the choice of it, as your catcher of figurative lions. I am convinced that if Thurtell or Burke could have been left at large between the time of their murders and their execution, one should have had an invitation to the treat of seeing them at somebody's soirée."

In 1837, contrary to her fixed opinion, Lady Louisa appeared in print. Her "Introductory Anecdotes" to the edition of Lady Wortley Montague's *Letters*, published by her kinsman, Lord Wharnccliffe, were extorted from her, she said, by her nephews, and the publication brought her a good deal of vexation and mortification. The pleasures of authorship she was a stranger to, while she felt the pains—that is the stings—pretty acutely. But in truth she had communicated to the public a store of literary anecdote and biographical facts both interesting and valuable;

and considering that the composition was the work of a lady of eighty, it is one of the most remarkable contributions made to the literary history of our times. There were no traces of senility in the "Anecdotes," nor are there any in letters like the following, written at still more advanced periods of life:

"October 28th, 1840.

"How little did we think when we were so lately talking together of poor Miss Fox, and admiring the strong affection between her and her brother, [Lord Holland,] that such a blow as his loss was just about to fall on her. Alas, alas! the happiness, the comfort, the blessing of her life thus suddenly taken away! Knowing she was unwell, I wrote to ask after her on Tuesday the 20th. She answered me the next day, mentioning his illness but slightly, and talking of other things in a way that showed she was under no alarm. Before I got the note on Thursday morning, it must have been over some hours, though I did not know it till Friday's newspaper came in and really knocked me down. Had visitors called, they would have been surprised to find me sobbing for a man I hardly knew. What Dr. Holland told Lady Charlotte Lindsay, is this: They had settled to go to Brighton on the Thursday, and he called, not as a physician, but to take leave of them, the day before. Lord H. complained of sickness. Dr. H. gave him a medicine, and not liking his state, called again at one o'clock, then grew uneasy, and stayed on; towards evening he sent for Dr. Chambers. The pulse continued sinking, and early next morning there was an end. He (Dr. Holland) said Miss Fox bore the misfortune with fortitude and resignation, as did also Lady Holland, who, he said, though fanciful and fidgety often without reason, did bear up under real calamity. I subjoin a stanza found on a bit of paper on the floor of Lord Holland's room; it appears like the beginning of something he meant to write:

'Nephew of Fox, and friend of Grey,
Enough my meed of fame,
If those who know me best can say,
I've tarnished neither name.'

"January 22d, 1841.

"Jeremy Bentham was nearly right in Miss Fox's age. I take her to be about ten years younger than myself. We were at Brighton in the summer of the year 1770—I just thirteen. I can exactly see Lady Mary Fox, who visited my mother, (her Welsh aunt,) and hear her give a description of the play they acted at Winterslow, their house in Wiltshire (afterwards burned.) She was Jane Shore; her husband Stephen Fox, Gloster; Charles Fox, Hastings; her brother, Richard Shore; I remember Miss Fox, a little toddling thing, who could just speak. The men called her 'Little Ste,' from her likeness to her father."

"GLOUCESTER PLACE, 11th of May, 1848.

"May every cloud pass away, and sunshine beam on your path in future!—a future it is very improbable I should live to see, as you talk of returning in *two years*, and I am in my *eighty-sixth*. So great an age sits lightly upon me in some respects. I am wonderfully blessed with the eyesight of absolute youth, and with good general health. On the other side, I am too deaf to hear any sound but through a trumpet, and that very imperfectly, so can converse with only one person at once; and an increasing rheumatism, or neuralgia, or tic douloureux—for I know not what to call it—affecting the whole of my lower limbs, has nearly taken away the use of them, and keeps me in almost continual pain, worse in bed than any where else. My mind and memory, I believe, are unimpaired, but of that, to be sure, I can not be the best judge. No more of my insignificant old self! Our friend M. has not written to me lately. It is about the time that he used to make one of his short visits to London, and I hoped the more that he would come this year, because I understood his sister meant to take a house for two or three months, and lodge her niece Anne. Mr. Lockhart told me this a good while ago. The W.'s have arrived. Those who have seen him describe him as a consummate puppy. I am afraid two lines of Dryden, quoted somewhere in the *Spectator*, may be re-quoted for that pair:

"But while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is."

I saw Miss Fox a week ago, well, and, I thought, in good spirits. She passed the earlier part of the winter at Bowood with the Lansdownes, and the weather then being extraordinarily mild and fine, she enjoyed it extremely. When she came back she was a good while in town with Lady Holland, by which I hoped to have profited, but as she never was out of an evening, and in a morning was what one may call *upon duty* to go airing every day, she could not call here often. On her removing to her home, Lady Holland very soon removed thither too, carrying, I understood, her cook, etc., and giving dinners at Little Holland House. However, as Miss Fox kept her own hours and dined alone, joining the party when it suited her, I daresay it annoyed her less than if the other had occupied Holland House and commanded her attendance there. The queen's dominion falls far short of it! Lady Holland has just lost her old friend, her inmate for above forty years, known by the sobriquet of 'her Atheist'—Mr. Allen, whom, I suppose, you know. Some of my visitors tell me she has shown a great want of feeling on this occasion, giving a great dinner at Miss Fox's house, while he was actually dying in her own. But the proverb declares that Satan himself is less black than he is painted. Lady Charlotte L., an unprej-

udiced person, on whom I can depend, says that at the dinner in question they were rejoicing over Mr. Allen's being pronounced out of danger, although a fatal relapse carried him off next day. She also says, that he was a quiet, inoffensive man, who, if indeed an atheist, did not obtrude his opinions on others. And for Lady H.'s calling in company now, it is not from insensibility—for her eyes betray that she has been crying half the morning—but from absolute horror of spending two or three hours alone. Poor unhappy woman! She is looking out for another medical man to supply Allen's place in that capacity. I do believe that Miss Fox is sincerely attached to her, and submits to all her caprices and tyranny, not from weakness, but affection. And, on the other side, it is impossible not to give her credit for loving Miss Fox after her own fashion; how can she help it? I hear Lady Davy has thought of returning to England this next summer. Sir Thomas Apreece, her first husband's relation, has died, by which event she obtains one thousand pounds a year; but there are some law difficulties in the way, and she must come to look after her affairs in person. You must have seen her at Rome. . . . "Very affectionately yours,

"L. STUART."

There are some affecting details of the last illness, death, and family circumstances of Sir Walter Scott, but we can not here quote them *in extenso*, and they would lose their interest by mutilation. We may, however, cite one very characteristic passage in a letter of Mr. Lockhart's describing the efforts made by the London Committee regarding Abbotsford and a memorial of Sir Walter:

"As to monuments, if I could choose—passing Abbotsford—I should say, put a plain sitting statue of Sir W. S. on Princes'-street, Edinburgh, at the south end of Castle-street, backed by the rock; and put a cairn on the Eildon Hill, that every lad might carry his stone to. As for *temples* and *pillars*, they have been vulgarized in Edinburgh. A friend said to me, 'Good God, what a grand thing it will be to have Sir Walter put on a level with the late Lord Melville! Let us have another pillar at the west end of George-street, by all means.' This man is a sensible one, and was dead serious. On a level with Lord Melville, whose name will appear only in the fag-end of a note to the future history of this country, and really will be kept in memory chiefly by the pillar! Dugald Stewart and Playfair, admirable dominies both, have their temples; so I fancy will now Sir John Leslie. The Calton Hill had better be left to the schoolmasters; in a hundred years they will have covered it; but, if they please, they may keep a place in the midst for Sir John——."

It is time, however, that we should close these extracts. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie survived nearly all her early contemporaries, whose letters she had so fondly preserved. She was within a few months of eighty at the time of her death. Her old age was chiefly spent at Brahan Castle, surrounded by "troops of friends" and relatives, and was marked by a certain placid dignity and grace scarcely less interesting than her earlier period, when she sat to Lawrence, and was the charm of London society. In her tall figure and commanding features she still looked the chieftainess; and her rich conversation,

her store of traditions, anecdotes, and tales of adventure were most unrivaled. As the infirmities of age confined her more and more to her home, the milder features of her character became prominent. Her piety, which had never been dormant, even in the midst of her busy life in India and Ceylon, was more ardent and unsectarian, her efforts to spread education over the Highlands were ceaseless, and her charities and sympathy with the poor were unbounded. Time, money, and influence were freely spent in these labors of love and patriotism, and she was literally "full of mercy and good fruits."

From the London Society Magazine.

THE STORY OF THE SNOWY CHRISTMAS.

Snowed up in a lonely inn amongst Irish mountains, the writer of this little record paid a dreamy heed to the loose scraps of romantic retrospect which floated about from the lips of those who came and went about the hearth-place. They leaped and fell in fitful snatches, just as did the blaze in the shadows; and amongst the rest the following little history glimmered forth from the smoke, and wrought itself for the listener into a lasting shape in the embers. Referring to the fearful fall of 18—, which is remembered with horror in the district, they called it the story of the Snowy Christmas. Knowing what the words mean, it seems hard to turn one's eyes from the blank of the end, and dash warmly into the beginning: for the beginning was warm and bright, and this page should open, as a small door opens, into a garden of sunshine.

It was August, the glorious golden month. Hills were flushed with crimson ether, and glens were dim with purple mystery. Valley rivers ran red at sunset, and rainbows hung about the waterfalls. The bronzed corn-fields palpitated faint for joy when a stray breeze crept over a hedge and fanned their hot hearts, and in the cabin doorways the women joined their brown hands above their eyes

whilst looking for the reapers coming home.

It was a sultry afternoon. The curlews on the burning beach below had not energy to scream as the flowing tide flashed like fire to their feet, where they perched luxuriously on the wet stones, and the fishermen's boats drifted idly out into the dazzling western haze, as though toil and trouble were a bygone dream, and they steered to the shores of eternal rest. High up on a stretch of golden moor a white cottage flung the shadow of its gable on the hot ground, and the faint smoke from its chimney hovered sleepily above in the lustrous air. The door lay open, and the threshold-stone was boldly marked with a red breadth of light. Beyond it there was a cool little hall, at present deliciously filled with the murmurous echoes of a pleasant voice ebbing and flowing from somewhere near. A white door opened from either side of the passage. In one of the rooms beyond these, a pretty little chintz-draped parlor, a pale lady was lying on a sofa. A great vase of fern stood beside her on the floor, and the green blinds were half let down, filling the place with a cool, dreamy atmosphere. The other room was the cottage kitchen, tiny, white, and glittering. A strong-

featured old woman, wearing a brilliant handkerchief folded like a turban over her white cap, sat by the hearth tending some cakes which were "browning" over the fire, and at the white-curtained window, flung wide open to the top, a young girl was baking at a table. Her gown was brown gingham, no brooch fastened her collar, a white apron was tied round her waist, and her sleeves were rolled up over her arms, past her elbows. Many housemaids would have been discontented to wear her dress, yet a glance must convince the most dull of comprehension that this little baker was a lady.

She prattled gayly as she baked, now and again tossing her head to shake back the waving dark hair from her throat and forehead, or flashing round a merry look from her bright face at the old servant.

"It's very ominous, certainly," she said, cutting out her cakes with an air of mock seriousness; "the tongs have twice fallen right across the hearth without any awkwardness of yours, therefore most surely a stranger is to come. And then you had an awful dream last week, which makes it doubly sure that if a stranger does come something terrible will be the consequence. What do you think he will do, Bab—decapitate us all? or bring an enchanter's wand, and change us into ducks and geese? That would not be so bad this hot weather. It would be so nice to swim in the lake all day!"

Bab shook her head. "It's all very well for you to have your fun out of it, Miss Elsie," she said, "but I hope he mayn't darken our door: that's all!"

Elsie laughed blithely as she untied her apron, and laughed again as she ran up the one little flight of white-painted steps to her small bedroom under the eaves. Coming quickly down again, in her outdoor dress, with a basket in her hand, she looked in at the kitchen, and said:

"I am going for some moss and flowers, Bab. Have the kettle boiling, for mamma will want her tea. And, Bab, if I meet the stranger I'll send him to you. Oh, perhaps he is coming to take The House!"

Not waiting to see the result of this suggestion, Elsie tripped through the door out on the sunshiny heath. "The House" was a large pile, standing solitary in a wooded recess between hills, not far distant. It stood upon the lands of Elsie's ancestors, and the setting sun was just now blazing on the windows of her old

nursery. In that nursery Bab had sung her to sleep and taught her her prayers; and if Elsie's bright youth cared little that her life had fallen from its worldly high estate, the faithful servant fretted sorely over the cruel chance, and could not tolerate the idea of a stranger in the old house.

Elsie sauntered slowly along in the sun, filling her basket with mosses and water-lilies. She stood up to her waist amongst the rushes, and, shading her eyes, gazed round and round the welkin. All the earth was quiet; heavily, sultrily still, and at rest. Eternal ridges of mountains prisoned it between purple walls. A dull fever throbbed in its veins, but there was no effort, no varied action. Elsie had heard of the "busy world," and often wondered what it must be to behold the works of men, to be one in a crowd, to have variety in one's days, to see new faces, to make new friends. "It is so still," she murmured; "so eternally, intolerably still. Nothing changing, nothing renewing, nothing passing away. Nature going through her slow, monotonous courses; time making us older; and still the same dull, dull, quiet life! Oh, that I had a pair of wings to fly over yonder mountain, with its smiling, denying face, half amused at and half pitying my restlessness, or that I could paddle a boat right over that golden line, out so far, where the ships pass like ghosts! There are plenty of paths to cloud-land streaming down the air in colored labyrinths ending in golden vistas; and they are crowded with travelers, fancies, and wishes, and hopes, coming and going; but on that one weary, drowsy, yellow road that leads out into the world where men and women live and work there is never a shadow, never a speck! Bab's tongs!" she repeated, smiling to herself. "I wish some one—man, woman, or child—would come and rouse us up a little, before we die of stagnation. Heigho! Mamma says she had plenty of friends once; but nobody minds us now. Well! I don't care; only one does tire of baking bread, and gathering flowers, and going out for walks. And I wish I had not read that novel. It was a delightful treat, but I don't think it was good for me."

She smiled again as she came near the house, and looked up at the windows. "Now, if I were in earnest with all this grumbling," she said, "how wicked I should be! For it is a blessed thing to

have such a pleasant little home to come to, and a dear, patient mother waiting for her tea!"

At this moment Bab appeared on the threshold gesticulating wildly and mysteriously.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Elsie.

"He's come!" gasped Bab, while her turban nodded with frenzied impulse.

"Who?" asked Elsie, opening her eyes wide.

"The stranger. He came up the road a bit ago, as tall and as grand as you please. And he asks, 'Is this Mrs. Leonard's house?' And I don't know what come over me that I said 'Yes,' or I might have sent him about his business. But he's in the parlor; and oh! Miss Elsie, dear, hurry in and get him out of this as fast as you can!"

Bab opened the parlor door, and Elsie advanced to it, mechanically, quite bewildered, and only half understanding the old servant, only half prepared to see a real stranger in the room with her mother. She walked in, fresh and bright after her ramble, with her curly hair, somewhat tossed, straying in picturesque rings and tendrils from under her slouch-hat, and with her basket of mosses on her arm. A gentleman was sitting by her mother's couch, and as he rose up at her entrance the girl almost sank into the earth with shyness. She heard her mother say, "Elsie, this is Mr. North, the son of your father's friend who went to India. He has only been a short time in England, and has kindly come to see us."

Elsie, having nothing to say, gave him her hand, and then sat down. Too shy to look, she sat gazing at the fire and listening to the pleasant bass voice which was so unheard of a novelty in that small parlor. She fell into a reverie of pleased wonder at the strange, new sensation of having a friend. Where had he come from? Had he really traveled that speckless yellow road; or had he landed with a fleet in the bay, or strode across the hills?

"You are not perhaps aware," said Elsie's mother, "that there is no hotel for very many miles from here. If you will accept such mountain hospitality as we have to offer it will be given most gladly."

The pale lady said this with a pink flush on her white cheek, whilst there hovered about her an echo of that sweet,

stately dignity which in past years had so well become the mistress of "The House."

And then the stranger, having gladly accepted the invitation, went into the hall to look after his gun; and Elsie, trying to shake off her bewilderment, went upstairs to lay aside her hat. She brushed back her curls, and shook out her dress, and tied a blue ribbon under her collar, and then her toilet was complete; for Elsie in summer time, except on Sundays, never thought of wearing any thing better than a gingham gown. As she came down stairs the stranger stood at the open hall-door, and Elsie, having conquered her first impulse to turn and fly up again, came soberly down, and saw him plainly for the first time; for before he had only been to her a vague, kindly presence. He was tall and strongly made, handsome and brave-looking, with a bronzed skin and sunny eyes. The light fell on the little maiden, herself as she came down the stairs with a strange spell checking her steps and veiling the frank light in her eyes. Elsie did not realize what a miniature place it must seem to him altogether, this traveled man: a miniature house, and a miniature young lady (not more so in stature than in the very small amount of the usual requirements which sufficed to proclaim her the lady) who dared to wear gingham at tea-time, and yet approached with as stately a little step as though she were clad in silks and laces. Philip North must however have found it a pleasant picture which the sunset illumined before him, for his eyes kindled, and a delicate thrill of appreciation hovered tenderly on his lip. Elsie tried to say something polite as she passed close by, but meeting those warm observant eyes fixed upon her she relapsed into shyness, and retreated to the kitchen.

A glass dish of water-lilies stood in the center of the tea-table, and Philip North said, "I think I saw you gathering these." They were the first words he had spoken to her; and Elsie colored and overflowed a cup, and then looked up in surprise and said, "Did you? Where?"

"Down by the side of a little lake. And after you had got them you stood for a long time in a brown study, looking at the sky."

And this was all the conversation they had till after tea. Then Elsie's mother, having conversed too much and too eagerly for her strength, lay resting on her sofa,

and Elsie, looking out into the starry shades of the twilight from the open window, forgot her reserve, and found herself talking quite frankly to the stranger, telling him how she spent her time, (not concealing the fact that she baked the bread,) what books she read, and a number of other small things too trifling to be recorded. And then the moon appeared between two mountains, large and yellow in the soft purple night; and Philip North enraptured Elsie by telling her that he had beheld no finer scene in any land. Then he described to her countries whose very names made her cheek throb. Poor little Elsie! that was a night never to be forgotten while the light stayed in those earnest eyes.

One evening soon afterwards it happened that Elsie came to the door just as Philip North arrived from the moors with his gun and his dogs and his day's spoil. He stooped and laid the dead game at her feet, and passed on to put away his gun. Some wild idea suggesting the poem of "Hiawatha" flashed fiercely through her brain, and sent a fearful delight tingling through her veins. She stood pale and trembling, like one who had got a blow, then rushed upstairs and threw herself on her bed in a passion of tears—why, she did not dare to know. She felt something cold on her face, and looking up saw one of Philip's dogs staring at her with mute sympathy. She leaned forward to kiss his rough face, but checked herself, pushed him fiercely from her, and drove him from the room.

Weeks passed, and still Philip North stayed, and still Mrs. Leonard observing him, weighing his words and his looks, and studying his character—still Elsie's mother was glad that he stayed. And even Bab had forgotten her dream and blessed him for a kindly gentleman. And Elsie, tripping happily about her household work, did not care if he saw her through the open window baking her bread; nor was she ashamed when one day he came in and asked her for one of her cakes, fresh from the fire. And so her life wore on towards that sunniest point where the glad feet were to stop, where the music was to be hushed, and the light to go down. Oh, dead eyes! if you can look back on life, how do you thank God for the blissful brightness that blinded you to the end and let the grave open beneath you unawares!

Was it the creeping on of the shadow of death, that restlessness which would not let Elsie be happy in peace? or was it the ghost of Bab's foolish superstition rising after she herself had laid it? At evening, when she closed the door upon the sad mountains, Elsie longed so to shut out the world that they three might stay together thus for ever. At night she lay broad awake assuring herself "Our friend is here." Then the shadow would reply, "How long will he be here? He will go, and you will never behold him again, never, never, till the last trumpet shall sound." And weary and feverish she would rise when the dawn had swept away the night clouds, and in the fresh pale morning, while the birds chirruped sleepily under the eaves, she would haunt the restful house, stealing out to feed and pet Philip's dogs; and then in again to watch the sunrise, now from one window and now from another, reading the pale scrolls of early clouds, and wondering at how recklessly we sleep away half our bright youth, drowning in dull dreams happy moments whose fast waning measure has been meted out to us with a nice balance. And at last when her eyes grew pained with vigil she would steal to the garden and bring a handful of flowers and place them on her pillow, and laying her cheek against their cool sweetness would fall asleep.

One day Elsie, having been down on the beach, came in with a glorious light on her face and told her mother a story, over which the pale lady cried, as women sometimes do when very happy. But Elsie could only look out upon the mountains with a transfigured countenance, and whisper triumphantly, "What can come now, unless death?" The glory vanished from her face and she crept away to pray for that which God saw not right to give.

Philip North bought "The House," and thither Elsie's mother was to return in the spring, when Elsie had become its mistress. So, being mercifully blinded, they planned in the gladness of their hearts. And Elsie went with Philip one evening to view the old place and arrange about alterations and furnishing. She went in her pretty simple dress and straw hat, walking by Philip's side over the moors, and through the wood, and across the threshold into the deserted house, flinging back shutters, and letting in the

light, and making the silent old rooms ring back the echoes of her quick feet and merry voice. And so they agreed how this room and that should be appointed, and Philip made notes of all, for he was going back to the world to make many arrangements before Christmas Day, which was to see their wedding.

November came and Philip went, and in the joy of receiving his first letter Elsie forgot the pain of parting. One week went by, wet and dreary, and the next set in with heavy snows; falling, falling, whirling and drifting night and day, till dykes were filled up, and roads were blocked, and all landmarks were lost. On the first white morning Elsie stood at the window, with some dainty needlework in her hand, watching and smiling at the eddying flakes, thinking little of how soon their cruel white sting would freeze up her young life, how soon the pitiless drifts would seal her dead eyes.

There were no more letters; the mails were stopped. Thick and unceasing the snow fell. The valleys, like overflowing seas, rose to the knees of the mountains. Dwellers in the lowlands fled for shelter to their friends on the hills and forgot where their homes had been. Streams and rivers lay congealed like blood in the veins of the dead.

Every morning the day stared in at Elsie with its white blank face where she sat holding her mother's hand — her mother, whom the long piercing cold of that cruel snow was killing, whilst with daily sullen denial it forbade all aid to approach her. Day after day she sat so, holding the thin hand while weeks went on and December was half spent, gazing out at the imploring hills and the mourning trees, trying to pray with patient courage while her eyes searched the relentless sky in vain for mercy.

Downstairs a lamp burned constantly in the garnished parlor. Christmas decorations had been made, and white curtains were looped with the red and green of the holly. Bab kept the fire burning and the lamp trimmed, and Elsie stole down now and again to see that all was neat and bright, for the thaw might come any day, and Philip might arrive, and her mother recover.

And the pale lady who lay upstairs, knowing herself to be dying, spoke bright words to the child whom she feared to leave lonely, urging her to omit no prepa-

ration, to have all things brightly in readiness, so that when the thaw should come and Philip arrive, her own wasting life might yet have a little time to burn, even until she beheld that which her heart craved to see accomplished.

"Christmas Day will be bright, love," she would murmur, stroking the faithful little hand that held hers so strongly, as if it would not give up its grasp to death. "I dreamed this morning that the day had come, and the sun was shining, and you and I were both dressed in white, and I was quite well again. I know it will be a bright day!"

And then the pale lady would turn her fast-changing face to where she could see the chimneys of her old home, and, thinking who knows what thoughts of the happy days passed under its roof-tree, she would gaze away above the white hills beyond with the eyes of one whose soul goes with them, trying to learn the track, trying to grow accustomed to the path by which it soon must go on its lonely journey to the unknown land.

And so the hearth was swept and the walls were garnished, and the lamp and fire burned brightly downstairs; and above, Elsie's white dress lay in her room like a wreath from the pitiless snow outside, which had drifted in through the window and remained there undisturbed. And the wind moaned round the house, rattling at the locks of the doors as if to warn that one was coming to whom closed doors were nothing. And that one came in the dead of a dark night and summoned the pale lady from sleep. And opening her eyes, she recognized the call, and, riveting one last prayerful gaze upon the dear face beside her, she turned her own from the world and followed the messenger.

Oh, pulseless earth! oh, tearless sky! you had no pity for the longing life that would fain have lingered yet a little space, how then could you melt for the unpraying dead that lay there, meekly defying you in its shroud, with its patient hands folded, waiting so stilly till you vouchsafed it a grave; or for the stricken figure that sat at its feet with a brain dulled from studying hour by hour the changed features in their unsympathizing repose, where all the flood-gates of warmth had been suddenly locked and set with the seal of that chill, unheeding smile?

So Elsie sat at her dead mother's feet,

and old Bab came and went heart-broken, and could not coax her to weep nor to rest. And still the wedding gown lay in the next room, and the lamp burned down-stairs, and the wind rattled at the locks, and still the earth and sky were a blank.

At last the thaw commenced slowly to work. Life began to appear, and passages were cleared here and there. And one or two of those kind Christians, the poor, with difficulty found Elsie's mother a grave. And after that was done, Elsie, shunning the garnished parlor and the lorn bedroom, crept into the kitchen and laid her head on Bab's knees.

Late in the evening she roused herself and asked if it was not Christmas Eve. Yes, it was the eve of her wedding-day.

"Then, Bab," she said, "we must have every thing ready. Mr. North will be here to-night."

Bab shook her head. "No, no, Miss Elsie. The thaw has done something, but not so much as that. It's dark already, and no human bein' could know his way from the moor beyond where the roads cross. He'd most likely take the one that goes out to the Black Craggs, and if he did he'd go down headlong as sure as heaven and earth!"

Elsie sat up straight and stared at the old woman, and then put up her hand to her head as if to collect her poor shattered wits.

"Some one must go," she said, "and watch on the moor all night, to show him the way when he comes. He will be there as sure as God is above us. I feel it, Bab! I know it! Can not some one go?"

"Oh, no, no, Miss Elsie!" cried Bab, wringing her hands at her young mistress's white distraught face; "no one could stay there the night through, he'd be foundered dead before mornin'."

"You are sure of it? Ask some one; I must know."

Bab went to inquire, and came back. It was as she had said; no one dared venture to pass a night on the moor. The snow might come on again at any moment.

"Then God help me!" moaned Elsie, as she crept from the kitchen and felt her way up stairs in the dark. She went into her own room, where the wedding-gown still lay, and she could see from the window that line of moor where the roads met. There, with hands locked in her

lap, and strained eyes fixed on the distance, and white cheek close to the pane, she sat. The sky had cleared a little, and the moon had ventured out, looking pale and meek, as if she, too, had had her troubles and wept away all her brightness.

Twelve o'clock struck; and Bab, who had vainly tried to move her mistress, had perforce laid her own weary old head on a bed in the room off Elsie's and fallen asleep. One o'clock, and the night had brightened, and the moon shone clear and brilliant on the white ridges and levels of mountains and valleys. Two, and still Elsie sat fixed, and nothing had changed. Three, and the moon began to sink away among cloud-drifts low on the hills.

Four struck in the hall, and the sound roused Elsie from a state of numbness like stupor into which she had fallen. Was it the shock that made her start to her feet, and, with bent brows and strained eyes, gaze toward the moor, whilst all her frame shook with the agony of suspense? Was it fate that pointed to her a black something moving in the dim distance like one riding on with difficulty? Another instant and the window is flung open and head and shoulders are thrust out. A low groan, "My God!" bursts from her as the shadow seems to pause and then move away into that dim distance. Fleet as thought she has left the window, dashed from the room, and is gone.

Till her death poor old Bab remembered with remorse how heavily she slept that night, till she seemed to dream that Miss Elsie's figure flashed past her through the room in which she lay. The vision made her sleep uneasily, and she awoke troubled, and, rising to reassure herself, searched the house for her young mistress. In vain; one room was empty, and another was empty. Elsie was gone.

Who shall tell where? The moor-fowls that screamed past her as she struggled on, fired to supernatural effort by the strength of her purpose, plunging through snow-wreaths, stumbling over fences and clogged marshes, with her eyes fixed on those Black Craggs? Or the moon that pitied her as she fell and bled, and rose and fought on again, as she must have done terribly, piteously often, ere those fatal rocks were won?

Oh, those pitiless white wastes, how they must have frozen the blood in that

brave battling young heart! How they must have stung that daring soul with bitter wounds ere it could acknowledge its defeat! How they must have torn the plodding feet with treacherous stones and rocks ere they carried her to her goal—death!

But the moon waned, and the gray Christmas dawn broke, and a traveler, riding with difficulty along the partially-cleared road, paused suddenly, thinking he heard his own name called, a sharp, clear, bitter cry, fading suddenly into silence—"Philip! Philip!"

He wheeled about and gazed seaward, just as the red sun bared his brow above the eastern mountains, and glared fiercely over the crimson-stained wastes of whiteness like a ruthless conqueror exulting after the carnage is done. And out, out far, just by the Black Craggs, he thought he saw a slight dark figure standing in the red light against the snow. But his eyes were dazed with the sun, and when he looked again the form was gone. He pressed on his horse eagerly and thought no more of his odd fancy.

"Philip! Philip!" Oh, that last woe-ful cry, falling unheeded into stillness just

as the poor heart broke! And he, the watched and prayed for, entered at last that garnished home; but the hearth that had glowed so brightly for him all through the long, long weeks was quenched for ever, and the heart whose love had fed its flame, and the fingers that had trimmed the lamp, and the lips that had kissed the little love-gifts lying about, where were they?

Ay, where? Who shall guess from what hollow gulf of snow, from the feet of what cruel rock, the tide carried the dead girl? The sea-gulls may scream her *misereres*, and the waves roll their muffled drums over her head, but no human mourner will ever kneel at her grave, for the body of Elsie Leonard was never found.

Philip North still lives, but wherever he goes the vision of that figure out on the snow in the red dawn will haunt him till death, and the echo of that last bitter cry, "Philip! Philip!" ring in his ears.

This is the story of the Snowy Christmas. It is told over the logs in the cabins at night; and children will turn pale if, in the wintry gloaming, a plover sobs from seaward or a curlew cries over the Black Craggs.

R. M.

From The Leisure Hour.

ELEPHANT-STALKING IN ABYSSINIA.

THE following account of elephant-stalking in the easterly cliffs of the Abyssinian range of mountains is translated from a letter of his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, written during his recent African expedition:

Elephants in the mountains? No huntsman or friend of nature will believe it. But, however they may shake their heads in astonishment, there they are nevertheless. It is a peculiarity of that vast range, which in the east almost reaches the Red Sea, in the north runs out into the deserts of Habab, and in the west into the low lands of Barka—being only in the south connected with the mountainous countries of Hamarfen—to be visited

in regular intervals by large troops of elephants. They do not stay in the valleys and on the table-lands, as would seem more probable, but chiefly occupy the highest and roughest cliffs.

They move on and change their places three or four times a year, being in all probability connected with those large flocks which in the low countries of Central Africa lead a migratory life, and, according to Vogel and the few other Europeans who have penetrated so far, have rendered themselves masters of these regions.

The mountains in question consist mostly of coarse-grained granite and mica slate, and rise up to an elevation of about nine thousand feet. A thick vegetation

covers them, changing by degrees according to the height of the mountain, on the tops of which our native European shrubs and plants are growing. The tropical vegetation is, besides, quite different from that of America and Asia; it resembles in its appearance rather more the mountains of Upper Austria and the Bavarian Alps. The thermometer is supposed never to sink to the freezing point, and even on the highest tops you feel the beams of a tropical sun. The year has two summers and two winters, and all seasons are refreshed by storms.

To our own astonishment we met with elephants' traces before we expected, namely, in our second day's journey in the narrow valley of Mensa, after having crossed the Samhara. The eyes of the hunters beamed with joy; but we scarcely believed in what we saw, and were greatly afraid of mistake and disappointment: for how should elephants come to these places? Our doubts vanished, however, by degrees, and our misgivings were relieved as we proceeded. There were cracked branches and young trees all around us, and likewise some traces in the loamy sand.

When, however, in our third day's journey we ascended the table-land of the Mensa, we lost those traces again, and thought that some stray elephants had only crossed the Mensa valley. But after remaining in Mensa for some days, and roving with indefatigable eagerness through the surrounding mountains, we soon learnt something more of the peculiar habits of those migrating elephant tribes. The indigenous inhabitants told us that these strange animals were within a few weeks sure to make a short stay in the immediate neighborhood of Mensa. More certain and trustworthy accounts were not to be had, since no elephant-hunter was to be met with, the thin population of Bogos being, as a rule, no hunters. But, after having left Mensa and crossed the Ainsaba river, we had the good chance to meet an elephant-hunter at Keren, who joined us to consult our physician about a lingering disease. It is mainly to this incident that we owe our nearer acquaintance with the monsters.

After our return to Mensa, I charged S— with searching the neighboring mountains, in order to learn where the elephants staid. He returned very soon with the excellent news of having met

with three flocks of elephants on the steep cliffs of the Beit Shakhan, one of the highest mountains of this neighborhood. He had seen them feeding quietly, which told well for their not being likely to leave these plains soon again. We resolved at once to make a hunting expedition. Your obedient servant, my nephew Herman S—, and my German huntsman were to form the vanguard, in order to spy out the position of the elephants, and to make the plan of attack accordingly. My second nephew, Edward, the English consul, the Dutch baron, and a second elephant-hunter, whom we had found out by mere chance among our muleteers, had to follow and to meet us on a certain point. Our German footman and a native had to carry some victuals on their backs. The rest of the company of huntsmen were either indisposed or not willing to join the hazardous adventure.

We started at three o'clock in the morning, under the most brilliant moonshine, and ascended without interruption in the traces of elephants or other animals until nine o'clock. We had to cross the mountains bordering on the Mensa valley in order to reach another range. After a short stop, we made at noon the tops of the Beit Shakhan, probably the end of the Merrara range, which we estimated from eight thousand to nine thousand feet high. S— had, as he stated, from this point seen elephants. The prospect was large enough, indeed, a panorama being before us, the like of which I have seen only in a few places of the Tyrol or Switzerland. An unbounded sea of green and brown hills, in the finest and softest outlines, and then again stretching forth sharp-marked rocks, in picturesque shapes and admirable juxtaposition. A golden streak in the far-distant east pointed out the waves of the Red Sea; in all other directions mountain followed mountain, all about of the same height. Had we met no elephants, the difficult ascent of those Alps would still have been sufficiently rewarded through the indescribable prospect we enjoyed from this point. Our friends had met us, and we strengthened ourselves by a luncheon. The sun shone scorching hot, but a cool breeze refreshed us at the same time, and, stretched out in the high grass, we reveled in the enjoyment of the beauties of nature.

Nowhere on the cliffs were elephants to be seen with the aid of our best tele-

scope, and I began to doubt if the whole tale of elephants was not a mere myth, and sent two huntsmen to the deeper cliffs, which, by the peculiar formation of the range, were concealed and invisible for our eyes. We agreed upon a certain signal, after which we should follow the huntsmen.

It was about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, when the ear of one of the young natives in our company was struck with a sound which the others were scarcely able to perceive. With the sudden impulse and elasticity of a serpent, jumped this black naked fellow up from the grass, and his excitement showed in strange and violent gesticulation that he had heard the signal. He answered at once with a shrill yelling cry, and then a second one carried along by the light mountain air resounded in our ears from the abyss underneath. We jumped on our feet and seized our rifles. The charming view, and our weariness, all was gone; the beams of the sun were scorching no longer; and without considering what now ought to be done, and what was the meaning of the signal, the whole company trotted forth over stones and rocks and holes towards the valley, whence in several intervals the signal was repeated.

The young native, with shield and lance, led the way, and not being impeded in his course by garments, or by the bulk of his body, he soon fell into a really dangerous movement, which none but young and vigorous legs were able to follow. The English consul and our German provision carrier fell back. The others, however, kept together like a pack of well-trained dogs. It took an hour and a half before we met the two elephant-hunters. But then we had to follow only from two hundred to three hundred yards, when on the opposite rock-wall, between brush-wood and euphorbia trees, we saw elephants quietly taking their dinner. On another cliff, in a greater distance, we observed through the telescope a more numerous troop of elephants.

This was the time to form a council of war, and to accomplish our designs of attack, according to previous agreement. But the excited natives gave us no time. S—— seized my arm, shook it as if to shake apples from a tree, and, with grim gestures, pointing to the feeding elephants, bore me away. Herman and my huntsman followed, whilst the other savage laid

hold of Edward and the baron, to disappear with them in another direction. We could only guess that the huntsmen intended to bring me and Herman to a good place for stalking an elephant, whilst the other gentlemen were placed, safely near the road of the retreating beasts. This view proved afterwards to be correct.

Onwards we went again in full race through aloe, caihir, and mimosas. Our shirts and trousers were soon torn to rags, and the scorching sun bathed us in perspiration. At once the huntsman stopped short, made a furious grimace, and pushed upon my shoes with the long barrel of his musket. He wished evidently that hence I should walk barefooted like himself. But I gave him to understand, by an equally grim mien and significative gesture, that the soles of our feet were not, like his own, prepared for thorns and sharp stones; and onward again, down a declivity, across a ravine, and opposite up a steep wall. We followed, in the else impenetrable brushwood, exactly the narrow paths the monsters in feeding had trodden down a minute before. Down another wall, and we were just about to cross a second ravine, when, at fifty yards distance, we saw four elephants engaged in the same purpose. All was breathless. I raised my rifle to take aim at the biggest of the elephants; but the huntsman seized my arm, and made such a fearful grimace, that I could not but think that in his estimation the distance was still too great.

The elephants, which have no sharp eyesight, passed by. As soon, however, as they had reached the other side, our race on their traces began again; the huntsman's intention was, evidently, that we should come up with them at only a few yards distance. We were all in a fever of expectation, almost unable to mind the danger which threatened us. After the lapse of a few minutes, in which we, jumping from rock to rock, pursued the trace downwards, we met the first of the elephants on a sudden, and at three yards distance. The beasts had turned their steps backwards. One yard onward, and every one of us would have been crushed to atoms.

The huntsman, with full presence of mind, gave a yelling cry, and down jumped he into the thickest of cactus-plants, which was about ten feet underneath the place where we stood. We all followed

instinctively his example. Bruised and scratched, we stooped behind a rock like a covey of partridges under a sheltering bush. The elephants, startled by the unexpected sight, made half a turn to the right, and showed just their broad flanks in a slanting down-hill direction, at from ten to fifteen yards distance.

The moment for action had arrived. The huntsman, Herman, and myself were at the same time on the rock, which had saved us; our rifles were on our cheeks, and four pointed bullets were fired behind the monster's colossal ear. The elephant was hit mortally.

A second elephant crossed the way of his wounded companion. He received from Herman a bullet in the flank, which caused him to ejaculate the same cry of agony, but made him only accelerate his escape. Our first friend tottered from one side to the other, slowly trying to turn himself round. Then our huntsman, whose musket had five times missed fire, gave him the finishing shot through the heart. Down he went, and rolled down the mountain to a distance of three hundred yards, crushing trees and shrubs before him. The path he had leveled by his rolling body resembled the trace of an avalanche, which chamois hunters often see in the mountains. We followed the dying giant with shouts of triumph, and found him hemmed in between two blocks of granite, still struggling with his feet violently. We should have been inconsiderate enough to climb down the last rock to approach him, unless S——had stopped us, almost by force. He pointed at the same time at an advancing young elephant.

We were in a difficult situation again—some hanging, some sitting, some lying in the cliffs, Herman stooping down on an isolated rock, from which he could only go downhill, not upwards to where we were.

I opened fire upon the young animal, and with two bullets at twenty yards distance, well aimed upon his flank, brought him down on his knees. But he rose again, and, running over roots and rocks in a fury, attempted to attack Herman. He, however, being fortunately on too high a seat to be knocked over, and just

high enough to send his mortiferous bullet into the enemy's skull, finished him instantly.

The herd of devastating animals had got a good fright, and the dead prey proved a welcome boon to the natives. The highest excitement was over, and the last beams of the scorching sun shone upon the scene of our wild adventure. A few minutes after, being almost rendered speechless by fatigue and exertion, we stood on the colossal corpse of the old elephant. Edward and the baron arrived soon afterwards. They had been placed too deep, and the other elephants must have got the wind from them; for in these mountains likewise, as in the Alps, the sun causes the wind to blow upwards from the valleys to the tops.

The night came on at a sudden, as is usual in tropical countries. Where should we find shelter or a drop of water? After a long search we found a green puddle, from which we quenched our thirst, and a small plain rock on which we resolved to make our night quarters. The few vi-tuals, which were intended for a lunch only, were soon consumed. A fire was lit to protect us against the roving beasts of prey, and branches were brought together to make a provisional camp.

While making these arrangements, we missed, to our great bewilderment, the German, who had to carry our coats and a few biscuits. He was said to have been missed for four or five hours. What could have become of him? Shots were fired, the aborigines were sent out, shouts were raised, hunting horns sounded, until at last one of our retinue met him behind a shrub, where he had fallen asleep, exhausted through hunger and fatigue. He was brought up to the fire, to our great satisfaction, as we should have been very sorry to leave the poor fellow alone in such a desert.

Heavy sleep oppressed the fortunate huntsmen, who, however, were soon enough awakened again by the chill dew and the first beams of the rising sun. After a slow return we reached our camp at Mensa, exhausted by hunger, late in the afternoon; but what are fatigues and privations in comparison to such a hunting-day?

From Fraser's Magazine.

REVOLUTIONS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.*

WITHIN little more than four years we have lost two eminent historians; but in every period of English story, such is the vigor, versatility, and energetic resources of our people, that we have always been able to carry on the work left unfinished or imperfectly executed by those taken away. Hallam was undoubtedly a writer of well-balanced intellect, of great reading and research, conscientious, careful, and eminently capable in his particular walk; and Macaulay, who disappeared shortly after his predecessor, was equally erudite, and much more brilliant, and striking, and effective in his style than the author of the *Constitutional History*. But without undervaluing these great writers, or unduly exalting the living, we may say that the field of history is still open to independent inquirers; and there are views and opinions concerning the men and the parties that have passed away which have not yet found the fullest and the completest expression. Irrespectively of this, a very old story may be told in a new fashion; or a new flood of light may have gleamed upon us from the discovery of fresh materials, hitherto unexamined or unpublished.

Although the author of the volume now before us has not, like Mr. Froude, examined the archives of Simancas, or gone through the vast repertory of dispatches written by De Faria or Alvarez de Quadra, in choice Castilian, yet, in reference to the Saxon time, he has availed himself of the labors of Palgrave, Lappenberg, and Kemble; and in his second volume, while acknowledging his obligations to Mr. Froude, feels himself occasionally constrained to differ from that gentleman. But the difference is more in the husk than in the kernel—it is more of opinion than of principle, and is always expressed in courteous and scholarly fashion. As both

are honest, honorable, earnest, and inquiring men, it is well for the interests of free discussion and of truth that they should occasionally differ. We can not expect, nor is it desirable, that a Nonconformist divine, however liberal and large-minded, should always agree in his views with a Churchman. Though Dr. Vaughan is singularly free from any thing like narrow-mindedness or bigotry, though he admits that the Church of Rome in her early days became strong by means of her better tendencies, and that her form of Christianity, imperfect as it may have been, still exercised a benign influence, which caused it to be treasured and transmitted, yet it is not to be expected that a writer, even so tolerant and well-judging, should find men equally tolerant and philosophic, or disposed to accept all his own views with respect to the Puritans and Cromwell.

The third and concluding volume of Dr. Vaughan's history is fully as interesting and more instructive than the two former ones. It brings the labors on which the author has been so long occupied to a close; and though the material is to a very large extent the well-known material of the past, yet it is arranged and recast in accordance with the writer's long-declared and defined object. It is very true that history, taken in the largest and most philosophic sense of the word, means something broader and larger than this scheme; but Dr. Vaughan has wisely, we conceive, limited his labor to particular epochs in English history, and, without denying the regular growth of society and events, or that moral concatenation of causes depending on each other, and the result of a wisdom more than human, because infinite, he has selected particular epochs and events to which he has consecrated a larger share of attention than to minor matters. There is good warrant for this treatment of the subject in the literature of ancient, mediæval, and modern times. Not to speak of Greece and Rome, Machiavel, Giannone, Davila, and Mari-

* *Revolutions in English History*. By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. Vol. III. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1863.

ana, among continental authors, selected certain exceptional or abnormal epochs; and among ourselves, Lord Bacon, Lord Lyttleton, Mr. Fox, Sir James Mackintosh, and others, followed a like course. In France, the number of historians who have chosen to fix upon the French Revolution for an historical subject is named legion; but while they nearly all admit that the Revolution of 1789 was an irregular and anomalous moral convulsion and outburst, most of them seek to explain the phenomena, not as a casual, inevitable, or fatal event, but as depending on a chain of causes, every one of which could be distinctly traced up to the time of Louis XIII., if not to a still earlier period. This was the course likewise followed by an eminent expositor of history at Cambridge, the late Professor Smyth, whose lectures on the subject of the French Revolution have been published in three volumes. Dr. Vaughan nowhere contends that the life of society at large, or the march of humanity towards better things, is impeded by those desperate occasional and exceptional moral distempers, on which he lingers longer than on events of less momentous importance. All he contends for is, that historians generally have not examined those events sufficiently clinically, so to speak, by the side of the fevered and suffering nation. So far from severing cause and effect, as has been objected to him, Dr. Vaughan distinctly admits that the errors and the crimes of Mary Stuart may be traced to the taint of the Guise blood, as the errors of Charles I. may be traced to the disposition and character of mind inherited from—not to speak of the teaching, training, and example of—James I. In fact, a very considerable portion of Dr. Vaughan's last volume is written with a view to show that the character and system of James I. contributed to prepare the catastrophe of his unfortunate son.

The reign of James contains, doubtless, many a dark bad secret, which future inquirers may yet lay bare to the sun, with small advantage to the royal reputation; yet hardly can any discovery give a blacker shading to the portrait of that monarch than is presented in the sketch in the volume before us.

The son of the beautiful and accomplished Mary was without vigor either of mind or body. He had neither courage, sincerity, nor truthfulness; and his selfish pedantry, awkwardness, and gluttony

were not his worst vices. On this topic we do not care to dwell at any length; but abundant authority for all that is stated by Dr. Vaughan, and for more than he has stated, may be found in the collection of Lord Somers's tracts, edited by Sir Walter Scott.

The change from Elizabeth to James, says Dr. Vaughan, was every where felt by the people as a personal humiliation. And no wonder; for both old and young who had lived under the past reign must have contrasted the stately demeanor and queenly carriage of Elizabeth with the squat figure and ungainly carriage of the small, fat, flabby Scotchman, more like some clownish simpleton than a ruler of men.

A king who could neither walk, ride, nor speak English, articulating imperfectly from his ill-shaped mouth indifferent Latin and broad Scotch, was indeed a strange spectacle to English subjects. James, too, was surrounded by a set of needy dependents from his own country, who sought to make their fortune in England. So unanimous, however, were the people in the advantages of undisputed right, and the prospect of a union of the crowns of England and Scotland, that they received the great-grandson of Margaret of England and the son of Mary Queen of Scots, notwithstanding the coarse and contemptuous manner in which he spoke of his predecessor, with a certain amount of hopefulness and expectation. Nor was it till by his proclamation he overstepped the law, by his collisions with his parliament, and by his attempts to coerce members, that James awakened a spirit of general discontent. This discontent was the fruitful seed-plot whence sprung great constitutional improvements. Out of it ultimately grew the right of the Commons to judge concerning disputed elections, to debate on all questions affecting Church and State, to impeach ministers of the crown, and to regulate customs at the ports.

The great question to be determined under the Tudor princes was, whether England was to be under a foreign ecclesiastic or to profess the Reformed faith. Under the Stuarts the great struggle was for the liberty of the subject, and the future of that constitution whose blessings we now enjoy, and under whose ægis we live. When the House of Stuart came to the throne, as Dr. Vaughan says, the

whole of England was represented and impersonated in the king. *My king*, he truly remarks, was an expression charged with that loving and proud loyalty which had flowed on with our life's blood through centuries. But it is a remarkable circumstance that in half a century from the death of Elizabeth the man who had come by law and heritage to the English crown was sent to the scaffold, and England became a Republic. It is the causes of such a revolution that Dr. Vaughan traces, and on which he bestows a more careful study than on smaller events of subsidiary interest. The character of the sire was nearly as much accountable for the coming catastrophe of 1649 as the character of the son and sufferer; for, as the author pertinently remarks, the court and government under James were to become to the reign of his successor what the court and government of Paris under Louis XV. were to become to the reign of Louis XVI. This fact has certainly not been brought out till now, and in this book, with due distinctness and prominence in any one of our popular histories.

A historian has to deal with events, not with speculations, and it was no part of the business of Dr. Vaughan to do more than chronicle the character and death of the Prince of Wales, the elder brother of Charles I. This prince was in every sense a contrast to both his father and his younger brother. He differed as much from James and Charles as the late Duke of Kent, the father of her present Majesty, differed from George III., his father, or George IV., his brother, or as Alexander I. of Russia differed from his younger brother, the Archduke Constantine, the Governor and Viceroy of Poland. Brave, generous, and ardent for fame, both the High Church and Puritan parties anticipated from Prince Henry's reign measures of vigorous energy and enterprise, and had believed a civil war might have been prevented. But this was not to be; and Charles, of a different nature, and more susceptible of evil impressions, became mentally and morally depraved by the evil of the paternal example, and the ascendancy which early in life the favorite Buckingham had acquired over him. It is a mistake to suppose, as some historians have imagined—but the delusion is dispelled by Dr. Vaughan—that at the period of the Stuart accession England was so backward, not to say barbarous, as our

country is ordinarily represented. Though Spain and France had at that period lost their Cortes, Parliaments, and free institutions, and popular rights were nearly absorbed by an absolute authority, yet in England it was different. Our middle classes were even thus early increasing in wealth, in intelligence, and therefore in strength. Though loyal in the main to the crown, yet their loyalty proceeded from a well-understood principle. It was not a blind, unreasoning acquiescence, but a distinct conception, that if the crown had its prerogatives, the nobility their privileges, so also had the people their rights and liberties. This sturdy feeling appeared amongst us long antecedent to the time of James: it existed in the days of Henry and Elizabeth. For though it is true that the power ceded to the Tudors was great—so great, that there were times when all other powers paled before it, yet there were also seasons, as Dr. Vaughan remarks, when both Henry and Elizabeth were made to feel that their authority was far from being absolute—seasons when they were constrained to learn that there were great lines of protection thrown about the persons and the property of Englishmen, which it became the monarch to respect. The frequency with which these two sovereigns convened parliaments, and acted with them in the most weighty affairs, established, as is remarked in this volume, a mass of precedent, that could not conduce so largely to the dignity and authority of the crown, without also simultaneously operating strongly in favor of the liberty of the subject.

The causes which tended to weaken the power of the crown under James I., and to strengthen the power of the Parliament were many, and they are well detailed in this volume. One cause overlaying most others was the personal character of the king. His grandfather had married into the House of Guise; his mother was born of that marriage, and had been educated in that school. In families, as Dr. Vaughan well observes, moral as well as physical qualities are often hereditary. In the princes of the House of Stuart there was little of Gothic honesty, but much of the vanity, unsteadiness, and insincerity incident to the Italian and Gallic stock from which they had sprung. Independently of this James had a super-abounding sense of his own importance, and of the divinity by which he was "hedged in."

In his ready acceptance by the English people he recognized only the proper corollary of his heaven-descended prerogative. When men listened with wonder—which was not, according to Dr. Johnson's definition, "involuntary praise"—to his strange discourses, he attributed their amazement to the extent of his learning and the indefeasible nature of his divine right and authority. At first and for a time these worse than follies were condoned and overlooked by his subjects, but a perseverance in error provoked utterances of national thought and feeling which day by day grew in intensity. Grave, honest, and generous men did not come into the service of the State in the reign of James; but they made themselves felt at intervals, and they did their work in season.

While the domestic policy of the king was thus exceptionable, his foreign policy was as little satisfactory. It was unsatisfactory, not only to the Puritans, according to Dr. Vaughan, but to all sound Protestants. It had no religious principle—no nationality. Bohemia, by the votes of a majority of Calvinistic Reformers, offered its crown to Frederick, the son-in-law of James; and the new sovereign, with his queen, was crowned at Prague. England was ripe for a great effort in favor of a Protestant champion against Rome, Austria, and Spain; but the wretched pedant who then governed this country, had neither heart, feeling, nor courage, and gave no assistance to his son-in-law, though civil liberty and religious progress were inseparable from the struggle in which that Saxon land was engaged. In the Parliament of 1621 Dr. Vaughan shows that an organized opposition to the policy of the court had already manifested itself in the House of Peers as well as in the House of Commons. This, he concludes, was to be attributed in part to the meddling arrogance of Buckingham, in part to the advancing temper of the times, which forced minds the least disposed to innovation into new modes of thought. There was much in the policy of James toward Ireland that was commendable; and this is the one bright spot in his long reign. Dr. Vaughan's retrospect of the reign is careful and just.

"Much [he says] had been done to show that in the English constitution proclamations were not to have the force of law, except as

based upon law; and the Commons moreover had assumed a power—a dangerous power—of summoning political offenders to its bar. But the policy of the king consisted from first to last of an artful attempt to wring as much money as possible from the subject, while ceding as little as possible in return. Majesty itself descended to teach the wealthy, and many below the wealthy, to pour contempt on all piety not after the court pattern, to sneer at professions of conscientiousness, and even at a regard to decency."

Such was the complexion of affairs when Charles I. succeeded to his father in 1625. The influence of the father's teaching and example on the conduct of the son is thus sketched, faithfully taken from MS. letters of that son, written before or soon after his accession:

"It was hardly possible that the constant lessons of James on the virtues of kingcraft should have been made so familiar to Charles wholly without effect. Nor was it probable that the duplicities into which the prince had been himself initiated in the late transactions with Spain, and in the subsequent negotiations with France, would leave his mind firmly set against vice in that dangerous form in the time to come. The discoursing on politics to which he had listened from his boyhood upwards, had placed popular rights before him as so much license which had been either extorted from the crown, or ceded by it, and which might be justly reclaimed on the first convenient occasion. How to cozen the tribunes and demagogues calling themselves the House of Commons, using them with as much advantage, and at as little cost as possible, was almost the beginning and the end of the talk heard by him on State matters. Large views, great principles—principles having respect to the great Protestant interests, and to the liberties of Europe—were not only without favor, but were utterly proscribed in the circle where the conceptions of his youth and manhood had been formed. The infirmities of character which he too soon betrayed were such as might have been expected in one so descended, and who had been so schooled."

The reign of favoritism commenced by James was continued under his son. To Carr, Viscount Rochester, and afterwards Earl of Somerset, succeeded, in the last reign, Buckingham; and the favor of Buckingham still continued. He was sent over to Paris to bring the new queen, Henrietta Maria, to England; but the daughter of that Henry IV. (who would not lose France for a mass) was a Papist, and she brought over with her a cloud of

priests, who would celebrate the Popish service overtly in the palace despite Acts of Parliament. The king, as was his wont, compromised the affair by directing the ceremonies of the Romish Church to be strictly private. Parliament soon voted a sum of money to aid the Huguenots of La Rochelle; but Parliament and the country heard with indignation that the king and Buckingham had ordered the admiral to surrender the vessels for the use of Louis, and the seamen to be employed against the garrison of La Rochelle. Turpitude such as this caused the gravest imputations of treachery and insincerity to be cast upon the king. Captains of ships and sailors in numbers joined the Huguenot defenders; and the consequence of the whole proceeding was, that the character of Charles was branded with falseness, insincerity, and indirectness.

It is not possible to realize the conception of the crisis foreshadowed in Dr. Vaughan's second chapter, which he calls the "Crisis and the Law," without obtaining an answer to the question, What was English Puritanism? In no historical work that has yet been published do we find this question so satisfactorily answered. Any one desirous of hearing what can be fairly said in favor of Puritanism will carefully read the chapters first and second of the tenth book, contained in the second volume, and the second chapter, commencing at page 125, in the volume now under review. We do not say that all Dr. Vaughan's statements, as to the history of Puritanism and the Puritans, are to be fully and unhesitatingly accepted; but we do say that, for a light of nonconformity, his statement of the opinions and views of Puritans is singularly fair, calm, and judicial. He does not, like Lingard, in reference to Romanism, conceal the hateful and intolerant portions of the creed to which he belongs, or uphold Puritanism—as Lingard does Romanism—as the only one consistent system. He admits, on the contrary, that many of the views of the Puritans were extremely narrow, and that their spirit verged on intolerance; but these, he plausibly urges, were the faults of their peculiar position and of the times in which they lived. It is a candid and a not unimportant admission made by one of the foremost—if not, indeed, the very foremost—men in the Independent Con-

gregation, that the design of the leaders of Puritanism was to make the National Church a church according to the Puritans, and not a church according to the bishops, or to any council of the State.

In this he does not struggle against the conclusion that they deserved to be resisted as they were resisted by the Independents, men of bolder and broader views, who, in claiming liberty of conscience, claimed it not selfishly for themselves alone, but for all mankind. While candidly allowing the defects of the Puritans, however, Dr. Vaughan always strenuously, and often successfully, contends that they deserve credit and gratitude for the force and vigor with which they insisted on Scripture authority, and of individual conscience as against both king and church. Candid churchmen, at least of the Broad Church school, will, we think, even go so far as to admit that in thus acting, the Puritans, even while imperfectly understanding liberty, manfully battled against regal and priestly tyranny. Without loving or defending Puritanism, it were unjust not to take into consideration the causes that moulded and shaped the character and opinions of these men, and gave them courage in a dark and dreadful hour of the nation's fate. The Puritans had their errors, but they were neither fools nor knaves, nor, in general, hypocrites or canters, though there were some hypocrites and canters among them, as there are amongst the most orthodox churchmen. Dr. Vaughan allows that they were in many cases open to the imputation of spiritual pride; but he contends, and not without some show of reason, that their profuse use of scriptural words and phrases was not wonderful—nay, was natural—when the English Bible had not very long appeared in print. Dr. Vaughan says, and says truly, that Puritanism never could have become the great power which it grew to among Englishmen if it had been a mere hollow hypocrisy or a sham. That the doctrines of Puritanism were occasionally exaggerated by fanatics or travestied by pious fools, Dr. Vaughan does not deny: he even admits that there were men of little principle even among their leaders; but the cause is not to be judged of by men of this stamp, but by the nobler, and grander, and better natures, exhibiting heroic civil courage and pure self-sacrifice.

We have not ourselves any very hearty sympathy with Puritanism, but we are constrained to admit that it is rendered less unlovely, less austere, and less forbidding in these pages. The fact that English Puritanism embraced not only the strong feeling of the middle and lower classes, but much of the intelligence and culture of the classes above them, is nowhere so distinctly and vividly brought out as in this volume. There were many men in this now happy land—men of the stamp of Laud, or the more vigorous and able Wentworth—who looked approvingly on at the desperate deeds of the sanguinary Tilly and “the soldiers of Christ and the Pope,” as these butchers were impiously called; but the Puritans and the Calvinists of Scotland shared not, to their honor be it said, these feelings. The Puritans were as deeply moved to indignation by the foreign as by the home policy of the monarch. They regarded the events on the Rhine and at La Rochelle with nearly as much indignation as they looked on the misdeeds perpetrated at home. It was, however, a mistake to suppose that the discontent and disaffection created by the measures of Charles were confined to the Puritan and patriot parties alone. The discontent, as this volume shows, was general among all classes, excepting placemen and courtiers; and of this the evidence is accumulating every day by independent inquiries, such as Dr. Vaughan has made. Men of the stamp of Lord John Manners, and romantic young ladies who acquire some of their notions of history from novels written in praise of the chivalry of the cavaliers, may still talk of “those horrid Puritans;” but the better and more tolerant class of even English Tories, whose ancestors served under the standard of Charles, now generally admit that there was a moral earnestness, an ardor of conviction about the Puritans which renders a cause always formidable, if not always successful. Even Hume admits that from the period of the murder of Buckingham, Charles became his own minister; and the monarch’s stiff-necked and stubborn persistence in acting on the principles early instilled into his mind, confirmed by fresh evidence from the State-Paper Office, prove that the king’s own dogged and uncontrollable will, his personal interference, and his desire to govern alone, was the primary cause of all his misfortunes.

In this volume it is made more apparent than it has ever been made before, that every concession made by the monarch was made with a reserve and reticence eminently insincere and Jesuitical. The king, in truth, never made a concession in favor of the subject that he did not resolve to retract or neutralize. In dealing with a ruler of such abounding insincerity there could be neither trust nor compromise. The autocratic tendencies of the monarch were fostered by the influence of his queen, a woman of beauty and courage, who was continually spurring her husband on to play the despot’s part. Hence successive parliaments were called together only to be dissolved. Sir John Elliot’s denunciation of ministers led to the dissolution of the third parliament. The Petition of Right conceded some of the points at issue between the king and his subjects; but the conduct of Charles in regard to it had still further tended to destroy confidence between king and people. The king himself, therefore, must be held in the greatest degree accountable for all the miseries of an after time. In some respects Charles appears more favorably in history than his father, but there was much of the old leaven in him. He was very nearly as obstinate as his father, and entertained scarcely a less exalted opinion of his own authority. Of James Dr. Vaughan says:

“But the king was not to be convinced. Resistance to his will was always regarded as factious—as the perpetration of wrong, and of wrong verging upon treason and impiety. He would gladly have substituted an imperial despotism, based on the civil law, in the place of the system of liberty based on the English constitution. Had he possessed the power, he was fully satisfied that the right to do so was inseparable from his office. At the same time, in the intellectual and in the moral character of the king, there was almost every thing that could tend to give to such pretensions the appearance of a grotesque absurdity.”

Of this grotesqueness there was no touch in the composition of Charles, for he was grave, gentlemanly, dignified, and elaborately ceremonious; but he was also evasive, shift, and insincere, and pottered in a double sense on every momentous question. It is, therefore, truthfully, and with reason, that Dr. Vaughan says that distrust of royalty grew by degrees to be a prevailing sentiment. He thus sums up the character of Charles:

"In nearly all respects Charles proved a true representative of the House of Stuart—arbitrary, obstinate, insincere, revengeful. Great indeed was the discordance between the spirit of the sovereign and the spirit of the nation he was called upon to govern. On the side of the king we see a limited intellect, of artificial culture, coupled with a cold and suspicious temper, and with a dreamy and mystical worship of kingly and priestly power. On the side of the nation, we see, in the main, fixed principles, the clear head, and a stout heart, bent upon upholding the national liberty and honor. So long as sovereign and subject shall be governed by such tendencies, there can be little agreement between them. Charles was, on the whole, the best of his family known to this country, but the dangerous elements in his character were of a grave description, and not to be eradicated."

The appeal to the sword, in dealing with such a man, though dangerous, became unavoidable; and, after a long life spent in considering questions connected with English history, the author says:

"We feel no difficulty in affirming that the Parliamentarians could not wisely have taken a course materially different. The limits which they sought to impose on kingly power may have been too narrow; but with such a monarch, and in such circumstances, it would have been suicidal in the popular leaders to have exacted much less as the basis of security for themselves and their adherents."

Of the Royalist army a fair and unprejudiced account is given. They are represented as coming from the higher and lower classes, with here and there a few from the middle ranks. They were for the most part men of unsettled principles and loose habits, their commanders young men of ancient lineage, accustomed to a reveling self-indulgence generally incompatible with and often destructive of discipline; some were soldiers of fortune from the wars of Germany or the Low Countries, careless how they employed their swords, and preying alike impartially on friends and foes where booty was the object.

The Parliamentarians, on the other hand, are justly described by uniform principles well understood, and by objects more distinctly defined. There were among them some eminent peers and several wealthy land-owners; but they were especially recruited from among the merchants, traders, dealers, and chapmen of the towns, and a majority of the stalwart yeomanry. Though most of the birth

and chivalry of the country ranged itself on the side of the king, yet the sinew, bone, and real muscle and strength of the nation ranged itself on the side of the Parliament. On that side were the men who appreciated what Englishmen had done in all antecedent time towards giving a real security to the persons and properties of Englishmen. At first the aim of the leaders was to restrain the high prerogative notions of the sovereign within constitutional limits. Neither the overthrow of the monarchy nor the abolition of the kingly office were at first contemplated. Dr. Vaughan candidly admits this fact. The extreme measures which subsequently ended in the death of the king arose partly from the monarch's own vacillation and untrustworthiness, partly from the inordinate desire to command of the Protector, "a man," who, to use the language of Burke, "in whom ambition had not wholly suppressed but only suspended the sentiments of religion and the love (as far as it could consist with his designs) of fair and honorable reputation."

There are those who might suppose that an eminent Nonconformist divine who has written so strongly, so laudably, on the cases of Raleigh and Elliot, and others, who were the victims of the arbitrary power of James and Charles, and who sympathises so deeply, and often so justly with the patriots and Puritans, would speak of the execution of Charles as a partisan taking a one-sided view. Not so, however. Dr. Vaughan uses language befitting a Christian minister and a gentleman:

"Throughout these trying scenes, Charles acquitted himself with a self-possession, and a natural dignity, which may well awaken our admiration and our sympathy. When the fatal summons was announced, he passed from the end of the gallery in Whitehall, to the floor of the scaffold, through an opening made in the wall. At some distance before him were the block, the axe, and the executioner in a mask. The platform was hung with black. Around it were several lines of infantry and cavalry. In the space beyond was an immense crowd of spectators. From the distance to which the people were removed by the military the king could not address himself to them; but he delivered a short speech to those who were near him. He declared that he forgave all who were concerned in bringing him to such an end. He did not account the sentence passed upon him as approved by the Parliament of England or by its people. He had not been without his faults, particularly in consenting to the death of Strafford; but he declared that the whole

guilt of the late war rested with his opponents, and not with him. Before God, he could aver, it had never been his intention to encroach upon the privileges of Parliament. But the people of England would never be happy until a king should be among them possessed of the powers which belong to him by law; until the church should be restored as in former days; nor until men should learn to admit that 'sovereign and subject are clean different things'—all government being a matter belonging to the former, and 'in nothing pertaining to the latter.' Having given expression to these sentiments—sentiments which show that to his last moments he could not understand the position proper to a constitutional sovereign—Charles conversed for a little with Juxon; then laid his neck upon the block, gave the appointed signal, and at one blow the head was severed from the body."

The retrospect of the reign is thus fairly given:

"Such was the close of the struggle between Charles I. and that portion of his people who would not be governed according to his principles. The crisis in which the appeal was to the law, had been followed by a crisis in which appeal was to the sword, and this was the result. The men who called this tragic scene into existence were of two parties—the Independents, and the religious men allied with them, in whose case the religious motive was prominent; and the Republicans, in whose mind the political motive, nurtured by ideas of patriotism derived from their admiration of the republics of antiquity, took precedence. But there were both Independents and Republicans who protested against this extreme policy; and among those who were in the beginning of this strife, there were none to suspect such an issue. The church, the peerage, the monarchy—all are prostrate; the doom of the misguided king presenting the culminating point in this memorable series of reverses. Concession in time, and in good faith, might have prevented all this.

"It should be confessed that the men who were now in possession of the supreme power were the men to whom it rightly pertained. The appeal had been to the sword, and the sword had declared in their favor. But their final proceedings against the king will ever be variously judged. The execution of the king may have been both an error and a crime, but the general policy of the men chargeable with that deed was on the whole rational and just. They were right in accounting Charles utterly untrustworthy. They were right in resisting the Presbyterians at Westminster quite as sternly as they had resisted the Cavaliers at Naseby. Not to have taken the latter course would have been a surrender of the liberty they had gained, a grave wrong to their country. As we have seen, the army under Fair-

fax and Cromwell did not consist of mercenaries, but of men prepared to return to their social relations the moment the liberties for which they had taken up arms should be secured. Power is now in their hands; and they are satisfied that it behooves them to retain it, until they can bring the Presbyterians on the one side, and the Royalists on the other, to such terms as may guarantee a reasonable measure of equal liberty to all parties.

"But a revolution which has left so little from the past is a change which must entail deep inquietude on the future. The successful power in such cases is sure to include the seeds of division within itself; and the vanquished power is sure to be much too strong not to be aware of its strength, and too sensible to injury not to be disposed to make a new trial of that strength whenever circumstances may seem to promise a chance of success. As a rule, revolutions, to be safe and permanent, must be based on moderation, and on a manifest sense of right and humanity. To necessitate such extreme forms of change as we have now described, is to necessitate a long continuance of bitter disaffection, and almost to insure the kind of reaction which seems for a while to undo all that has been done. What we want in the history of nations is growth, and growth is silent and gradual. But governments may become so bad as to resist all ordinary efforts towards improvement. Resistance in such cases becomes excess, and excess generates protracted disorganization and suffering."

Dr. Vaughan admits that the establishment of the Commonwealth was not the act of the people of England. Not more than one fifth of their number could be said to approve of what had been done. The responsibility rested with the army and with some fifty persons who occupied the place of the five hundred assembled as the Commons of England in 1640. To give a little more apparent authority to its acts, the House of Commons invited some of the expelled members to return, and issued writs to those places where the influence of the government was most powerful requiring new elections. By this means the number of the members were raised to one hundred and fifty, but not more than half this number were in regular attendance. The military chiefs, however, insisted on the wisdom and justice of their policy. To their thinking, and probably they judged rightly, the only choice they had was between such a government as this and the ascendancy of the Presbyterians and Royalists, who would inevitably bring back the old civil wrongs and the old ecclesiastical intolerance.

Revolutions, as all history proves, are almost uniformly the work of active, energetic, and daring minorities; and no one who looks at the course of events so lucidly and candidly detailed by Dr. Vaughan, can say that it was otherwise in this important, or as some would say, this deplorable passage in our national history. No one who regarded the contending parties at the earlier period of the struggle, however, would, on the doctrine of probabilities, have predicted success for the popular party. Allowing the spirit, sagacity, civil ardor, and religious fervor of the leaders—allowing also the full extent of the civil and religious oppression which their followers endured, still the victims were but as a small minority compared with the great mass of the nobility, gentry, and people of England whose sympathies and feelings, though not always over-demonstrative, inclined to the cause of the King and the Cavaliers. The influence of the aristocracy and the church were at this period greater than they have ever since been, and the Royalists possessed advantages in organization, in military training, in discipline, in credit, and in resources which the Parliamentarians did not at first enjoy. But notwithstanding these early impediments, the Parliamentarians, in the end, triumphed because they had to deal with a king who never knew when properly to yield or when properly to resist. Now vacillating and obstinately resisting, then again complying, Charles never seems to have adopted the right course at the right time. By his duplicity and insincerity, he deceived alike friends and foes. By his weakness he deadened the enthusiasm and abated the hopes of his followers. Well has Rochefoucauld said, "Il n'y a qu'un seul défaut qu'on ne sauraient jamais corriger, c'est la faiblesse." Weakness, too, is generally accompanied by duplicity; and in the science of insincerity the monarch proved himself a perfect master. When men lose confidence in the leader of a cause, the cause itself is generally doomed to disaster. It was the misfortune of the king, too, to be opposed to a man of a deep and sagacious mind, who from the beginning enjoyed and retained the confidence of his followers, and was at all times distinguished by sagacity, vigor, firmness, and inflexibility. The author of this history has so long reflected on the

character of Cromwell, and has written in time long past, and when he had no backer whatever, so much concerning the great Protector, in the very same spirit that he writes now, that we can not expect him to change or modify his estimate of the statesman, the soldier, the ruler, and the man whom he vindicated thirty years ago, in 1864, when so much new matter has been revealed to the world, sustaining and fortifying his earlier and almost solitary estimate. That the author entirely sympathises with and greatly admires Cromwell, there can not be a doubt; but in no part of his work does he go the length of making him an idol as Macaulay does William III. But it can not be denied that Dr. Vaughan treads on very dangerous ground in maintaining that Cromwell became an arbitrary ruler from "the necessities of his position." If the plea of necessity be thus put forward in justification, we have the doctrine of that which must be, and can not be otherwise—which is but the euphemism for inevitable fate; and the tyrants and scourgers of the earth at all times—whether past, or present, or, unhappily, to come—desire to have no better doctrine to sustain their iniquities. Napoleon I., in the worst, the most personally aggressive, and the most dangerous and wicked portion of his selfish career, hypocritically and mendaciously maintained that he also had only become an arbitrary ruler from "the necessities of his position." The necessities of a despot's position are, as a great judge said of equity, (as compared with the strictness of common law,) long or short as suits a lord chancellor's convenience or conscience, or peradventure the length of his lordship's foot. The doctrine of necessity is, in truth, an exceedingly dangerous one, and has been made by the Napoleonic historian, M. Thiers, to cover every enormity, however hateful. There is unfortunately among the vulgar herd of men of all nations and times a desire to pay almost divine honors to triumphant success and to the swift and irresistible predominance of a mere stratocracy. This disposition and feeling of the masses has been greatly whetted by Mr. Carlyle's panegyrics on what he calls, in his *Life of Frederick II.*, the veracities. But tyranny and slavery are not the less evils because they are christened with a softer name. A great orator and patriot, Grattan, in

speaking of the downfall of the first Bonaparte, said: "If a prince takes Venice, we are indignant; but if he seizes on a great part of Europe, stands covered with the blood of millions, and the spoils of half mankind, our indignation ceases; vice becomes gigantic, conquers the understanding, and mankind begin by wonder and conclude by worship." Expressions of this kind, "necessities of position," are now to be especially eschewed; for let us remember that there is again an empire in France, and an emperor whose desires are the only rule of his public and private conduct.

There is, however, little or no analogy, Dr. Vaughan would probably contend, between the characters of Cromwell and Napoleon I. Cromwell's was certainly no vulgar nature. He was a gentleman by birth, by fortune, and by education, and always associated with gentlemen. He was not born among Corsican bandits nor cradled in the chicanery of a petit procureur, half pirate, half attorney. There may have been a lurking personality in the ambition of Cromwell, but there was in it also a far larger substratum of patriotism and public duty, Napoleon's ambition, on the other hand, was altogether selfish and purely personal. He wished not merely to rule and subdue France, but to rule and subdue Europe, to amaze, to dazzle, and to overpower every will but his own lawless and imperious one. He had no sympathies with race or country; and if he held no nation had rights but France, it was not that he cared a rush for France, but because he was the absolute master of France and Frenchmen, and made them and their military qualities his instruments for the subjugation of other lands. Napoleon made himself Emperor of France, made his son King of Rome, made his son-in-law Viceroy of Italy, made his brother-in-law King of Naples, made his brothers Kings of Holland, Spain, and Westphalia, and made his government a military government "in much like the Roman legions in Rome's worst time, Italica or Rapax, responsible to nothing, nor God, nor man." Cromwell did nothing of this kind; and though he went beyond the law and felt himself above it, yet he ruled this land with equity and judgment. Even when he marched a file of soldiers to the House, and said to the Speaker, "Remove that bauble," he re-

tained the forms of legal government. He confiscated no Cavaliers' lands; nay, he even settled pensions on the widows and children of gentlemen who died fighting against him. Cromwell, unlike the modern tyrant, respected treaties and kept his word as a gentleman. He shot none of the Stuart family, direct or collateral, in the ditch at Deptford, as the Duke d'Enghien was shot in the fosse at Vincennes. Ireland and Scotland became quiet under his sway, and we gained by his efforts Jamaica and Dunkirk.

Parcere subjectis, debellare superbos, was his motto. He kept France and Spain in check, but admitted the United Provinces to an equal alliance. He protected the Protestants of the valleys of Piedmont, and warned the minister of France that if the Vaudois were persecuted, he would hold him and his master responsible. The whole business of the nation passed through his hands. He ruled the army, the navy, the law, the church, and guided the general domestic and foreign policy of the country. He sought out with great solicitude and selection—to use the language of Burke—and even from the party most opposite to his designs, men of weight and decorum of character; men unstained with the violence of the times, and with hands not fouled with confiscation and sacrilege. He chose Hale for chief justice, though that great lawyer refused to take the oaths or to acknowledge the legality of his government. The answer of Cromwell was, that since he did not approve his title, all he required of him was to administer in a manner agreeable to his pure sentiments and unspotted character that justice without which human society can not subsist. He said it was not his particular government, but civil order itself which he wished the judge to support. Here shone the pure patriot above the dynastic and selfish egotist of modern times, with whom it is the fashion to compare Cromwell. Cromwell, too, wished to reform the law, to secure freedom of trade and the growth of manufactures. He clearly saw that Popery, in its full and swelling Ultramontane development, was inconsistent with all civil freedom and all good government, and he therefore held that England could only be great as a Protestant power.

Under his short sway, instead of reducing the navy at the conclusion of the

war in 1654, he ordered all the ships to be repaired and put into good condition. He further ordered new ships to be built, and filled the storehouses and magazines with all the necessaries for a fleet, as though it had been a time of the greatest danger. He procured an annual grant of £400,000 for the expense of the navy, which at his death, in 1658, consisted of double the number of ships existing at the commencement of the civil war.

The reasons of the policy of Cromwell are thus ingeniously, though we believe in the main correctly given :

"It is not possible that a correct judgment should be formed with regard to the conduct of Cromwell in these proceedings, without a careful attention to the character and relations of the parties into which the nation was at that time divided. The Independents throughout the country were with Cromwell, and they were especially strong in the army, both among officers and men. Opposed to them were the Royalists, the Presbyterians, and the rigid Republicans, who were severally bent on establishing their respective schemes, all of which, either intrinsically or from circumstances, were so many schemes of tyranny. Cromwell resisted all these combinations, partly by the aid of the minority through England who were attached to his rule, and especially by means of the army. The language of the Protector in so doing was : The majority of the old adherents to the Stuarts are in no temper to be very considerate about the liberties of the country, either civil or religious, if once in a position to return to their old courses ; the Presbyterians, for the greater part, have become indifferent to the great cause of civil right, and disposed to set up an ecclesiastical machinery not a whit less oppressive than that of Laud and his coadjutors, and would at once hail a Stuart king who should promise them power in that form ; while the Republicans, if in theory more favorable to freedom, being so small a minority, could not be expected to retain ascendancy for a month without resorting to the miserable hypocrisy of upholding the iron rule of a military oligarchy under the specious name of a commonwealth. Cromwell maintained accordingly, and with manifest justice, that for the present, an enlightened regard to the interest of the nation required that the most vigorous efforts should be made to prevent the complete success of any one of these parties, and to balance them against each other, so as to bring them at last to some common ground of settlement. His experiments in convening his several parliaments were all designed to facilitate such an adjustment of differences by mutual concession as should be most in accordance, in the circumstances, with mutual right and duty. Unhappily, in his time, the enmities of the

several factions were not to be so far controlled, either by reason or humanity, as to allow the country to realize the prosperity and greatness which it might have derived from his large and equitable policy."

The following remarks fairly sum up the great merits of the Protector :

"When Cromwell spoke, as he sometimes did, of not having sought the position which he filled, he no doubt spoke what was substantially true. Every signal service he had rendered opened the way before him to something higher. The successive proofs of his transcendent capacity were the steps which, without any effort on his part, must have raised him by degrees to some such place as was at length assigned to him. By every step, moreover, in his spontaneous career, he became more committed to the popular cause, and more bound, by the law of self-preservation, to uphold that cause. Such a man, once entered on such a course, could not look back. It would have been self-destruction to have done so. The more he did, the more powerful he needed to become if his advanced ground was to be safe ground. Ambition might have disposed him to look thus higher and higher still ; but apart from all selfishness in that form, circumstances made it imperative that his history should be of that complexion ; and the instincts of his nature must have prompted him to adjust himself to those circumstances.

"No English sovereign has governed England more constitutionally, none so liberally as Cromwell would have governed it, had the men of his generation been more men of his own order. In his mind we see the England not merely of his own day, but of a day still to come. He was a man of his own age sufficiently to be its leader. But he was sufficiently in advance of his age to have to bear the penalty commonly awaiting men who become offenders in that form. It was in his heart to have governed justly, humanely, magnanimously. But the men about him were wanting in the large thought, and in the large-heartedness, without which it was not possible that his policy should be realized."

It should always be borne in mind that Cromwell came into a heritage of division and disorder, when men's minds were exacerbated with civil and religious animosities. He had to combat by his own energies the cankers and contentions incident to a long civil war. Dr. Vaughan admits that many of his acts are indefensible on the strict principles of constitutional law, but he urges that it is unjust to judge a revolutionary and exceptional period by the every-day rules prevailing

asking of the downfall of Napoleon, said: "If a people, we are indignant; but the great part of Europe, with the blood of millions of half mankind, our indifference becomes gigantic, understanding, and mankind never and conclude by words of this kind, "necessity," are now to be expected for let us remember that the empire in France, and our desires are the only rule of private conduct.

There is, however, little Dr. Vaughan would probably between the characters of Napoleon I. Cromwell's was no vulgar nature. He was by birth, by fortune, and by and always associated with. He was not born among Counts nor cradled in the chateau; petit procureur, half pirate, half There may have been a lurking type in the ambition of Cromwell, was in it also a far larger substratum of patriotism and public duty. Napoleon's ambition, on the other hand, was together selfish and purely personal; he wished not merely to rule and France, but to rule and subdue Europe to amaze, to dazzle, and to overpower every will but his own lawless and ruthless one. He had no sympathies for race or country; and if he held no rights but France, it was not that he cared a rush for France, but because he was the absolute master of France, and Frenchmen, and made them and their military qualities his instruments for the subjugation of other lands. Napoleon made himself Emperor of France, made his son King of Rome, made his son-in-law Viceroy of Italy, made his brother-in-law King of Naples, made his brothers Kings of Holland, Spain, and Westphalia, and made his government a military government "in much like the Roman legions Rome's worst time, Italica or Rapax, responsible to nothing, nor God, nor man." Cromwell did nothing of this kind; and though he went beyond the law and felt himself above it, yet he ruled this land with equity and judgment. Even when he marched a file of soldiers to the House, and said to the speaker, "Remove that bauble," he re-

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From the British Quarterly.

FRANCE AND MADAGASCAR.*

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son of his mother's husband. While yet young he had attended the meetings of the persecuted Christians, and formed an attachment to them which continued during all the period of their trial. By nature of a mild and gentle disposition, the sight of suffering affected him. He became the friend of all the oppressed and afflicted, sometimes exposing his life in their defense. His mother's cruelty gave abundant occasion for his exercise of mercy; but above all the injured and oppressed, the Christians were the objects of his greatest sacrifices and efforts. He rose at midnight and traveled with the utmost speed to rescue them. When his own means were comparatively small, they were ever at the disposal of the needy whom persecution had made dependent exiles. But during all this time he never professed himself a Christian in that deeper sense which those who taught the Malagasy Christianity are accustomed to regard as alone entitling a man to the name of a disciple. He seemed to believe in Christianity; he was attached to the Christians, but he did not yield his own heart to the truth. The strange love of the royal tigress for her offspring led her to allow through him such suspension of her executions as no one else had dared. But that love might not always be the same; yet he braved the risks. Who can wonder that when, on his mother's death, this prince, so rich in promise, ascended the throne, the joy and hope of the Christians rose to the highest pitch. Even the heathen party, who were growing weary under the awful yoke of suspicion and exaction, and disgusted with the cries of misery and the sight of blood, seem to have made no great resistance to his accession. The party of Ramboasalama, the other claimant of the throne, was too insignificant to disturb the public tranquillity. With characteristic humanity the new king was content to banish his rival to his own estates, together with some of his most determined adherents;

in ordinary times. It should be remembered that when the king was vanquished and had disappeared from the scene, the struggle was not over. Far from it. There was conspiracy, intrigue, and plotting, and it was therefore necessary that the Protector should be armed at all points. Dr. Vaughan undisguisedly sympathises with the adherents of Cromwell, and we do not say that he is wrong. Cromwell succeeded to the burden of power because he was believed to be the most vigorous and fitting man to save England from anarchy. He proved himself to be a great and vigorous ruler. He raised the nation from the prostrate condition in which it had been left by James and Charles, and the consequence was that our country became feared and respected in every court and cabinet of Europe.

The struggle between the Stuarts and the people of England was terminated by the Revolution of 1688. The moderate form of that revolution may be attributed to the leaders of the Whig party, and to the wisdom, judgment, and well-balanced intellect of William himself. "The social influences," says Dr. Vaughan, "which restrained this great settlement within moderate limits, and made it permanent, were hereditary rank and religious conviction." With the Revolution of 1688 the volume appropriately closes, but there are chapters on the national progress since that period. Generally speaking, nothing can be better than the chapter on Social Life. The growth of our population, the progress of the revenue, the state of agriculture, the woolen and cotton trades, our bad roads, the progress of Birmingham and Sheffield, the pack-horse, the wagon, and the stage coach, are all admirably traced; but as the work is sure to speedily reach a second edition, we would suggest that the chapter on the Army, and more especially the chapter on the Navy, should be increased and rendered more complete by the insertion of additional matter. Few know better than Dr. Vaughan that one of the chief claims of Henry VIII. on the gratitude of English-

men is that he laid the foundation and settled the construction of the navy. Elizabeth also augmented the salaries of her naval officers, and continued the good work commenced by her father. She issued orders for preserving timber fit for ship-building, caused her magazines to be filled with stores, and ordered many pieces of brass and iron cannon to be cast. There was no sovereign more prudent in the outlay of money; yet in 1589, in order to augment her maritime force, her Majesty settled a part of her revenue for the ordinary supply of the navy, amounting to nine thousand pounds a year.

A less warlike sovereign than James never occupied the throne, yet he expended fifty thousand pounds annually on our dockyards, exclusive of timber from the royal forests to the amount of thirty-six thousand pounds per annum.

What Cromwell did in this respect we have already shown. His care of the navy and jealousy of England's flag show him to have been one of the greatest and wisest rulers and statesmen, as he was confessedly one of the greatest soldiers, whom England has produced. Even James II., who was a sailor king, did his duty in this regard, as may be seen from the reports of Lord Falkland and Sir J. Nasborough. From 1688 to 1863 this system of fostering the navy continued, and woe to England when any disastrous influence shall introduce any other policy!

We felicitate Dr. Vaughan on the conclusion of his labors. In illustrating his thesis on the influence of race and religion, he has given the solidest proofs of an investigating, truthful, and learned spirit. Though a Dissenter, he is a man of the largest views and most liberal feelings. Though a priest—or as his people would say, a pastor—he has not allowed his sacred calling to obliterate in any iota his feelings as an Englishman, a scholar, or a gentleman. His volumes need not our commendation. They will speak, if once opened, in language that may be understood and relished alike by gentle and simple. K.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE ROMAN ARMIES.

IN the museum of the United Service, Whitehall, lectures are frequently delivered on subjects interesting to those who follow the profession of arms, or devote their services to the Royal Navy. Strangers also are admitted to the lectures, by an order from a member; and ladies not unfrequently honor the lecturer with their presence. Reading lately some speech on military duties and discipline, addressed to Volunteers, I was reminded of a lecture which I heard some time ago at the United Service Museum, upon the military and sanitary institutions of the Roman armies and the causes of the decay of the legions, by J. Bird, Esq., M.D.F.R.C.P. What I can remember of this valuable lecture may be useful to some readers of *The Leisure Hour*.

It was most interesting to hear a comparison drawn between the state of warfare and military tactics as they exist in our own days, and as they formerly existed in the economy of the most warlike and most victorious of ancient nations, the Romans. The lecturer began by stating that the Romans, who remained invincible for nearly nine centuries, were "good soldiers" in the proper acceptation of the word; that is, they took pains and trouble to learn the details of their profession, they attended to little things, well knowing that small details well considered and well acted upon, produce great and important results.

The Romans had also their military literature, and he quoted several names of writers whose works are unfortunately now quite lost; still, however, enough has been preserved to show many of the rules and regulations which governed their service.

The Romans learned much of their art of war from the Greeks; their writers quoted frequently from Greek authors, and were always wide awake to improvement; whenever and wherever they saw any thing better than what they had already got in their own system, they immediately adopted it. Their chief suc-

cess, however, depended upon "discipline," in the fullest meaning of the word. Since their time, the modes of actual fighting have been much changed; the Romans had no gunpowder; but even though gunpowder is so much used in our own time, genuine downright courage, or, as it is vulgarly called, "pluck," gains the day with us, as it did formerly with the Romans. Being fully aware of this fact, they paid the *greatest attention to their recruits*. In our own times, the best recruits are young, strong, and active men, who have spent their lives and have been brought up in the country; inured from their infancy to hard work, not exposed to city temptations, and accustomed to frugal diet, they find themselves, for the most part, better off as soldiers in the ranks than as clowns at the plow-tail. The recruits from towns, on the contrary, have tasted the sweets of luxury more or less, their systems are enfeebled by the habits most of them have necessarily contracted, and in consequence they sooner break down under hardships. As with us, so with the Romans, they made a point of choosing their recruits from the country, rejecting those from the towns and populous districts; for, as a Roman military writer tells us, "An army was never victorious that did not take pains with its recruits." Again, "A recruit should be taught that good conduct meets with its reward;" and also, he says, that "self-respect and self-reliance prevent flight, and gains victory."

After the recruits had entered the service, they were daily trained to hard work, endurance, and fatigue, till they were fit to enter the ranks as "passed men."

The Chinese still keep up this custom, and make their men work harder as recruits, than they would ever be called to do in actual service.

Even among the highest class of Roman officers, strict discipline was maintained, and each had his allotted duty to perform; and this duty he was expected to know well. The army was as miscel-

laneous as our own; they had heavy-armed men, and light-armed men, each differently equipped, with helmets, cuirass, greaves, short swords, (like the Spanish swords of the present day,) with long javelins to resist cavalry, or to be used as projectiles, and with short javelins for hand-to-hand combat. They had foreign troops, cavalry, archers, slingers, engineers, medical officers, and inspectors over each and every department. They had a commissariat department, whose duty it was to select good positions for camps, to order the arrangement of those camps, and especially to see that both man and beast were well supplied with necessaries; we therefore find that the men had "wood in winter, water in abundance in summer, and corn, wine, and vinegar at all times." They were marched off at early morning, never exposed, if possible, to the heat of the sun at mid-day, nor to marshy vapors at night. In summer and autumn, their camping ground was frequently changed, to avoid the necessary accumulation of filth, and pure water was above all things always provided; for they regarded "bad water as a sort of poison, and a cause of epidemic disease." Besides all this, they accumulated stores in their cities, ready for the use of the army in time of necessity; for, as a Roman writer remarks, "Famine is a more wanton destroyer than the sword." When, moreover, in camp, their muscular condition was attended to, by means of frequent marchings and drillings. Why, then, need we wonder that soldiers so well looked after, so well fed, and so well trained, should prove themselves conquerors in the day of battle, against undisciplined and barbarous nations?

Very many of our military customs are copies of those which were adopted by the Romans long ago; and what we call the *new science* of "Military Hygiene," was fully understood and acted on by the Roman commanders, in nearly all its essential details. The engineer officers of the Roman armies were well trained in their profession. Their great object was always to choose good and commanding positions; they always took advantage of high ground, of a wood in front, and of a morass in the rear, etc.; they planned and executed their fortifications with skill.

They made their ramparts high, and their ditches deep and easily flooded with water, to prevent the mining operations of the enemy. They covered the wood-work of their doors and gates with plates of iron and thick leather, to save them from fire, and they erected a formidable portcullis on any important approach to a fort. They carefully stored away provisions, fuel, provender, etc., in their fortified cities, and above all, abundance of bitumen, sulphur, and pitch, besides an iron apparatus for heating these terrible fiery destroyers of life, and of the war engines of the besiegers. Does the reader require to know how these, as well as the burning pitch, etc., were brought into operation? let him read the writings of Josephus and others, and he will see what formidable weapons of destruction they were.

As long as the Romans kept up their system of discipline, and their strictness in choosing recruits, their armies were victorious over all; but when the days of effeminacy and luxury arrived in the empire, the army caught the infection; the soldiers began to complain of the weight of their arms and their accoutrements, the insufficiency of their diet, and of the frequency of drill. They became idle, disaffected, and grumblers; bad recruits were taken, who turned out worse than useless. "The name of Legion yet remained, but its strength and vigor was gone." They met in battle array the wild hordes of the Goths; they came face to face with the savage tribes of the Huns; they lost "their self-confidence, which gains victory," they turned, they fled, and Rome was lost.

The lecturer concluded his admirable address (of which this is but an abstract) by applying the lesson learnt from the history of the Roman armies to our own times, and by impressing on his audience, as regards the Volunteer movement which has now gained ground in our own favored land, among those who have honor, life, and property to defend, and who nobly stand up to do their duty in the common cause, the Roman maxim, which is as much English as Roman, that "constant and well-considered preparation for war is necessary for the preservation of peace."

From the British Quarterly.

FRANCE AND MADAGASCAR.*

MADAGASCAR is a land of wonders. To its vast size, its advantageous position, navigable rivers, capacious harbors, rich mines, and wonderful vegetable productions—amid whose tropic luxuriance the fire-fly flits—it adds an unparalleled extent of malarious and death-dealing coast. For a considerable time past the eyes of Christendom have been fixed upon the noble conduct of its Christian confessors, who, from the depth of the most degrading immorality, have been lifted by Christian truth into such sublime heights of spiritual devotion that they have sustained a persecution, which, for duration and severity, can only find a parallel in the early struggles between the Roman power and the nascent Christianity. On August 23d, 1861, the terrible persecutor Ranaivalona died; and on the same day, not without a struggle, which might have issued in bloodshed but for the wise precautions of his attached friends, her son the Prince Rakoto ascended the throne under the title of Radama II. In any other country he would have been accounted illegitimate, having been born much too long for legitimacy after the death of Radama I.; but the peculiar laws of Madagascar regarded him as the

son of his mother's husband. While yet young he had attended the meetings of the persecuted Christians, and formed an attachment to them which continued during all the period of their trial. By nature of a mild and gentle disposition, the sight of suffering affected him. He became the friend of all the oppressed and afflicted, sometimes exposing his life in their defense. His mother's cruelty gave abundant occasion for his exercise of mercy; but above all the injured and oppressed, the Christians were the objects of his greatest sacrifices and efforts. He rose at midnight and traveled with the utmost speed to rescue them. When his own means were comparatively small, they were ever at the disposal of the needy whom persecution had made dependent exiles. But during all this time he never professed himself a Christian in that deeper sense which those who taught the Malagasy Christianity are accustomed to regard as alone entitling a man to the name of a disciple. He seemed to believe in Christianity; he was attached to the Christians, but he did not yield his own heart to the truth. The strange love of the royal tigress for her offspring led her to allow through him such suspension of her executions as no one else had dared. But that love might not always be the same; yet he braved the risks. Who can wonder that when, on his mother's death, this prince, so rich in promise, ascended the throne, the joy and hope of the Christians rose to the highest pitch. Even the heathen party, who were growing weary under the awful yoke of suspicion and exaction, and disgusted with the cries of misery and the sight of blood, seem to have made no great resistance to his accession. The party of Ramboasalama, the other claimant of the throne, was too insignificant to disturb the public tranquillity. With characteristic humanity the new king was content to banish his rival to his own estates, together with some of his most determined adherents;

**Revue des Deux Mondes*, Octobre, 1863. Art. "La France et Madagascar."

The Last Travels of Ida Pfeiffer. 1861.

Missionary Magazine of the London Missionary Society, for 1862-1863.

History of Madagascar. By the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS. Two vols.

Three Visits to Madagascar, in the Years 1853, 1854, and 1856. By the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS. 1858.

Madagascar, Past and Present. By a Resident. 1847.

Compagnie de Madagascar, Foncière, Industrielle, et Commerciale.

Compagnie de Madagascar: Rapport du Gouverneur au Conseil d'Administration sur la Fondation de la Compagnie, et sur l'Organisation de la Mission d'Exploration. Paris, 1er Juillet, 1863.

Trois Mois de Séjour à Madagascar. Par le Capitaine DUPRÉ, Commandant la division navale des côtes orientales d'Afrique. Publié par les soins de la Compagnie de Madagascar.

and the succession was accomplished with as little bloodshed as it could have been in England itself; so that even the eldest son of the banished rival was one of the first of the nobles at the coronation. The sun had not set upon the day of his accession until Radama II. had proclaimed equal protection and freedom of worship to all the inhabitants of the land. The prison doors were thrown open, and the captives for conscience were set free. Officers were dispatched to pestilential districts, where many were wearing out life in hopeless banishment; and soon the astonished people of the capital gazed on the wan and wasted figures of friends who had long since been reckoned with the dead. All was rejoicing. The London Missionary Society sent out its ambassadors: first its revered and trusted friend, the Rev. William Ellis, who was not only the historian of the country, but had hazarded his life during the reign of the queen in three successive visits to the land of death; and who now, though far from young, was ready as ever for the Master's service; then six missionaries, three of them specially qualified for the practice of medicine and surgery, the work of education, and the management of the printing press. Subsequently four more were sent, with special qualifications for various departments of the work. Nor were these alone. Popery, availing itself of the universal liberty, had its agents immediately on the field in yet greater numbers. The catholic-hearted Bishop of Mauritius, acknowledging the prior claims of the London Missionary Society, had visited the capital, and had borne his witness to the work of the missionaries who had labored there before. Others were preparing to enter. The king had given permission to all foreigners who would abide by the laws to reside in his dominions. Representatives of England and France had proceeded to the capital, and offered their congratulations; and our own gracious sovereign had written to the king an autograph letter, accompanied with the gift of a copy of the Bible. After thirteen months his coronation took place on September 23d, 1862, at which the representatives of France and England were present. A large number of the native Christians and their pastors occupied a conspicuous place. Many improvements had apparently been made. The king had deter-

mined on the abolition of domestic slavery; and free trade with all nations had become by his will the law of Madagascar. But while "all went merry as a marriage bell," and none moved his tongue against the young monarch, his own character was rapidly undergoing change of a nature the most fatal; and there were some who saw, with pain and fear, that some of the changes had been made too rapidly for the condition of the country. Even Mr. Ellis, who had looked with almost a father's fondness on his royal *protégé*, hinted some measure of alarm. Clouds were gathering, very soon to burst in destruction upon the idol of the hour.

It has often been remarked that those who have borne adversity best are frequently found amongst the least prepared for the right use of prosperity; and Radama II. has been added to the number of exemplars of this trite truth. Like his reputed father, who had been eminently virtuous in youth, but who became the victim of drunkenness and debauchery until he reached an early grave, Radama seems to have rather suddenly contracted habits which obscured the brightness of his early promise. Although he had shown a kindness of disposition, he had not given evidence of strength of character. When Madame Pfeiffer saw him she fixed her keen, traveled woman's eyes upon him, and read his character throughout. "I found no fault in him," she says, "except a certain want of independence, and a distrust of his own abilities; and the only thing I fear, should the government one day fall into his hands, is, that he will not come forward with sufficient energy, and may fail in thoroughly carrying out his good intentions." Speaking subsequently in reference to the scheme for the dethronement of his mother, which her friend was urging upon him, she says: "A good deal of the fault may be with the prince himself. He is, as I have observed, a man of many good and noble qualities, but he wants decision and firmness of purpose; and his affection for the queen is, moreover, so great, that he might lack courage at the decisive moment to undertake any thing against her." "We have no sympathy with Madame Pfeiffer's reason for finding fault in the latter case; but we can not help feeling that she had formed a just estimate of his character. When in

power he soon proved that, while his instincts were good and his aims noble, he had no capability of independent action; and, as usually occurs in such cases, he gave himself mainly up to the guidance of young men to the neglect of his more experienced counselors. A class of persons was collected around him who were designated *mena maso*, or "red eyes;" in reality a class of spies, such as attend upon an absolute sovereign, whose designation was derived from the supposed effect upon their organs of vision of their severe scrutiny of all things for their master's interest. Many of these men were of utterly disreputable character, often making the palace of the sovereign the scene of their disgraceful revels. Drunkenness and debauchery became only too manifest in the character of the king; and although he attended to the private instructions of Mr. Ellis, and also had public worship in one of his houses, yet we have good authority for believing that he often turned the service into ridicule among his companions, and delighted them by mimicking the manner of his teacher. Perhaps, as one who had always lived face to face with the most disgusting forms of heathen immorality, he had not so deep a sense of the inconsistency of such a course of conduct as we feel in contemplating it; but the facts themselves show that his character was in no sense moulded by Christian truth or influenced by Christian principle.

In the early part of the year which has just passed strange things occurred at the capital. Persons who seemed to be seized with a singular hallucination came from the surrounding towns and from the provinces declaring that they had seen spirits and heard voices from the invisible world. Many reported that they had seen the ancestors of the king, and had received instructions for him relating to the good of his country. After some time, when his mind had been brought fully under the influence of the superstition, they told him that the counsel of his ancestors was that he should stop "*the praying*," or if he did not some great calamity would soon befall him. They pretended to be unconscious of their actions, and accompanied their communications with bodily contortions, leaping, and dancing. The king listened to the pretended messages with interest, seemed to believe, and soon began to act. He threatened his slave-wife

Mary (whom the polygamic laws of Madagascar allowed him to have in addition to his royal consort, and towards whom he had always manifested a tender affection) with death if she should become a Christian.

"It was then proposed by the *mena maso* to assassinate a number of the Christians as the means of stopping the progress of Christianity, and also to kill the chief nobles who opposed the king's proceedings. With a view of increasing the influence of this fanatical party, the king issued an order that all persons meeting any of the so-called sick should take off their hats, and thus show them the same mark of respect as was formerly given to the national idols when they were carried through the city. With a view also of shielding the perpetrators of the intended murders, the king announced his intention to issue an order, or law, that any person or persons wishing to fight with fire-arms, swords, or spears, should not be prevented, and that if any one were killed the murderer should not be punished."*

M. Galos adds to this, the right of combat was extended to tribes and villages; thus legalizing civil war.† There could be little doubt that the keepers of the idols, aided by the *mena maso*, had contrived all this. Universal alarm was the result of the king's announcement of his design. On the 7th of May he announced it to his nobles. They spent the remainder of the day in deliberation, and next morning, in the most humble manner, presented their remonstrance against it, the prime minister, on his knees, entreating him not to pass the ruinous law; but he remained unmoved.

"The minister then rose and said to the king, 'Do you say before all these witnesses that if any man is going to fight another with fire-arms, sword, or spear, that you will not prevent him, and that if he kills any one he shall not be punished?' The king replied, 'I agree to that.' Then said the minister, 'It is enough; we must arm;' and turning to his followers, said, 'Let us return.'"‡

They returned to grave deliberation. In the peril of the crisis they collected what soldiers they could. The majority were at their command, and the few who remained steadfast to the king would not fire upon their companions. Next morning, the 9th, the minister and his friends surrounded

* Letter of Mr. Ellis, *Missionary Mag.*, August, 1863, p. 236.

† *Revue des Deux Mondes*, p. 701.

‡ Mr. Ellis, *Missionary Mag.*

the palace to secure the persons of the *mena maso*, some thirty of whom afterwards suffered death. The king in his discussion with the nobles had said that "he alone was sovereign, his word alone was law, his person was sacred, he was supernaturally protected, and would punish severely the opposers of his will;" which led the nobles to feel that their lives were not safe while he continued to live. It is said that he died by their hands, his queen ineffectually pleading for his life.* Soon after they laid before the queen the conditions of a new government, offering to place her on the throne if she consented to them; and if she did not, declaring that they must seek another ruler. After reading the document, and receiving explanations of one or two points, she expressed her full and entire consent to govern according to the plan therein set forth. The nobles then said, "We also bind ourselves by this agreement. If we break it we shall be guilty of treason; and if you break it we shall do as we have done now." The prime minister then signed the document on behalf of the nobles and heads of the people, and the queen signed it also. The chief of the nobles remained in the palace; and between one and two o'clock the firing of cannon announced the commencement of a new reign.

Every nation destined to growth and greatness must some time have its own Runnymede; and no one can prescribe beforehand the form which revolution will take. The men who were the leaders in this extraordinary movement belong to different religious parties, while they unite in seeking the national welfare. They are mostly men of considerable European intelligence; and the arrangements made by them amply show that they have studied national constitutions to some purpose, and have some clear perceptions of the elements of national welfare. We copy here, for the information of those who may not have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, a few of the chief items of the constitution which they and the queen have mutually agreed to uphold.

"The word of the sovereign alone is not to be law, but the nobles and heads of the people, with the sovereign, are to make the laws.

* There is at present some reason to believe that he may be still alive.

"Perfect liberty and protection is guaranteed to all foreigners who are obedient to the laws of the country.

"Friendly relations are to be maintained with all other nations.

"Duties are to be levied, but commerce and civilization are to be encouraged.

"Protection, and liberty to worship, teach, and promote the extension of Christianity, are secured to the native Christians, and the same protection and liberty are guaranteed to those who are not Christians.

"Domestic slavery is not abolished; but masters are at liberty to give freedom to their slaves, or to sell them to others.

"No person is to be put to death for any offense, by the word of the sovereign alone; and no one is to be sentenced to death till twelve men have declared such person to be guilty of the crime to which the law awards the punishment of death."

It is impossible to read this basis of a constitution without feeling how closely the legislative authority resembles the King, Lords, and Commons of our own constitution; and the "twelve men" seem very like in function and authority to the much-discussed, but, on the whole, well-working jury of happy England. It may be questioned whether the Malagasy have yet reached the stage when such a constitution will work easily and effectively among them; it is open to question also, whether the narrator's own love for the British constitution may not, to some extent, have colored his account of these fundamental principles; but there is enough to show that the men who drew them up have an eye for what is fitting, and an understanding to weigh the merits of principles in their relation to a people's conditions. The exceptions of "duties" and "domestic slavery" were both founded upon accurate observation of the still existing conditions of their country; and in making these exceptions they act upon the principle of all wise legislators—not the law which is the best in the abstract, but that which is best adapted to the genius and state of a people. To the good in the principles of the new constitution we cordially say, "*Esto perpetuum*," it will not be long then till the exceptional will pass away.

During the reign of Radama II. he had made and confirmed treaties of friendship and commerce with England and France. These treaties, in every essential feature similar to each other, in the privileges granted and in the friendly feelings ex-

pressed, have been accepted and confirmed by the respective governments. They permit the subjects of England and France, on the one hand, and of Madagascar on the other, to enter, reside, travel, and trade in the respective countries, in conformity with the laws of each. They afford the enjoyment of all the privileges, immunities, and advantages, accorded in the country to the most favored subjects of the nation. The English and French may practice their religion openly. Their missionaries have liberty to preach, teach, build churches, seminaries, hospitals, where they may judge convenient, only in conformity with the laws. They have the right of buying, selling, cultivating, and profiting by the soil, houses, and stores in the States of the King of Madagascar. The local authorities will not interfere in any disputes between the persons of either foreign nation, nor between the subjects of either and those of the other. The consuls alone take cognizance of them. The treaties also promise assistance to those who travel in the interests of science; geographers, naturalists, engineers, and others. They were completed at Antananarivo, September 12th, 1862.

These treaties are only such as should pass between independent and friendly nations; but, in addition to these, a clever Frenchman had in some manner won from Prince Rakoto a grant of certain special and exclusive privileges for himself, dated June 28th, 1855. This grant was afterwards recognized and confirmed by King Radama on November 9th, 1861, and purports to be a gift of gratitude to Lambert for services rendered to the king. When the new government came into operation it declared, through the Queen Rabodo, the reign of Radama II. to be null and void. Nevertheless it has declared that the treaties made respectively with England and France shall be respected. *National* interests and relations remain the same; but the new government does not regard itself as bound by the *private donations* of its late king to intriguing persons who have taken advantage of his weakness or his vices. This is the ground of complaint in the able article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* which we have placed at the head of this paper. It is written by M. Henri Galos, and is distinguished by its fullness of information and general fairness of statement, but, as we

think, proceeds sometimes on false *data*, and reaches incorrect conclusions through confounding things that differ. The writer gives a long account of the connection between France and Madagascar, extending through more than three centuries, during which France has claimed to possess sovereign rights in that island. To this history we must return in the sequel; but our present object is to show how the whole occasion of writing his article is misapprehended by the writer, through his confounding the grants to M. Lambert with the treaty of friendship and commerce with France. The two things are quite distinct; and if he had only accounted for this he would not have been led into recommending the atrocious measures for reducing Madagascar to obedience that sully his pages. In order to a full understanding of the subject, we must go back to the origin of the grants to M. Lambert, and then state in what they have resulted.

It is quite eleven years since M. Lambert began to take decided steps towards obtaining the grants on which he now founds his claim. Appearing to be greatly disgusted with the queen's cruelties, he sought to induce Prince Rakoto to dethrone his mother, and seek a French protectorate. It is said, and we think with good reason, that he obtained from him a proposal to that effect, of the full meaning of which the prince, from his ignorance of the language, and his condition at the time of signing the proposal, was not aware. M. Lambert bore this proposal to France; but the French government, before entertaining it, sent him to the British government. Lord Clarendon, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, gave him an interview, but put an end to the matter by refusing to coöperate with France in the project. M. Lambert, defeated in this direction, turned his thoughts towards securing something for himself, and being at the capital in 1855, he obtained the grant to which we have referred; and having collected many costly presents for the prince and the queen, returned to the capital in 1857. On this occasion he was accompanied by Madame Pfeiffer, who entered heartily into the plot, and has laid bare the cunning and duplicity of her friend with the most amusing *naïveté*. The whole scheme failed, according to her, through the irresolution of the prince, and also, no-

according to her, through an English missionary having communicated the design to the queen. Mr. Ellis had been at Antananarivo the year before. He had many conversations with the prince about the projects, of which he had heard from high authority before leaving England. The prince assured him that he had never signed any such proposal, in all probability not knowing its nature. When Mr. Ellis was returning he met two priests in disguise, going up to the capital as doctors' assistants; one of whom was Father Jouen, superior of the Jesuit college at Bourbon, and now director of the Popish mission in Madagascar. The self-sacrificing character of these gentlemen as missionaries and confessors of Christ may be easily gathered from Madame Pfeiffer's description of them. She met them in the house of Mr. Laborde.

"Our friendly host immediately introduced two Europeans to us, the only ones then staying at Tananariva. The two gentlemen were clergymen: one of them had been living for two years, the other for seven months in Mr. Laborde's house. *It was not the time to appear as missionaries, and they concealed the fact of their belonging to a mission very carefully,* the prince and the Europeans being the only persons admitted into the secret. One passes as a physician, the other as tutor to Mr. Laborde's son, who had come back two years since from Paris, where he had been sent by his father to be educated."

These gentlemen had not the courage to proclaim themselves ministers of Christ, but, true to Jesuit instincts, they could plot for the queen's dethronement, knowing that that must pave the way to their cherished object, the final exclusion of all Protestant missionaries from the land. The queen discovered the plot, sent back with indignation the rich presents M. Lambert had sent to her, and ordered him and his traveling companion immediately to leave the island. But M. Lambert had secured the affections of the prince, and, what he deemed better, had secured the grant, which made him to a large extent master of Madagascar. The extent of the privileges it conveys will be best understood by a statement of some of its items:

"Chap. I.—We authorize J. Lambert to form a company, having for its object the working of the mines of Madagascar, the forests, and the lands situated on the coasts

and in the interior. The said company shall have the right of making roads, canals, building yards, establishments of public utility, of coining money with the king's effigy; in a word, it shall do all that it may deem calculated to promote the good of the country.

"Chap. II., Art. 1.—We grant and concede to the company the exclusive privilege of working all the mines in Madagascar, including those already known, and those which may be hereafter discovered.

"Art. 2.—We grant and concede equally to the said company, as well for itself as for those whom it may admit to take part in it, the privilege of choosing, on all the coasts and in the interior of the country, any unoccupied lands to be put into cultivation. In consequence the company shall become proprietor of the lands which it shall have chosen, as soon as it shall give us notice of having taken possession of them.

"Art. 3.—The company shall not pay any duties upon the ore produced, nor upon the profits made upon it.

"Art. 4.—The produce of the working of the mines of Madagascar and upon cultivation shall enjoy the privilege of free exportation without duty. Its [the company's] property shall not be liable to be burdened with imposts. What shall be brought in for the company shall pay no duty.

"Art. 5.—We relinquish to this company all the mines of Soatsimanampievana, so as to put them into condition for the immediate employment of laborers. We also give to the company the house at Soanifirana to establish there the head-quarters of its administration."

The company, for its part, engages to assist to the best of its power the king's projects for the amelioration and civilization of the country; and on the 12th of September, 1862, M. Lambert added a clause, in which he promised to give to Radama II. and his successors ten per cent. on the net profits. The company has been formed at Paris, and has been authorized by an imperial decree dated May 2d, 1863. The supreme authority in its management is vested in Commander Dupré. M. Lambert is to be specially resident about the king, charged with the delicate mission of securing the friendly concurrence of the Hovah chiefs and the king's ministers, as well as to assist in taking possession of lands; which act, "as the immediate object of the presence of the agents of the company in Madagascar is to give it *éclat* in the eyes of the provincial governors and of the king, is to be performed with all formality." The arrangements of the company for choosing

lands are admirably comprehensive. They shall choose such as—

"1. From vicinity to the ports are likely to become centers of population. 2. Those situated along the course of navigable rivers. 3. The unoccupied lands nearest to the Hovah ports, and to the actually existing centers of population. 4. The fertile lands in the most healthy localities. 5 and 6. In the neighborhood of forests, and where gum and caoutchouc are procurable. 7. Lands suitable for pasturage and rice. 8. Wherever it may be presumed that there are metallic and mineral riches."

This catalogue of qualities includes most except the barren and profitless; and if we remember that Madagascar is quite as large as France, and quite as fertile, with not much more than one-tenth of the population, and that population little disposed to cultivate the soil, and consequently to inclose it, we can not fail to see that there would, no doubt, be a very large amount of land which, by an easy construction, might be regarded as unoccupied; so that this very modest proposal of the company looks very like laying hold of the greater part, certainly the better part of the island. M. Galos takes great pride in the liberality with which France, in her treaty of friendship and commerce, extends the same rights to all nations claiming the benefit, as if the English treaty did not contain a similar provision; but what does he say to these "exclusive privileges" accorded to M. Lambert and Co.? and how can he confound together things which he can not fail to see are different as light and darkness? Yet on page 705, after he has recited the provisions of the general treaty, he says, "At the conclusion of this treaty, and in some measure to give it all its efficacy, a company is formed to make use of the concessions made by Radama to M. Lambert." He boasts of the one as general. The other is in its very phraseology and whole spirit exclusive, and even personal; yet he pleads for the enforcement of the latter as if the honor of the French nation were bound to its realization. He pleads that the duration of the treaty of friendship and commerce is not limited, and then carries on the same argument as if it applied to the personal compact. In fact, the failure in logic arises not so much out of M. Galos' want of ability to see where the differ-

ence lies, but out of the exigencies of his design. That design is to show that France has had sovereign rights over Madagascar which she has always proclaimed; that she did, however, appear to surrender them in allowing Radama II. to call himself king in entering into treaty with her; but that she can not allow the new government to annul a grant which places the whole island peaceably in her hands. He is placed in sad difficulties, and is often at a loss to know which argument to use—sovereign rights, or private, confounded with public treaties—and he sometimes uses one, sometimes the other. The general treaty with France, which the new government acknowledges, has nothing whatever to do with the private grants to Lambert; they stand in no connection with each other; and the maintenance of the one is perfectly consistent with the refusal to recognize the other. On this ground, therefore, M. Galos has no reason for urging the conquest of Madagascar, except so far as the company founded on the concessions to Lambert has received the imperial authorization, has had its governor appointed by the emperor, and has sent out a party of its explorers and operatives. But if the Emperor of France does not allow commercial companies to exist without his authorization, he must be content occasionally to witness failure in that to which he has given his august sanction; and to enforce the claims of a private company by war and the desolation of a country with which he has an everlasting treaty of friendship and commerce, which the government of that country still respect, would be utterly beneath the dignity of a great ruler, as well as a most flagrant breach of the most solemn engagements. To prevent this appearance of things is M. Galos' reason for confounding the two treaties, as if the breach of one was necessarily the breach of the other, and deserved chastisement.

But being too clear-sighted not to know that others must perceive this weakness in his position, his mind seems to fall back more assuredly on the ancient sovereign rights of France in Madagascar. We have no objection to follow him into this region of inquiry, feeling, as we do, thoroughly satisfied that, even on his own showing, such rights do not exist, and never had more than the shadow of existence; while the history which is meant to

sustain the claim proves, in a manner most overwhelming, the utter unfitness of the French people and government for the work of colonization.

The writer has furnished the best arguments for the refutation of his own claims. He has rightly stated that national rights are subject to the same law with those which are personal and civil: no one can give a title to himself. "Discovery, conquest, and treaties, are the acts by which a nation takes its rights to a territory;" and by every one of these the French claim of sovereignty is refuted. Madagascar was not discovered by them, but by Fernan Juarez, a Portuguese, in 1506. Conquest gives no claim; for France never conquered the island, and was never able to occupy more than a few small posts on the coasts, from which she was invariably beaten, either by the climate or by the arms of the natives; and if the defeat of a portion of the people gave a claim to their territory, their subsequent victory over their conquerors was assuredly a sufficient termination to that claim. Nothing in treaties can establish it; for a treaty gives no more right than its provisions specify, and no treaty ever gave to France sovereign rights over the island of Madagascar. So far from this is the fact, that by the last treaty, in which Radama II. treats with France as an independent sovereign, and France allows the assumption, M. Galos himself confesses that all such claims are abandoned.

"That question of right is otherwise set at rest, at present, by the treaty of friendship and commerce of September 2d, 1861. By that act, in which Radama II. appears as King of Madagascar, we have recognized without restriction his sovereignty over all the island. In consequence of that recognition two consuls have been accredited to him, the one at Tananarivo, the other at Tamatave, who only exercise their functions by virtue of an *exequatur* from the real sovereign."

We have said the history of French connection with Madagascar, while it fails to establish their claim to sovereign rights, proves incontestably their unfitness for the work of colonization. The attention of France had been directed to it in 1642, when the *Société d'Orient* was established under the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu, and obtained letters patent, confirmed by Louis XIV. in the September of the following year. The gov-

ernment conceded to the society the island of Madagascar and the adjacent islands, "to form colonies, and to pursue commerce, and to take possession in the name of his most Christian Majesty." The first agent of this society, Pronis, a man violent and unprincipled, fixed his post of occupation at Manghasia, and by his plundering and ill-treating the native population, roused their hatred against him. By his injudicious choice of a locality, and by the immorality and rapacity of his followers, he wasted the resources of the company and the strength of his forces. He lavished life and gold in useless wars, and completed the sum of villanies by selling into slavery, to the Governor of Mauritius, a number of natives engaged in the service of the French colony, among whom were sixteen women of rank. He was dismissed from his office, and M. Flacourt was appointed in his stead. He arrived at Fort Dauphin, which his predecessor had built on a peninsula in the district of Anosy, in September, 1648, and soon commenced his rule with rigor. His object was to reduce the whole island. He sent a detachment of eighty Frenchmen, accompanied by a large number of armed natives, to lay waste the beautiful district of Franchere. Nothing was spared: the houses and huts of the lower classes, as well as those of the Roandrians, with the chief part of their property, were destroyed, and great numbers of their cattle carried away. M. Galos bestows upon him great praise; and his discoveries and descriptions of the country entitle him to much. But the society which he represented did not encourage his work; and while he was absent in France, claiming the assistance of the government, the Marshal de la Meilleraye undertook the matter on his own account. The Marshal's great influence made his effort for a time very promising. Flacourt was reappointed to the government of the settlement, but never reached his destination. He was succeeded by Charmagou, who arrived in 1660, and rebuilt the fort, which the natives had burned five years before. Soon, one of his officers, who had assumed the name of La Case, and who, having become famous among the natives, had married a native princess, became an object of envious hatred to the Governor. This division between the leaders, joined to utter incapacity for

government, together with the strifes stirred up by priests, often brought the French settlement to the verge of ruin; and this new scheme again proved a failure. In 1664, the Duc de Mazarin, son to the Marshal de la Meilleraye, sold to a company his interest in the colony for twenty thousand francs. The new company, patronized by the great Minister Colbert, under the title of "Compagnie des Indes Orientales," commenced its operations in what they are pleased to call "Eastern France," with a capital of fifteen million francs. They first appointed M. de Beausse as Governor-General; but he soon after died. In 1666 the Marquis de Mondevergue arrived, having the title of Admiral and Lieutenant-General of the French Forces on land and water beyond the equinoctial. The frigate of thirty-six guns, in which he sailed, was accompanied by nine vessels, bearing four companies of infantry, priests, surgeons, and workmen of all trades. The immense resources of the company were squandered in reckless prodigality by the impoverished gentlemen and unprincipled adventurers who formed the governing body of the settlement; and in the year 1670, notwithstanding a succor of two millions more from the king, the company became so embarrassed that it was compelled to yield up all its rights to his Majesty.

At this time of utter failure, the enthusiastic conviction of sovereign rights over the island of Madagascar received solemn expression by Louis XIV. in terms sufficiently grand and imposing:

"His Majesty, with the full concurrence of his council, after having seen and considered the renunciation which has been made by the company 'des Indes Orientales' to the ownership and lordship of the island of Madagascar, has fully approved thereof, and agreed to unite the above-mentioned island of Madagascar, with all its forts and dependencies, to his own dominions, and that henceforth its lordship and sovereignty shall be at his own disposal."*

* We are indebted to M. Galos for the terms of this decree, but his date (June, 1686) is evidently wrong, for the decree of appropriation was followed by the expedition of La Haye, which, as his own text shows, was destroyed by the end of 1671. In a note he informs us that these rights were sanctioned anew by the edicts of May, 1719, July, 1720, and June, 1725. It would seem to have been the uniform custom of the French government to proclaim their sovereign rights most emphatically when they had least substantial existence. Is this the

To give effect to this solemn decree of annexation, an expedition was sent out under the command of M. de la Haye, consisting of ten vessels, that of the commander bearing fifty-six guns. The expedition was royal. La Haye was viceroy. The Marquis de Mondevergue preferred returning to France rather than remain in conjunction with the new commander; but his successor had sent home evil reports concerning him, and he died a prisoner in the Castle of Saumur. La Haye, in concert with Charmagou and La Case, set about his warlike work with vigor. With a force of seven hundred French and six hundred Malagasy, he attacked a neighboring chief, Andrian Ramousy, but was beaten with considerable loss. Attributing his defeat to the jealousy and treachery of Charmagou, he abandoned Fort Dauphin, and retired, with his forces, to Surat. Charmagou and La Case did not long survive. The son-in-law of the former, M. La Bretesche, a man utterly destitute of courage and ability, soon abandoned his post, got on board a vessel in the roads bound for Surat, a number of missionaries and others accompanying. The vessel had not sailed until the remainder of the colony were massacred by the provoked natives, with the exception of a few who escaped in boats; and thus, on Christmas night, 1671, the grand efforts of company and king came to a disastrous and disgraceful end.

From that time (with the exception of a small settlement, soon abandoned, which had been formed at Antongil Bay, in 1733) until 1750, the French had no official connection with Madagascar. After the latter date the island Saint Mary was ceded to them by some native chiefs, and also a portion of territory at Fanzahere, but their agents were murdered, and no permanent residence was possible. Disgrace and ruin characterized the efforts subsequently made at Saint Mary's by M. Grosse, who, by violating and plundering the tomb of Tamsimalo, so exasperated the natives, that they rushed furiously upon the colony, set fire to the buildings, and massacred the settlers, of whom a French writer (the Abbé Rochon) remarks, "They were of such a description that their loss could excite no kind of re-

reason of M. Galos' present article, which bears marks of administrative instructions throughout, as well as professes to derive its facts from administrative sources?.

gret." After this we reach the only fair opportunity ever enjoyed by France to establish herself in Madagascar, but of which she had not the genius to make use. It was afforded by the Baron Beniwski, a Polish nobleman, who, having become too conspicuous in the political affairs of his native country, had been banished to Siberia. From thence he had escaped, and after many adventures, reached the island of Mauritius, then called Ile de France. Here his imagination was kindled with the stories he heard of the wealth and fertility of the neighboring island, and he proposed to colonize it. But the authorities of Mauritius distrusted him. He paid a visit to France, in which he received the required permission, together with some insignificant aid, being made dependent on his enemies for most of his supplies. He landed in Madagascar in February, 1774. By amazing enterprise and energy, he gradually drew some of the native chiefs into alliance with him. After some time and some wars, he took advantage of the affirmation of an old Malagash woman—that he was the son of one of their deceased kings—to enter, with the enthusiastic approbation of the neighboring chiefs and people, upon his kingly inheritance. Subsequently a great kabary of the people from Cape d'Ambré to Cape St. Mary, numbering about fifty thousand, prostrated themselves before him, giving him the title of Supreme Chief. Although he now resigned his commission of Governor-General into the hands of the Governor of Mauritius, he still desired to keep Madagascar in connection with ungrateful France; and, even against the remonstrance of his own people, came to seek the establishment of a treaty of friendship and commerce between the countries. Failing in France, he applied to England, where his success was no better; and having visited America, he returned at the end of eight years to be received again with enthusiasm by the people. But his old enemies at Mauritius determined on his destruction; and not long after his return, in an engagement with the forces sent by them to take him "alive or dead," he was slain by a Frenchman's hand in 1786. From that time until now, France has never had any possessions in Madagascar beyond what were purely nominal, using a few stations on the coast, and ultimately Tamatave alone, to procure

supplies of cattle, rice, and other provisions for the neighboring islands. In 1810 the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon became English possessions. Tamatave was reduced, by an English fleet, and the French fortifications destroyed.

The treaty of Paris in May, 1814, restored to France all her colonies out of Europe which she possessed before 1792. The islands of Mauritius and its *dependencies* were ceded by the same treaty to Great Britain. Many persons, and among them Sir Robert Farquhar, Governor of Mauritius, believed that this included Madagascar; but on an exchange of letters between the two courts, that of England did not sustain this view. The French, however, never learned the art of colonization, and all their subsequent efforts were as signal failures as those we have recounted. Once, and once only in the course of three hundred years, after an incalculable expenditure of men and money, had they the chance of success, through the practical sagacity and courage of a foreigner; and him they killed. If we looked at the repeated attempts with all their parade and show, and contemplated them only on the side of fruitlessness, we should describe them accurately in the words by which Borgia described the famous invasion of Italy by Charles VIII., that the French came with chalk in their hands to mark out their lodgings; or perhaps even better, in the words of the old couplet:

"The King of France, with forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill and then — marched down again."

But more than forty thousand men had perished, and memories, which "wake to perish never," had been excited in these attempts.

During the late futile attempts of the French, Sir Robert Farquhar quietly and unostentatiously formed a treaty with Radama I. for the abolition of the slave trade, promising him, in return for the gains thus surrendered, the aid of English officers to discipline his troops, together with a small annual pension. By these means Radama was enabled to extend the authority of the Hovahs over the surrounding tribes, and before his death he had succeeded in uniting the greater part of the island under the cen-

tral government. Soon after the conclusion of this treaty, the London Missionary Society, which had long looked toward this great island as an interesting field of labor, was permitted to send its messengers of peace, Radama being exceedingly desirous of the education of his people. Schools were established; the translation of elementary books and of the Holy Scriptures was vigorously carried on; the printing-press was never idle; and a new life was beginning to stir in the capital and its neighborhood when Radama I. died. Between the years 1818 and 1828 the Society had sent out fourteen laborers, consisting of six ordained missionaries, two missionary printers, and six missionary artisans. The people were instructed by them in all things pertaining to the civilization of their country and the development of its resources, as well as in relation to the things of God. During the fifteen years of their residence more than ten thousand children had passed through the schools, two large congregations had been formed at the capital, two hundred persons had been received into church fellowship, a dictionary in two volumes had been produced, many thousands of tracts and school-books had been circulated, the whole of the sacred Scriptures had been translated and printed, and many of the arts of civilized life had been taught. In this country it is well known, though it may not be in France, that the Society has no connection with the British government, that it is wholly sustained by voluntary contributions, and that its agents are never permitted to take part in the political affairs of the countries in which they labor; being restricted to their proper work—the elevation of the people by the inculcation of Christian truth and principle. It was only on these conditions Radama permitted their entrance into his territories, declaring that he would never allow his subjects to be instructed in Christianity by any other means than those of persuasion, and the diffusion of learning to enlighten their minds. Nearly three hundred years had not sufficed to blot out of the memory the fearful evils wrought by the haughty and unprincipled conduct of Father Stephen, who sought to convert the people of the south by threats of the power of the French, until he plunged the colony into a war with the natives, ruinous to them and nearly destructive to the

settlement. Radama referred to this when permission was asked for missionaries to labor in his island. The agents of the London Missionary Society have re-deemed the character of Christian missionaries in that field. The blessing of God upon their labors has given Christianity a firm hold upon the minds of the people. To their labors Father Jonen and his companions are indebted for the liberality which permits them to labor on that soil; but when we reflect that these gentlemen could conceal their office while persecution reigned, that they could plot dethronement and revolution in that concealment, and can now lie with a fertility which surpasses ordinary invention, we apprehend little advantage to Christianity from their labors. M. Galos shows himself as ignorant as the generality of his countrymen of the labors of the true pioneers of the Gospel, and of civilization in Madagascar, when he speaks of them by the contemptuous designation, "Methodist missionaries." We have little doubt that the labors of these despised men will continue, and be the theme of praise to God long after the sad memories of French failure and Romish perversion have passed away.*

If the historical sketch we have given, drawn from various authentic sources, and partly from M. Galos himself, teaches any lesson, it is, as we have already said, that France is incapable of peaceful colonization. As to the claim of sovereign rights, it is difficult to see on which of its several defeats and failures that claim can be founded. What, then, is to be done with the private treaty, conceding so much to M. Lambert, on the strength of which a company has been formed under imperial auspices, and in which the people of France have embarked some capital, and whose agents have already sailed? The new government of Madagascar have repudiated it, while they respect the general treaty with France. In the "Report of the Governor to the Administrative Council upon the Foundation of the Company and upon the Organization of the Mission of Exploration," it is frequently stated that the "enterprise ought to be essentially pacific and with a view to civilization;"

*For an appreciative view of their labors we would refer the reader to the "Report of the British Embassy to the Governor of Mauritius," in November, 1861, extracted in *Missionary Magazine*, February, 1862.

former attempts, with the causes of their failure, are referred to, and it is declared that the "new era is favorable to civilization by means of peace, commerce, and industry." It is further stated that "the company founded upon M. Lambert's treaty is purely commercial, and unconnected with any projects of conquest and political domination." The company also takes credit to itself for having "declined the right of coining, and of setting up establishments of public utility, because those are rights partaking of the attributes of sovereignty. And, on the other hand, it has been decided that the company shall be accessible to other nations, and to the English in particular." All this commands our highest approbation; and yet here is an article written in the most able journal of France—a journal enjoying a world-wide reputation—which is clearly informed by the French government, and yet pleads for a warlike carrying out of these pacific designs, a barbarous method of extending the benefits of civilization.

Before presenting his *ultimatum*, M. Galos considers every possible chance of carrying out the projects of the company. He discusses the possibility of marching a French army to Antananarivo; points out very clearly the insuperable difficulties to be overcome in climate, mountains, want of roads, and impossibility of sustaining an army sufficiently large for such a purpose; and hopes that the desire of conquest will never induce France to risk such sums of men and millions on the task. He next discusses the probability of inducing the present government to continue to allow the private contract of Radama II. with M. Lambert; he refers to the fact that the company had bound the late king in a golden chain of ten per cent., that his mother habitually violated her own laws for gain, and that the whole people are greedy of commerce even to covetousness. He supposes it possible that the new government may not allow all the concessions made to Radama; that, "perhaps, some that seem to alienate the rights of the king may be modified, limited, and subordinated to new conditions; but," he says, "they will last in principle, and will prove a sufficient basis for a considerable *entérprize*." But suppose these motives should fail, and that M. Dupré, bearing the treaty ratified by the French emperor, is treated as an enemy

rather than a friend, and is not permitted to carry out the designs of his peaceful mission, what will be the position of France, and what conduct must she adopt? Thus he asks, and, like Sisera's mother, "returns answer to himself," "that France ought in future to regulate her conduct toward the Hovahs by the estimate she has formed of their government, and to consult, in her relations with them, whether hostile or pacific, her own interests."

This being the case, the Hovahs being a half-barbarous people, and the dangers of direct conquest of them being so great, he insists "that a wise and humane policy counsels us to refrain from any expedition into the territory of Madagascar." We presume from all the context that his humanity is toward the French, for he immediately proceeds to develop a scheme which looks not very humane toward the Hovahs. He advises not to break relations with the island of Madagascar, but only with the Hovahs. It would be easy, he says, to continue friendly relations with the people on the coast, and show them so much more sympathy that they would be more willing to shake off the Hovah yoke. He would not only sustain them with moral sympathy, but with arms, with refuge in the French territories, in Nosse Re and Nosse Cumba, etc.; and thus expects that the Sakalavas, the Betsimsaracas, and the Betanimenes, who have been friendly with the French and hate the Hovahs, would rise in insurrection, and joining with the defeated party in the capital, accomplish a revolution in their favor.

It must be acknowledged, that if all the elements of success here enumerated could be depended upon, it looks a very feasible scheme. It is not important that we should stay to show in what respects the plan differs from the methods and circumstances of Clive, to which M. Galos compares it. The differences are great. But the peculiarity of the plan is, that it is ostensibly designed to civilize a semi-barbarous people, as the writer delights to call the Hovahs. Every one who knows any thing of civilization knows, that just in proportion to its advance, petty chieftaincies are merged in wider kingdoms; and the course initiated fifty years ago by Sir Robert Farquhar was an attempt to realize that idea, which has to a large extent succeeded. M. Galos knows that the Hovahs are by far the most civilized peo-

ple in Madagascar, and yet he recommends a plan, and professedly in the interest of civilization, that would set savage people upon people who are rising out of that condition, break up a central government, and destroy the hopes of advance which even his own nation seems for a time to have cherished.* It is not true, although he says it, that the party who have promoted the late revolution are "the party hostile to progress." It is not true that they "wish to establish the system of excluding Europeans;" but no one can wonder that they should wish to exclude Europeans who would claim to possess all their mines and their products, most of their fertile lands and their navigable rivers, until they had wrested the country out of their hands. France has no right to these privileges except such as could be conferred by a drunken debauchee, whose own people, though so long accustomed to despotic rule, deemed unfit any longer to govern them, and very properly disowned the acts of his foolish favoritism or of his drugged insensibility. The Hovah people have sought to assert their manhood, and to rise above their degradation. They seek no breach with any nation; they ask only to be permitted to act out on their own soil, without foreign intervention, the constitution to which they have pledged themselves; and it would reflect eternal disgrace on France before the civilized world to listen to the advice of a writer who recommends the atrocities of savage war to civilize, and enslavement to elevate.

The revelations made by Commodore Dupré, head of the French mission, in his book entitled "*Trois Mois de Séjour à Madagascar*," (now withdrawn from circulation,) are sufficient to show that the nobles of Madagascar were never friendly even to the treaty of friendship and commerce; and that their present repudiation of the treaty with Lambert is only consistent with all their previous feeling. He says:

" . . . The meeting was numerous, of two hundred probably, and very animated. There was all but unanimity against its acceptance. A volume of objections emanated from this systematically hostile assembly. The majority would have nothing to do with it; the more moderate demanded changes which would

have rendered the treaty impossible. The general opposition—so violent that the most *enlightened* feared to controvert it, lest they should thereby exasperate the mass—succumbed before the will of the king, who caused the act to be signed by Rahaniraka, and two other plenipotentiaries named at the last moment, and who signed it himself to show that his decision was irrevocable. No one breathed a word."

In another part of his book he thus describes one of the Hovah officers, Raharahy, who had been his host at the capital:

"He appears to have understood better than any of his fellow countrymen the superiority of European civilization. His fortune is not large, but he is a member of one of the principal families in the country; he was the first husband of Queen Rabodo. He passed at Antananarivo as a partisan of French interests. . . . If those who slander him, and counteract his influence, possessed his intelligence, his *disinterestedness*, his moral sense, and his *patriotism*, Madagascar would be on the eve of becoming a civilized country."*

This officer, he subsequently implies, was the only noble favorable to the adoption of the treaty.

With this knowledge of the hostility of the Malagasy nobles, literally to a man, the French people should not have been so ready to enter into engagements involving such a serious expenditure of men and means. They can not plead that they were ignorant of it, for in the Report of the Governor of the Company to the Administrative Council it is all-pervasive. They every where provide guards against it. They entered upon their engagements with their eyes open; and it is certainly not reasonable for them to expect that the people who opposed their despotic sovereign while he lived will quietly yield the point now that he is dead; and to pretend that they were driven to the extremity of war by the disappointment of their hopes would be one of the most open and transparent misrepresentations.

It is a matter of regret to us to find that the British consul does not sustain that position in the pages of M. Dupré which a representative of our country

* P. 91. We found it impossible till in the press to procure M. Dupré's book. The pamphlets also relating to the Madagascar Company were steadily refused, and we are indebted for the loan of them all to a friend. Had we possessed the former at an earlier period, more extracts should have been made from it.

* For a view of the savage character of these peoples see Dupré, pp. 234-7.

should. He is thus alluded to shortly after his official entry: "M. Packenham complained to me of the cold reception he had experienced; and knowing him worthy of the king's confidence, I promised to do my utmost to dissipate the unjust prejudices of which he was the victim, and of which one of his own countrymen was the cause." This countryman, the same informant tells us, was Mr. Ellis, whom M. Dupré, identifying his own diplomatic interests with that of the British consul, denominates "our common enemy." We can hardly believe, even on the Commodore's testimony, that a British consul should stand by, and knowingly, and without remonstrance, permit the island of Madagascar to be virtually handed over to the French. We know that the praise of some persons is equivalent to the severest censure.* We feel that the patronage of a British repre-

sentative by the representative of France reflects little honor on the man or his nation; and we sincerely wish Mr. Packenham may be able to explain his position in these affairs in a satisfactory manner.

The question for Madagascar is now serious. Shall that land be permitted to sink into the hands of France through the barbarous method proposed by M. Galos? Shall it be compelled, just on the eve of its rising into importance as a free nation under a constitutional government, to sink under the dominion of the absolute government of strangers, whose rule at home and abroad is military, and only military, and whose attempts upon this island for three hundred years have been characterized by rapacity, ferocity, and failure? Has Great Britain no word of mediation to utter on such an occasion which may arrest the outbreak of strife, and yet save a country on which she too has had possessions, to which she is bound by a friendly treaty, and which owes nearly all its civilization to the influence of her sons? Many are looking for that kind of friendly mediation which may save Madagascar from destruction, and England and France from indelible disgrace.

* M. Dupré is not always trustworthy. It would amuse many of our readers to read pages 214 and 221 of his book, in which he describes Mr. Ellis as giving away "a great quantity of money." He constantly acknowledges his great influence, while he has no good to say of him; and by attributing it to an impossible bribery, pays the highest compliment to him.

From the London Intellectual Observer.

THE TINNEVELLY PEARL BANKS.

FROM time immemorial the pearl fishery in the narrow sea which separates India from the island of Ceylon has been famous in all the marts of the old world, and has rivaled the still more renowned fishery of Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf. Opinions have always varied respecting the value of the pearls from these fisheries. Tavernier, the old traveling jeweler, said, in 1651, that the pearls from the sea that washes the walls of Manaar, in Ceylon, are, for their roundness and water, the fairest that are found, but rarely weigh three or four carats. Master Ralph Fitch, a London merchant, who made a voyage to the Indies in 1583, says, on the other hand, that, though the pearls of Cape

Comorin are very plentiful, they have not the right orient luster that those of Bahrein have. Whatever the truth may be respecting the water and orient luster of the pearls of these rival fisheries, there can be no doubt that a vast concourse of merchants and others has been annually attracted to the fisheries in the Gulf of Manaar from the most ancient times, which is sufficient evidence of their value.

The Ceylon fisheries have retained their old reputation down to modern times. But it is to the smaller and hitherto less productive pearl banks, on the opposite side of the Manaar gulf, off the shores of the Indian Collectorate of Tinnevely, that the reader's attention is requested. An

experiment, with a view to the improvement of the fishery, has now been commenced there, which possesses considerable scientific and general interest.

In the golden age of the Tamil people of Southern India, the Tinnevelly pearl fishery, then established, as Ptolemy states, at Kôru, the more modern Coil, paid tribute to the Pandyon kings of Madura; and at this period, we are told by the author of the *Periplus of the Erythræan Sea*, none but condemned criminals were employed in the fishery. Marco Polo, in the end of the thirteenth century, mentions the land of Maabar,* where many beautiful and great pearls are found off the coast. The merchants and divers, he says, congregated at Betaler, in April and May, and he relates how the divers, called *Abraimain*, performed incantations to preserve themselves from the attacks of great fish in the depths of the sea. In those days the sovereign received a tenth, and the divers a twentieth of the proceeds of the fishery. The great number of pearls from these Tinnevelly banks excited the wonder of all the bold wanderers who completed the perilous voyage to India in early times. Friar Jordanus, a quaint old missionary bishop, who was in India about 1330, says that eight thousand boats were then engaged in this fishery and that of Ceylon, and that the quantity of pearls was astounding, and almost incredible. The head-quarters of the fishery was then, and indeed from the days of Ptolemy to the seventeenth century continued to be, at Chayl or Coil, literally "the temple," on the sandy promontory of Ramnad, which sends off a reef of rocks towards Ceylon known as Adam's Bridge. Old Luduvico di Varthema mentions having seen the pearls fished for in the sea near the city of Chayl, in about 1500 A.D., and Barbosa, who traveled about the same time, says that the people of Chayl are expert jewelers who trade in pearls. This place is, as Dr. Vincent has clearly shown, the Kôru of Ptolemy, the Kolkhi of the author of the *Periplus*, the Koil or Chayl of the travelers of the middle ages, the Ramana-Koil (temple of Rama) of the natives, the same as the sacred promon-

tory of Ramnad and isle of Rameswaram, the head-quarters of the Indian pearl fishery from time immemorial.

But Tuticorin, the present head-quarters of the fishery, has supplanted the ancient Coil for the last two centuries; and since the middle of the seventeenth century, the powers which have successively presided over the fishery, whether native, Portuguese, Dutch, or English, have uniformly taken their station at this little port, which is about ninety miles north-east of Cape Comorin, on the Tinnevelly coast. When the Portuguese were all powerful on the coast, the Jesuits were allowed the proceeds of one day's fishing, and the owners of the boats had one draught every fishing day. The Naik of Madura, the sovereign whose family succeeded the ancient Pandyon dynasty, also had the proceeds of one day as lord of the coast. These Naiks were the builders of all the magnificent edifices which now beautify the city of Madura, and their dues from the fishery were probably used as offerings to Minakshi, the fish-eyed goddess of the vast Madura pagoda, who now possesses amongst her jewelry, a numerous collection of exquisitely beautiful pearl ornaments. In the days of the Naiks and Portuguese there were four hundred or five hundred vessels at the annual fishery, carrying sixty to ninety men each, a third of whom were divers; and at the subsequent fair held at Tuticorin there was an assembly of from fifty thousand to sixty thousand persons. The divers, at that time, were chiefly Christians from Malabar. Captain Hamilton, who was traveling in the East from 1688 to 1723, described Tuticorin when the Dutch were all powerful at that port, as well as in Ceylon. He says that a Dutch colony at Tuticorin superintended a pearl fishery a little to the northward of the port, which brought the Dutch company £20,000 yearly tribute.

The Dutch appear to have fished too recklessly and too often; and, when the English succeeded them at Tuticorin, the banks were very far from yielding £20,000 a year. Our predecessors had well nigh killed the goose with the golden egg; and for many years we followed in the same track. It is the old story: a valuable product is discovered to be a source of considerable wealth, and forthwith a system of reckless destruction for the sake of immediate gain is inaugurated. Then the

* *Maabar* of Ibn Batuta and Marco Polo is the southern region of the Coromandel coast, comprised in the modern districts of Madura and Tinnevelly. Col. Yule has suggested that the word may be Arabic, (*Ma'abar*, a ferry,) in reference to the passage or ferry to Ceylon.

supply begins to fail—a panic ensues; and, when science and forethought are called in, it is discovered that ordinary prudence and a judicious system of conservancy would have insured an annual unfailing yield from the first. Such has been the history of Chinchona bark in South America, of the teak and other timber of the Indian forests, and such also is the story of the Tinnevelly pearl banks since the Dutch times.

In 1822 the Tuticorin pearl fishery contributed about £13,000 to the Indian revenue, and in 1830 about £10,000; but after the latter date there was no yield at all for many years. Between 1830 and 1856 there were thirteen examinations of the banks, and on each occasion it was found that there was not a sufficient number of grown oysters to yield a profitable fishery, and none was therefore attempted. The unsatisfactory condition of the banks was attributed to several causes. Captain Robertson, the Master Attendant at Tuticorin, thought that the widening of the Paumben channel, which caused a stronger flow of current over the banks on the coast, prevented the mollusks from adhering; and that the fishers for large conch shells called *chanks*, (which are used as horns in the worship of idols, and cut into segments of circles as ornaments for women's wrists,) anchoring their boats on the banks, killed the oysters. The dead oysters would, of course, have a fatal effect on their neighbors. The native divers attributed the state of the banks to the pernicious influence of two other shellfish, called *soorum* (a kind of *Modolia*) and *kullikoz*, (an *Avicula*), which are mingled with the pearl oysters on the banks, and, as the natives believe, destroy them.

In 1856, however, an examination was made by Captain Robertson, and it was found that at least four of the banks of Tuticorin, called *Cooroochan Paur*, *Navy Paur*, *Oodoorovie Paur*, and *Clothie Paur* were well covered with young pearl oysters, which would be old enough to be fished in 1860-61. The Madras government, therefore, determined that every precaution should be taken, in order that the banks might receive no injury during the interval. The chank fishery off Tuticorin was ordered to be entirely put a stop to at the termination of the contract, and vessels were provided to protect the pearl banks from poachers, on

board one of which Captain Robertson was unfortunately lost in March, 1859.

Captain Robertson was succeeded as Master Attendant of Tuticorin and Superintendent of the Tinnevelly Pearl Banks by Captain Phipps, to whose zeal and intelligence the fishery owes its present hopeful condition, and under whose auspices the fishery of March, 1860, the first that had been attempted since 1830, was opened.

A government pearl fishery is a most legitimate source of revenue, and forms an exception to all other monopolies; which, as a rule, have in modern times been justly condemned. But pearls are simply articles of luxury in the strictest meaning of the word; the seas in which they grow can not well become private property; and, if a profit can be derived from their sale, it is certainly a branch of revenue which can give just cause of complaint to no man, while it benefits the community at large. In India, too, the government are possessed of advantages, which enable them to get the work of superintendence and management done with far greater economy and efficiency than could be secured by any private individual or company. So high an authority as Mr. McCulloch has taken an opposite view, and says that the government monopoly ought to be abolished, because the expense of guarding and managing the banks exceeds the sum for which the fishery is let, and that any one who likes should be allowed to fish on paying a moderate license duty. The last edition of the *Commercial Dictionary* was published in 1860, and during the two following years the Tinnevelly pearl fishery yielded a large net revenue to the government, which is a sufficient answer to Mr. McCulloch's argument. It is true that there has since been disappointment; but the way to secure regular annual returns is by adopting a carefully considered scientific system of conservancy, and not by throwing the banks open to the depredations of all comers.

The fishery of 1861 commenced on March 7th, and the sale of the government share of oysters was conducted by public auction, which began at Rs. 15 and gradually rose to Rs. 40 per thousand. As many as 15,874,500 shells were sold, realizing upwards of £20,000, as the net result to government, exclusive of all expenses, and of the shares allowed to the

divers. The annual expense of the guard boats for protecting the banks is only £500.

In 1862 the results of the fishery were also satisfactory; but in 1863 the banks were found to be in a most unpromising state, and no fishery was attempted. Out of seventy-two banks that were examined, only four contained oysters free from *soorum*, eleven had young oysters mixed with *soorum*, and fifty-seven were blank. It is this unexpected failure of properly-grown shells which has given rise to Captain Phipps' experimental culture now in course of trial, and to a very careful consideration of the conditions most likely to secure a good annual fishery, which shall not be liable to this periodical sterility.

The pearl banks are about nine miles from the shore, and eight to ten fathoms from the surface, being scattered over an area seventy miles in length. They are exposed to ocean currents, which, by washing sand into the interstices of the rocks, often destroy the young oysters over a considerable area; the dead fish, when not removed, soon contaminate their neighbors; and, in addition to these sources of evil, the *soorum* shells, a species of *Modiola*, like a mussel with a swollen face, which often grow amongst the pearl oysters, exercise a pernicious influence, either by dying and spreading death around them, or by accumulating sand. It is obviously quite impossible to watch these banks efficiently, and to eradicate the evils caused by sand accumulations and dead mollusks, owing to their great depth and exposed situation in the open sea at a distance from land. Unless some plan is adopted for rearing the young fish on banks which shall be constantly accessible, and free from the above drawbacks, the fishery will always be liable to failures, sometimes of long duration. The perfection to which science and intelligent care have brought the fisheries of edible oysters on the English, and especially on the French coasts, leaves no doubt that equally satisfactory results might be obtained from similar measures on the Tinnevelly pearl banks.

A few remarks on the habits of the pearl oyster will make this part of the subject more clear.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to observe that the pearl oyster (*Meleagrina margaritifera*, Lam.) is not in reality an oyster

at all, but is more allied to a mussel; having, like the latter animal, a *byssus*, or cable, by which it secures itself to the rocks—one of the most important points in its organization. The animal's foot is composed of muscular fibers, and is two and a half inches long, when distended. On the lower side there is a groove lined by a secreting membrane, which is an exact mould for the formation of the *byssus*. When the animal desires to attach itself to the rock, its foot is protruded, and, after seeking out a suitable spot with the tip for some minutes, is again retracted into the shell. A strong fiber, of the form of the groove in the foot, is thus left, attached to the base of the foot at one end, and to the rock at the other. The process is again and again repeated until a strong cable is formed; and it was one of the most important results of the careful investigations of Dr. Kelaart in Ceylon, that the power of the animal to cast off its *byssus* at pleasure was ascertained. It leaves it behind to make another in a more convenient place, like a ship slipping her cable and going to sea. From this ability to shift its berth it follows that the pearl oyster might safely be taken from its native beds, and made to colonize other parts of the sea; and also that it would move of its own accord if the surrounding water should become impure or sandy, or when there is an influx of fresh water. The animal can re-form the *byssus* at pleasure, if in good health and condition.

The formation of pearls is another point which has received much attention, but which has not as yet been definitively settled. Pliny and Dioscorides believed that pearls were productions of dew, but that observant old Elizabethan navigator, Sir Richard Hawkins, shrewdly remarked that "this must be some old philosopher's conceit, for it can not be made probable how the dew should come into the oyster." Modern investigation has suggested various causes for the intrusion of the nucleus round which the pearl is formed. The free border of mantle lining each valve of the shell dips downwards to meet a similar edge on the opposite side, thus forming a double fringed veil. The tentacles of this fringe consist of long and short flat filaments, which are exceedingly sensitive, so that even the approach of a foreign substance makes them draw forwards and shut out the intruder. They

which it says, "I am light," and nothing more.

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and as they repeat the last two lines:

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they will recall an experience common to all travelers, the memory of which may bring with it either "a feeling of sadness which the soul can not resist," or pleasing associations to which the affections cling. These "lights of the village" may help to teach us why "we never see the stars." They come to us like good angels across the moor, or fen, but their faces are hidden from our distant gaze. We do not see the lamp or candle from which they emanate until we are close to it, although we may know what it is, and exclaim with Portia:

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A distant body must have a certain magnitude, in order that its shape may be visible to any eye, with any particular instrument. The larger the body, the greater the distance at which its shape can be seen, under similar and proportionate illumination, but as the distance increases, the apparent size of any body is rapidly reduced, in conformity with a well-known physical law, so that the mightiest celestial orbs may dwindle through remoteness to the merest specks of light which the eye can discern, and by still further remoteness, completely elude the power of the largest telescope.*

We know that the sun's diameter is, according to the best calculations, 850,100 miles, and his distance, by recent determination, about 91,328,600 miles, nearly four hundred times that of the moon. Now the enormous face of the sun, more than one hundred times broader than that of our earth, is eclipsed by a pin's head held near the eye, and it only appears the size of a very small disk held a foot off. Could we pass from our present abode to the more distant planets of the solar system, the great luminary would become smaller and smaller in appearance; and from Neptune, "30½ times the mean distance of the earth from the sun,"† it would look like a mere point of light that would require considerable magnifying to raise into a disk. Mr. Breen tells us that with a power of 150 we can see the appearance of a disk in Neptune "if we consider it attentively," and the body which thus requires enlarging to the extent of 150 diameters, or 22,500 times superficially, in order to be seen at all, is 108 times as big as our earth;‡ its diame-

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doubtless prevent the pearls from dropping out of the shell, and preserve the fish from the host of carnivorous creatures which infest its place of abode; and if it be true that particles of sand form the nuclei of pearls, they must run the gauntlet of these ever-watchful sentinels before they can intrude themselves amongst the interstices of the mantle. The food of pearl oysters consists of foraminifera, minute algae, and diatoms; and Dr. Kelaart has suggested that the siliceous internal skeletons of these microscopic diatoms may possibly permeate the coats of the mantle, and become nuclei of pearls.

Lastly, the *ova* which escape through the distended coat of an overgrown *ovarium* may, perhaps, become imbedded in the interstices of the mantle, and become the nuclei of pearls, especially as pearls are usually found imbedded in the mantle near the hinge, where the *ovarium* is most liable to rupture. Large pearls often work their way out of the mantle, and lie loose between it and the shell, or become attached to the surface of the latter. They have even been found outside the shell altogether, entangled amongst the strands of the *bysus*. When the pearl banks are under constant supervision, the causes leading to the formation of pearls, as yet imperfectly understood, will, doubtless, receive close attention.

It now only remains to describe the plan by which it is hoped that, in future, the Tinnevelly pearl banks will be kept supplied with a sufficient number of well-grown shells to supply a remunerative annual fishery. The idea was suggested by the method adopted with regard to edible oysters on the English and French coasts. The chief external difference between the pearl and edible oyster is, that the former secures itself to rocks and stones by means of a *bysus*, while the latter merely lies flat on the ground on its convex side; but there is no reason why the pearl oyster should not thrive on artificial banks as well as the edible oyster.

In the Colne oyster fishery, the *brood* (oysters two years old) are dredged up out at sea, and placed on "*layings*" within the river Colne. These "*layings*" are about one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards by eighty, according to the breadth of the channel, most of them dry at low water, and they are paved with stones, old shells, and any other hard

substances, to a depth of a few inches, so as to form a bed for the oysters, which would be choked in soft mud. This material is called *culch*. In France, M. Coste has adopted a system of placing fascines on the *layings*, instead of *culch*, as resting places for the oysters; but the natural advantages of the ground render any artificial method of this kind unnecessary in the Colne. It is very important that the *culch* should be kept perfectly clean and clear of mud, and, above all, that every mussel-shell should be weeded out. The mussels have a remarkable tendency to collect mud round them in heaps, probably owing to their elongated shape, and if they are allowed to remain on the *layings*, there is danger of the oysters being choked with mud. The oysters remain on the *layings* for two years, when they are fit for eating, and during this time there are constant examinations, in order that all dead fish may be removed, and the *culch* kept clear of mud. In places where the *layings* are never laid bare by the tide, this is done by means of a dredge, all live fish and *culch* being carefully thrown back, while dead fish, soft mud, and mussels are removed.

There can be little doubt that some such system might be adopted in rearing pearl oysters, and Dr. Kelaart says that "he sees no reason why pearl oysters should not live and breed in artificial beds, like the edible oysters, and yield a large revenue." He has ascertained, by his experiments in Ceylon, that the pearl oysters are more tenacious of life than any other bivalve with which he is acquainted, and that they can live in brackish water, and in places so shallow that they must be exposed for two or three hours daily to the sun and other atmospheric influences. Captain Phipps, the superintendent of the Tinnevelly pearl banks, has come to the same conclusions; and, convinced that artificial nurseries for the young oysters are the only means by which remunerative fisheries can be secured, he has proposed the following plan, which has been adopted:

The harbor of Tuticorin is formed by two long islands, and between them and the mainland there is a bank about three miles long by a quarter of a mile broad, with a depth of from three to seven feet, entirely free both from surf, currents, and influxes of fresh water. Captain Phipps proposes that this bank should be walled

round with loose coral until it is formed into a basin, the edges rising three feet above high-water mark. Over the bed of the shallow basin thus inclosed, live coral will be regularly spread so as in a few years to form a solid mass, serving the purpose of *culch*, and the basin will be divided into three parts, one for the old oysters, and the other two for the young ones that may be in process of rearing. After the division of the basin set apart for breeding has been stocked, it will be carefully watched, and when the spawning has taken place and the young oysters are well formed, they will be removed from the old oysters and rocks to which they are attached, and placed in one of the separate parts of the basin, and the same plan will be followed each succeeding year. On reaching a sufficient age, they will again be removed to one of the pearl banks in the open sea. The last operation is necessary, because it would be impossible to inclose an artificial space which would hold as many grown oysters as are required for a remunerative fishery, and because it is believed that the quality of the pearl depends on the depth and clearness of the sea in which it has been formed.

A single oyster, five or six years old, often contains no less than 12,000,000 eggs, and in the fishery of 1861 the total number taken only amounted to 15,874,500, so that the number of young ones annually obtained from the nursery will be abundantly sufficient to stock banks for each year's fishery. Care will of course be taken that only such banks are selected for stocking as have the rocks which compose them raised well clear of the surrounding sand.

By this system, adapted as it is from those of the English and French edible

oyster fisheries, several advantages will be secured, and all the dangers to which the pearl oysters are now exposed will be avoided. The young growing mollusks, safe on their carefully watched *laying* at Tuticorin, will be secured from the choking sands of their natural banks, as well as from their alleged enemy the *soorum*, the effects of which are probably the same as those caused by the mussels on the edible oyster *layings* in the colne. It is during the period of their growth that the pearl oysters are so exposed to these dangers, and very frequently banks have been found well stocked with young oysters, and giving promise of a lucrative fishery, at a preliminary examination, which, when the time for the fishery arrives, are bare, all their inhabitants having died and been washed away. But if preserved during the period of growth in the artificial nursery, and only placed out when they have reached maturity, the oysters can then form their pearls in security until the season for the fishery arrives, and well-stocked pearl banks may be reckoned upon for each year.

Thus it is hoped that, by adopting these carefully considered plans, and improving upon them as experience and watchful investigation dictate from year to year, a regular and unfailing source of revenue will be secured to the State, and the Tinnevelly pearl banks will, after laying dormant for thirty years, regain the immemorial renown which was conceded to them, alike in the days of Ptolemy, of Marco Polo, and of Hamilton. They form the most ancient fishery in the world, and now that science and careful supervision have been supplied they will no longer be the least remunerative.

EFFECTS OF CONSANGUINEOUS MARRIAGES.—M. Balley has called the attention of the French Academy to a remarkable result of a very singular marriage of this kind. He says, "the father and mother enjoyed good health; the father was born in lawful wedlock; the mother, somewhat older, came from a foundling hospital. From this union resulted in succession four infants, stillborn; the fifth is deaf and dumb in an asylum at Rome; the sixth is a dwarf, and the seventh has not at present exhibited any peculiarity. It is now known that the individu-

als, so afflicted in their descendants, are brother and sister, children of the same father and mother. The girl, born before marriage, was deserted by her parents, was never reclaimed by them, and was ignorant who they were." M. Balley proposes that special inquiries should be made in deaf and dumb asylums concerning the relationship of the parents of the unfortunates. In Rome he finds out of thirteen cases of persons born deaf and dumb, three were offsprings of consanguineous marriages, one being connected with the deplorable story we have cited.

From the London Intellectual Observer.

WE NEVER SEE THE STARS.

TAKE a man out into the fields on a calm, quiet night, when the moon is absent, the air clear, and as he looks upward, the "floor of heaven" seems "inlaid with patines of bright gold." Let him see Vega beaming with steady luster, like a benevolent sapphire eye keeping watch over the world; Capella fitfully flashing; the Bear careering round the silent pole; Orion with his diamond belt; and Sirius blazing in such splendor as to vindicate his title as "the leader of the host of heaven," and leave no wonder that the old Egyptians worshiped him as a sacred orb, and formed the sloping sides of their pyramids that his beams should fall straight and full upon them when he reached his highest point in the skies that over-arched their wondrous land. Let our observer gaze steadily as the smaller stars come out from their homes in the deep unfathomable blue, until, between what the eye sees, and what the mind imagines, the broad fields of space are all alive with light, and, from every point of the compass, stars innumerable seem to gleam. When the eye has thus been filled with brightness, we could scarcely make a more startling assertion than is conveyed in the words, "we never see the stars," and yet no statement can be more true. What then, do we see? The answer is, we see certain rays of light which, in popular phraseology, *left* the celestial orbs some time ago; years ago we know in some instances, centuries perhaps in others, and thousands of years, it may be, in still other cases, and possibly millions might be required to state the time at which, in the remote past, that force was exercised, or vibration excited, by which we recognize the existence of the most distant of those suns whose beams are able to affect our sight. The nearest star is, however, too far off for his light-rays to bring to us a picture of his face. In the moon we see, with the unaided eye, certain indications of the form and char-

acter of the surface of our satellite. In the planets, minute disks, in which all features have vanished, proclaim by the low power that makes them distinctly visible, comparative nearness to ourselves; but of the stars another story must be told. They are not like the moon, partly decipherable by the unassisted eye; not like the planets, surrendering more or less of the secret of their form to the glasses of the telescope—they defy alike the eye of the mortal, and the grandest optical machinery which he has been able to invent. They do indeed, in fine weather, look like small regular disks in a telescope, but increasing the power of the eye-piece does not enlarge their apparent diameters as it does that of nearer objects, and in the most perfect instruments they look the least. We see their luster, we note the color of their light; Betelgeuse is a topaz, Rigel more of a sapphire, Antares is flushed, and flashes with blood red; and when the telescope has separated the so-called "double stars," we have contrasts of green, orange, blue, white, gray, etc., as Mr. Webb's admirable papers tell; but whether their surfaces are rugged and mountainous, smooth, with plains or seas, diversified in outline, or monotonous in uniformity, we can only guess; for, in spite of all our efforts, *we never see the stars.*

Ordinary objects reveal to us their forms by the effects of light, shade, and color. They shine with borrowed, and often with feebly reflected light, so that by walking away, we soon lose sight of them altogether. Objects that are more luminous and brighter, show their forms at greater distances, and we often see things negatively that would be unnoticed by their positive effect. Thus a thin rod against a clear sky is seen a long way off, because we are conscious that the sky brightness is, as it were, cut through by some dark thread. But we may pass from all those cases in which light comes to us as a revealer of *form*, to others, in

which it says, "I am light," and nothing more.

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"He clasps the crag with hooked hands:
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands.

"The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls."

When the sea waves are dwindled down to wrinkles by their distance, the king of birds still perceives upon their shore, objects that would be quite invis-

ble to man; but there is no reason to believe that even the eye of the eagle has ever "seen the stars." The bird, however, may teach us that with perfect visual organs, remoteness would not prevent the discovery of form, but merely reduce its apparent size.

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Under ordinary circumstances we do not, without magnifying them, see the real disks of the great planets, otherwise we should need no telescope to teach us that Venus goes through phases like the moon.* When Venus is favorably situated she is a highly lustrous body, that looks the same shape as Jupiter, but if the telescope be directed to both, one shows a round face, and the other may appear as a thin crescent of most glorious

* This remark is generally true. Had it been otherwise it would not have been necessary to wait for Galileo with his telescope, in order to learn the fact that Venus exhibits phases like the moon. Mr. Webb, in his excellent work, *Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*, says, speaking of Venus when near the earth and exhibiting a sharp and thin form: "This crescent has been seen even with the naked eye in the sky of Chili, and with a dark glass in Persia." Difficult objects become more visible when the mind knows exactly what the eye ought to see, and the eye is practiced in looking for it. An easy experiment will illustrate this. Let any one not accustomed to it look for ϵ Lyrae, which to the naked eye lies close to Vega. The first night of the attempt the small star may not be distinguished, afterwards it will become plainer, and if it is looked at fifty or one hundred times in the course of a month or two, it will seem to have moved further off, and the observer will wonder why the separation did not strike him at first. A similar apparent increase of distance takes place by continued observation of close double stars through a telescope.

light. Although the planets are too far off to exhibit real disks to the naked eye, still their being so near in proportion to their size is one reason why they shine with a steadier light, and do not twinkle like the stars. Humboldt and others thought that when light, from one portion of their disks, was for a moment intercepted and then permitted to pass through the air, they did not flicker like stars, because light from other portions of their disks filled up the vacancy that was occasioned, and kept their luster steadily in view. This can not be the entire reason of stellar scintillation, as some stars do it much more than others; but whatever action such disks may have, it must lessen, and finally vanish as their distance is increased; and we must not forget that Neptune, the remotest known member of our system, although 2,864,000,000 miles from the sun, is near him, and near us, when compared with the nearest of the stars.

Spectrum analysis bids fair to teach us what the stars are made of, and we may learn more and more of their wondrous ways. Still we may never behold their faces, nor our descendants after us, to the end of time. We place, however, no limits to the future possibilities of science, but the present generation of men, and their long posterity after them, may be compelled to wait for immortal vision before they will really see the stars.

From Chambers's Journal.

AN ENGINEER'S ADVENTURE.

I AM not sure of the year, but it was some time in the Forties. Nicholas I. was Czar of all the Russias; nobody dreamed of the Crimean War; the latest insurrection in Poland had long been crushed; the country was quiet, if not contented; and I was engaged as an assistant-engineer on the survey for the Warsaw and St. Petersburg Railway. My principal, whom I will call Mr. Evans, as the names of high-standing professionals are not to be printed in the private memoirs of their suba, was one of the

English contractors, and chief-engineer as far as Wilna, where his head-quarters were fixed, and from whence his instructions were sent forth to all his outposts along the line. Mr. Evans placed considerable confidence in me; I suppose it was well founded, for I had served my apprenticeship with him, and subsequently acted as his assistant in the survey of sundry railways in England, Belgium, and Germany. The rail was a new institution then, and as it originated with us, English engineers were in high request

for laying it down in all parts of the continent. The fact brought us into connection with our brother-professionals from every quarter of Europe. So it happened, that associated with me on the same station, and nearly as high in my principal's esteem, there was a French engineer of the name of Duroche. He was a born Parisian, a handsome, clever fellow, about my own age, which was then twenty-seven, deeply devoted to his profession, light-hearted, ready-witted, and admirably qualified for making himself at home wherever he went. Duroche was courteous and kindly too; he knew more about the northern country than I did, having engineered a good deal in different parts of Russia, and was by no means chary of his knowledge. He understood English well, but spoke it very badly. I was in the very same estate with regard to his language, and by a sort of tacit agreement, each conversed in his native tongue, while we carried on our share of the survey together, inhabited the same tent, and became intimate friends.

Some such social amenity was requisite for men so situated. Our station was considered one of the most important on the line, because it included the worst of the engineering difficulties, being a wild district, half-forest and half-marsh, curiously diversified with masses of rock and ridges of sand—in my honest opinion, the refuse of all Poland. In the midst of this terrestrial paradise, and on one of the sand-ridges, which happened to be the highest and driest spot we could find, was pitched the tent in which my surveying-companion and myself found sleeping-room and shelter from the worst of the weather. Hard by it, stood an old wooden post-house, deserted for many a year because no travelers came that way, and which was the rest and refuge of two Russian sappers, who served us as chain-men, and understood no order except it were given in their own language, or accompanied by a shaken stick. There was no town or village within a day's journey of us; the nearest was a miserable place called Linke, and the best house in it belonged to the blacksmith. All our iron-work had to be done there, and all our provisions brought from thence, which, together with the surveying, kept ourselves and our Russian sappers perpetually on the road. A wild one it was, winding through marsh and forest; I am certain

no engineer had ever been employed upon it, and the transit of any vehicle would have been impossible. But at one of its sharpest turns, midway between our station and Linke, on a rising-ground, girdled with ancient oaks and pines, stood an old-fashioned Polish mansion built partly of stone, partly of timber, and standing out grand and stately from the mass of the dark green-wood.

The family who occupied it were named Jasinski. They consisted of a father and daughter, with a large retinue of servants. The father was a white-haired venerable-looking man, approaching four-score, with the titles of count, colonel, and knight of half the orders of Europe. The daughter was named Clementa, one of the finest women I ever saw, which is saying a good deal for a man who has seen the ladies of Poland, even as an engineer. They bear the bell in all the north for beauty and talent, and the old count's daughter, in my humble judgment, excelled the most of them. Tall, finely moulded, with classical features, an alabaster complexion, and eyes and hair of the brightest and blackest, for the stateliness of her carriage she might have been a queen, and for the sweetness of her face, an angel. Besides, Clementa was wonderfully clever, could sing and play, speak English, French, and German, and talk literature and politics quite beyond my depth.

You perceive I got acquainted with the people of the château, as Duroche called them. It was he that introduced me by accident, as it seemed, one day, when we chanced to be surveying in their neighborhood, and the old count and his daughter came by in their morning-walk. They greeted Duroche like old friends; he presented me at once, greatly to my own satisfaction; and we got an immediate invitation to lunch in the château. It was my first introduction to the good society of the north. Living in that lonely forest-mansion, with nobody but peasants, like the Linke people, within many a mile of them, any stranger who could behave like a gentleman, was doubtless an addition to the Jasinskis' resources. Duroche was evidently their family-friend; but while the old count and he talked mostly together, I fancied that Clementa made me particularly welcome. It might have been because she spoke English, which I had not heard intelligibly uttered for some time, and that, with a disposition as

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Under ordinary circumstances we do not, without magnifying them, see the real disks of the great planets, otherwise we should need no telescope to teach us that Venus goes through phases like the moon.* When Venus is favorably situated she is a highly lustrous body, that looks the same shape as Jupiter, but if the telescope be directed to both, one shows a round face, and the other may appear as a thin crescent of most glorious

* This remark is generally true. Had it been otherwise it would not have been necessary to wait for Galileo with his telescope, in order to learn the fact that Venus exhibits phases like the moon. Mr. Webb, in his excellent work, *Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*, says, speaking of Venus when near the earth and exhibiting a sharp and thin form: "This crescent has been seen even with the naked eye in the sky of Ohill, and with a dark glass in Persia." Difficult objects become more visible when the mind knows exactly what the eye ought to see, and the eye is practiced in looking for it. An easy experiment will illustrate this. Let any one not accustomed to it look for ϵ Lyrae, which to the naked eye lies close to Vega. The first night of the attempt the small star may not be distinguished, afterwards it will become plainer, and if it is looked at fifty or one hundred times in the course of a month or two, it will seem to have moved further off, and the observer will wonder why the separation did not strike him at first. A similar apparent increase of distance takes place by continued observation of close double stars through a telescope.

light. Although the planets are too far off to exhibit real disks to the naked eye, still their being so near in proportion to their size is one reason why they shine with a steadier light, and do not twinkle like the stars. Humboldt and others thought that when light, from one portion of their disks, was for a moment intercepted and then permitted to pass through the air, they did not flicker like stars, because light from other portions of their disks filled up the vacancy that was occasioned, and kept their luster steadily in view. This can not be the entire reason of stellar scintillation, as some stars do it much more than others; but whatever action such disks may have, it must lessen, and finally vanish as their distance is increased; and we must not forget that Neptune, the remotest known member of our system, although 2,864,000,000 miles from the sun, is near him, and near us, when compared with the nearest of the stars.

Spectrum analysis bids fair to teach us what the stars are made of, and we may learn more and more of their wondrous ways. Still we may never behold their faces, nor our descendants after us, to the end of time. We place, however, no limits to the future possibilities of science, but the present generation of men, and their long posterity after them, may be compelled to wait for immortal vision before they will really see the stars.

From Chambers's Journal.

AN ENGINEER'S ADVENTURE.

I AM not sure of the year, but it was some time in the Forties. Nicholas I. was Czar of all the Russias; nobody dreamed of the Crimean War; the latest insurrection in Poland had long been crushed; the country was quiet, if not contented; and I was engaged as an assistant-engineer on the survey for the Warsaw and St. Petersburg Railway. My principal, whom I will call Mr. Evans, as the names of high-standing professionals are not to be printed in the private memoirs of their subs, was one of the

English contractors, and chief-engineer as far as Wilna, where his head-quarters were fixed, and from whence his instructions were sent forth to all his outposts along the line. Mr. Evans placed considerable confidence in me; I suppose it was well founded, for I had served my apprenticeship with him, and subsequently acted as his assistant in the survey of sundry railways in England, Belgium, and Germany. The rail was a new institution then, and as it originated with us, English engineers were in high request

for laying it down in all parts of the continent. The fact brought us into connection with our brother-professionals from every quarter of Europe. So it happened, that associated with me on the same station, and nearly as high in my principal's esteem, there was a French engineer of the name of Duroche. He was a born Parisian, a handsome, clever fellow, about my own age, which was then twenty-seven, deeply devoted to his profession, light-hearted, ready-witted, and admirably qualified for making himself at home wherever he went. Duroche was courteous and kindly too; he knew more about the northern country than I did, having engineered a good deal in different parts of Russia, and was by no means chary of his knowledge. He understood English well, but spoke it very badly. I was in the very same estate with regard to his language, and by a sort of tacit agreement, each conversed in his native tongue, while we carried on our share of the survey together, inhabited the same tent, and became intimate friends.

Some such social amenity was requisite for men so situated. Our station was considered one of the most important on the line, because it included the worst of the engineering difficulties, being a wild district, half-forest and half-marsh, curiously diversified with masses of rock and ridges of sand—in my honest opinion, the refuse of all Poland. In the midst of this terrestrial paradise, and on one of the sand-ridges, which happened to be the highest and driest spot we could find, was pitched the tent in which my surveying-companion and myself found sleeping-room and shelter from the worst of the weather. Hard by it, stood an old wooden post-house, deserted for many a year because no travelers came that way, and which was the rest and refuge of two Russian sappers, who served us as chain-men, and understood no order except it were given in their own language, or accompanied by a shaken stick. There was no town or village within a day's journey of us; the nearest was a miserable place called Linke, and the best house in it belonged to the blacksmith. All our iron-work had to be done there, and all our provisions brought from thence, which, together with the surveying, kept ourselves and our Russian sappers perpetually on the road. A wild one it was, winding through marsh and forest; I am certain

no engineer had ever been employed upon it, and the transit of any vehicle would have been impossible. But at one of its sharpest turns, midway between our station and Linke, on a rising-ground, girdled with ancient oaks and pines, stood an old-fashioned Polish mansion built partly of stone, partly of timber, and standing out grand and stately from the mass of the dark green-wood.

The family who occupied it were named Jasinski. They consisted of a father and daughter, with a large retinue of servants. The father was a white-haired venerable-looking man, approaching four-score, with the titles of count, colonel, and knight of half the orders of Europe. The daughter was named Clementa, one of the finest women I ever saw, which is saying a good deal for a man who has seen the ladies of Poland, even as an engineer. They bear the bell in all the north for beauty and talent, and the old count's daughter, in my humble judgment, excelled the most of them. Tall, finely moulded, with classical features, an alabaster complexion, and eyes and hair of the brightest and blackest, for the stateliness of her carriage she might have been a queen, and for the sweetness of her face, an angel. Besides, Clementa was wonderfully clever, could sing and play, speak English, French, and German, and talk literature and politics quite beyond my depth.

You perceive I got acquainted with the people of the château, as Duroche called them. It was he that introduced me by accident, as it seemed, one day, when we chanced to be surveying in their neighborhood, and the old count and his daughter came by in their morning-walk. They greeted Duroche like old friends; he presented me at once, greatly to my own satisfaction; and we got an immediate invitation to lunch in the château. It was my first introduction to the good society of the north. Living in that lonely forest-mansion, with nobody but peasants, like the Linke people, within many a mile of them, any stranger who could behave like a gentleman, was doubtless an addition to the Jasinkis' resources. Duroche was evidently their family-friend; but while the old count and he talked mostly together, I fancied that Clementa made me particularly welcome. It might have been because she spoke English, which I had not heard intelligibly uttered for some time, and that, with a disposition as

sweet as her looks, she sympathized with my undisguised delight at hearing my mother-tongue once more. But certain it was, that Clementa talked to me, paid me a good deal of ladylike and delicate attention, and warmly seconded the general invitation which her father gave me to his board and mansion, in common with Duroche.

I took the first opportunity to get out of the latter gentleman how he and the Jasinskis had become acquainted; but getting anything out of Duroche was not an easy business. All he pleased to tell me was, that his father and the count had served the great Napoleon, and made the Russian campaign together; that the Jasinskis claimed the highest rank, and owned the largest estate in that part of Poland; and that Clementa was generally supposed to be her father's heiress.

"Has the old count no other children, then?" said I.

"It is believed he has no other child," said Duroche. "There was a son, Henry Vladimir, a gallant fellow, and nearly as handsome as his sister. He joined the insurgents or patriots—I don't know which you English call them—in the last rising; did his part in the defense of Warsaw; and was one of the corps who got through Turkey with arms in their hands, and embarked for Marseilles. After that, he spent a good deal of time between France and England, hoping and working for Poland as best he could. The Russian government did him the honor of a special proscription; the rewards privately offered for his arrest still glitter in the eyes of German policemen in all the towns of Fatherland, where dirty work is done for the Czar. But they never caught their bird; in fact"—and Duroche looked confidential—"it has never been ascertained what became of poor Henry. Some say he disappeared suddenly in the midst of a particularly foggy winter in London; some say he was lost with an English steamer making the passage to Hamburg. At any rate, he is believed to be dead. You see the count and his daughter still wear crape round their left arms, in mourning for him and the cause that took him from them. Clementa is the acknowledged heiress of family honors and estate; and you will see a Russian count who knows that, and has bought a property bordering on the Jasinskis, which belonged to one of the patriots, and was

confiscated; they say he has the old count's approbation, and will carry off the prize."

I did see the Russian count on my very next call at the château; he was named Krouzoff, a tall handsome man about thirty; very gentlemanly in his manners; very pleasant to hear and converse with; well informed, particularly on social subjects; wonderfully free from pride and prejudice, and with a sort of general benevolence in speech and look, which made him agreeable to everybody. He was on a most friendly footing with the Jasinskis, which I attributed rather to the uncommonly liberal view he took of Polish discontents and grievances, than to the success of his designs on Clementa's heart and hand. Krouzoff positively appeared to sympathize with the Poles in their fierce and frequent struggles for liberty; lost no opportunity of denouncing the tyranny of his own government, in a style which I thought at once courageous and extraordinary for a Russian. By the way, I heard rather than conversed with him. Krouzoff could speak no English; but, in common with most Russian gentlemen, he spoke French like a native. That, and a longer acquaintance, made Duroche and him quite familiar; they showed each other what might be called high consideration in and out of the château; had friendly greetings whenever they chanced to meet; had a great deal to say between them; yet I became conscious, on my first entrance into their society, that my engineering friend lost no love on the Russian count. "Ah, bah," he would say, when I sounded the latter's praises, "there is the Tartar covered with the Muscovite cunning, and a thin coat of French polish, which he got from his tutor, and the slight civilization we were able to establish in St. Petersburg. That excellent man's servants know the weight of his horsewhip—every one, except a countryman of mine, whom he has got for a valet, and the Russian knows better than to try such tricks on him."

"But he is so liberal and sympathizing with the Poles," said I.

"Of course he is; hasn't he got one of their confiscated estates, and is he not looking out for another with the hand of the fair Clementa? Ah, my friend, there is no sympathy so genuine as that which brings a little profit to a man;" and Duroche shrugged his shoulders with great energy.

As time progressed, our survey went on, and I became more intimate in the château. My opinion of the sympathizer with Polish grievances, and proprietor of the confiscated estate, became worse every day; for, strange as it may appear, a spirit of rivalry took possession of me. Clementa was a Polish countess, it was true, heiress of a large estate, and a noble line. I was an assistant-engineer from England, with nothing but professional expectations and uncertainties, no family to boast of, and what was worse, or better, a kind of engagement on hand. There was a certain Miss Lucy Anne Patterson, whom a local poet had styled the belle of Birkenhead, with my entire concurrence, some three years before the time of the present story, when I was surveying about one of the Liverpool docks. There had been a solemn introduction at a tea-party, two or three quadrilles danced at different friends' houses, two or three takings down to supper, two or three seeings-home, at length an interchange of letters, a ring, and an engagement. But here Lucy Anne's mamma laid her veto on the business. Mrs. Patterson had five daughters younger than my charmer; she did not like long engagements; she had no great opinion of young men without a position; girls were often kept from being provided for, and then left in the lurch; she would have no breaches of promise tried in her family; in short, Lucy Anne was commanded to take off the ring, and return the letters. I was to do likewise, and we compromised matters with the ingenuity of young people, by locking up our respective treasures out of sight, vowing eternal constancy, and keeping servant-maids and errand-boys in private employment with our secret correspondence.

But that Polish girl, with her stately beauty, her polished but easy manners, her magnificent voice, and the English she spoke to me—I am clear it was not her estate and title that did the business—sapped the outworks of my plighted faith, and made its very foundations totter. At first I thought she showed me particular civility; then her preference became so decided, that I wondered Duroche did not observe it; and at length I felt convinced that Krouzoff, with all his courtesy to the English stranger, hated me with his whole heart as a favored rival. A man ought to be ashamed to tell such things, but they happen to be true. My acquaintance with

the Jasinskis had commenced in the early spring; before midsummer, my letters to Lucy Anne had dwindled down from five pages to scarcely one and a half; and before the leaves were falling, I could never find leisure to take one to Linke in time for the passing postman, who picked up letters at all the villages on his way from Wilna to Warsaw. I was losing my heart, or rather Lucy Anne's part of it; losing my self-command and my self-respect too, for was not I an engaged man, and what had one of my estate to do with a Polish countess? But Clementa was fair, and I had persuaded myself fond; and how could a man be expected to keep constant under such circumstances? It was all the fault of Lucy Anne's mamma. Was there ever a son of Adam who could not find somebody to blame for his own doings? In short, I came to the conclusion that my vows to the belle of Birkenhead were not at all binding; that fortune did not put such an opportunity in everybody's way; that doubtless there were transcendent merits in me, Charles James Hawkins, which had escaped the notice of my friends in England, and been made manifest to the heiress of the Jasinskis; had she not encouraged me, and should I not take heart and make my declaration on the first opportunity? Wouldn't Duroche be astonished when it all came out, and he had never guessed what was passing under his own eyes, notwithstanding his countrymen's pretensions to astuteness!

Being thus resolved, I waited but the occasion. It was the beginning of winter now—the Polish winter, which sets in with such wind and rain as we seldom see in England, great as is our land's repute for wet weather. Our stays at the château were consequently longer; the lengthening evenings gave time for music, cards, and talk, at which Clementa and I were frequently, in a manner, *titte-à-tête*; but on the very next visit after my grand resolution was taken, I was surprised to find a Hungarian cousin, of whom I had never heard, just arrived, and established in the château. He was an officer in the Austrian service, wore the uniform, together with an immense black beard, and could speak nothing but German or Magyar. How he would have looked without the hairy mask which concealed the greater part of his countenance, I can not tell, but the Hungarian struck me as not at all prepossessing, and haughtily reserved.

There was another peculiarity about him which gave me a still worse opinion of the Hungarian cousin. His presence seemed to impose an unaccountable constraint or concern on the family. Even Clementa looked always on her guard after his coming; the old count was forever casting anxious looks round the room where we all sat so cozy in the wet stormy evenings, and the sudden entrance of a servant would make him and his daughter appear as much frightened as if they had seen a specter. They did not wish it to be noticed; and I put on great symptoms of non-observation, as soon as the fact was made plain to me. Duroche did it in his own way, as we went home together through a lull of the tempest. "Sad pity of the Jasinskis," said he; "who could have thought of poor Henry getting into such heavy embarrassments—debts, I mean—to that Hungarian cousin? A wealthy Magyar, you perceive; a mine-owner, in fact, of the strict and stern old school. He lent the poor boy money at different times, when Henry was at college and elsewhere. The old count, not having cash to pay, gave his bond for it at a heavy percentage, which the Magyar comes to levy every year about this season. Between ourselves, I believe he is now pressing for the principal; the count can not raise it, large as his estate is; the family are too hospitable and generous to have much laid by, and they are trying to promise him off. They don't care for any thing if the difficulty can be kept out of sight; so you and I had better take no notice of their disquietude."

The propriety of the course thus recommended was obvious; I only regretted that it afforded me no chance of exhibiting my sympathy with the family, and thus outrivaling Krouzoff. By the way, I forgot to mention that he was not at the château that evening; and Clementa told me, with some appearance of satisfaction, that he had gone to visit his relatives in Grodno, and would not be back for a fortnight. There was my opportunity. I would lay my heart and hopes at her feet, in spite of the Magyar and his bond. Might not that Hungarian cousin be a rival too, though Duroche had not said it? I sounded him on the subject. The Frenchman looked mysterious, but would admit nothing. I should see for myself, however, and it was in a strange conflict of hopes and fears, concealed, as I flattered myself, under an easy

and careless exterior, that I started with him, on the next convenient evening, for the château, as Duroche never allowed me to go alone.

The November day was drawing to its close, the storms of wind and rain had fallen to a cold calm, which promised the setting in of the northern frost. The muddy path by which we traversed the bare woods was already growing firm beneath our feet, and another turn would have brought us within sight of the Jasinski mansion, when Duroche, who had been looking at the effects of the sunset through the trees, suddenly stopped in his walk, as if something had struck him—a fearful thought it seemed, for he turned as pale as death, and before I could ask him what was the matter, said in a hurried tone: "I must go back, my friend; I have left my portmanteau unlocked in the tent; there are papers and things valuable to me in it, and nobody could trust those men of ours. Go on, I will join you at the château," and he started off at a pace which prevented all questions. What could he have in that portmanteau to be so frightened about? It was a new wonder concerning Duroche, but I took his advice, and hurried on to the château, where Clementa and her father received me with their usual kindness, but seemed surprised not to see my friend. The Magyar was with them still; his cavalry-cloak, lined with lambskin, and embroidered on the breast with the Austrian eagle, hung in the hall, but he was indisposed that evening, and had retired to his room. My opportunity was growing greater, and I was making up my mind how to profit by it when Duroche should come in and engage the old count in conversation; but he did not come, and while I was wondering at his delay, a tap at the door, and a whisper from a servant, took Clementa out of the room. She stayed about a quarter of an hour. The old count kept talking to me about my surveying and the weather, but his eyes kept wandering to the door. At length Clementa came back with a very discomfited look.

"Mr. Hawkins," said she to me in English, "I am sorry we must lose you for a while; a messenger has come from Monsieur Duroche to say that your chief is in the tent, and wishes to see you."

Mr. Evans came all the way from Wilna at such an hour, and wanting to see me! Something prodigiously wrong or right must have happened in our business, and

the great opportunity, for this time, had to be lost. Up I got with hasty apologies and leave-taking, and down stairs I went, to my great delight accompanied by Clementa. She was sorry I had to go—just when their pleasant evening was beginning—such a distance through the dark night; “and it rains, too,” said she, as we approached the door; “you will be drowned, Mr. Hawkins, or chilled to death in that thin cloak of yours; do take my cousin’s,” and she plucked it down from the pin with her own hands.

“I really don’t want it, and your cousin may think it is making too free,” I said.

“Never mind what he thinks; I will explain matters, and you will take it for my sake not to get cold.”

Clementa threw the cloak about me as she spoke. Had it been the czar’s robe of state, or the worst convict-dress in Russia, I would have worn it; and trying to say so, while she urged me to make haste for my chief was waiting, I pressed her fair hand to my lips, and dashed out into the dark night. There were no lights to be seen, but the court-yard gate was open. I had just stepped out and closed it quietly behind me, and was thinking what path through the forest would be the shortest, when a gleam of light was thrown over my shoulder, there was a rush of men from all sides, and I found myself surrounded and seized by some score of Russian soldiers. Before I could resist or remonstrate, my hands were firmly bound, and I was half dragged half carried to a large rough carriage, into which they flung me, while four of the company, armed with swords, pistols, and a lantern, sprang in too, secured the door, and off went the vehicle. It was at fearful speed considering the nature of the ground; deep ruts and projecting trees made it jolt and roll every minute; but on we went through the thick night and thicker forest, and there sat my escort, with their pistols at full-cock, the lantern fixed between them, and their eyes fixed on me. I could not speak a word of Russiac, but I tried my best in English, French, and German, to inquire why I was arrested, and where they were taking me.

“The Count Jasinski knows very well why he is arrested,” said the sternest but most civilized of the party, in answer to my seventh attempt, and in very good French.

“I am not the Count Jasinski, but an English engineer,” I cried.

“Monsieur Jasinski has been a good while in London, and speaks English well, I believe,” said the Russian.

“But inquire of Mr. Evans, my employer, and one of the contractors for the Warsaw and St. Petersburg Railway; or, if he be too far off, send for my friend and fellow-engineer. I will tell your people where to find him,” I cried in desperation.

“Monsieur Duroche is not far off; we are passing the engineer’s tent, and shall soon see what he has to say,” said the Russian, with most triumphant assurance, at the same time ringing a small bell, which brought the carriage to a stop, and a soldier presented himself at the door. The man in authority spoke to him in Russiac; he disappeared, and in a few minutes great was my delight to see Duroche, lantern in hand, accompanied by our two chain-men. Let me premise, that a word of their language I did not understand; my friend had always acted as an interpreter between us, and now the two stared at me as if they had attended my funeral only the day before; but the Frenchman’s look was, if possible, more dismayed.

“You can testify to these gentlemen that I am not Count Jasinski?” I said.

Duroche shook his head. “I am very sorry I can not.”

“You can’t say that I am Charles James Hawkins, the English engineer, who has been for the last six months in the tent? Where is it?” and I made a move to look out. The Russian cocked his pistol to my head, the soldiers on either side flung me back into the carriage, the word was given to drive on, and Duroche vanished.

I was clearly the victim of a conspiracy as foul and treacherous as the annals of crime could show. The Russian Count Krouzoff wanted to get me out of his way, and Duroche, the man who had been my friend and companion for many a month, was his zealous instrument. Between them, they had contrived to get me kidnapped by a company of Russian soldiers—their officer, the man who spoke French, knew very well what he was about. I was to be transported to Siberia, set to work in a fortress or a mine, called by a number instead of a name, and never heard of more by my anxious friends! Had not such things been done to other strangers in Russia, and there was no chance of escape? All the bribed officials would insist that I was Count Jasinski,

and knout me for not believing it. I cursed my fate—I cursed the whole Gallic and Slavonic races—all but Clementa. I could not imagine that she would have a hand in such a conspiracy; the false message had deceived her as well as myself, and she sent me out to my enemies; still, the lady had been in a hurry about it, and conscience whispered that the whole transaction was a judgment on my falsehood to Lucy Anne. Oh for one hour beside her in Birkenhead, notwithstanding the mamma that hated long engagements! But on and on the carriage jolted all the long night, stopping only to change horses, with the pistols always at full-cock about me, and from the little observation I was able to make, it was evident that we were going due east to Moscow—in fact, right to the Siberian gate. I was growing half-mad with the thoughts of it, when the day began to dawn, dim and misty, and the carriage stopped at a solitary post-house in the midst of a wide barren plain, which looked like the first of the steppes. Out came the postmaster, all hair and beard; out came a company of men, who looked every one like engineers; and out at their head, as if leading a grand survey, came my principal, Mr. Evans. No sight that ever met my eyes before or since, seemed half so joyful or glorious as his broad, bronzed face.

"Help me—save me, Mr. Evans!" I cried; "they are carrying me away to the mines of Siberia, and I have done no evil."

"Don't be afraid," said Evans to me in English, while his company quietly surrounded the carriage, and he addressed himself to the officer in sound Russiac, exhibiting papers, and, I knew, discoursing about the knout. The man hesitated, and held back for a while; but at length, seeing that the engineer's company were about to take the business in their own hands, he gave way, allowed me to be taken out of the carriage, unbound, and lodged at the post-house, while he and his satellites stayed outside to keep guard.

"We must remain here," said Evans, "till the governor's courier from Wilna comes up. We have outridden him by some hours, I fancy, for the moment the news reached me, I gathered the men and mounted, took the shortest route across the country, and got here about twenty minutes ago. Hawkins, how did you get into this confounded scrape?"

"It was all Duroche's doings," said I.

"Duroche?" said the engineer; "he was the very man who sent me the intelligence, and he must have paid the messenger well to have run so fast. Here is his letter."

He put into my hand a crumpled paper, and I read by the fading wood-fire and the kindling day, one of the most earnest and urgent appeals that man could write under the spur of fear and friendship. He prayed Evans, for the sake of every thing in this world and the next, to fly to my rescue; gave full particulars of where and how I was to be found, at that very post-house, *en route* for Moscow; and adjured him not to let his dear English friend suffer by such an absurd mistake, which he believed was rather a conspiracy got up by a certain Russian nobleman for his own purposes.

Whether the Frenchman or myself had gone mad in the course of that night, I could not be certain; Evans was inclined to think it was me. But the governor's courier from Wilna arrived at last, with the warrant for my immediate transfer to that town. I could not be liberated at once, as the governor had some doubts in his mind; but in the custody of the soldiers, and escorted by the engineer and his men, I reached Wilna, and was brought before his Excellency. By that time, the governor had got positive intelligence of the escape of Count Henry Vladimir Jasinski, who, not being lost in the Hamburg steamer, had stolen back to see his family, in the disguise of an Austrian officer, and was all but taken, the authorities having received information from Krouzoff, when I came out wearing his well-known cloak, and was arrested in his stead. The officer on duty might have discovered his mistake but for the attestation of the engineer Duroche, and in the same long night in which I was driven towards Moscow, that gentleman, together with the Jasinskis, one and all, contrived to make their way to the Russian frontier. Nothing but the energy with which I had protested against my own arrest saved me from the charge of complicity in the plot. As it was, I had some difficulty in getting liberated, and had to be sent to a different station, on account of the umbrage given to the authorities. Mr. Evans found his credit so much involved in the affair, that he soon after found business for me in England. So I lost the chance of being his head-man on

the Warsaw and St. Petersburg Railway, and took a resolution to take signal vengeance on Duroche if ever he came in my way. I know not how far that resolution would have been kept, but a very short time after my arrival in England, I received his wedding-cards, and a most friendly note, informing me that Clementa had consented to become Madame Duroche. They had been engaged for years, he was good enough to say, but the old count could not be brought to approve of the match till after the little service which he had the happiness to render to the family through my instrumentality. Duroche further assured me, that nothing but the urgent necessity of the case, and the sight he got of the Russian soldiers stealing through the forest to surround the château, would have made him subject me to such inconvenience, but he knew my

benevolent heart would rejoice in having been the agent of escape to a persecuted patriot. My benevolent heart did not exactly rejoice; it was for a good cause, but I had been tricked, lost my engineering prospects, and well deserved it all. None of my friends were enlightened, however, on the last fact. I went back to Birkenhead, and gave Lucy Anne to understand the peril I had escaped. I am not sure that she didn't believe it was owing to the unrequited love of a Russian countess. At any rate there was a great impression made, not only on her, but on all the Pattersons. I became a hero of romance among them, the mamma consented to the renewal of our engagement. I got a position almost to her mind some time after, got married, am now a family man, and can afford to give a true account of my adventure in Poland.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

CONCERNING UGLY DUCKS:

BEING SOME THOUGHTS ON MISPLACED MEN.

SOME men's geese, it has occasionally been said, are all swans. Read this page, intelligent person; and you shall be informed about an Ugly Duck, and what it proved in truth to be.

Rather, you shall be reminded of what you doubtless know already. The story is not mine: it was originally devised by somebody much wiser and possibly somewhat better. I propose to do no more than tell afresh, and briefly, what has been told at much greater length before. No doubt it has touched and comforted many to read it. For there may be much wisdom and great consolation in a fairy tale.

Amid a family of little ducks, there was one, very big, ugly, and awkward. He looked so odd and uncouth, that those who beheld him generally felt that he wanted a thrashing. And in truth, he frequently got one. He was bitten, pushed about, and laughed at, by all the ducks, and even by the hens, of the house to

which he belonged. Thus the poor creature was quite cast down under the depressing sense of his ugliness. And the members of his own family used him worst of all. He ran away from home: and lived for a while in a cottage with a cat and an old woman. Here, likewise, he failed to be appreciated. For chancing to tell them how he liked to dive under the water and feel it closing over his head, they laughed at him, and said he was a fool. All he could say in reply was: "You can't understand me!" "Not understand you, indeed," they replied in wrath; and they thrashed him.

But he gradually grew older and stronger. One day he saw at a distance certain beautiful birds, snow-white, with magnificent wings. Impelled by something within him, he could not but fly towards them: though expecting to be repulsed and perhaps killed for his presumption. But suddenly looking into the lake below him,

he beheld not the old ugly reflection; but something large, white, graceful. The beautiful birds hailed him as a companion. The stupid people had thought him an ugly duck, because he was too good for them. They could not understand him: nor see the great promise of that uncouth aspect. The ugly duck proved to be a Swan!

He was not proud, that wise bird: but he was very happy. Now, every body said he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds: and he remembered how, once upon a time, every body had laughed at him and thrashed him. Yes: he was appreciated at his true value at last!

Possibly, my friendly reader, you have known various Ugly Ducks. Men who were held in little esteem, because they were too good for the people among whom they lived. Men who were held in little esteem, because it needed more wit than those around them possessed, to discern the makings of great and good things under their first unpromising aspect. When John Foster, many years ago, preaching to little pragmatic communities of uneducated, stupid, and self-conceited sectaries, was declared by old women and young whipper-snappers to be a PERFECT FOOL; he was an Ugly Duck of the first kind. When Keats published his earliest poetry; and when Mr. Gifford bitterly showed up all its extravagance and mawkishness, and positively refused to discern under all that, the faculties which would be matured and tamed into those of a true poet; Keats was an Ugly Duck of the second kind. John Foster was esteemed an Ugly Duck at the time when he actually was a Swan, because the people who estimated him were such blockheads that they did not know a swan when they saw one: Keats was esteemed an Ugly Duck, because he really was an awkward, shambling, odd animal; and his critic had not patience, or had not insight, to discern something about him that promised he would yet grow into that which a mere Duck could never be. For the creature which is by nature a Swan, and which will some day be known for such by all, may in truth be, at an early stage in its development, an uglier, more offensive, more impudent and forward, more awkward and more insufferable animal, than the creature which is by nature a Duck, and which will never be taken for any thing more.

Yes, many men, with the gift of genius in them: and many more, with no gift of genius but with a little more industry and ability than their fellows: are regarded as little better than fools by the people among whom they live; more especially if they live in remote places in the country, or in little country towns. Some day, the Swans acknowledge the Ugly Duck for their kinsman: and *then* all the quacking tribe around him recognize him as a Swan. Possibly, indeed, even then, some of the neighboring Ducks, who knew him all his life, and accordingly held him cheap till the world fixed his mark, will still insist that he is no more than an extremely Ugly Duck, whom people (mainly out of spite against the Ducks who were his early acquaintances) persist in absurdly calling a Swan. I have beheld a Duck absolutely foam at the mouth, when I said something implying that another bird (whose name you would know if I mentioned it) was a Swan. For the Duck, at college, had been a contemporary of the Swan: he had even played at marbles with the Swan, in boyhood: and so, though the Swan was quite fixed as being a Swan, the Duck never could bear to recognize him as such. On the contrary, he held him as an overrated, impudent, puerile, conceited, disagreeable, and hideously Ugly Duck. I remember, too, a very venomous and malicious old Duck, who never had done any thing but quack (in an envious and uncharitable way, too) through all the years which made him very old and exceedingly tough, giving an account of the extravagances and bombastic flights of a young Swan. The Duck vilely exaggerated the sayings of that youthful Swan. He put into the Swan's mouth words which the Swan had never uttered: and ascribed to the Swan sentiments (of a heretical character) which he very well knew the Swan abhorred. But even upon the Duck's own showing, there was the promise of something fine about the injudicious and warm-hearted young Swan: and a little candor and a little honesty might have acknowledged this. And it appeared to me a poor sight, to behold the ancient Duck, with all his feathers turned the wrong way with spite, standing beside a dirty puddle, and stretching his neck, and gobbling and quacking out his impotent malice, as the beautiful Swan sailed gracefully overhead, perfectly unaware of the malignity he was exciting

in the muscle which served the Duck for a heart.

It makes me ferocious, I confess it, to hear a Duck, or a company of Ducks, abusing and vilifying a Swan. And a good many Ducks have a tendency so to do. If you ask one of very many Ducks: "What kind of a bird is A?" (A being a Swan,) the answer will be: "Oh, a very Ugly Duck!" If the present writer had the faintest pretension to be esteemed a Swan, he would not say this. But he knows, very well indeed, that he can pretend to no more than to plod humbly and laboriously along upon the earth, while other creatures sail through the empyrean. He has seen, with wonder, several ill-natured attacks upon himself in print, the *gravamen* of the charge against him being that he does not and can not write like A, B, and C, who are great geniuses. Pray, Mr. Snarling, did he ever pretend to write like A, B, and C? No: he pretends to nothing more than to produce a homely material (with something real about it) that may suit homely folk. And so long as a great number of people are content to read what he is able to write, you may rely upon it he will go on writing. As for you, Mr. Snarling, of course you can write like A, B, and C. And in that case, your obvious course is to proceed to do so. And when you do so, you may be sure of this: that the present writer will never twist nor misrepresent your words, nor tell lies to your prejudice.

It is a curious and interesting spectacle, to hear two Ducks discussing the merits of a Swan. I have known a Duck attack a Swan in print. The Swan was an author. The Duck attacked the Swan on the ground that his style wanted elegance. And I assure you the attack, for want of elegance of style, was made in language not decently grammatical. You may have heard a Duck attack a Swan in conversation. The Swan was a pretty girl. The charge was that the Swan's taste in dress was bad. You looked at the Duck, and were aware that the Duck's taste was execrable. Would that we could "see ourselves as others see us!" Then you would no longer see such sights as this, which we may have witnessed in our youth. Two Ducks viciously abusing a Swan, flying by: and pointing out that the Swan had lost an eye, also a foot: and with wearisome iteration, dwelling on those enormities. And when you looked care-

fully at the spiteful creatures, wagging their heads together, hissing and quacking, you were aware that (strange to say) each of them had but one foot and one eye: and that, in short, in every respect in which the Swan was bad, the Ducks were about fifty times worse. Thus you may have known a very small and shabby Duck, who scoffed at a noble Swan, because (as he said) the Swan had no logic. Yet whenever that Duck himself attempted to argue any question, he had but one course: which was, scandalously to misrepresent and distort something said by the man maintaining the other opinion; and then to try to raise against that man a howl of heresy. Not indeed that that man, or any one of his friends, cared a brass farthing for what the shabby little Duck thought or said of him. Yet the Duck showed all the will to be a viper, though nature had constrained him to abide a Duck. And this was the Duck's peculiar logic.

At this point the reader may pause, and ponder what has been said. If exhausted by the mental effort of attention, he may take a glass of wine. And then he is requested to observe, that the writer considers himself to have but made one step in advance since he finished the legend of the Ugly Duck, with which the present work commenced. That step in advance was to the Principle:

THAT SOME MEN ARE HELD IN LITTLE ESTIMATION BECAUSE THEY ARE TOO GOOD FOR THE PEOPLE AMONG WHOM THEY LIVE. These are my MISPLACED MEN.

Of course, not all misplaced men are what I understand by Ugly Ducks. For there are men who are misplaced by being put in places a great deal too good for them. You may have known individuals who could not open their mouths but you heard the unmistakable *quack-quack*, who yet gave themselves all the airs of Swans. And probably a good many people honestly took them for Swans: and other people, prudent, safe, and somewhat sneaky people, pretended that they took them for Swans, while in fact they did not. And when perspicacious persons privately whispered to one another, "That fellow Stuckup is only a duck," it was because in fact he was no more. Yet Stuckup did not think himself so. I have not seen many remarkable human beings; but I have studied a few with attention: and I can say, with sincerity, that the peculiar animal known as

the *Beggar on Horseback* is by far the greatest and most important human being I have ever known. Probably, my reader, you still hold your breath with awe, as you remember your first admission to the presence of a person whom you saw to be on horseback, but did not know to be a beggar who had attained that eminence. You afterwards learned the fact; and then you wondered you did not see it sooner. For now the beggar's dignity appeared to you to bear the like relation to that of the true man in such a place, that the strut of a king with a tinsel crown in a booth at a fair, bears to the quiet assured air of Queen Victoria walking into the House of Lords to open Parliament.

It is an unspeakable blessing for a man, that he should be put down among people who can understand him. For no matter whether a man is thought a fool by his neighbors because he is too good for them, or because he is really a fool, the depressing effect upon his own mind is the same; unless indeed he have the confidence which we might suppose would have gone with the head and heart of Shakspeare, if Shakspeare appreciated himself justly. Very likely he did not. John Foster, great man as he was, could not have liked to see the little meeting-houses at which he held forth gradually getting empty, as the people of the congregation went off to some fluent block-head with powerful lungs and a vacuous head. For many a day Archbishop Whately of Dublin was a misplaced man: feared and suspected just because that clear head and noble heart were so high above the sympathy or even the comprehension of many of those over whom he was set. A bitter little sectary would have been, at first, an infinitely more popular prelate. And the writer can not refrain from saying with what delight, but a few months before that great man died, he saw, by the enthusiastic reception which the archbishop met, rising to make a short speech at a public meeting in Dublin of three thousand people, that justice was done him at last. He had found the place which was his due. They knew the noble Swan they had got: and knew that the honor he derived from the archiepiscopal throne, was as a sand-grain when compared with the honor which he reflected on it. Yet he found the time hard to bear, when he was undervalued because he was too good:

when men vilified him because they could not understand him. "I have tried to look as if I did not feel it," he said; "but it has shortened my life." Whereas our friend Carper, who for ten years past has held an eminent place for which he is about as fit as a cow, and which he has made ridiculous through his incompetence—the wrong man in the wrong place, if such a thing ever was—is entirely pleased with himself, and will never have his life shortened by any consideration of his outrageous incapacity. There were years of Arnold's life at Rugby during which he was an unappreciated man, just because he rose so high above the ordinary standard. If the sun were something new, and if you showed it for the first time to a company of blear-eyed men, they would doubtless say it was a most disagreeable object. And if there were no people of thoughtful hearts and of refined culture in the world, the author of *In Memoriam* would no doubt pass among mankind for a fool. There are people who, through a large part of their life, are above the high-water-mark of popular appreciation. Wordsworth was so. He needed "an audience fit;" and it for many a day was "few." The popular taste had to be educated into caring for him: it was as if you had commanded a band of children to drink bitter ale and to like it. Even Jeffrey could write, "This will never do!" And you miss people as completely by shooting over their heads, as by hitting the ground a dozen yards on this side of them. A donkey, in all honesty, prefers thistles to pine-apple. Yet the poor pine-apple is ready to feel aggrieved.

This misjudging of people, because they rise above the sphere of your judgment, begins early and lasts late. I have known a clever boy, under the authority of a tyrannical and uncultivated governor, who was savagely bullied and ignominiously ordered out of the room, because he declared that he admired the *Hart-leap Well*. His governor declared that he was a fool, a false pretender, a villain. His governor sketched his future career by declaring that he would be hanged in this world, and sent to perdition in the next. All this was because he possessed faculties which his uncultivated tyrant did not possess. It was as if a stone-deaf man should torture a lover of music because he ventured to maintain that there is such a thing as sound. It was as if a man whose musical

taste was educated up to the point of admiring the *Ratcatcher's Daughter*, should vilipend and suspend by hemp a human being who should declare there was something beyond *that* in Beethoven and Mendelssohn. And I believe that very often thoughtful little children are subjected to the great trial of being brought up in a house where they are utterly misunderstood, by guardians and even by parents. And this has a very souring effect on the little heart. There are boys and girls, living under their fathers' roof, who in their deepest thoughts are as thoroughly alone as if they dwelt at Tadmor in the Wilderness. There are children who would sooner go and tell their donkey what was most in their mind than they would tell it to their father or their mother. In some cases, the lack of power to understand or appreciate becomes still more marked as childhood advances to maturity. You may have known a man, recognized by the world as a very wise man, for expressing to the world the self-same views and opinions whose expression had caused him to be adjudged a fool at home. "Do you know, Charlotte has written a book; and it's better than likely:" was all the father of its author had to say about *Jane Eyre*. What a picture of a searing, blighting home atmosphere! You can not read the story without thinking of evergreens crisping up under a withering east wind of three weeks' duration. And I could point to a country, in Africa, where men, who would be recognized as great men elsewhere, are thought very little of: because there is hardly anybody who can appreciate them and their attainments. I have known, there, an accomplished scholar, who in the neighboring kingdom of Biafra would be made a *clefrag*, (corresponding to our bishop,) who, living where he does, when spoken of at all, is usually spoken of contemptuously as a *dominix*; corresponding to our schoolmaster or college tutor, but the undignified way of stating the fact. Such a man is a great Greek scholar; but if he dwell among Africans who know nothing earthly about Greek, and who care even less for it, what does it profit him? Alas, for that misplaced man! Thought an Ugly Duck because he lives at Heliopolis: while four hundred miles off, in the great University of Biafra, he would be hailed as a noble Swan by kindred Swans!

Almost the only order of educated men who have it not in their power to live among educated folk, are the clergy. Almost all other cultivated men may choose for their daily companions people like themselves. But in the Church, you have doubtless known innumerable instances in which men of very high culture were set down in remote rural districts, where there was not a soul with whom they had a thought in common within a dozen miles. It is all right, of course: in that broader sense in which every thing is so: and doubtless the cure of souls, however rude and ignorant, is a work worthy of the best human heart and head that God ever made. Still, it is sad to see a razor somewhat inefficiently cutting a block, for which a great axe with a notched edge is the right thing. It is sad to see a cultivated, sensitive man, in the kind of parish where I have several times seen such. You may be able to think of one, an elegant scholar, a profound theologian, a man of most refined taste, taken unhappily from the common-room of a college, and set down in a cold upland district, where there were no trees and where the wind almost invariably blew from the east: among people with high cheekbones and dried-up complexions, of Radical politics and Dissenting tendencies, dense in ignorance and stupidity, and impregnable in self-confidence and self-conceit: and just as capable of appreciating their clergyman's graceful genius as an equal number of codfish would be. And what was a yet more melancholy sight than even the sight of the first inconsistency between the man and his place, was the sight of the way in which the man year by year degenerated till he grew just the man for the place; and only a middling man for it. Yes, it was miserable to see how the Swan gradually degenerated into an Ugly Duck: how his views got morbid, and his temper ungenial, how his accomplishments rusted, and his conversational powers died through utter lack of exercise: till after a good many years you beheld him a soured, wrong-headed, cantankerous, petty, disappointed man. For luck was against him: and he had no prospect but that of remaining in the bleak upland parish, swept by the east wind, as long as he might live. And after a little while he ceased entirely to go back to the university where he would have found fit associates: and he grew so

disagreeable that his old friends did not care to visit him, and listen to his moaning. Now, you can not long keep much above what you are rated at. At least, you must have an iron constitution of mind if you do. I daresay sometimes in old days an honorable and good man was constrained by circumstances to become a Publican: I mean, of course, a Jewish Publican. He meant to be honest and kind, even in that unpopular sphere of life. But when all men shied him: when his old friends cut him: when he was made to feel, daily, that in the common estimation Publicans and Sinners ranked together: I have no doubt earthly but he would sink to the average of his class. Or, as the sweetest wine becomes the sourest vinegar, he might not impossibly prove a sinner above all the other Publicans of the district.

But not merely do ignorant and vulgar persons fail to appreciate at his true value a cultivated man: more than this: the fact of his cultivation may positively go to make vulgar and ignorant persons dislike and underrate him. My friend Brown is a clergyman of the Scotch Church, and a man who has seen a little of the world. Like most educated Scotchmen nowadays, he speaks the English language if not with an English accent, at least with an accent which is not disagreeably Scotch. He does not call a boat a bott; nor a horse a hoarrse; nor philosophy philozzophy; nor a road a rodd. He does not pronounce the word *is* as if it were spelt eez, nor talk of a lad of speerit. Still less does he talk of salvahtion, justificahtion, sanctificahtion, and the like. He does not begin his church service by giving out either a *sawm* or a *samm*: in which two disgusting forms I have sometimes known the *psalm* disguised. Brown told me that once on a time he preached in the church of a remote country parish, where person and people were equally uncivilized. And after service the minister confided to him that he did not think the congregation could have liked his sermon. "Ye see," said the minister, "thawt's no the style o' langidge they're used wi'!" My friend replied, not without asperity, that he trusted it was not. But I could see, when he told me the story, that he did not quite like to be an Ugly Duck: that it irked him to think that, in fact, some vulgar boor with a different style o' langidge would have been

much more acceptable to the people of Muffburg. I am very happy to believe that such parishes as Muffburg are becoming few; and that a scholar and a gentleman will rarely indeed find that he had better, for immediate popularity, have been a clodhopper and an ignoramus. You have heard, no doubt, how a dissenting preacher in England demolished the parish clergyman, in a discourse against worldly learning. The clergyman, newly come, was an eminent scholar. "Do ye think Powle knew Greek?" said his opponent, perspiring all over. And the people saw how useless and indeed prejudicial was the knowledge of that heathen tongue.

And this reminds me that it will certainly make a man an Ugly Duck to be, in knowledge or learning, in advance of the people among whom he lives. A very wise man, if he lives among people who are all fools, may find it expedient, like Brutus, to pass for a fool, too. And if he knows two things or three which they don't know, he had better keep his information to himself. Even the possession of a single exclusive piece of knowledge may be a dangerous thing. Long ago, in an ancient university near the source of the Nile, the professors of divinity regarded not the quantity of Greek or Latin words. The length of the vowels they decided in each case according to the idea of the moment. And their pronunciation of Scripture proper names was the pronunciation of men who could not read the Greek Testament. A youthful student, named McLamroch, was reading an essay in the class of one of those venerable but ignorant professors. And coming to the word *Thessalonica*, he pronounced it, as all mortals do, with the accent on the last syllable but one, and giving the vowel as long. "Say Thessaloanica," said the venerable professor with emphasis. "I think, *doctissime professor*, (for all professors in that university were *most learned* by courtesy,) that Thessalonica is the right way," replied poor McLamroch. "I tell you it is wrong," shrilly shouted the good professor. "Say Thessaloanica! and let me tell you, Mr. McLamroch, you are most abominably affectit!" So poor McLamroch was put down. He was an Ugly Duck. And he found, by sad experience, that it is not safe to know more than your professor. And I verily believe that the

solitary thing that McLamroch knew, and his professor did not know, was the way to pronounce Thessalonica. I have heard, indeed, of a theological professor of that ancient day, who bitterly lamented the introduction of new fashions of pronouncing Scriptural proper names. However, he said he could stand all the rest: but there were two renderings he would never give up but with life. These were Kapper-nawm, by which he meant Capernaum: and Levvy-awthan, by which he meant Leviathan. And if you, my learned friend, had been a student under that good man, and had pronounced these words as scholars and all others do, you would have found yourself no better than an Ugly Duck, and a fearfully misplaced man. A torrent of *wut*, sarcasm at new lights, and indignation at people who were not content to pronounce words (wrong) like their fathers before them, would have made you sink through the floor.

To be in advance of your fellow-mortals in taste, too, is as dangerous as to be in advance of them in the pronunciation of Thessalonica. When Mr. Jones built his beautiful Gothic house in a district where all other houses belonged to no architectural school at all, all his neighbors laughed at him. A genial friend, in a letter in a newspaper, spoke of his peculiar taste, and called him *the preposterous Jones*. And it was a current joke in the neighborhood, when you met a friend, to say: "Have you seen Jones's house?" You then held up both hands, or exclaimed: "Well, I never!" Then your friend burst into a loud roar of laughter. In a severer mood you would say: "That fellow! Can't he build like his fathers before him? Indeed he never had a grandfather. I remember how he was brought up by his aunt, that kept a cat's-meat shop in Muffburg," and the like. All this evil came upon Jones, because he was a little in advance of his neighbors in taste. For in ten years, hardly a house round but had some steep gables, several bay windows, and a little stained glass. Their owners esteemed them Gothic. And in one sense, undoubtedly some of them were Gothic enough. In Scotland, now, people build handsome churches, and pay all due respect to ecclesiastical propriety. But it is not very long since a parish clergyman proposed to the authorities that a proper font should be provided for bap-

tisms, because the only vessel heretofore used for that purpose was a crockery basin, used for washing hands. And one of the authorities exclaimed indignantly: "We are not going to have any gewgaws in our church;" by gewgaws meaning a decorous font. What could be done with such a man? Violently to knock his head against a wall would have been wrong: for no man should be visited with temporal penalties on account of his honest opinions. Yet any less decided treatment would have been of no avail.

We ought all to be very thankful, if we are in our right place: if we are set among people whom we suit, and who suit us: and among whom we need neither to practice a dishonest concealment of our views, nor to stand in the painful position of Ugly Ducks and Misplaced Men. Yes, a man may well be glad, if he is the square man in the square hole. For he might have been a round man in a square hole: and then he would have been unhappy in the hole, and the hole would have hated him. I know a place where a man who should say that he thought Catholic Emancipation common justice and common sense, would be hooted down, even yet: would be told he was a villain, blinded by Satan. There is a locality where morality indeed is very low, but where a valued friend of mine was held up to reprobation as a dangerous and insidious man, because he declared in print that he did not think it sinful to take a quiet walk on Sunday. In that locality, one birth in every three is illegitimate: but it was pleasant and easy, by abuse of the rector of a London parish, and by abuse of others like him, to compound for the neglect of the duty of trying to break Hodge and Bill, Kate and Sally, of their evil ways. I know a place where you may find an intelligent man, out of a lunatic asylum, too, who will tell you that to have an organ in church is to set up images and go back to Judaism. I have lately heard it seriously maintained that to make a decorous pause for a minute after service in church is over, and pray for God's blessing on the worship in which you have joined, is "contrary to reason and to Scripture!" I know places where any one of the plainest canons of taste, being expressed by a man, would be taken as stamping him a

fool. Now what would you do, my friend, if you found yourself set down among people with whom you were utterly out of sympathy: whose first principles appeared to you the prejudices of pragmatic blockheads, and to whom your first principles appeared those of a silly and Ugly Duck? One would say, If you don't want to dwarf and distort your whole moral nature, get out of that situation. But then some poor fellows can not. And then they must either take rank as Misplaced Men, or go through life hypocritically pretending to share views which they despise. The latter alternative is inadmissible in any circumstances. Be honest, whatever you do. Take your place boldly as an Ugly Duck, if God has appointed that to be your portion in this life. Doubtless it will be a great trial. But you and I, friendly reader, set by Providence among people who understand us and whom we understand: among whom we may talk out our honest heart, and (let us hope) do so: in talking to whom we don't need to be on our guard, and every now and then to pull up, thinking to ourselves, "Now this sneaking fellow is lying on the catch for my saying something he may go and repeat to my prejudice behind my back:" how thankful we should be! I declare, looking back on days that have been, in this very country, I can not understand how manly, enlightened, and honest men lived then at all! You must either have been a savage bigot, or a wretched sneak, or a martyr. The alternative is an awful

one: but let us trust, my friend, that if you and I had lived then, we should by God's grace have been equal to it. Yes, I humbly trust that if we had lived then, we should either have been burned, hanged, or shot. For the days have been in which *that* must have been the portion of an honest man, who thought for himself: and who would be dragooned by neither pope, prelate, nor presbyter.

But now, having written myself into a heat of indignation, I think it inexpedient to write more. For it appears to me that to write or to read an essay like this, ought always to be a relief and recreation. And those grave matters, which stir the heart too deeply, and tingle painfully through the nervous system, are best treated at other times, in other ways. Many men find it advisable to keep to themselves the subjects on which they feel most keenly. As for me, I dare not allow myself to think of certain evils of whose existence I know. Sometimes they drive one to some quiet spot, where you can walk up and down a little path with grass and evergreens on either hand, and try to forget the sin and misery you can not mend: looking at the dappled shades of color on the grass; taking hold of a little spray of holly and poring upon its leaves; stopping beside a great fir-tree, and diligently perusing the wrinkles of its bark.

So we shut up. So we cave in. Oh the beauty of these simple phrases, so purely classic!

A. K. H. B.

From the London Society Magazine.

J U S T A S I T H A P P E N E D :

A TALE OF TWO VALENTINES.

THE FIRST.

It was not a genial February in the country; perhaps not very genial in town either, but then to town-bred people the country in dull weather is absolutely intolerable.

So at least it appeared to the young

lady who sat, this eve of Saint Valentine, on a couch of crimson velvet, by the fireside, and counted the days till her country visit should be over. "Better a London fog than this eternal mist and drizzle," was her verdict, as she walked to the window and looked out. "In the country one should have sunshine and green fields,

waving trees, summer flowers, and singing birds, whereas to look out here——”

The solitary brown leaf she had been watching on its bare branch swirled round in a sudden blast of wind and rain-drops, and fell to the ground.

“Die there!” said the girl, shivering; “the fittest thing to do such days as this. I wonder where every body is.”

She turned as the door opened, and a rosy urchin of some five winters bounded towards her and clutched the delicate folds of her evening dress in his sturdy fists.

“A horse, a horse!” sang out the urchin. “Aunt Milly’s a horse!—my horse—gee!”

But the moment was unpropitious. Aunt Milly only extricated her dress and put the rebel fingers aside.

“Carl, where’s mamma?”

“Don’t know. Making Bertie say his prayers.”

A slight curl stole to the young lady’s lips as she went back to the fire and sat down again on the couch of crimson velvet. Making Bertie say his prayers! In other words, putting him to bed. So that was what her sister-in-law did in the country by way of relieving its monotony—made herself into a nursery-maid.

She gave an instinctive glance round the room in which she sat, and in which every article was a standing witness to wealth and taste, a standing protest against the dull weariness which oppressed her. What business had the mistress of such a house as this to make a nursery-maid of herself? Was it expected that all wives and mothers in the country should do so; and why? Her eyes, traveling gradually from curtain to picture, from picture to table and couch, fell upon Master Carl rolling himself from side to side on the rug at her feet. He stopped rolling when he saw her look at him. He got up, put his chubby little fist once again on her light dress, and stared up at her, grinning.

“Nurse says if we say our prayers we shall go to heaven, but I don’t want to go.”

“Don’t you?”

“No: not till I’ve worn this new frock a bit. Doesn’t it look nice? And I’ve got a watch, only it won’t tick; and a trumpet; and I shall have a valentine to-morrow; shall you?”

“No. Hush, Carl,” said Millicent, perceptibly, “what was that?”

She had heard the drive gate swing backwards and forwards with a click each time the fastening failed to catch in passing, and now she saw a gentleman’s hat above the shrubs, and had a shrewd suspicion that she knew who the owner of it was.

For one moment she bent her head down towards the fire and a softened expression came over her face. A little while ago she would have hailed the coming of this visitor—any visitor—as a blessed break in the monotony of the day, but now——

“Well,” she said, sighing, “it will be a change at least.”

When she raised her head all trace of the momentary softening had passed away, and there was nothing but her usual look of cold indifference. She rose to greet the visitor when he came in; she put out her hand to him in a regal sort of way, and seated herself with an air that graciously permitted him to sit also in her presence.

“A dull day, Mr. Stuart; as all days seem to be here, at this season.”

Mr. Stuart responded. If he had noticed her air he did not seem to feel it. Carl was already at his knee, and his broad white hand stroked Carl’s yellow curls and kept the boy quiet. On one of the fingers of that hand a diamond glittered, and Millicent noticed that the hand, considering that it belonged to a country gentleman and a sportsman, was very white. She thought too, as she had thought before, that if no one could possibly call Mr. Stuart a handsome man, neither could any one honestly call him ugly. He was not old, nor, seeing that he was past thirty, very young. He had a square white forehead, black hair and whiskers, a pair of eyes whose keen, steady light softened wonderfully when he spoke, and a smile which Millicent acknowledged to herself made him look almost handsome.

“Your visit is drawing to a close?” said Mr. Stuart, interrogatively.

“Yes, I go to town next week.”

“We shall be sorry to lose you.”

Mr. Stuart had looked at her while he spoke, but afterwards he turned away and stroked Carl’s hair absently. Perhaps he thought the faint tinge that had risen over her face was only the reflection of the firelight, or perhaps it was so faint as to be insignificant; anyhow, he looked like a man who had made his first throw and discovered a blank.

"Sir George and Lady Rochelle do not accompany you, I think?"

"My brother takes me to town, of course, but he will not remain. I believe Lady Rochelle is in the nursery. I will let her know you are here."

She looked towards a crimson tassel which hung near the gentleman's hand, and Mr. Stuart got up, but not to ring the bell. He only required, it seemed, a change of posture, for he stood with one hand on the mantelpiece, and said curtly, "Pray don't. I would not disturb her on any account. I came to bid you good-bye."

Something which Millicent would have scorned to think was disappointment crept over her at the words. There he stood, a stern, strong man, an obscure country squire, over thirty, with not even a handsome face to recommend him; courteous indeed, but not with the insidious, flattering courtesy to which she was accustomed; a rugged figure enough in all conscience for a foreground, and yet she could not help a little absurd feeling of regret at the thought of saying good-bye to him. It was very odd, it was utterly unaccountable and preposterous. A man who would not even recognize the name of the composer whose new opera was shortly to startle the world into one great diapason of praise; who would probably confuse Meyerbeer with Verdi, and Alboni with Grisi; who sang only simple ballads in a very fair tenor, and knew nothing at all about his own "register." Neither would any of the great names of Tyburnia have produced an impression upon him. To all that went on in the world—her world—he was, she considered, culpably indifferent; what then was there about him which roused her interest in spite of herself? She could not tell. She wondered why, if he had only come to say good-bye, he did not say it and go; why he chose to stand up there instead of sitting down; why there was something about him to-night stranger than usual, something which communicated to her an odd sensation of excitement and apprehension. She began to lose her cool composure and indifference, to tremble a little, to feel a little nervous and uneasy.

"You dislike the country then," said Mr. Stuart, in a tone of speculative deliberation. "You really think that with all its glories of summer sun and winter hearth, it has nothing to offer which you

would accept; that an existence in it would be simply insupportable under any circumstances?"

Millicent hesitated. Other glories, dazzling with luxurious appliances, splendid in the whirl that left no time for thought or dullness, rose up and hid those simpler ones, but somehow she did not like to tell him so.

"You speak so seriously, Mr. Stuart."

"I feel serious. I am more serious than ever I was in my life."

"My brother is happy here," said Millicent, "and his wife too. I suppose if people have homes and home interests and pursuits like theirs, they may be happy in the country."

"Millicent!"

The sudden glow which lighted up his eyes and face as he turned toward her startled Miss Rochelle into a gesture which however would not have stopped him but for another interruption from the noisy lips of Master Carl.

"I shall have a valentine to-morrow," shouted the boy. "And Aunt Milly won't. She said so. She's got nobody to send her valentines, and I have."

Mr. Stuart caught him by the arm and swung him round.

"Your aunt thinks valentines are only for children, eh, Carl? And Valentine's Day is vulgar, out of date? Ask her?"

"I told him nothing of the sort," said Millicent. "But of course it is out of date."

"Nevertheless we will honor it as we do other institutions, for its antiquity. I have an immense respect for it; and the village people think that any enterprise begun on Valentine's Day is certain to be lucky. And now, Miss Rochelle, I will wish you good evening."

"Good-bye," responded Millicent.

Mr. Stuart heard the emphasis on the words, and smiled. He went away with that half smile still on his lips, and Millicent got up and watched his dark figure as far as she could see it, which was not far. For night was closing in, the bare branches had formed themselves into a solemn black mat against the lead-colored sky behind, and the rain dripped from them.

What did he mean? Why had he said that one word, and then broken off so suddenly? And what was he going to do? Above all, what did it signify to her about him and his doings?

She listened to the wind moaning feebly amongst the trees, and the sullen beat of the rain-drops on the stone terrace; and asked herself how it would be possible to drag on such an existence as this, month after month, year after year, as her sister-in-law did.

"No," said Millicent; "I couldn't do it; nothing should induce me to do it."

She was glad when the servants brought in lights and drew the curtains, and Sir George, her brother, came and took her down to dinner, his wife following with Master Carl, who had absolutely refused to go to bed before the dessert appeared.

Even dinner was a little change—a little something to do and to talk about. She knew perfectly well that this perpetual dreariness was wrong; that she ought to have been able to occupy herself, as other people did, instead of hankering after the round of gayeties into which she was about to plunge; but knowing a thing to be wrong is very different from knowing how to remedy it, or even wishing to do so.

And Millicent went to bed that night to dream horrible dreams of being shut up in dismal country houses with stone terraces in front, and bare melancholy branches, from which rain dropped incessantly.

In the morning when she drew aside the curtain all was fair. The sun shone, the birds were singing; the great lumbering fog had lifted itself away; and up above her there was the blue sky with tiny flecks of white dancing over it like the petals of a shaken rose. Millicent opened the window and leaned out, confessing to herself that it was very fair. But what of that? To-morrow the fog might come back again; and even if it did not, fine weather was a poor thing for happiness to depend upon.

Clamorous voices reached her ear as she went down stairs; a patter of tiny feet along the hall, rosy lips upturned to kiss her, fat hands thrust out in riotous glee to display the treasures of the letter-bag.

"My valentine!" screamed Carl. "Look at mine first. Never mind Bertie's; mine's the best; all roses and paint; and little boys with wings, and cheeks like blowing a trumpet."

"And mine's nicer," vociferated the other nephew. "Come on, come on! papa's got one for you, too—he said so. A valentine for Aunt Milly!"

She went on into the breakfast-room with the two children clinging to her. She looked at the letter lying beside her plate, and felt all at once, with a great pang of sorrow, and shame, and anger—"I know from whom it comes, and what is in it."

Sir George looked at her from his own letters, and said, "Good morning;" Lady Rochelle gave her the usual kiss; and the children buzzed round her like bees, eager to pounce upon the supposed honey in that envelope and criticise it.

"It's not as good as mine, I know," said Carl, eying it jealously. "Why, she hasn't opened it! She's put it in her pocket! Mamma, Aunt Milly won't open her valentine."

Then Sir George called them off, and said, looking at his sister: "I met Archie Stuart last night at the gate. He comes here rather often, doesn't he?"

To which Lady Rochelle responded: "Was he here last night? I didn't see him."

"He stayed just ten minutes," said Millicent, shortly, "and came, I should think, partly to play with Carl, for that was what he did most of the time."

And then she made her escape to open that valentine, which was indeed not so good as Carl's, inasmuch as whilst his had produced only noisy glee, a few bitter remorseful tears rose, against her will, to Millicent's eyes, as she read what Archie Stuart had to say.

"His wife! Oh, never, never!"

She folded the letter and leaned again out of the window; but not to look at any real feature of the landscape. Instead of it she saw a house of many gables, standing in its own grounds. She looked in at the windows upon a room warm with ruddy light and flowing drapery; but silent, dull—unutterably. A solitary figure walked up and down from fire to window and wrung its hands. That was herself. Below rose up smoke from other houses and many cottages; and amongst them stood the tower of the village church. She turned from the prospect, and it vanished. Millicent Rochelle was herself again, instead of that solitary silent figure, watching in vain for an absent husband.

"I could not do it," she repeated. "I am not mad enough to care for him; it is fancy only—sorrow that he should be hurt through my means. Oh, if I were back in town out of it all!"

She could not do it. Even for such love as that which he told so quietly, but which she felt in every throb of her heart to be so true and tender, was it not possible for her to give up the other glories calling to her from afar, with music sweet but hollow?

Archie Stuart—No.

THE SECOND.

Pass on summer and winter, snow and sunbeams. Cut away five years more from the life of the old man, Time. He was gray when we were boys; and the five years alter us, but he looks little changed, we think.

Millicent Rochelle had come down again after this long interval to pay a visit at her brother's house. She had been there some weeks—for this was again the eve of St. Valentine; she sat in her old seat by the fire, and Archie Stuart stood opposite to her; but scant words and distant courtesy had passed between them, and he was not talking to her. He was going to take the boys—those dreadful creatures into which Carl and Bertie had developed—to a merry-making specially got up for such creatures; and they were sitting uneasily on chairs, alternately reminding Mr. Stuart that they were ready, and sparring at each other. For Bertie had ventured to introduce the word valentine, upon which Carl grew red, and ejaculated: "Pshaw! valentines are for girls. I might *send* one, for a lark; but as to having one sent to me—I shouldn't take it in."

"But you know, Carl," insisted Bertie, "that last year you——"

Mr. Carl looked straight at his brother, thrust his hands into his pockets, and uttered an empathic monosyllable, "Pig!"

Mr. Stuart took no notice of them. A little girl had crept up to him, and he was playing with golden curls something like Carl's present furze bush had been five years ago. He was but little altered. The years that had swept like a hurricane over Millicent seemed scarcely to have touched him. Only in one thing he was changed. He saw in her simply her brother's guest, to be treated with all due deference and courtesy—nothing more.

She sat on quietly, speaking if she was spoken to, but rousing herself with ap-

parent difficulty: and the shadows deepened over her face as the fire fell lower. They knew nothing of each other's thoughts—these two, who had once been drawn so closely together. They only saw the cold outside—the chilly formalisms, the studied politenesses. At least so each believed of the other.

Lady Rochelle came in, dressed to go to a dinner-party, and Sir George was heard in the hall giving orders concerning the carriage.

"It is so kind of you to take charge of them," said Lady Rochelle, shaking hands with Archie. "But are you sure we shall not victimize you? Boys, you must be very good, and remember, Carl, no roughness."

"All right, mother," responded Mr. Carl, already dropping "mamma" as unmanly.

"The carriage is ready," said Lady Rochelle. "They shall set you down, and come back for us."

Then Archibald Stuart moved. A little spasm of irresolution shook him. His heart ached with this icy shadow that had come between himself and Millicent. Surely it need not be so. He looked at her, wishing to take her hand, as he used to do. She might have read the wish in his pained, wistful face. Perhaps she did not dare to look at his face at all. Any how, nothing but a very grave and formal bow passed between them, and he was gone.

Then Millicent became aware that Lady Rochelle was looking at her with an air of bewilderment and dismay.

"Why, Milly! not dressed! Do you know how late we are already?"

"You must spare me the party," replied Millicent. "I shall stay at home."

"At home! not going! But, my dear, I can't——"

"Yes you can. I never meant to go. I hate it."

"Hate what?"

"Dinner parties."

Lady Rochelle smoothed down the fingers of her white gloves meditatively.

"George!" she called out, "Milly says she won't go."

The baronet came in, and Millicent put up her two hands to ward off his remonstrances.

"You used to scold me for being dissipated, George. Let me alone, now; I'm tired."

Sir George looked at her and said, "Hem!" then he gave his arm to his wife, and they went away.

At last she was alone, and the fire leaped up and nodded to her; but the bunch of early snowdrops which Archie Stuart had brought hung their heads and drooped. He had not been thinking of her when he brought them; why had he left them behind him? She had a vague sentiment of pity for them, as though they had been sentient beings, and could feel the neglect that left them to die in the hot room, uncared for. And though Archie Stuart was gone, she hardly seemed to be rid of him. How many lips had spoken to her of love since he stood there five years ago, uttering her name and checking himself? And what was the worth of all the honeyed speeches and stiffly eligible proposals, backed by the arguments of her aunt and chaperone, beside the worn old valentine with which in her inconsistency she had never parted?

She had got to go back into the great world, and drop the curtain again over this bit of quiet starlight, to drive about in the parks, to leave cards and messages, to write scented notes full of polite shams, to dress, and dine, and dance, to rush from house to house, from one fête to another, from *soirée musicale* to *conversazione*, where the talk rattled in her ears like dry old bones, and the society was a strange medley of scientific gentlemanly ladies, lady-like young gentlemen, and fresh young girls in the bloom of their first season; to sleep a miserable broken sleep when the red of dawn began to paint the sky, and rise at noon, forlorn and jaded, to begin afresh the yesterday's mill-wheel round.

She felt very dreary as she thought of all this now. She was no longer young to enjoy it; elasticity and youthful energy had fled. She shrank back in the corner of the couch, and thought, with a sob in her throat, that it would be pleasant to stay there; never to speak to any one again; never to go back into the whirl whose memory made her brain ache and throb in this silent room; never to feel the sting of loneliness again; never to wonder with a hopeless questioning whether life might not have been different if, five years ago, she had acted differently: not exactly to die there, that was too terrible, but to fall into the haziness of quiet rest.

Throughout these years a strange, re-

moroseful consciousness had haunted her—a tiny silent picture. It was this: An open window, and birds singing in the fickle February sunshine; a sky all flecked with white, and a face leaning out of the window, but seeing not so much the sky or the sunshine as the offer of a man's heart—a deep and tender love which would have folded its warm light about the life that was so desolate now. Nobody wanted her. No soul on earth sent forth a tender thought to her, absent or present; no soul on earth was the better or happier for her existence. Must it go on thus to the end? The thought was very bitter to her. Her heart was full of vain yearnings after peace; and the glitter of that far-off world to which she must return was as dreadful now as it had formerly been fascinating.

"I should like to do a little good before I die," mused Millicent. "I should like to be of some little use somewhere."

She went to the table and took up the drooping snowdrops.

"They are dying here: he will never know if I take them."

And then some sudden association stung her, and she threw them down and covered her face.

"Too late, too late! I did love him all the while; but I loved myself better."

It had taken her five years to find that out, and she had never confessed it until to-night. She would have recalled the confession then, if it had been possible. She roused herself, and assumed involuntarily some little of that regal air with which she had once looked down upon Archie Stuart. In passing the piano she struck a few desultory chords; and then, as her fingers wandered over them, the notes formed themselves into a symphony, an air, finally an accompaniment to the old Scotch ballad—

"Douglass, tender and true."

By-and-by she began to sing the words softly, losing in them all thought of the present and the waning night.

A shadow fell upon the distant wall from the doorway, but she did not see it. When the last tremulous notes of the song died away it vanished; there came a rush of noisy feet along the corridor, and the boys were shouting their adventures into Aunt Millicent's ear, each struggling to be first and loudest.

"And I got a fiddle for my prize," cried Carl. "It only cost sixpence; but it makes a jolly squeak. I meant to play all up the stairs, only Mr. Stuart wouldn't let me because you were singing. He listened at the door, and made us keep quiet. I did call him a sneak, but he went away and never said a word to us. Aunt Milly, how white you are! And what a jolly muff to stop here all by yourself instead of going with mamma! Why, a dinner party's better than nothing, if it is a bit slow."

"Do you hear that clock?" said Millicent. "Be off, boys. Good night."

But Archie Stuart went down the gravel sweep with a light in his eye and a verse of a song on his lips.

"Could ye come back to me, Douglass, Douglass,

Back with the form and the face that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglass,
Douglass, tender and true."

And he leaned over the gate in the moonlight to look at those windows where the light shone dark red through the curtains, his heart full of the singer of the song, and hope.

In the morning the sunbeams fell warm upon the window of Millicent's room, but she never heeded them. They were but a type of that other sunshine which had come to melt away the ice from her path. She was leaning down over a little table beside the window, and on it there lay

open what Carl would have called a valentine. The tears that rose to her eyes were no longer thrust back in bitter self-humiliation and pride; they fell gently upon the old valentine and the new ones. She was so happy that she could only press her hands over her heart, and say, "I don't deserve it; I don't deserve it," as she wrote the single word for which he asked, in answer—"Come."

Here was some one who wanted her, who might yet be happier for her existence; above all, some one who loved her, whom she loved.

Below in the village there rose up the smoke of many cottages; and the church tower reared itself amongst them in silent solid dullness; but a wonderful light had come over the world, and the very cottages glittered in it. The bare trees were no longer bleak, the few brown leaves no longer melancholy; all were units of a charmed whole.

Sir George Rochelle stood at the drawing-room window that evening, and saw Archie Stuart in the shrubbery with Millicent. He called to his wife to "look there."

"I thought she was trifling with him," said Sir George; "but it isn't so, is it?"

Lady Rochelle saw Archie Stuart turn to draw Millicent's shawl closer over her chest, and she smiled, and said, "Come away; how would you have liked to be watched? No, there is no trifling there. May they be as happy as we are!"

HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M. P.

Among English statesmen who are acting a conspicuous and influential part in public affairs at the present time is the eloquent Quaker, John Bright, whom many delight to honor for his large-heartedness and championship of free principles. He is deservedly held in high estimation on both sides of the Atlantic, and his earnest advocacy of the Northern States in the present tremendous struggle which is being carried on to crush the rebellion, has gained for him high encomiums and golden opinions.

The mention of his name at a large meeting of citizens a few evenings since, at the Academy of Music in this city, brought down a storm of applause and cheering from the immense audience. In giving place to a finely-engraved portrait of Mr. Bright in this number of THE ECLECTIC, we hope to gratify many of our readers and have the pleasure of introducing his noble face and form to a better acquaintance on this side the Atlantic.

Mr. Bright is too well known by his

long activities in public life in England to need extended mention in this place. We record a brief biographical sketch of his personal history. He was born in 1811, at Greenbank, near Rochdale, Lancashire. His father was John Bright. A noble representative of the manufacturing interests, he was a partner in the firm of John Bright and Brothers, cotton-spinners and manufacturers. Mr. Bright has pursued an active public life.

When the Anti-Corn-Law League was established in 1838, Mr. Bright took an active part in its proceedings, and, both as a speaker and writer, assisted in vindicating the principles on which it was based. He soon occupied a leading position in this body, second only to Mr. Cobden. He was active in organizing the bazaars held in aid of the League in Manchester and in London. In April, 1843, he unsuccessfully tested the parliamentary representation of the city of Durham. In the July following another vacancy occurred, and he was elected. He took part with energy and eloquence in the exciting discussions, from 1843 to 1845, on free trade, and divides with C. P. Villiers, Richard Cobden, and General Thompson (author of the *Catechism of the Corn Laws*), the honor of having induced Sir Robert Peel to favor free trade in corn.

He entered Parliament in 1843, and, like Cobden, was from the manufacturing class. For some years he had been distinguished among the anti-rate paying dissenters of Central and Northern England, for his vigorous support of religious freedom. He had resisted the extortions of some persecuting dignitaries of the Establishment, and subjected them, on two or three occasions, to most mortifying defeats. He brought into Parliament a high reputation as an advocate of the League before popular assemblies, and an intimate knowledge of the subject of protection and free trade. His ready, bold, inspiring style of oratory partook more of the fervor of the platform than the calmness of the forum. But shrewdness and tact soon enabled him to catch the key-

note of the House, where he displayed skill and courage as first lieutenant of the League, and won as much popularity from the aristocratic sections as so radical a democrat could reasonably expect.

The heavy expenses of his election contests at Durham were understood to have been defrayed by the League, through whose influence he was returned for Manchester in 1847, and again in 1852. A member of the Society of Friends, whose principle is peace, he strenuously condemned the policy of the war with Russia, and, as a leading member of the Peace Society, sanctioned the sending of a deputation, which, in February, 1854, waited on the Emperor Nicholas, at St. Petersburg, with the design of dissuading him from war. Mr. Bright's opinions on this subject were much at variance with those of many of his constituents at Manchester. Ill health compelled him to be absent from Parliament in the early session of 1857, and when, on the defeat of the Palmerston administration in March, by the adoption of Mr. Cobden's motion condemning the war with China, a general election was determined upon, Mr. Bright's Manchester friends resolved to adopt him again as a candidate, in his absence. In July, 1852, Mr. Bright had been elected by a majority of more than 1100 over his next competitor; in March, 1857, he stood lowest on the poll, and received nearly 3000 fewer votes than one, and nearly 2800 less than the other of his successful opponents—gentlemen holding much the same general political opinions as himself, but differing from his views of the China question. He was subsequently, however, returned for a vacancy at Birmingham, and though not fully restored to health, was in his place during the memorable proceedings of Parliament in the spring of 1858, and took a prominent part in the overthrow of the Palmerston cabinet. In April, 1858, he delivered a speech on the budget, advocating a reduction of the military establishment, and condemning the policy of Asiatic conquest. Mr. Bright has been twice married, and his second wife is still living.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE COMMEMORATED.

WHEN in the "Journey from this World to the Next" a critical ghost meets the shade of Shakspeare, the first thing he does is to pose him with a question. "Prithee," says he, "Mr. Shakspeare, what did you mean by—" the reader may fill in any difficult passage. "'Pon my word," says the poet, "I don't know; you must ask the critics: they know better than I; I don't think I meant half as much as they say I did;" and the shade stalks away alongside of Homer, and not far from Æschylus, royally indignant at the petty interruption.

Almost every thing which can be done to Shakspeare has been done. His fulsome admirers vex the dull ear of the true but drowsy and bored lovers of the poet. Cowper telling us of the narration which proceeds from the lips of a sick man, how he coughed and shook and trembled, until he "almost died," is betrayed into the wish that he had quite done so. So many wish that the "immortal Swan" had never been hatched, and would—as the Athenians did Aristides, whose friends bored them with his perpetual praises—ostracize him from immortality. For, how many hundred printers and paper-makers Sweet Will continually employs, how many fervid brains he keeps at work, it is impossible to say. He has been commentated, expurgated, expunged, purified, nullified, annotated, edited, improved, disproved, approved; he has been illustrated, painted, drawn and quartered. He has been put upon pottery, sideboards, the backs of chairs, and the heads of walking-sticks; we have seen him on German beer-glasses and Hungarian pipes; he has been hung over innumerable public-houses, spouted in tap-rooms, played in barns. His works have been bombasted with notes till the great folio edition in twenty-six volumes will fill a wagon; he has been compressed at the Whittingham Press till you can get him, like a pair of Limerick gloves, into a walnut-shell. He has been quoted from

the pulpit and condemned in the conventicle. He has been claimed as a deist, an atheist, a philosopher, a Jew, a humanitarian, vegetarian, a Roman Catholic, a Lutheran, and a Puritan. More cruel and insulting still, John Lord Campbell has written a volume to prove he was a lawyer; and Dr. Conolly—in spite of Mr. Charles Reade and the popular hatred to private asylums—cites him as having studied insanity with the research of a "mad-doctor." He has been quoted by the electrician for an apposite description of his marvelous discovery, by the surgeon for his skill, the musician for his art, the statesman for true maxims of state, the journalist for the truest policy, the tradesman for the soundest advice, and the goldsmith for an admirable law for that conscience-testing trade.* In fact, he has submitted to every thing: his handwriting has been continually forged; Bowdler and the Cowden Clarkes have cut little pieces out of him; and now he is to be commemorated.

Now it shows what an originally strong constitution the British love for Shakspeare must have had to stand all this. What a wonder it has not been, as Mr. Shandy has it, "Nicodemused into nothing!" We love "ours and the world's Shakspeare" so truly, that even the apish contortions of untrue men, pretenders to poetry, and advertising charlatans, can not make our love forego its hold. And let us say this test is a very great one: the bitterest enemy a man can have is a foolish friend, an idiotic admirer, who drags down the object of his admiration to his own level. The Warburtons and Malones, the "slashing Bentleys" and the "piddling Tibbalds" whom Pope commemorates, the enterprising booksellers who raise a monument to him by advertising an imperfect edition of his works, the apes who crawl upon his shoulder,

* "Here is your chain's weight to its utmost ear, The fineness of the gold, and charge for fashion."

the strutting and mouthing parasites who creep in the folds of his poetic garment—can no more disgust us with him than could the travel-stains and the sores, the wounds, the rags, and the lice, turn away a mother's heart from the hero-son who had fought and conquered through want and starvation in the lines of Torres Vedras or the trenches of the Crimea.

Well, he is to be commemorated. Let us do so well. We remember—we who read books till their narrations become reality—how, in 1769, from Wednesday 6th to Friday 8th of September, Mr. Garrick held a Stratford Jubilee. In the townhall at Stratford there is a portrait of the great actor by Gainsborough, antagonizing, as it were, a wretched daub of the "Bard" by Wilson, so that the actor comes out much stronger than the poet. There is also a screen there of the very roughest manufacture, but a curiosity in its way, it is so utterly bad and worthless. Nevertheless, it is curious as a record of the folly into which the English were betrayed at a commemoration. Grave doctors and sober citizens walked up and down the streets of that quiet country townside by side with actors, and dressed as Falstaff or Caliban. Foolish as we are, we could not repeat that dead folly. What earthly or heavenly good can it do to the spirit of Shakspeare for a set of honest admirers to go mumming like Anne Page and Slender when he cries "mum" and she "budget?" If any one fancies it can do them good, let them look upon that despicable old screen. Let them fancy a grave Prospero stalking and a drunken Trinculo with a raddled nose reeling down the street! Our "very gorge rises." Certainly Falstaff went a-masquing, but for his own nefarious purposes, and when he awakes to reason is ready to cry out, "The sudden surprise of my powers drove the *grossness of the foppery* into a received belief in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason. See now! how rich may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon an ill errand." The people of Stratford—who, of course, like all other people in the world, were the last to awaken to the value of their great townsman; who neglected him when alive, and kept no record of him—are wide awake to his commercial value, and again, many years after, revived the folly. Amidst the general laughter of the gods this last affair exploded like a wet cracker.

Now at the present moment, and in the forthcoming birth-month (if indeed it were so; he was *christened* in it) of Shakspeare, Stratford-on-Avon and sober London (much serried with railway schemes, and worried with a general row amongst her very best customers) ask us to celebrate Shakspeare's three hundredth birthday, and, moreover, to memorialize the poet. The movement is to be "national," and to make it so over the left, as the schoolboys say, some of the most unpopular and least-known critics of the day have "put their feet down" on the movement, and seek to direct it. The Kensington School, the meddlesome Society of Arts, and the whole of Dilkooisia is up in arms, and a pretty little job is being made. The chief movers hope to be created baronets, and the whole of the council are to be knighted. The golden age of literature—or for literature—shall have returned again in the next fool-month, April.

Well, at least their request is from one point reasonable. Having raised statues and monuments to the greatest rogues and most incompetent persons amongst us—the chief man of action and of thought being conspicuous by their absence, Cromwell and Shakspeare—it suddenly struck some members of a literary club that the English had better reduce all their great men to a dead level. When it was debated years ago by some crack brained enthusiasts, "Should Cromwell have a statue?" *Mr. Punch* answered the question by the pencil of Richard Doyle, by placing the stern Puritan in regular succession between silly Charles I., vacillating and weak, and vicious Charles II., who, with finger on nose, was slyly pocketing the sale-money of Dunkirk. We heard no more after that. If a design for the Shakspeare monument were placed between those of the Duke of York and George the Fourth, what an excellent trio would there be! No; until we have a revision of our statues, let him still remain in his quiet country church.

But this movement was, as we have said, honestly begun, and, we believe, had it been as honestly carried out, it would have been a success. The Urban Club gathered around it many great authors, many working men of letters; to it at last came Mr. Hepworth Dixon and the Duke of Manchester, with a syllabub of big names whipped together, and proposed amalgamation. Three deputies from the

literary men went to these courtly personages, and were dazed with a flood of glory, and fell. An amalgamation took place, and from that time to this all has gone wrong.

Firstly, there was no working with the fourteen secretaries; secondly, there was no man of business; thirdly, there was no perception of what quiet John Bull wanted. The English people were treated as if they were a New-York *levée*, a Parisian mob, a gang of German students inflated with beer and blasphemous theology. Had they been told that one hundred thousand pounds were wanted to raise a Shakspeare memorial, that the best design had been chosen, and that it was worthy of the poet, the money would have flowed into their pockets. But instead of that they pumped up sham enthusiasm by the yard, and met to elect each other, and to twaddle. But even their twaddle was poisonous. They had no sense of propriety. They had met—according to their own showing—to appease the manes of a great dead neglected writer; they did so by insulting to the quick a great (some say *the* greatest) living writer. One of their officers “protested” against sitting on the committee with Mr. Thackeray! And curiously, with this slur on him (a slur save that the blame of some is sweetest praise) Thackeray died. The effect on the committee, dull as it was, was mournful.

But even then they blundered; as old Cenci says:

“That matter of the murder was hushed up.”

But others came out. They slighted their most active and efficient members, and a hundred good pens were turned against them. It was felt that it were better to have no memorial than to have one ill done, half done, or squabbled over. Still there was a time allowed them for repentance. Two of their best men proposed a sensible plan; it was rejected. A well-chosen committee found that it was useless to appeal to the public unless they had a definite plan, and recommended that cautious steps towards that plan should be taken. This was at once adopted, and then the secretary, like an ill-conditioned waiter at a club, who will force you to have that which he chooses, put the motion which had just been rejected in different words, and carried his propo-

sition that the public *should* be appealed to for £30,000, which sum was deemed adequate for a Shakspeare memorial by a nation which had spent five times the amount for a memorial to the Prince Consort.* Could there be any thing more preposterous? Nine gentlemen, many of whom had all along fought the battle of good sense against overwhelming odds, threw up the game as hopeless, and retired with a declaration which should have been the death-knell of the London Committee.

It still lives, however. Bad as their cause may be, there is a pluck about Englishmen which makes them fight against all difficulties. In season and out of season the committee preaches; and it has, we believe, selected the Green Park as a site for the statue—if it is to be one—to save it from failure; probably some green-goose will “immortalize” his name by paying a good round sum to complete the subscriptions.

In Stratford another Midland Committee is at work, and that, with the awful example before it which the committee at London presents, has embroiled itself, as was indeed to be foreseen, with the actors. The pick of the whole of the poet’s characters has been given to a foreigner; an admirable actor indeed, and a modest gentleman, but surely *not* to be selected in preference to Mr. Phelps, who has spent his life in producing Shakspeare’s plays; who has produced thirty-four out of thirty-seven, and acted his chief heroes, tragic and comic. Come, come, gentlemen, if we are to be true to a dead poet, let us be true also to one of that class whom he loved and well understood—the English comedians.

Now, whether in London we shall walk in procession, with medals dangling by Coventry ribbon, to see a fine gentleman lay a new stone, encircled by a blushing committee; whether we shall feast at Guildhall, or dine with Duke Humphrey; whether, like the king in *Tom Thumb*, we on the 23d of April next proclaim:

“Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
The man who frowns this day shall lose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal.
Smile, Dollalolla!”—

* This committee, which is blind to its own acts, attempts to assert that, if they got more, they would take more; yet at the same time proposed to employ the surplus over £30,000 for charitable purposes!

whether we shall have orations or not; or whether Sweet Will shall have a pillar, a niche, an altar-tomb, a players' hospital, or a Pecksniffian statue of true British art—will not the future reveal? All we have to say is, don't let us be too exuberant! We know that we neglect the living to flatter the dead. We starved David Gray the other day, and we must logically spend £30,000 on Shakspeare, who is entirely above and beyond our praise, or any other age's praise. But all people must do some follies to make it up with grand ghosts. Did not Alexander and his courtiers "chivey" each other mother-naked round the tomb of Achilles? Why should we not run bereft of our senses round the pillar of Sweet Will? At any rate, let us have no more bickerings. The chiefs of the committee go about like Dante's ghosts, mowing and mouthing, abusing the seceders. The seceders answer by pungent pun and sneering laughter. Peace, gentlemen! oh, peace! such squabbles must pain the soul of the poet—if it be conscious of earthly doings—who dreamt of quiet, who sought the country and who fled the town, and

cursed those who should dare to move his bones.

Finally, let our readers believe that we write against commemorations of dead poets, because we see that they are behind the age. If any one chooses to build, let him build; but do not let him call all the world to witness him. Had the literary men of the day kept to their class, they would have been right, and would have had many volunteers; they bored great people with letters, and they fell. But whatever we think of the memorial, our love for Shakspeare is intense; should any one accuse us of wanting due veneration, we answer, with Ben Jonson: "We do love him, on this side idolatry, as much as any man." But we believe that his gentle spirit would be pained if we did that which was unseemly, or that his own England—

"The land of such *dear* souls, this dear, dear land"—

should be betrayed into any thing hollow and ridiculously continental, and at second-hand, without the excuse of originality.
H. F.

SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENTS.

A VERY interesting lecture was delivered before a crowded audience lately, at the Russell Literary and Scientific Institution, by Mr. Glaisher, on this subject, which is at present attracting great attention, and from which so many advantages are anticipated. Mr. Glaisher commenced by stating that the seventeen ascents he had made had been carried out under the auspices of the British Association, and were solely undertaken for scientific purposes. He proposed to tell the meeting some of the objects sought, to give them some of his experiences in the balloon, and to lay before them the general results of the undertaking. Previous to the year 1852, although experiments with balloons had been made in Russia, Paris, and Italy, no results of any importance had been achieved, and a few facts only were gathered by Mr. Welsh, who made several ascents in that year for scientific purposes.

Among the objects which the lecturer had sought in making his ascents were to ascertain the connection between meteorological effects on the surface of the earth with their causes above, which could only be done by means of the balloon ascending like a rocket, testing personally by the most delicate and accurate instruments every variation in air, temperature, moisture, etc., from the surface of the earth into the regions of the upper atmosphere, by seeing processes in operation in almost simultaneous action, viewing thus the conflicting variation of a day's weather exhibited in their rise, progress, and subsidence. He also hoped to solve the long-sought problem of the law of decrease of temperature with increase of elevation, to ascertain whether the lines of the solar spectrum suffered any change in a higher atmosphere, and to clear up all doubtful points in relation to temperature, humidity,

ty, electricity, ozone, the color of the sky, the comparison of different instruments, etc. The knowledge so acquired would greatly affect the sciences of astronomy, meteorology, magnetism, physiology, navigation.

Having thus stated the objects for which the risk of ascending—for it was an undoubted risk, even under the direction of so experienced an aéronaut as Mr. Coxwell—had been run, the lecturer proceeded to give an account of filling the balloon and lading it with its three tons of ballast, their taking their seats, and pulling the catch, leaving them free to ascend. The moment the balloon is loose they are in profound stillness, without any sense of motion, and a peculiar scene opens to their view of towns with their myriads of upturned faces, the polished silver of the rivers, and the garden-like appearance of the country—the green of the field and yellow of the corn being in a manner concentrated and rendered far brighter than when seen from the earth. The whole of the scene is surrounded with a canopy of blue, the sky being quite clear, and free from cloud every where, excepting near the horizon, where a circular band of cumuli and strata clouds extending all around form a fitting boundary to such a scene. He described the roar of London at one mile high to be rich and deep as the sea, while at four miles it is entirely hushed, although he has heard a railway train at the latter height, and a lady speak and a dog bark at two miles, under certain conditions of the atmosphere. He then gave a vivid description of the gorgeous glories of golden and ruby-tinted cloudland, lit up by the rays of the setting sun, the deep blue above streaked with the silver wreath of the cirrus. By this time the gas in the balloon, which was at first misty, has become clear, and on looking up the lower valve the interior of the balloon appears magnified to the size of the dome of St. Paul's cathedral. He felt no personal inconvenience until they reached four miles above the level of the sea, when at first he experienced that the respiration was difficult; the beating of the heart was audible, and the hands and the lips became blue, as did the face at higher elevations; but he found that his body was now becoming acclimatized, and he suffered far less inconvenience than at first. The balloon at the height of five miles only held one third of the gas it did on starting, owing to the expansion of

the gas in consequence of rarefaction of the air; and the continued contraction and expansion of the gas in passing from a colder to a higher temperature—or *vice versa*—made it one of the most delicate thermometers that could be imagined. On one occasion, when the voyagers attained an elevation of six or seven miles, Mr. Glaisher became insensible, and Mr. Coxwell was so far incapable of motion that he had to pull the valve cord with his teeth, his hands being quite paralyzed; and it was not until they had descended some distance that they began to recover.

In one of their descents they nearly fell into the sea, as Mr. Glaisher had begged Mr. Coxwell not to lower the balloon until he had ascertained the effect of elevation upon the solar spectrum. He at that time ascertained that the spectrum was much brighter, and the lines on it were much better defined at a great elevation than on the surface of the earth. On another occasion they had made a night ascent for the purpose of seeing the sun rise, which he stated to be indescribably grand. At an elevation of 9000 feet he had heard the moaning and sighing of the wind beneath, and had on another occasion found a snow storm at an elevation of three miles, the temperature being 33 degrees, and at four miles high rain, at a temperature of 32 degrees. He had ascertained that whenever there was rain on earth there were two strata of clouds, and that the temperature decreased not uniformly, at the rate of 1 degree for every 300 feet of height, but 1 degree in 139 feet for the first 1000 feet, and gradually lessening to 1 degree in 428 feet at 30,000 feet of elevation; so that there would be a loss of temperature of 24 degrees in the first mile of elevation, and only 3 degrees difference between 100 and 200 miles above the earth. In addition, he found that at all elevations there were occasional irregular warm currents of air which varied from the surrounding temperature from 1 degree to 20 degrees. He considered these results as sufficient reward for the risk he had run, and he concluded by trusting that he was only the pioneer of future discoveries in the regions of the air. The lecture was received with loud applause, and a vote of thanks having been passed to Mr. Glaisher for the entertainment he had afforded, the proceedings terminated.—*London Paper.*

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE house of Ticknor & Fields, the eminent Boston publishers, has sent us a work from the gifted pen of Robert Browning, entitled *Sordello* *Strafford*, Christmas Eve and Easter Day, a poem written some years ago, and now just published by Ticknor & Fields. The name of Browning is familiar to all readers of poetry, and the name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning will be held in perpetual remembrance for her great personal worth and the rich contributions of her pen to English literature. This poem, now first published on this side the Atlantic, will attract the attention of all who admire the poetic works of these gifted authors, whose works we have so often commended that it is quite unnecessary here to enlarge on their merits.

THE EAR: ITS DISEASES AND THEIR TREATMENT. Illustrated by Engravings. By FRANZ ADOLPH VON MOSCHIZENKA, M.D., Oculist and Aurist, Author, etc. Philadelphia: Martin & Randall. Boston: Brewer & Tilton. 1864.

THE subject of this volume is one of immense importance. The ear is one of the most important organs of the human frame. So much of comfort and usefulness in all the varied walks and duties of life, that the loss of this organ or a serious injury to it is a great calamity. He, therefore, who by his skill and research alleviates this calamity or devises a remedy or a preventive is a benefactor of his race. A great amount of valuable and useful information is embodied in this volume, which all professional men of medical science as well as others will appreciate.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION. With Directions for Self-Education. New-York: Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway. 1864. Pp. 284.

It is claimed for this volume that it is a book of information, amusement, and instruction; teaching the art of conversing with ease and propriety, and setting forth the literary knowledge requisite to appear to advantage in good society. This book for self-culture may or may not afford all the rules of instruction which it claims; but if it does half of what it claims it will prove a useful book. Attentive self-culture in this direction is a part of education probably more neglected than any other branch of personal improvement. It is a comparatively rare and valuable accomplishment. Ease of manners and graceful conversation can be attained only by long training or experience in good society. The acquirement is worth all of time and effort it can cost.

TALES FROM THE OPERAS. Edited by GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON. New-York: Carleton Publisher, 413 Broadway. London: James Blackwood. 1864.

THE volume is an American edition of an English work, and is inscribed to the eminent manager Max Maretzek. These stories are a popular exposition

of the various operas, which by the high artistic style of music which accompanies them attracts so many to hear them. A knowledge of the story imparts additional interest to the music and the scenes by which it is illustrated. So far as they have a historic element, it forms an element of interest.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—A noble picture or painting by this name, from the pencil of Albert Bierstadt, is now on exhibition at the Rooms in Broadway, near Astor Place. It represents the scenery in the Wind River range of mountains in Nebraska Territory. It is a marvelous product of artistic skill. We have passed through many miles of galleries of paintings in Europe without meeting with a work of art of equal merit. It is not easy to convey in words a full or adequate description of this painting. It must be seen and studied in order to be appreciated. We advise all who admire artistic genius to go at once on an artistic visit to this Rocky Mountain scene of gorgeous grandeur. We do not blame the gentleman who offered \$15,000 for the painting without being able to get it.

DR. UNDERHILL AND HIS CROTON POINT VINEYARDS.—Among all the rich and luscious terrestrial fruits which gladden the heart of man and delight his taste and renovate his health, none surpass in variety and value the fruit of the vine. Patriarchs and men of ancient renown planted vineyards and eat the fruit thereof. In all ages and in all countries, where the soil and climate admit, the grape in great variety has been the favorite fruit, and often the food and drink of man. Among grape growers and vine dressers, Dr. Underhill has become a patriarch and a man of renown. The grapes of Croton Point have long ago become celebrated for their richness and lusciousness, as many tongues can testify which have tasted their sweetness. Dr. Underhill is a benefactor of his age and race, for he puts more pleasant fruits and wine also into the lips of his fellow men than any man we know of. His Croton Point vineyards will be a lasting monument to his fame so long as his grapes grow and flourish. Think of fifty acres of the choicest grapes and of floods of wine made from the juice thereof. Thousands of baskets of rich grapes find their way into the mansions of our citizens and into their mouths also every year, followed, when the grape season is over, by thousands of casks of wine, which in all its varieties and pureness is for sale and can be had at No. 7 Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New-York. For all medicinal purposes and communion occasions, as well as to renovate impaired health, Dr. Underhill's varieties of wine is unsurpassed. All this and more also is due to his enterprise and skill in planting and cultivating vineyards so extensive.

THE picture gallery at Holyrood House is to be improved by the addition of such portraits of royal personages, from the collection at Hampton Court, as are interesting from their connection with Scottish history. The Queen has given her cordial assent to the transfer.

PRINTING BY TELEGRAPH.—Some interesting experiments with printing-inks have just been taking place at the office of Miss Faithfull, the object being to test the utility of ordinary printing in telegraphing. An Italian gentleman has invented a process of printing by telegraph, which appears to take less than half the present time of transmitting a message. Every kind of printing-inks have had their trial, some with very good success. A specimen printed by that process, transmitted from Liverpool to London, is before us, and appears completely successful. The Lord's Prayer, composed and printed at Miss Faithfull's office, and forwarded to Liverpool, is stated to have taken two and a half minutes only.—*London Star*, Dec. 12th.

ATMOSPHERIC CURRENTS AND SHOOTING STARS.—M. Chapelas, in a paper read before the French Academy, alleges grounds for believing that the movements of shooting stars are affected by atmospheric currents occurring in the higher regions to which our air extends; and he considers that these bodies may act like weathercocks and anemometers, giving us information concerning the direction and force of the winds that influence their proper motions.

DISTANCE OF SIRIUS.—As Sirius now forms a magnificent object in our heavens, we transcribe from *Cosmos* a few interesting remarks by M. Camille Flammarion, who says, "thanks to the labors of Sir John Herschel, we know that the absolute intensity of the light of Sirius has been estimated at two hundred and twenty-four times that of the sun, and that its parallax, amounting to 0".28, gives for its distance from the earth the probable number of fifty-two billions of leagues. It follows that we do not see the Sirius of to-day, but of twenty-two years ago: the ray of light that we receive to-day having been emitted by the star about 1840."

THE ANTIQUITY OF CANNON.—No historian has ever given us the true epoch of the use of metallic cannon; it is certain, however, that they were in use about the middle of the fourteenth century. The Swedes used lead cannon between the years 1620 and 1632, which were lined on the inside by tubes of wood or copper, and secured on the outside by iron rings. The general opinion is that cannons were first made use of in 1336 or 1338. They were certainly used by the English in 1347 at the siege of Calais, and by the Venetians at Chioggia in 1386, and in their war with the Genoese in 1394 and 1458, the Turks employed them. In the commencement of the fifteenth century, Maurice, of Switzerland, discovered a method of casting cannon whole, and boring them so as to draw out the interior at a single piece. In 1740, cannon were made of iron at St. Petersburg, and balls of many pounds weight were projected without injuring the pieces.

AGES OF REIGNING MONARCHS.—The oldest reigning sovereign in Europe is King William of Wurttemberg. He heads the list on the Gotha Almanac. Having been born September 27th, 1781, he is now in his eighty-third year. He was thirty-five years old when he came to his throne in 1816; but he has reigned nearly half a century. King Leopold of Belgium is in his seventy-fifth year; King William of Prussia is in his seventieth; King John of Saxony in his sixty-third. Pope Pius the Ninth will be

seventy-two on the 13th of next May. The Emperor of France will be fifty-six next April. The Emperor of Russia will be forty-six in the same month. The Queen of England will be forty-five in May. The King of Italy will be forty-four in March. The new King of Denmark will be forty-four in April. The King of Sweden will be thirty-seven in May. The Emperor of Brazil was thirty-three last month. The Sultan Abdul-Aziz is now (February) thirty-four. The Emperor of Austria will be thirty-three next August. The Queen of Spain was thirty-three last October. The King of Portugal was twenty-five in the same month. The youngest king in Europe is George I. of Greece, who was eighteen on the 24th of December.

RECOGNITION.—When the tomb of Westminster Abbey was opened, late in the last century, the body of Edward Long Shanks was additionally identified, some five hundred years after his death, by the extraordinary length of his limbs. When, in this century, the body of King Robert Bruce was accidentally discovered, the remains were additionally identified by the surgical operation that had been performed for the removal of his heart on its romantic lifeless expedition into Spain. When, on the 1st of April, 1818, the plain coffin of King Charles I. was opened in the presence of the Prince of Wales, (George IV.,) the man, Charles Stuart, "headless Charles," as painted by Vandyck, lay before the living spectators. That the head had been severed from the body by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument, "furnished the last proof wanting to identify Charles I."

The oldest house in New-England, if not in the United States, is in Medford, Mass., having formerly belonged to Matthew Cra-lock, the first Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company. His farm, on which this house was erected about 1640, contained two thousand acres of land.

FRENCH INDUSTRIAL ART.—Some curious statistical returns may be gathered from the groupings of the produce of French industrial art for the past year, which, it may be observed *en passant*, exhibits a marked decrease on that of the preceding year. Some of those items are singularly indicative of French frivolity. Goldsmiths have sold for £2,350,000; jewelers, £1,800,000; false jewelry, £940,000; brushes, £1,000,000; canes and whips £152,000; false hair, £160,000. Artificial flowers figure for £480,000, fans for £132,000, and toys for £200,000. This last item shows how far more expensive are girls than boys. There are £60,000 worth of dolls manufactured yearly in France, and military toys—guns, drums, and swords—figure only for £32,000.

FANCY-DRESSES.—At the last of the brilliant private carnival balls, the most striking of the dresses worn by the ladies was that of the Duchess de Morny, as an English lady of the last century. The Princess Anna Murat as a peacock, her train being of white tulle covered with "peacocks' eyes," her petticoat of yellow satin, peacocks' feathers in her breast and in the hair. Her ornaments being a band of magnificent emeralds and diamonds, worn from one shoulder to the waist, as Queen Victoria wears her royal ribbon—a necklace of the same and the aigrettes of peacocks' plumes in her head confined by an immense brooch. The princess is said to be

